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LADIES' HOME

JOURNAL

JANUARY 1957 35c



IETING FROM FATTY TO MODEL SIZE REDUCING ARTICLE BY DAWN CROWELL NORM

CONDENSED NOVEL COMPLETE-IN-THIS-ISSUE

FOOLPROOF COLOR SCHEMES FOR YOUR LIVING ROO

VHY DO SO MANY HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES FAIL?

WITH A JOURNAL FORUM DISCUSSION ON HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY MARRIAG



Dick's new tooth will get a good start with Ipana—best decay-bacteria destroyer of all leading tooth pastes

THIS SPACE RESERVED

for a tooth that must last for 63 years

YOU: I always make very sure my boy brushes his teeth.

US: That's good. It's even *better* if he uses Ipana with WD-9!

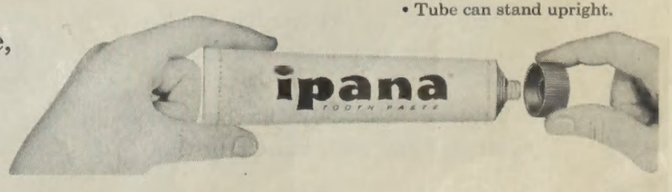
YOU: What's so wonderful about WD-9?

US: WD-9 is a powerful decay fighter. Ipana with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria *best of all leading brands*, including fluoride tooth pastes.

YOU: That's fine . . . but if my boy doesn't like the *taste* of a tooth paste, he simply won't use it.

US: Ipana's new minty flavor is a hit with just about *every*body! And Ipana does as good a job on your teeth as on children's. Try a tube soon?

- New king-size cap is easy-to-use, hard-to-lose.
- Tube can stand upright.



New-formula Ipana® with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria best of all leading brands

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin and Vitalis



"I've got four boys," writes Mrs. Will Hayes, "and that means *lots* of clothes to keep clean and white.



"When I heard that blue Cheer washes clothes whiter I decided to try it on a really dirty shirt.



"After all, if things are *really* white then I know my whole wash is clean. So, into my automatic went Cheer.



"Well, after ironing, my son Laird put on his nice clean shirt. Then I made that window test of yours and . . .



Mrs. Will Hayes of Santa Barbara, Calif. making the Cheer window test.

"Now I'm convinced! Cheer washes so white I could see the difference!"

Cheer's Blue-Magic whitener makes the difference . . . and only blue Cheer has it!

From all over the country women like Mrs. Hayes are writing us to say that blue Cheer *does* wash whiter.

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Try blue Cheer and make your own window test. You've never seen any white like Cheer-white.

Recommended for Automatics

Of course! Agitator automatics are designed to work best with active suds like Cheer's. That's why leading makers of automatic washers specifically recommend blue Cheer.



If you judge your wash by whiteness—it's got to be Cheer!

Ladies' Home Journal

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JANUARY, 1957

JOURNALITIES



Stanley Ellin

STANLEY ELLIN, known as a mystery-story writer, has turned his hand to something different in *The Romantic* (page 36). "This," he says, "reflects my nonsinister side." There's a hint of the other side in his next remark, though: "I was born in New York City, live in New York and expect to die with my boots on somewhere in the middle of a traffic pile-up—in New York, of course." So far, he is in fine fettle, has a long list of books, movie scripts and stories behind him (in 1954 he won the Edgar Allan Poe Award for distinction in the field of the mystery short story) and goodness knows how many ahead. What's more, a beautiful wife and 16-year-old daughter welcome him at home after he has negotiated that traffic.



Patricia Finney

The writer of this month's featured story (*The Archbishop's Dilemma*, page 34) was born in Ireland, brought up in Scotland and traveled widely before coming to this country with her American husband. "I lived in Edinburgh," says PATRICIA HAZLETT FINNEY casually, "also in Manchester, Glasgow, Prague, Budapest, London, Paris, Vienna, but have been in Tucson since 1939." (Atlas, anyone?) Her favorite spots, though, are Mexico and Arizona, where her husband does newscasting and the children keep her busy. "I have no hobbies," she explains, "but I like to cook and I like to eat the things I cook and so do most of my friends. My favorite food is a toasted tortilla the size of a bicycle wheel, covered with melted butter and melted cheese, paper-thin and delectable, preferably eaten in a patio in the moonlight. Incidentally, I like people, all kinds, and consequently have great difficulty accomplishing anything." Accomplish she does, of course—but when and how remain her secret.



Walter Clemons

Apparently WALTER CLEMONS became a man with a mission early in life. Mission? Writing. (See *The Merrymakers* on page 50.) He grew up in Houston, went to Princeton—where he composed Triangle Show tunes, among other things, and graduated *summa cum laude*. In 1951 he moved on to Magdalen College, Oxford, as a Rhodes scholar. "Since then," he reports, "I've worked as an ordinary seaman and as a book reviewer for the Spectator in London." Note: he was an ordinary seaman on an ordinary boat doing seismograph work in the Gulf of Mexico. Seismograph work, in this case, meant searching for some geophysical structure which might produce oil and gas. Now, after a year in Paris (writing) and a summer on Majorca (writing some more) he's heading home—typewriter in hand, we hope.

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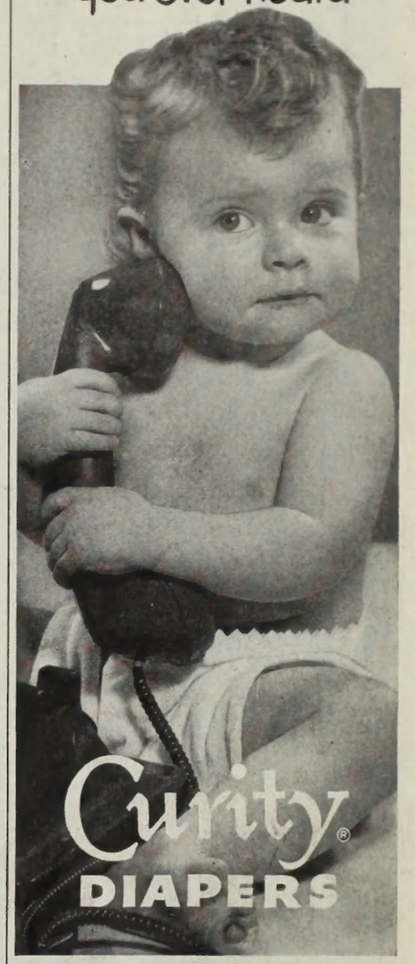
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Our READERS WRITE US

On Commercialization and Too Much Sex

Ridgefield Park, New Jersey

I recently graduated from high school, and your articles are the most accurate I have seen in recent periodicals. I think one of the greatest factors in juvenile delinquency is that teen-agers *just don't know how to have fun.*

Name Withheld

Reading, Massachusetts

Because I hold the JOURNAL in such high regard, I was particularly disappointed by the shallowness of the viewpoint (and there was only one) expressed in your forum. Of course Americans commercialize sex. What human emotion is not exploited for advertising purposes today? But what is so *un*desirable about sexual attractiveness?

As a minister's wife, I get to know a great many families—and it is my observation that those families are the happiest in which the wife and mother does *not* act like the stereotype of a dowdy old maid. Apparently it never occurred to your panelists that a girl can wear a "well-filled flaming red dress" and still possess all the qualities that make a good wife and mother. Certainly it is important that young people learn that the psychological, intellectual and spiritual aspects of love are as important as the physical aspects. But isn't it possible to recommend that more attention be given to the nonphysical side without being so emotionally wrought up over the fact that the physical side is widely recognized in our culture today? Let's not get so carried away with reforming zeal that we try to convince ourselves that we must never think about sex until we are safely married. This seems to be the basic assumption underlying all that was said by the forum—and I don't think it's very wise or realistic. Please, let's have more than one viewpoint in our forums.

MRS. BRANDOCH L. LOVELY

Eugene, Oregon

I believe that if parents can take the time to watch over their children, rear them according to the laws of good living, give them a strong faith and a good example, then whether or not sex is being commercialized will be unimportant. Let's worry a little more about slums, the lack of teachers for our children and, among other things, helping the handicapped, and these other things will assume their proper perspective. (I think if a deodorant ad, by asking if you are kissable tonight, can get people who badly need a deodorant to buy one, so much the better!)

CAROL ROMAINE

Lafayette, Indiana

I'd like to see advertisements use models who look healthy, sane and decent (whose legs, bosoms and lips are those of the average human being, so that her heart and mind might be indicated as functioning too). I'd like to see magazines print articles with healthy "snob appeal" on the meaning of being a real lady or gentleman—a real human being who is neither feverish nor loutish. Good heavens, where is our pride and native common sense?

A DISGUSTED MOTHER

Chico, California

I heartily agreed with all that was said in Are We Commercializing Sex? but I felt one point was neglected: that even very reputable magazines, including the JOURNAL, contribute to teen-age curiosity and interest in sex. Because of such articles as What Wives Don't Know About Sex, the average "nice" girl with high standards can't help wondering what really does happen in marriage. She asks, "What *should* I know about sex?" and feels excited and worried about it. She reads *more* articles to seek out the answers, but nobody comes right out and says what happens, and she is only confronted with more questions and more fear.

R.A.C., *age 16*

Salem, Oregon

We feel there are very few teen-aged girls like Kathy (I Wish My Parents Would be More Strict)—and if many parents read this article, they will get a distorted view of the rest of us. We are not what Kathy considered "chicken," but we don't go in for her type of parties either!

(*Signed by 17 teen-aged girls*)

An Army Base in Germany

Thank you for I Wish My Parents Would be More Strict, and What's a Mother to Do? I suppose you'll receive many indignant letters from prim readers who will be thoroughly shocked at the frankness of the articles. As a teen-ager, I am pleased that someone has presented so accurately the problems that face us today.

GAYLE ROCKEY

Sandy, Utah

You have been good to help your readers with their sex problems. Now I'd like to have your help with my problem. My problem is too much sex—too much sex in the JOURNAL.

Your articles on Wives and Husbands and Sex are informative and probably helpful to some people. But we feel that such specific and detailed information can only excite undue curiosity and disgust in the minds of young readers. Can't articles of this nature be offered in booklet form to be mailed on request?

MRS. RALPH BISHOP

Castleton, Virginia

Could you please print articles on sex so that the backs will be foods or fashions? I have five children and I am trying to tell them all they need to know at various ages. They are allowed to look through adult magazines (My rule is "It's not good, it's not bad, it's for adults!"), but you've given me a real problem. I won't hide the magazine or discontinue it—and I don't intend to have my nine- and ten-year-old daughters preparing for life on What Husbands Don't Know About Sex. If only I could snip them out more easily!

MRS. PHILIP B. MELODY

Chicago, Illinois

I found What Husbands Don't Know About Sex exceptionally good, and I would like to purchase reprints. It is very difficult to get patients to read textbooks (they appear so formidable). To have such an excellent article as that by Doctor Stone might well be an extremely good stimulus to encourage people to read further in exploring the subject and in an effort to make a better adjustment.

ROLAND R. CROSS, JR., M.D.

Lesson in Democracy, Junior Grade

New York City

Dear Editors: Something curious happened here last Election Day. My daughter, Megan, just turned five, spent most of the morning at the window of our apartment watching voters crowd into the church across the street. I explained to her that the church basement was a "polling place" and that the people were going in to vote to decide which man they wanted for governor of our state, and what others they wanted to help with the business of running the whole

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

country. Since she had seen many candidates on television, she had an idea that this was some sort of popularity contest. But with a five-year-old's curiosity, Megan wanted to vote too. Round four o'clock, when the crowd had thinned, I took her across the street to show her how things worked.

A policeman inside the polling place asked if he could be of any help. He didn't look like a character from Dragnet, nor like a model for a recruiting poster. Just a good-natured, easy young man in a wrinkle-soft uniform. I explained that I had voted earlier, but my child was curious about Election Day; I had told her she was too young to vote, but we just wanted to look around.

"Why, she looks old enough to vote to me," the policeman said seriously. "Just wait till I get the voting machine, sister." He seated Megan on a table, then went to get the small sample voting board. Solemnly he asked her her name and address, wrote both on a slip of paper, then showed her which levers to pull for various candidates. She made her choices. "You watch television tomorrow," the policeman said. "Tonight we're going to add up the votes to see who won. And when you're twenty-one we're going to add your vote, too, like all the big girls'."

Megan looked very proud and shy and just nodded her head. He lifted her down from the table. No one laughed.

"I think kids learn fast," the policeman said to me then. "Maybe this will give her the idea that it's an easy thing to vote in this country."

What the policeman said is true, of course. Kids do learn fast. That I knew—but I had been wondering for some time how to *teach* some of the important things such as the meaning of the word "democracy." I realized, with gratitude, that I would not be her only teacher. To the composite picture of American life, the pattern of memories that would form the adult, that policeman had made a bright and clear contribution. Probably he forgot the little girl a few moments after he talked with her. Fortunately, I think she will remember him the rest of her life.

Sincerely,
MAUREEN DALY McGIVERN

Warmth of American Hearts

Seoul, Korea

Dear Miss Posson: As another winter approaches, we learn that its cold will be mitigated to some extent by the warmth of American women's hearts, transmitted through their busy fingers to Korea in the form of knitted socks, mittens, sweaters and caps.

The war orphans and others made destitute by conditions beyond their control appreciate the interest in their welfare taken by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and its readers, including the William Sneiders of Asbury Park, New Jersey, and I speak for them as well as myself.

Some progress is being made in alleviating suffering and in rebuilding Korea, but the road ahead is long and hard. The assistance of sympathetic Americans encourages us to look forward to the day when all Korea will be free and united and again self-supporting.

Sincerely,
FRANCESCA RHEE
(Mrs. Syngman Rhee)

From the Third Grade

Traverse City, Michigan

Dear Editor: Our teacher and we are very proud of this poem. We made it when it hailed and the wind blew strong.

First we listened to the window. We thought it might break. We went outside, listening, watching and feeling. Then we thought of real good words so we could almost picture the weather.

THE THRASHING WIND

The whirling wind dives and soars on his way to nowhere.
As he zooms by, he thrashes through the trees
And tangles the cracking branches.
He spits midget marbles that bounce on the windows,
Which rattle and roar like faded thunder.

Love,
THIRD GRADE



rhythm step

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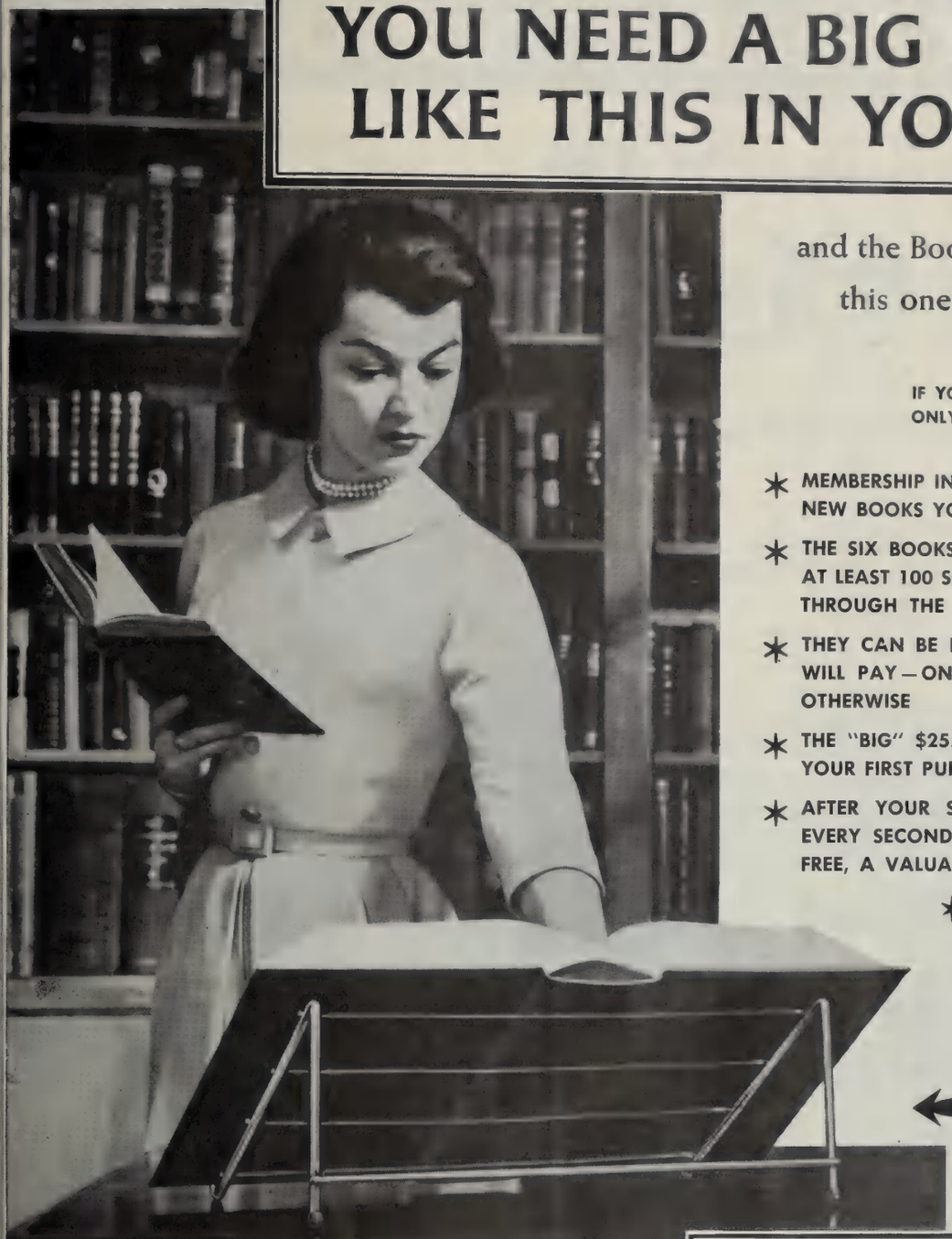
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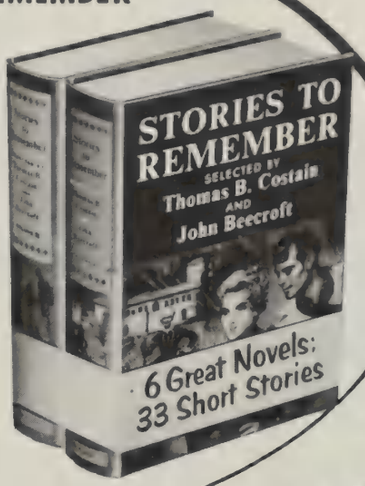
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These biscuits were made with another shortening and baked 15 minutes at 425 degrees oven heat. Compare their appearance with the biscuits on the right.

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THE WORLD OF GRANDMA MOSES

By **DOROTHY THOMPSON**

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART



THE MAP, dry point by Mary Cassatt (American School, 1845–1926). Size, 6⅛ x 8¾ inches.

There is a law in life and nature that works infallibly. It is that everything must be paid for. Every loss brings some gain; every gain entails a loss. For everything one desires, something that one also cherishes must be exchanged.

There is no such thing in human affairs as infinite progress, the illusion of the last century out of which has grown most of the "isms" and "ideologies" of the past hundred years. All of them are messianic in that they promise the evolution of man into a perfect state of bliss, denying the compensatory forces that forever operate.

The paintings of Grandma Moses and their extraordinary popularity seem to me to illustrate this. The painter herself is a phenomenon. Although she had never painted seriously until she was seventy-seven, and had no formal training whatever, the pictures of this farm woman, whose life since childhood has been one of hard toil, have captured the critics, enchanted the public, and made her at ninety-six, and from her own standards at least, a rich woman.

Being hailed by the critics as an "authentic American primitive" has boosted the prices of her pictures and attracted buyers who look at all purchases of art as an investment that will retain or increase in money value. But there is no money value in the reproductions that others buy and live with so pleasurably.

She is not a great artist, one whose hallmark is always intensity and originality of expression, rising above but grounded upon superb craftsmanship. She lacks the power to disturb, or elicit wonder, or evoke in the beholder a new and distinguished experience.

What, then, accounts for her fame? Is it not that she illustrates a world that has gone beyond hope of recovery, and that in retrospect wears the aura of a lost paradise?

Is the view wholly sentimental?

Grandma Moses depicts—and idealizes—scenes from the upstate New York farming community where she still lives as she recalls them from her childhood and youth. What distinguishes them is freedom, gaiety, and boundless and diverse activity, going on without the pressures of mechanical time.

But how was life actually conducted?

It was a life of "backbreaking" toil, almost totally without "laborsaving" devices. The horsepower of the farm was horses, mules or oxen that the farmer followed with his plow, harrow and reaper. Fuel was cut in the wood lot with an ax (not a powered chain saw) and split or sawed by hand in the woodshed. Homes were heated with chunk stoves, requiring stoking, and food was cooked and water heated on a wood-burning range. Laundry was washed on a scrub board with homemade soap made of leftover fats, soda and lye, and pressed with irons heated on the stove. Children attended ungraded schools irregularly, seldom went beyond "grammar" school and often left to work with their fathers after the fifth or sixth grade, though there were exceptions—youngsters who went on to "academies" and further, as the biographies of many great Americans attest, but even then "working their way through."

Families were large, but many children died early from diseases and epidemics not even diagnosed—or children lost one or another of their parents from "black" fever, "inflammation of the bowels" (probably appendicitis), "brain fever"—meningitis?—and from typhoid and diphtheria. But that was true not only on farms.

The farm was a hive of industry, in which everyone participated, including very small children.

There were always cattle and poultry to feed, vegetables to hoe, wood to split, lamps to be cleaned and filled, clothes to be cut, sewed, made over, patched and darned. Berries had to be picked, fruit gathered, butter churned, vegetables and fruit pickled, jellied, or canned in Mason jars, and meat salted, smoked, corned or also canned. Long shelves crowded with jars hung from the rafters of deep cellars along with bacon and hams. Barrels and great stone jars held salt pork, corned beef, pickled beets, cucumbers, apples. There were gunny sacks full of dried beans, carrots and other vegetables in boxes of sand, and always a huge bin of potatoes.

These cellars were really "stores," holding most of the edibles one can buy in stores today, as well as "preserves," pickles and relishes that one can rarely find at all. And all this autumn-to-autumn store was grown and processed by the family itself.

As a child and young girl whose father was a minister in upstate New York in villages surrounded by farms, I often visited the farm homes of his parishioners and once lived with one of them for several months. My recollection is of amazing abundance, of breakfasts that would be other people's dinners and dinners that would be others' banquets. Not *one* dessert, but pie *and* cake, cookies and doughnuts, following meat, potatoes or a huge platter of eggs and an array of vegetables, with pickles on the side. Homemade bread fresh every day, popovers, muffins, gems fresh from the oven, and all consumed with the Gargantuan appetites of those continually in fresh air and on the move. I was "allowed" to collect eggs, pick and shell peas, gather strawberries and raspberries, make beds and ride the farm horses, all of which seemed to me, working with other boys and girls, the most superior form of play I had ever known.

Sleeping rooms, then, were "chambers," their beds covered with "comforters," quilted in tiny stitches by hand, atop feather beds, their tickings stuffed with the more downy feathers of the farm's slaughtered poultry. And if the rooms were chilly, so much cozier the beds.

The kitchen invariably the largest, brightest room in the house, was the center of family

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life, the parlor or sitting room open only for visitors. There was the iron or soapstone sink with the hand pump that brought water from the spring—where milk was also cooled. Here stood the foot-treadled sewing machine and the mending basket, the big table at which everybody ate the enormous early breakfasts, noon dinners and simple suppers.

"Everybody" usually included a widowed aunt, a parentless nephew, niece or cousin, and the hired man, a homeless widower, perhaps, or the strapping son of another farmer with more sons than he needed or could feed at home. They did not work for wages beyond pocket money. They shared a home. Grandmother, or sometimes great-grandmother, was often there, too, ensconced in a rocking chair, too old to do much but potter a little, wash dishes, peel vegetables, and tell stories to the children.

For this was another characteristic of the world of Grandma Moses. There was always room for one more. When original accommodations were exhausted, the menfolk took timber to the sawmill, traded it for sawed boards and siding, built another chamber, added an ell to the kitchen, broke a dormer into the attic and finished off a plastered room, mixing the sand-lime-and-water plaster themselves, so that the odd dormers and irregular juts of many old farmhouses record the growth of the family.

Who wants to live like that today?

Nobody does, and few, if any, could. But we are speaking of compensations—of the fact that with every gain something is lost.

The world of Grandma Moses was a world of free men, free in the deep sense of being independent, autonomous in themselves and able by themselves and with their families to meet every family need.

The land on which they lived, their homes, farms and animals, were their own, and what they produced was sufficient for themselves, to share with others, and to trade for the little else they needed. They were almost completely divorced from a money economy and the need of money.

In Vermont, where I have lived for four months every year for nearly a generation, I have friends, older men and women, who lived the earlier part of their lives just that way.

Some of them are living on the farms to which they went as brides or grooms thirty or forty years ago. But they are not the *same* farms, nor are they surrounded by other farms or their old neighbors. One of them recently recalled that when she married thirty-eight years ago, the farming community on the road-connected hills where her home stands numbered twenty-two households, all with large families, so that there were four one-room schools. Now only five families still hold on, elderly people, their children married or gone into other occupations. There is no school. There are no children to attend one.

What has happened to those farms? Two or three have been sold to "summer folks," for our town is very beautiful, with a salubrious summer climate and matchless autumns and Indian summers. These homes have been remodeled, but their land is returning to the wilderness out of which it was hewed, its crumbling stone walls reminding one of the infinitude of labor, individual and communal, that built them out of the stones of the fields that, like the forests, had to be cleared.

A great tract of them has been bought by a university that is timbering and reforesting it to afford the institution a perpetual income. But it no longer provides livelihoods for robust families.

The same story applies to the whole county, which, as far as the quality of land is concerned, is one of the better counties in the state. But the farm population has been dwindling year by year. In 1880 this county had 35,196 inhabitants and 4455 farms. In 1954 its population just topped 40,000, but there were only 1609 farms. Farm acreage had been reduced from 420,099 acres to 324,152, despite the increased size of the farms still operating. The production per man plus his machines per acre is higher today than in 1880, but farming as a way of life has radically declined.

There are still family farms, but the old economy is gone. The better homes are far more comfortable than the ones which I have described. They have electric lights, mechanical refrigeration, bathrooms, freezers, radios, television sets. In the barns are milking machines and sometimes mechanical feeders, and in the sheds stand tractors and hay balers, which have replaced the old draft animals.

Diversity of operation has given way to concentration. Instead of four or five cows, the farmer must have thirty, forty or preferably more to bring him in an adequate milk check, and their production must be copious and high in butterfat, requiring heavy grain feeding and high-protein hay. The farmer cannot afford to "waste his time" on a large vegetable garden. He must concentrate on his money crop, because, unlike his father and grandfather, he is perpetually in need of money.

His father could buy a good team of horses for $350 and they reproduced themselves, with a surplus of colts to sell, and provided fertilizer for his fields. They and their progeny never wore out or needed new spare parts. They were an inexhaustible capital. Now this farmer's son has $20,000 or more invested in machinery whose lifetime is not likely to be more than five years before it is turned in for greatly below the original price.

Who loves his country cannot hate mankind.
CHARLES CHURCHILL

The machinery consumes gas and oil, which the farmer cannot grow but must buy. It produces inadequate natural fertilizer for his need for high field production. This compels him to purchase commercial fertilizers, a recurrent annual expenditure which, for a 200-acre farm, will easily cost him $1000. He drives the land and is, in turn, driven by it, and there are champions of organic farming who believe the land is already taking its revenge.

He is controlled by inspectors, who can, at any moment, bar his milk from the market: if the cooler is not more than an exact number of feet from the milk barn, or if the electricity goes off in the cooler; if the manure is allowed to accumulate more than a certain length of time—and what does one do if it is impossible, because of weather, to spread it on the fields? The milk will not be accepted in any case if the bacteria count fails to meet requirements, so he wonders just why his every step must be ordered for him.

If the price of milk, or any other product he grows, falls in relation to what he must buy he is caught in the "cost-price" squeeze and bankruptcy looms. It is wonderful for his wife to have an electric or gas range, a washing machine, lots of hot water and an automatic furnace, but the installations are expensive and there is a monthly bill for them, whereas the fuel from the wood lot cost nothing in cash.

He cannot "trade in" his products at the local stores; they have their own suppliers and deal largely in packaged goods. He cannot retail his richly creamy milk to the villagers. Anyone can pasteurize milk at home, but to sell it retail the farmer must put up a pasteurizing-homogenizing plant, the price of which a medium-sized farm can never earn.

To get the largest possible cash income from his investments, the small farmer often "hires himself out" together with his machinery, digging ponds for large estates, and working on the public roads. Often his wife or daughters work out too. For the new home equipment must also be paid for and maintained. The farmer cannot say, as his father did, "No wife of mine will ever work for strangers."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

How to make a good cup of Coffee!



Drip Maker

Rinse with very hot water. Never use less than ¾ capacity of drip pot. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup) in kettle or other pot. Put 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "drip" grind coffee, per cup, into filter section. Slowly pour vigorously boiling water into upper section. After dripping, remove upper section and stir. To keep hot: place over very low heat or on an asbestos pad over lowered flame. *Do not boil.* Serve as soon as possible. Because coffee is at its best only when fresh, do *not* re-heat it.



Vacuum Maker

Rinse with very hot water. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil in lower bowl 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup). Never use less than ¾ capacity of maker. Use 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "drip" or "fine" grind coffee, per cup. Remove boiling water from heat. Fit upper bowl with filter over lower — twist tight. Place on reduced heat. When most of the water has risen into upper bowl, stir. In 1 to 3 minutes, depending on grind used and strength desired, remove from heat. Serve at once. (Rinse filter thoroughly and store in cold water.)



Percolator

Rinse with very hot water. Never use less than ¾ capacity of maker. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil in percolator 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup). Put 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "regular" grind coffee, per cup, into basket. When water boils, lower heat, put basket into percolator, cover. Percolate *very slowly* for 6 to 8 minutes. To keep hot, place over very low heat or on an asbestos pad over the lowered flame — *do not boil.* Serve as soon as possible. And because coffee is at its delicious best only when fresh, do *not* re-heat it.

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by Betty Crocker



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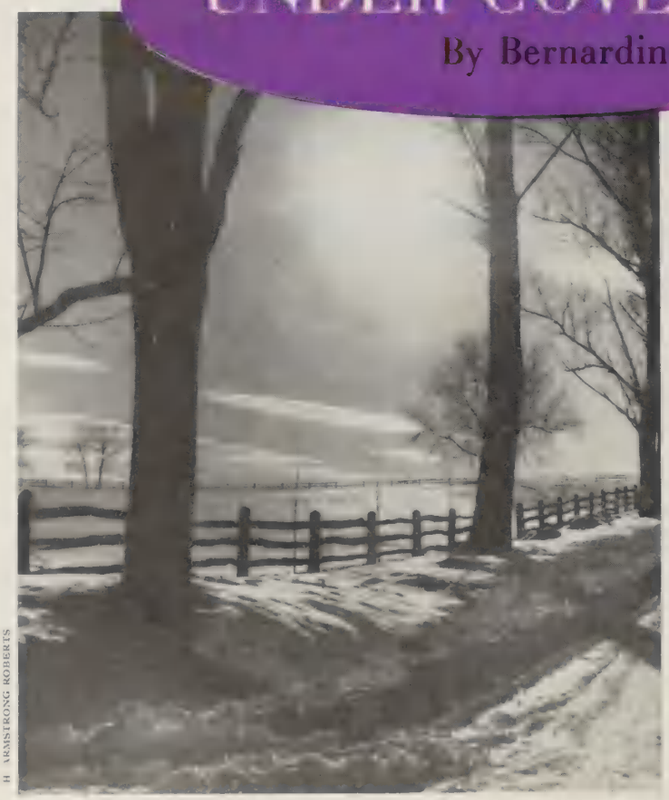
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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

When snow piles up on the highways, it's time for a good book.

If it is an old-fashioned snowy January, with the children out coasting, pink-cheeked and bright-eyed in the cold, with skiers careening down the white slopes and auto chains rattling outside on hard roads—then is the time to settle ourselves comfortably by the fire beside a pile of good books.

●

Of good books this month there are many. For one thing, Mr. Moto lives again. ***John Marquand***, it seems, went to Japan a year or so ago, absorbed the throbbing life of present-day Tokyo, and has now incorporated it in **STOPOVER: TOKYO** (Little, Brown)—one of the best spy stories you could ever lay hands on.

This is the story of a U.S. Secret Service man in Japan tracking down an American believed to be a communist spy. The plot is by no means unfamiliar; there are murder, pursuit, constant suspense; a girl and romance, and a great many laughs. But how different it is from all the others, coming from the smooth, sophisticated pen of America's No. 1 novelist! It will restore your confidence in spy stories as superb entertainment.

THE LAST PARALLEL: A Marine's War Journal is obviously about war. But *don't be put off!* It is a remarkable book on many counts and has all the best elements of a novel—not only the tense excitement of battle, camaraderie, a fighting man's interest in sex, but something very deep and fine beyond all that, understated perhaps, but there, lying in the personality of the young author. For above all, this is the story of ***Martin Russ***, twenty-two, and definitely of his day and age—a jazz enthusiast and trumpet player, equally knowing about a girl's looks and a record's playing, a boy well born and articulate, who has read and thought, and who, even at such an early age, has formulated something of a philosophy. This is his day-by-day journal, written in a ditch or behind a tree in no man's land, but written faithfully during front-line fighting in the Korean war. It is young and tough and rings necessarily with the vulgar idiom of marine ranks. But it has perspective.

This is not the usual complaining, cynical, tired, bored young man who sits down to write the definitive book about the war. Young people will recognize Russ as one of their own, and the older ones will marvel at the heights which this generation has managed to attain. (Rinehart.)

COUNT ROLLERSKATES, by ***Thomas Sancton*** (Doubleday), is something else again. There are those who may find it somewhat ridiculous. But this reader had a good time clear through. It is an old-fashioned melodrama with a fascinating background of little-known, across-the-tracks, low-class New Orleans.

It all happened about forty years ago when a titled European ne'er-do-well who was (of all things!) an expert roller skater came off a ship and found his way into a mild, respectable, middle-class family. The story spun out around him has everything—carnival, circus, street scenes, sentimentality, treachery; and should be a natural for the movies.

THE SINGLE PEBBLE, by ***John Hersey*** (Knopf), is a departure for the author of *A Bell for Adano* and *The Wall*—a simple story laid along the Yangtze River in China (where Hersey was born), about an American engineer and a river boatman and his young wife, and a stalwart young tracker—one of the forty trackers who haul the junk up through the river's dangerous gorges. Like many tranquil stretches on the stream itself, the story has hidden depths of meaning the reader may or may not wholly understand.

One good reason for reading **THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD**, by ***Nicholas Monsarrat*** (Wm. Sloane–Morrow), is that it has been banned, we hear, in South Africa. Another is that the author of *The Cruel Sea* knows how to tell an absorbing story. Like most tales of Africa's primitive people in contact with British civil servants, this novel has its share of native orgies and European starved sex. But more important is the clear light it throws on the color problem, so vital these days throughout the world.

THE ETRUSCAN, by ***Mika Waltari***, author of *The Egyptian* and *The Dark Angel* (Putnam), is true to type, a sound historical, readable novel, this time covering the entire known world of 500 B.C.—Greece, Persia, Rome, Carthage.

A more penetrating, and by the same token likely to be a less popular novel of ancient life, is **LAST OF THE WINE**, by ***Mary Renault***. "We were there!" is your final reaction after the wars, the politics, the strange customs through which these pages lead you. This is Athens in the days when Socrates taught in the market place and Alcibiades was an up-and-coming young man. (Pantheon.)

To return to the U.S.A.: **IT'S A BIG COUNTRY**, by ***Ben Lucien Burman*** (Reynal), is a book you'd like to take with you and head straight for the Missouri River—a chatty account of a meandering trip off the highways, taken by easygoing, storytelling Burman, down the Missouri, into the Ozarks, out from New Orleans into the Cajun country, off to Texas, through odd spots in Florida, and finally up to the islands off Cape Hatteras where wild horses still roam, and the folks (of Rodanthe, N. C.) celebrate Christmas on January 6th. "The people in Rodanthe's so honest if they tell a lie you can see it going down their throat!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I think we're right in the middle of the part Junior just swallowed."

If you live in Alaska you probably have seen **THE FIRST ANTHOLOGY OF CONTEMPORARY ALASKAN POETRY**. This is an attractively mimeographed little book of local verse—frosty, windy, sprawling, bawling. Everybody up there will enjoy it. (Published by Karen's Services, Anchorage, Alaska.)

●

I can't let January pass without mention of my favorite historical character. Benjamin Franklin was born January 17, 1706, and died in 1790. He wrote his own epitaph:

The body of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding)
Lies here, food for worms!
But the work shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more
In a new
And beautiful edition
Revised and corrected
By the Author!



This fruit cocktail has the sparkle to make it look like a party!

Even very, very special guests couldn't ask for gayer color and avor than this simple salad gets from DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail. ınd yet it doesn't mean one speck of extra work for you.

It's perfectly obvious that someone pretty choosy put this fruit ocktail together—it's done so much the way you'd do it yourself. 'he fruits are cut with care—the colors are ever so bright and ttractive. And the balance of the five juicy fruits is just right—ets the flavor of each fruit shine through.

Frankly, the easiest way to pay yourself a compliment next me you serve a first course, salad or dessert is to let DEL MONTE ruit Cocktail help you. How about starting with this spectacular

CAROUSEL SALAD

- 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail
- 2 pkgs. lemon-flavored gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 3 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 1 cup finely shredded cabbage or celery
- 1 cup finely shredded carrots

ain and chill fruit cocktail; save syrup. Dissolve gelatin in hot water; add rup and vinegar. Chill till syrupy. In a 9-in. ring mold (about 6 cups), put cup portions of the vegetables, alternating cabbage and carrots. Carefully ur in gelatin; chill at least 4 hrs. At serving time, unmold on lettuce; oon DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail around mold and in center. Serves 6.

Carefree meals are good meals with

Del Monte®

fruit cocktail



A JELL-O SALAD MAKES THE MEAL



CELEBRATION SALAD

1 package Apple Jell-O
dash of salt • 1 cup hot water • ¾ cup cold water
2 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar
1 1/3 cups (16-ounce can) drained fruit cocktail

Something *new* in salads—new Apple Jell-O combined with your favorite fruit! Dissolve Jell-O and salt in *hot* water. Add cold water and lemon juice or vinegar. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in fruit. Pour into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. For salad, serve on crisp greens with mayonnaise. For dessert, serve with sweetened whipped cream. Sprinkle mayonnaise or cream with cinnamon or nutmeg. Makes 6 servings.

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORP.

MOTHERS ENFORCE CLEANUP OF COMICS ... North Platte, Nebraska





CAL BERNSTEIN

Bright covers of comics entrance this North Platte youngster as she makes her selection among the many on display. Gory crime and horror stories no longer are sold.

Jo Blackledge (left) and her committee of Junior Woman's Club members check magazine stands regularly when out shopping.

Vigilance Continues

By MARGARET HICKEY

Not all parents are satisfied yet with the type of comics being sold, as a North Platte, Nebraska, mother points out in this month's Public Affairs feature—but there has been a change for the better.

Commending the progress already made, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which spearheaded a nationwide club movement against crime and horror comics, urges: "Continue to be vigilant; continue to watch the newsstands in your neighborhoods to see that the objectionable comic books—that any kind of objectionable magazines and paperbacks—are not there. Talk with the dealer about them and ask him to take them off his shelves and return them to the distributor. They won't be there next time if you do."

In Kokomo, Indiana, the Junior Department Club organized a local committee on the Evaluation of Comic Books, including five professional youth-work directors, four high-school boys and girls, and representatives from the P.T.A. and women's civic councils. Distributors co-operate readily with the committee's recommendations and remove from sale books rated objectionable. And in Arlington, Massachusetts, a committee of parents went from store to store checking bookshelves. Store owners, eager to earn customer good will and community respect, willingly cut out the crime, horror and sex comics.

In Canton, Ohio, citizens organized a book swap, collected 30,000 comics in one day by exchanging a "good" book for each comic turned in. This was the beginning of a drive which resulted in the cleanup of newsstands. In Santa Barbara, California, after a civic-minded news distributor discontinued the delivery of 60 comics, the P.T.A. and public library established a lending-book service in the city's grammar schools. Teachers report the demand for books is so great that children have little time for comics.

Good reading habits, like good manners, begin at home, and individual parents, by guiding, not pushing, by offering, not browbeating, can encourage real enjoyment in reading. And what better way than by reading aloud as a family activity, by letting a child start his own library at home, by discussing books together? Citizen groups can keep bad literature off the stands, but it is up to parents to see that their children get the best. END

"Got any 'hot' magazines, Pop?" the tall man with the cigar asked as he squinted around at the displays in the tiny store. He had scrupulously waited until the only other visitor in the place had left.

"No," the proprietor said, sizing up his caller as a seller of under-the-counter magazines. "And what's more, I couldn't get away with it in this town. The Junior Woman's Club would be after me in no time."

The newsstand dealer spoke from firsthand experience. It all started two and a half years ago, shortly after the North Platte, Nebraska, Junior Woman's Club undertook a crusade against crime and horror comics. His sales of comic books dropped by more than $1000 within the first few months, and pressure by the women was so great that he took crime books off his stand altogether. The clubwomen still keep an eye on the town's newsstands, and he is not taking any chances of being caught with lurid publications.

North Platte, a sales and distributing center in the heart of West Central Nebraska corn-and-alfalfa land, is one of some 300 towns in the state where clubwomen are working to cut down newsstand sales of crime and sex comics and encourage children to read good books. Started by one Nebraska woman, the effort is now part of a nationwide program inaugurated by the General Federation of Women's Clubs

It was just by chance that Mrs. Grace Barmore, then president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, awoke with a start to the evil influence of comics on children. Mrs. Barmore, who with her husband operates a drugstore in Lexington, Nebraska, overheard a little golden-haired girl talking with her brother about how to spend their dime. As the little boy reached toward one of the bright-colored comic books displayed in the Barmore drugstore, his sister grabbed his arm. "Not that one, Johnny," she protested. "I can't sleep nights after I read it."

What in the world can be in that magazine? Grace Barmore wondered. She had never paid much attention to her stock of comic books. They were delivered by a distributor and placed on display racks by a clerk. As Mrs. Barmore turned the pages, her usually pleasant expression changed to a frown. She understood why the child couldn't sleep. One book's cover carried the picture of a monstrous-looking man with evil eyes leering from a green face all pock-marked, nostrils flared, and blood oozing from clawlike hands. He was bending over an attractive, well-developed and scantily clad young woman. The stories inside were equally gruesome—sadism, vampirism, cannibalism, grave robbing. Many portrayed eye gouging and torture. The next day, 80 per cent of the comics in the Barmore drugstore went back to the distributor.

Suppose hundreds of dealers began sending back objectionable comics, Grace Barmore speculated—magazine publishers would have to sit up and take notice. Grace Barmore always surprises new acquaintances with her vivacity and vitality. For despite the threat of crippling arthritis, the petite clubwoman is always on the go, constantly at work on some project. Now she was to undertake another. "We can't forbid certain comics to children when they can buy them at any corner store," she wrote presidents of women's clubs all

How to make

ORANGE-ALMOND COFFEE CAKE

with the most versatile mix of them all!



A favorite Swedish recipe adapted to Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. Easy—only one rise!

Combine ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup chopped blanched almonds, ¼ cup sugar and ¼ cup orange marmalade in saucepan. Bring to a boil; cook 5 minutes. Cool.

Follow Ann Pillsbury's directions for Basic Rolls on page 1 of the exciting recipe folder in your new picture-package of Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. Spread half of dough in greased 9x9x2-inch pan. (Use other half for hot rolls.) Spread with cooled orange mixture.

Let rise until doubled in size. Bake at 375° F. 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into squares. Delicious warm or cold.

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over Nebraska, "but we can see to it that the *worst* are not available. Select a committee to check stands and ask the dealers to co-operate. Get parents, schools, churches and other civic groups to help you. Make a list of objectionable comics and also of those approved by the Cincinnati, Ohio, Committee on Evaluation of Comic Books, Inc."

That was in April, 1954. National officers of the General Federation of Women's Clubs had already evinced some concern about the increasing amount of filth on the newsstands. From a circulation of 10,000,000 a year in 1940, comic magazines had jumped to an estimated 100,000,000 a month. In May, Grace Barmore went to the federation's national convention in Denver, talked to women from all over the country about the influence of comic books and the need to protect the nation's children from their harmful effects. She found that in some communities women already had become alarmed and started campaigns similar to her own. At the end of the convention, the entire delegation took a floor vote to make the effort a national project. That was the cue for all 15,550 federated clubs in the country to go into action.

In North Platte, pretty, vivacious Mrs. Keith Blackledge, mother of two preschool-age boys, was one of the young women who began *reading* the comics for the first time. "I never expected to be shocked by a children's book," she commented as she volunteered for checking. With two other members, Jo Blackledge called on grocery-store managers showed them copies of the most objectionable comics and asked, "May we take these off your stands?"

The manager of a big chain grocery said, "I'll go you one better and take all the comics off. Every afternoon we have a big roadblock of youngsters hanging around reading comics—this would put an end to it."

God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; and I don't think He ever will or can. WALTER HINES PAGE
The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page
Doubleday, Page & Co.

A number of other stores stacked up the most objectionable books to be returned to the distributor and put up signs, "This store is co-operating with the Junior Woman's Club in the crusade against crime comics."

"I carry eight hundred different pocket books and eight hundred different magazines—including three hundred comic-book titles—so I don't have time to censor everything that comes in," a grocer said. "But if you say these are bad for the youngsters, out they go; they're not worth the profit."

But others were not so co-operative. All the objectionable magazines the groceries and drugstores removed reappeared at the bargain rate of three for 10 cents on the racks of one drugstore. When a delegation from the club entered the store, a clerk hastily gathered them up. "I wondered when you were coming," he smiled.

Another dealer pointed to a stack of comics too high for small children to reach. "Just the other day," he told Wanda Talcott, president of the Junior Woman's Club, "I refused to sell one of these crime comics to a ten-year-old girl. And an hour later her mother came in and told me to let the girl have anything she wanted."

Of course, Wanda and Jo had to agree, parents are as much to blame as publishers. They had been studying a list of comics prepared by the Cincinnati Committee on Evaluation of Comic Books and rated in four groups: no objection, some objection, objectionable and very objectionable. Perhaps, Jo and Wanda figured, if parents of all school children could see this list, they might take some notice of what their children were reading. (Of course not all would, Jo conceded. On her rare visits to a local beauty shop Jo remembered seeing women—mothers—themselves reading comic books. And several newsstand dealers had told her their best customers for comic books were adults.) With approval from the club, Wanda ordered 300 copies, at three cents each, of the committee's rated list, and passed them out at the club and at a P.T.A. council meeting. After a lively discussion, P.T.A. unit presidents decided to purchase enough copies to send home with every school child. One unit, low on funds, voted to mimeograph the list. Cody School and the junior-high P.T.A. felt it would be more effective to mail the list—with a personal letter—to parents.

A week after the first newsstand check teams of Junior Clubwomen made the rounds of stands again. They were elated to find that—so far—none of the most objectionable books were on display. They said nothing further to the dealers. Nevertheless, the club women were pretty sure their checking didn't go unnoticed. The following week, a second recheck was scheduled.

What about a local ordinance to control comics? Kearney, ninety miles east, was drawing up one, the clubwomen knew. But the city manager there admitted that enforcement would be a problem "because the police don't have time to stop and read the comics." More important than concentrating their efforts on legislation, the North Platte club decided, was to continue their work directly with parents and news dealers.

About this time Wanda Talcott had a caller. She had just finished house cleaning and was about to start out to market when her doorbell rang. A well-dressed man introduced himself, mentioning the name of a publishing company Wanda had never heard of. He said, "Now, Mrs. Talcott, you don't really think these comics are leading to juvenile delinquency, do you? After all, you live in a small town and can possibly know about the situation anywhere else."

"I've seen the kind of comic books they're selling," she shot back, "and I don't want my children reading them and don't think other children should either."

"I'll come right to the point, Mrs. Talcott," was his testy answer. "If you don't call off the crusade, you personally will have to face a lawsuit."

Wanda slammed the door and hurried to the telephone. She was more angry than alarmed, and when she reached Grace Barmore in Lexington she tried to sound calm. "But he couldn't sue *you*, Wanda," Mrs. Barmore reassured her. "He'd have to sue the whole General Federation, and he'd have five million irate women after him." But after ringing off, Grace Barmore herself went out to talk to a lawyer.

"It's only a bluff," the attorney said. "Why, I'd jump at the chance to defend the Woman's Club." This gave Wanda the final assurance she needed to continue the fight.

An editorial in the Omaha World-Herald commended the clubwomen for their crusade. But at the same time it warned that "unless the unofficial censorship by civic groups is continued, 'bad' comics will be back." Grace Barmore gave assurances "the drive is nothing that is going to blow over."

Members of the Junior Woman's Club went on talking before P.T.A. and other groups. Wanda Talcott called off a Sunday afternoon play practice with her church youth group to get off a letter asking merchants to keep crime comics off the stands permanently. The following week, her youngsters wanted to know where she had been and that precipitated a thoughtful discussion on comics. Several P.T.A. units conducted study groups to encourage families to discuss reading with their children. And in classrooms teachers began to inquire about outside reading. In a seventh-grade English class every hand but one went up when the teacher asked how many read comics. A bright-eyed scrubbed boy wondered why certain comics were on the "objectionable" list because "we *like* them. Besides, they're not real and can't harm us." His question was answered by another boy: "I don't think a man should be allowed to live a long time after being shot. That's pretty cruel." And a blond thirteen-year-old added, "My parents don't allow

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



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Cupid never drew his bow at a sweeter target. The peas that wear the Green Giant label are the pampered darlin's of pea-land. Raised from special seed in special soil. Babied by us every day of their short and tender lives.

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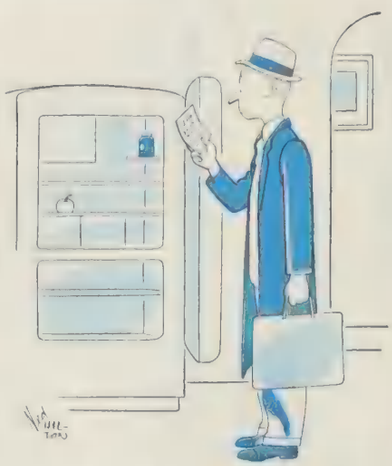
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"I told you this morning, remember? You were supposed to eat dinner downtown."

Our town's most flirtatious young matron thinks every wedding ought to be re-enacted on its anniversary each year. "What a swell party!" she exclaims. "Pay off indebtedness, brace a sagging marriage, give the preacher a yearly fee!"

Just for the "thrill" a pair of our neighbors drove somebody's car to California. They had to pay for the gas, buy their airplane tickets home, but next year they aim to drive to Seattle, get free gas. (A three-car family too!)

"If I had the brass of my dearest friend," murmurs Betty Comfort, shaking snow off her rubber welcome mat, "I could exchange enough Christmas presents to buy myself a new wardrobe for our winter vacation."

Some radio and TV programs improve if you tune 'em down; some improve if you tune to another station; some you have to turn off and phone the station manager, more hurt than angry.

Why don't our beloved teen-agers let their pa and ma act modern? They seem to trap us in a medieval mood, as if we'd matured in the Middle Ages. My neighbor who keeps his car in a carport all winter thinks they resent up-to-the-minute 1957 impulses in a parent.

Our lawn, accuses my horticultural Dream Girl, is a disgrace, and she wants me to make it my 1957 project. This'll come easy as long as there's snow on the ground.

In our town the dominant passion is to watch our girls and boys toss a big ball through a horizontal hoop. We ex-basketball players of the rougher days agree that boys' basketball is louder, but girls' basketball is infinitely funnier.

Some of the house-trailer aristocracy deny it takes courage to live in a de luxe trailer. "What it takes is six thousand dollars," retorts one, "and since the Air Force pays for moving them to a new base, it's ideal for your Air Force lieutenant." And he can give it to me in my old age?

One day our youngest demanded his breakfast at 6:15 A.M. so he could get to Roosevelt High by 7 A.M. to rehearse a pep assembly. Ah, the spontaneous enthusiasm of youth!

I can't remember anything the American Legion's done that's aroused more enthusiasm among the wives than the 75-cent fish dinner they serve at the clubhouse in the river lowlands northwest of town. Those boys are maturing gracefully.

A few of our town's teachers have adopted the doctrine that if you write more slowly and legibly, you'll stabilize and calm your temperament and soothe your neuroses. But with a typewriter in almost every house, maybe it's too late.

"Maybe I thought of it too late," muses Peter Comfort, borrowing his snow shovel back from his neighbor, "but I wonder if Betty'd love me more if I bought her a five-dollar Christmas present every month instead of a fifty-dollar present once a year?"

Out in Fertile Acres they're organizing a baby-sitters' exchange. I suppose it's only fair for the mother of three babies to swap three hours for a two-hour "sit" by the mother of two babies?

Our youngest tells me positively it'll save our precious teen-agers from harm on the highways if we arrange "drag strips" elsewhere for 'em to race at 90 or 100 mph. Maybe, maybe, but it's a violent cure.

One of our town's stormier pairs divorced, then remarried each other. One child by each marriage, so they celebrate annually both wedding anniversaries, but nervously lest their youngsters learn about this curlicue in their family history. (I advise 'em to tell!)

We sat with coeds at a banquet at the state university, and helped the girls butter the leftover rolls and wrap them in napkins to eat later in bed. (What are a few crumbs in bed when you're still in college?)

I vexed an amiable P.T.A. lady when I confessed shyly that I enjoy Henry Mencken's writings more than John Milton's. I agree with only about a tenth of H.L.M.'s opinions, but Milton puts me to sleep before I can make up my mind.

My Lady Love's glass table filled with shells she's picked up on faraway sea beaches is prettier than mine lined with coins I've brought home from 60 countries. Hers is in the living room, mine in the attic.

The pretty high-school girl across the street tells me boys date more in junior high than in senior high school! This puzzles her, and I suspect it's purely a local phenomenon. (Or maybe by tenth grade they've learned all about women.)

I marvel at the spiritual lift my wife gets from having the windows washed. Now she can gaze through magic casements on faëry seas forlorn, or at least see whose delivery truck is in the driveway across the street.

My neighbor who lives above his son-in-law's three-car garage hates shops which aren't responsible for things left over thirty days. "What if I forget where I left it?" he asks indignantly. "Can't they send me a post card?"

We tried at the bridge table to think of a single case where a wife with a voice always pleasant and a sweet, gentle smile has been divorced, but there's apparently been no such court action in our town.

All summer the small cherubs played baseball on the governor's sloping and tree-studded lawn, and football all the autumn. But with snow on the ground in basketball time they're fairly baffled unless they can convert it into a ski run.

My wife is shocked to learn there are 150 hidden taxes in a woman's hat. "How can Lilly Dache make a living?" she asks. I suggest maybe some of the taxes are merely punitive.

At a fashionable dinner in our town recently four guests weren't drinking anything alcoholic and three others were mixing their own gentle concoctions. Maybe we're in for a renaissance?

. . . When our lieutenant's bride makes herself a $250 maternity wardrobe for $25 with her sewing machine,

. . . Or our son-in-law tips me off that the best way to butter corn on the cob is to wrap and spin it in a well-buttered slice of bread,

. . . And our youngest admits reluctantly that more kids still ride bikes to high school than drive cars,

. . . Or my Dream Girl is as proud of her vase of dried okra pods as a man who's shot a cougar,

Then I realize how happily I avoid the ruts a lone bachelor can get into.

No Other Leading Toothpaste

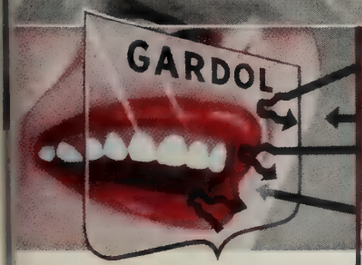
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Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

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SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Makes teeth whiter—cannot stain or discolor!





Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

Get rid of toilet bowl odor and stains. Keep your bathroom fresh as a daisy

Use perfumed VANISH Toilet Bowl Cleaner



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REMOVES RUST & STAINS from sinks and bathtubs, without harming the enamel. Delete also shines copper pots, pans, stainless steel, chrome car bumpers.

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Mothers of twins have to find short cuts!

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DR. SPOCK

"Some inexperienced parents get the idea that it's old-fashioned cruelty to get a baby on a schedule. But if 95 per cent of mothers of twins can do it in a couple of weeks, it can't be that bad."



CONSTANCE BANNISTER

Even "identical" twins are apt to start at different sizes and grow at different rates.

I want to tell you some of the things I learned myself from mothers of twins who have written me, which I think have a direct application to the care of single-born children.

A surprising proportion of the women were able to breast-feed their twins successfully for a number of months. They nursed them simultaneously and found this a tremendous saver of time and energy, as well as a great satisfaction. This reinforces my opinion that the primary difficulty nowadays is not that the breasts of many women are incapable of producing *enough* milk for one baby. Breasts are designed to produce what is demanded of them and will adjust just as easily to a large as to a small requirement. This basic problem is not the quantity of the milk. It is how to give American mothers the enthusiasm for nursing and the matter-of-fact confidence that they *can* nurse (some have enthusiasm and some have confidence, but not enough have both), and the right kind of encouragement from doctors, nurses, relatives and friends, so that the breasts' system of adjustment can work. Someday I'd like to discuss these other factors.

The mothers of twins find short cuts. They don't feel guilty about most of these because they are forced by necessity, they have no choice. Almost every mother writing, who fed by bottle, used a bottle-holder or propped the bottle on a folded diaper. A majority of them propped the bottle for one baby while they held the other, alternating babies at each feeding. A certain number, though, found this way impractical: the baby with the propped bottle either choked or soon lost the bottle. This necessitated laying down the babe in arms, who howled, while the mother went to the aid of the other. These mothers found that the practical system for them was to use bottleholders for *both* babies while they themselves kept both hands free to go to the rescue of either twin.

As all the bottle-propping mothers said, they simply had to do it anyway. Besides, they saved enough time to be able to give both twins attention and cuddling at other periods of the day, when the babies and mothers were not worried about feeding.

It has often been said, on general principles, that if a baby can't be breast-fed at least he can be cuddled in his mother's arms while he takes the bottle, and this will be good for both of them. But no one has proved that a baby who isn't regularly held in the arms for feeding is sure to be emotionally deprived to some degree. A good mother's love of her baby is shown to him at picking-up time, at diapering time, at bathtime, at playtime, at putting-to-bed time as well as at feeding time. The mother whose hands are too full at feeding time has plenty of other chances. However, I still think it's preferable to hold a baby for bottles during the first half year—at least until he shows signs of impatience with bottle-time cuddling—when it's possible. In this way his intense gratification from suckling and his faith in his mother have the opportunity to reinforce each other, as happens in breast feeding.

Under the press of time, many of the twins who had finished their feeding first were rolled onto their stomachs in bed to see if they could bring up their own bubbles while their mothers were busy with the second twin. Or the bubbles weren't bothered with at all in those cases in which bubbles never bothered the babies. Bubbling is certainly necessary if a baby swallows enough air to stop his feeding or to cause discomfort after meals. But there's no doubt that some babies are never bothered by the air they swallow and that burping them is only a ceremony, not a necessity.

Several self-confident mothers dispensed with changing diapers *before* feedings, thereby saving time when the babies were most impatient, and cutting down a great deal in laundry. This seems quite sensible to me. After all, young babies are wet three out of four hours anyway. Letting them stay wet an extra twenty minutes during feedings won't make that much difference, except possibly in the case of very sensitive skins. Most babies don't mind being wet so long as the wet area is wrapped in clothing and blanket. It's wetness exposed to the air that's chilly. The traditional diaper change before the feeding is really, I suppose, to make the mother feel more comfortable, because she imagines the baby will feel more comfortable. Of course the change *after* the feeding is important, not just to give the skin a short time to be dry but to remove the bacteria which have been multiplying there during the four-hour period.

A few mothers mentioned other ways to cut down on the diaper and bedding laundry. One invented a method of folding diapers (not described) in which there were many more thicknesses than usual where they were needed most (without hampering or overseparating the baby's legs) so that the diaper absorbed more of the urine and let little through to wet the sheet and pad. Also used were diaper liners at the times of day when bowel movements were expected, and an additional small pad and a small piece of waterproof sheeting (or the sheeting with fuzz on one side) laid on top of the regular sheet, pad and waterproof sheeting to protect them from wetting.

The feeding of solid foods presented quite a problem at first to most of the mothers of twins, in these days when solids are begun so early, long before babies can sit up. Most mothers at first spoon-fed one baby while the other drank a propped bottle, then reversed the process. Others propped both babies in opposite corners of a stuffed chair or in a feeding table built for twins. Several mothers said that the feeding table was the most valuable piece of equipment they had bought, next to automatic washer and dryer. They specified the type in which the angle of the seats is adjustable so that the baby who is nowhere near ready to sit up can be put in a semi-reclining position. The mothers emphasized that such a chair-table combination is useful not only at mealtime but at other wakeful periods when a baby will be content for longer periods if he is in a position to see what's going on.

A number of mothers saved further time in solid-food feeding by bunching all the solids into two feedings a day, and giving one solid meal by spoon, the other in bottle (cereal and fruit, for instance, mixed together with the formula in the 6 P.M. bottle, with a nipple hole as big as the head of a pin). Mothers of those single babies who are slow to catch on to solid foods often ask doctors if it is all right to mix solid foods in the formula and most doctors express a preference for feeding the solids separately. This is because a baby must learn sooner or later to swallow solids efficiently; and it is good, too, for a baby to learn early to enjoy different tastes and consistencies of food. But as these harried mothers of twins figured out, a baby can learn to swallow and enjoy solids on the basis of *one* experience a day and the mother can save time at the other feeding. I don't see why this isn't sensible for single-born

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

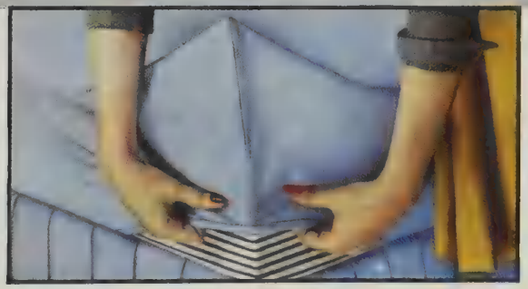


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You can fix so many of your old favorites so nicely with Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Try it for meatloaf, hamburger, stew, casseroles and fish dishes. And pass *this* tempting platter around at your house—soon!

- 1½ lbs. round or chuck steak, about 1-in. thick
- 2 Tablespoons flour
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 3 Tablespoons fat
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup frozen or canned peas

Cut steak into 4 pieces. Mix flour, salt and pepper. Pound into steak with edge of plate. Heat fat in heavy skillet. Separate onion into rings and cook until golden. Push to side of pan. Brown meat slowly on both sides; cover with onions. Add Hunt's Tomato Sauce and water; blend. Heat until bubbling well. Cover tightly, lower heat and simmer 2 hours or more until meat is very tender. Add peas 10-15 minutes before serving. Serve with border of fluffy mashed potatoes. Makes 4 servings.

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IT BURNS ME UP

Trying to shop for baby clothing is a nightmare of measuring, hesitating, buying, taking home and trying on, and running back to the store and starting all over again. My daughter's clothes are marked in six different ways (Small, 6 months, 12–15 lbs., etc.) and it's so confusing. Why not have a size scale based on actual measurements: x inches wide, x inches long, which *all* manufacturers could use? I'm sure sales would increase!
MRS. C. M.
New York, New York

•

Too many housing developments have roads for cars, but no sidewalks for children and adults who want to walk. If a town accepts a road, it should put in curbing and insist that each property owner leave a flat place for pedestrians.
A GRANDMOTHER
Rockville, Connecticut

•

Those awful plastic buttons on men's shirts! When I use my electric ironer, the buttons melt, stick to the ironer, and the shirt front is full of accordion pleats.
MRS. DAVID PERKINSON
Chattanooga, Tennessee

•

The scissor-happy barber, who with a flair
Nonchalantly clips too much of my hair.
CATHERINE V. CLARK
Hartford, Connecticut

•

Door-to-door salesmen! If they get the cold shoulder at the door, they impose on the housewife via the telephone. Why can't these people respect the privacy of the home?
HARRIET CONKEY
Poughkeepsie, New York

•

The needless destruction of native trees, shrubs and wild flowers in the maintenance of our highways. Why not cultivate these bountiful offerings of Mother Nature?
MRS. ELMER DIDDLE
Gainesville, Texas

•

On radio and TV, children never, but never, respond to questions with anything but Yes, Yeah, Yup or No, Nope or Naw. Have parents and teachers discarded the gracious and courteous (though evidently outmoded) "Yes, ma'am," "No, sir," "Yes, Mrs. Smith," and "No, mother"?
L.E.P.
Mayfield, New York

•

When I heard that automobile manufacturers had made this year's cars *still* longer, in the very teeth of traffic congestion, parking problems and antiquated roads, I wondered if they had gone mad. We need more small cars in America!
MRS. H.H.G.
Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

•

I wish thread manufacturers would come out of that Charles Addams mansion where they must convene, and make one strong spool of thread!
ANGRY HOME SEAMSTRESS
Atlanta, Georgia

•

Why isn't there some sort of lifter gadget for freezers? I almost fall into mine when reaching into the bottom—particularly for something big like a turkey.
LORNA SMITH
Chicago, Illinois

Maybe that's why upright freezers are growing so popular! ED.

•

Some pot holders really might burn me up! I think *all* should be fire-resistant.
D.C.N.
Minneapolis, Minnesota



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Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In January, 1907, the word "brainstorm" was coined by Harry Thaw's defense lawyers to explain why he murdered Stanford White. Trolley fares in New York were three cents; three servants' salaries came to $67 a month; and a new tune appeared, called I Will Marry Him to Make a Home for Mother.

"In the United States there are 19 Moscows, 21 Parises, 8 Liverpools and 13 Londons, and a perfect string of New Yorks and Brooklyns," complains Edward Bok in the January, 1907,* JOURNAL. *"Have we exhausted our beautiful Indian names?"

"Follow the conversation of intelligent people and it is astonishing how readily comes the exclamation, 'Ain't that pretty?' or 'Ain't that stunning?'" continues the JOURNAL's editor in chief. "Can't we drop *ain't* and the misplaced *don't?* Such as, 'He don't know'?"

"Short cuts: I wash clothes by first boiling them with kerosene in an old boiler," writes a JOURNAL *reader.*

"How I Manage Without a Maid: I call my younger son at 4:30 A.M., as he delivers morning papers. I rise at 5:15 and prepare breakfast with the help of my elder daughter. At 6:15 I call my elder son."

"A few drops of silver nitrate in the eyes of newborn infants will prevent much blindness," Helen Keller informs the women of America in this issue.

"In sweeping, I save a great deal of time by soaking newspapers in water. Wring them out, tear them in small pieces and lay around the carpet to catch the dust;" relates a reader.

Fashion note: ***"Skirts should touch the floor in front and on the sides, and in the back lie on the floor three inches."***

"A wee man of two and a half wears the Russian box-pleated dress with bloomer trousers until he is six."

"For mending sudden leaks in galvanized washtubs, keep some chewing gum on hand."

"Don't lavish gifts upon your children as a compensation for your own shortcomings."

"The new dressy aprons for children are made of the sheerest linen batiste, full in Mother Hubbard style, hanging from a short fitted yoke of embroidery and lace."

"If you are subject to many headaches, cut off meat from your diet twice a day."



The Goulds in front of their Moscow hotel, the National, which stands across Red Square from the Kremlin and the Soviet shrine, Lenin's tomb.

Just as this issue was closing, *Bruce* and *Beatrice Gould* set foot, with intense delight and some relief, on American soil again after several weeks in Russia.

"We hear you're having very bad times in America—that there's much unemployment. Is it true you're worse off than we are?" was the commonest question they were asked all the way from Moscow to Simferopol on the Black Sea. (They had with them a young American who could speak Russian.) Many people patted their stomachs and said, "We have enough to eat now, what more can you expect?"

Shortages are still acute and fifty to seventy-five people queue up and wait in line for apples, milk, children's shoes. It is reported that a Russian official returned from prosperous Copenhagen solemnly saying, "They're desperately poor there. The windows are full of goods, but nobody's buying." . . . "How do you know?" he was asked. . . . "They can't be buying because I never saw a queue line."

But the Goulds' favorite story, picked up from a taxi driver in Leningrad and apparently cruelly current among the people since the Stalin deflation:

A little boy says, "Granny, what kind of a man is Khrushchev?" . . . "I don't know, dear. We won't know until he's dead."

From a bottom drawer ***Nancy Wood*** *dredged a sheaf of photographs submitted eight years ago, of models who'd wanted to appear in Conversation Piece pictures. One that caught her eye she kept, to show us what a difference eight years can make. She gave us two guesses. No go. But on the back, in a square Philadelphia finishing-school hand, with waist and bust measurements, was the giveaway signature. "Grace Kelly," it said.*

***John Mason Brown* has been occupying the office next door off and on for months, and we'll miss seeing him in there bent over bound volumes of the JOURNAL. But we are delighted to have in our hands now The Ladies' Home JOURNAL Treasury that he has been compiling, and think you would be too. A generous sampling from seventy-five years of articles, essays, poems, advertisements, fashions, with of course a great collection of stories by everyone from Rudyard Kipling to Daphne du Maurier.**

Since 1948 the JOURNAL's Traveling Art Exhibit of its finest illustrations has been shown in the clubs, colleges and museums of more than sixty cities in this country and Canada; practically a new collection every three years, though now and then there are holdovers by request, such as ***Bob Harris'*** inspired painting for See How They Run in the June, 1951, issue—remember? Here are Bob and Marge Harris in Bob's Scottsdale, Arizona, studio, and in between them you'll recognize the sketch for the illustration on page 34 of this issue for The Archbishop's Dilemma. It will be in the next Exhibit, which anyone can get who guarantees an audience.

The Harrises at home.



***Elinor Goulding Smith*, whose Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Housekeeping appeared here last March, came smiling in to see *Mary Bass* with a copy of the English edition. Diapers were now nappies; stoves were cookers; "My!" became "I say!" and "Say!" became "Gosh!" Permanents were now perms; paper napkins were taken out entirely, and iced tea (looked upon with horror over there) was served as lemonade. "I can't wait to see what they'll do," said Elinor to Mary, "with The Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Baby and Child Care," which you'll be seeing shortly in the JOURNAL.**

Margaret Davidson has just come back from the annual "Cooks' Tour" of celebrities' kitchens uptown at $5 per ticket for the benefit of the Parents League—a very good charity idea, in case you're looking for one. "Right beside the red-and-blue kitchen of the man who wrote The Seven Year Itch," Margaret reports, "the ***George Axelrods*** dine together on red velvet love seats flanking a white-brick fireplace. The kitchen of ***William Pahlman***, the decorator," she went on, "is lighted by an immense brass chandelier. But the biggest kitchen of all belongs to ***Helena Rubinstein***, the Princess Gourielli!" Seems that in spite of a steady stream of sight-seers through the Rubinstein kitchen, preparations were being made for a dinner party of fourteen. However, nothing fazed the Madame, as she is called. She showed Margaret how she fixed the fruit, and then undid her jacket with its gigantic sapphire-and-platinum pin, to show Margaret her dress. "What is your favorite dish, and your favorite dessert?" someone inquired. "Tripe à la Caen," the princess replied, "and lemon-meringue pie."



ABBOT MILLS

Helena Rubinstein (in striped dress) entertains the Cooks' Tour.



The Archbishop's

"I am going to marry Lady Patricia," he said. "I cannot marry her without the chalice. You perceive the conclusion, your eminence. . . . I shall have the chalice!"

By PATRICIA HAZLETT FINNEY



"Oh, Love!" mused the cardinal. "You give us more trouble than all the rest of the heathen deities combined."

Dilemma

The Cardinal Archbishop of Sonora sat on his shaded balcony, his well-kept hands clasped upon his breast, his feet stretched out so straight before him that the pigeon perched on the rail of the balcony might have seen full six inches of scarlet silk stocking. The cardinal was a small man, but very neatly made. His hair was white as spun glass. Perhaps he was sixty; perhaps he was seventy; perhaps he was fifty. His scarlet biretta lay upon a nearby chair. His head bore no tonsure. The razor of the barber and the scythe of time had passed him by. There was that faint tinge upon his cheeks that comes to those who, having once had black beards, shave twice daily. His features were clearly cut. His skin would have been pallid had it not been olive. A rebellious lock of hair curved upon his forehead. He resembled the first Napoleon, before the latter became famous and fat.

The pigeon's mate came floating through the blue sky that silhouetted the trees in the garden. She made a pretense of alighting upon the balcony railing, sheered off, coquetted among the treetops, came back again, retreated so far that she was merely a white speck against the blue vault, and then, true to her sex, having proved her liberty only to tire of it, with a flight so swift that the eye could scarcely follow her, she came back again and rested upon the farther end of the balcony, where she immediately began to preen herself and to affect an air of nonchalance and virtue. Her mate lazily opened one eye, which regarded her for a moment and then closed with a wink.

"Ah, my friends," said the cardinal, "there are days when you make me regret that I am not of the world, but this is not one of them. You have quarreled, I perceive. When you build your nest down yonder in the cote, I envy you. When you are giving up your lives to feeding your children, I envy you. I watch your flights for food for them. I say to myself, 'I, too, would struggle to keep a child, if I had one. Commerce, invention, speculation—why could I not succeed in one of these? I have arrived in the most intricate profession of all. I am a cardinal archbishop. Could I not have been a stockbroker?' Ah, señor and señora"—and he bowed to the pigeons—"you get a great deal nearer heaven than do we poor mortals. Have you learned nothing in your long flights—have you heard no whisper—have you no message for me?"

"Your eminence," said a servant who came upon the balcony, a silver tray in his hand, "a visitor."

The cardinal took the card and read it aloud: "Le Comte de Lubersac." He sat silent a moment, thinking. "I do not know him," he said at length; "but show him up."

He put on his biretta, assumed a more erect attitude, and then turned to the pigeons.

"Adieu," he said. "Materialism approaches in the person of a Frenchman. He comes either to buy or to sell. You have nothing in common with him. Fly away to the plaza, but come back tomorrow. If you do not I shall miss you sorely."

The curtains parted, and the servant announced, "The Count de Lubersac."

The cardinal arose from his chair.

A young man stepped upon the balcony. He was tall and lithe and blond and six-and-twenty. "Your grace," he said, "I have come because I am in deep trouble."

"In that event," said the cardinal, "you do me much honor. My vocation is to seek out those who are in trouble. When *they* seek *me* it argues that I am not unknown. You are a Frenchman. You may speak your own language. It is not the most flexible, but it is an excellent vehicle for the truth."

"Thank you," said the young man. "That gives me a better chance, since my Spanish is of the peasant type. I speak it mostly with my arms," and he began to gesticulate.

"I understand," said the cardinal, smiling, "and I fear that my French is open to some criticism. I picked it up in the provinces. My friends in the Vatican tell me that it is a patois."

"I dare say," said the young man. "I am a Parisian, educated at the Sorbonne."

"Ah," said the cardinal, "how unfortunate. Still, we may be able to understand each other. Will you have some tea? It is a habit I contracted in England, and I find it to be a good one. I sit here at five o'clock, drink my cup of tea, feed the pigeons that light upon the railing, and have a half hour in which to remember how great is England, and how much the rest of the world owes to her."

Cosmopolitan sort of chap, for a Mexican, thought the count. The cardinal busied himself with the teapot.

"Your grace," said the count finally, "I came here in trouble."

"It cannot be of long standing," said the cardinal. "You do not have the look of one who has passed through the fire."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

He'd never really looked at her before... so he hadn't seen the heart she wore on her sleeve

By STANLEY ELLIN

My sister Harriet, who was going with me, came into the airline's terminal fifteen minutes before our plane was scheduled to leave La-Guardia. I didn't see her at first, but I knew she was there. Every male eye in my vicinity suddenly focused at a point beyond my shoulder. When I turned I saw for that one objective moment what the eyes were seeing—and a little more.

Harriet was a strikingly beautiful woman, but I have met a good many other women almost as beautiful who never managed to strike the response in men that she did. And every one of her thirty years of good living, everything Harriet had known in them—marriage, travel, a great deal of money—had been a means of rounding and polishing the beauty to a flawless finish. So Harriet not only looked beautiful, she looked expensive. Very, very expensive. And there is a magic to that all its own.

She came up to me in a whirl of mink and apologies, and kissed me affectionately on the cheek. "Billy boy," she said, "I haven't kept you waiting, have I?"

"No," I said, "you're right on time, as usual."

She fanned herself briskly with her magazine. "It was a mad rush, too," she said. "I had to go into the city to do some shopping, and the traffic just crawled. And the crowds! I don't understand how you stay sane, Billy. I really don't."

"Please," I said. "Let's not go into that."

"But why can't you live at home? The Island is just fabulous now."

I knew what was coming, and I didn't want any part of it. I started to walk quickly toward our plane, but Harriet was never one to give up easily. She slipped her arm through mine and tugged sharply.

"Billy," she said, "is it because of this last play?"

"Look, Harriet," I said wearily, "let's settle this at the start. I have now produced three flops in a row, and I know the kind of triumph father is enjoying at seeing his blackest predictions come true this way. But I happen to be doing what I want to do. Going into the grand old family business as father's partner, or living at home, would be all wrong for me. Is that clear?"

"You're underestimating father by a good deal."

"I am not underestimating father. Nobody could. I am merely trying to explain something which you seem incapable of understanding."

She turned bright pink. "Maybe I understand much more than you realize, Billy. You went into theatrical production against our advice, you've done wretchedly at it, and now you're ashamed to admit that it was all a mistake. Or too stubborn. And that's what's been making you so grim and edgy every time I see you, isn't it?"

"No," I said. I was going to say much more, but then I gave up. It was useless really.

By the time the plane was pushing through the first cloud banks beyond the Hudson, Harriet was in a brown study, her eyes fixed unseeing on the window; so I busied myself with the playscript I had resolved to read during the weekend. I was plowing through the murky complications of the second act when Harriet stirred herself.

"I suppose Wade will meet us at the field," she said.

"He said he would."

Harriet looked at me curiously. "How did he sound when you phoned to tell him?" she asked.

"How did he sound?"

"You know what I mean. When you told him I was coming along."

"Oh, that. Well, he did ask if you were still as pretty as ever. I guess he remembers you, all right."

She dropped her head back against her seat and looked up at the ceiling of the plane with a little smile. "What's Kentucky like, Billy?"

"I think it's colored pink on the maps."

"I'm not fooling. I want to know."

"I'm not fooling either," I said. "After all, I've never been there myself."

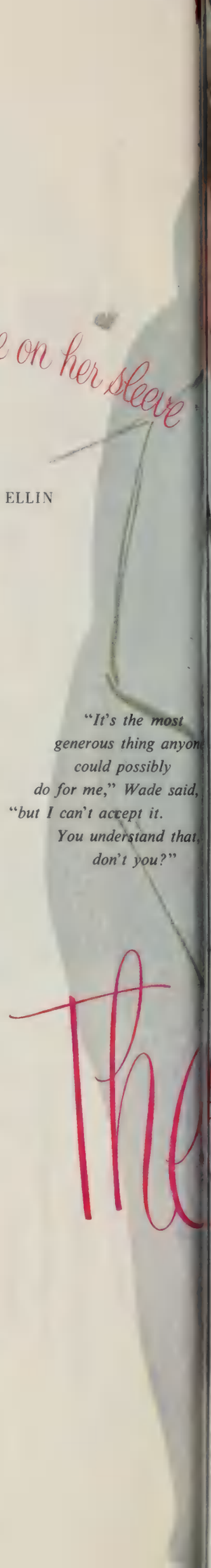
I couldn't get back to the playscript after that. I never had been to Kentucky before, but I did know what it was like. You couldn't be Wade Cochran's roommate at college and not know.

In a lot of ways he was quite a character in school, Wade Cochran: a big, rangy football player who made a couple of All-Americas and hated the game; always broke, and never would borrow a nickel. And in his last year at college he found himself rooming in the swanky Alpha house with William Voorhies III of the North Shore Voorhieses, and wasn't a bit impressed.

I didn't know all this at the time, because the first month or so we were together in the room I don't think we said more than a dozen words to each other. I was pre-law and working overtime as director of the class play; Wade was School of Commerce and always at football practice. It wasn't the kind of arrangement that helps roommates get to know each other. We slept in the same room, and occasionally did some studying across the same desk, but that was about all.

It was a letter Harriet sent me that provided my real introduction to Wade. Harriet's letters came religiously once a week, and were, I suppose, part of the maternal role she chose to play so intensely ever since mother had died. Usually there were five or six pages in a small precise hand about various family matters, few of which mattered to me at all. This letter was different. It was much longer than usual, and it was entirely devoted to the subject of our younger sister, Gretchen.

Father, it seems, was furious, because Gretchen, after only two months at Miss Wilbraham's Academy, had left the school. That is, she had not exactly left of her own volition, nor had the school really expelled her, but Miss Wilbraham had explained to father that Gretchen CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



"It's the most generous thing anyone could possibly do for me," Wade said, "but I can't accept it. You understand that, don't you?"



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BURNS

Can Love be Learned?

Every marriage begins in happiness;
how can a husband and wife learn the patience, the understanding,
the mutual faith and trust that will turn and strengthen
that first romantic love into a truly happy "ever after"?
"People know far more about cars than they do about love."

A JOURNAL FORUM

FORUM PARTICIPANTS



"The whole problem of marriage really amounts to the question: What is love and can one learn something about love?"

DR. ERICH FROMM, *psychoanalyst; professor, National University of Mexico; trustee, William Alanson White Institute, New York*



"If you would send me to the blackboard and ask me the answer to all our problems with children I would just write: 'Mother, Mother, Mother.'"

MISS IRENE DUNNE, *(Mrs. Francis D. Griffin), star of stage, screen and television, Los Angeles, California*



"Teen-age marriages are exposed to so many pressures, financial as well as emotional, that the divorce rate is decidedly higher than for people who wait until their middle twenties."

DR. CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, *Department of Psychology, Pennsylvania State University*



"I'd rather take in washing and stay home in any real financial need because I feel I'm better equipped to handle my children than anyone else."

MRS. JULIA B. ASHENHURST *(Mrs. Robert L.), mother of four children, West Newton, Massachusetts*



"The man today is supposed to be a combination Clark Gable and Gregory Peck and send his wife into ecstasy every time he looks at her. The doctor can help resolve faulty attitudes toward sex."

DR. JED W. PEARSON, JR., *Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, The George Washington University School of Medicine, Washington, D.C.*



"Too many young people today feel that marriage is something that can be set aside if they don't like it."

DR. RANDOLPH RAY, *rector, Church of the Transfiguration (Little Church Around the Corner), New York City*

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Today the modern partnership of marriage is demanding more and more of people. It is hard for two young people with stars in their eyes to realize that behind every happy marriage there have been struggles to overcome personality differences, money problems, child-care difficulties, in-law troubles. They need help in how to handle these problems—help in turning their own romantic dreams into a happy, healthy family group.

So today we are going to see what can be done for our young people. Our panel includes many viewpoints: we have a psychoanalyst, a doctor of medicine, a judge of the domestic-relations court, a marriage counselor, a minister, a career woman and mother and, last but far from least, a young housewife and mother of four children.

So let us begin by asking, first, what are the effects on society of the broken marriage? Why is it important that we have successful marriages? Dr. Fromm, would you begin?

DR. FROMM: Well, I would rather talk about the effects of the broken marriage on *people* than on society—because to me society is nothing but people. And I would like to talk about the unhappy marriage as well as the broken marriage.

To me, the main importance of marriage is that people love each other. In the broken marriage and the unhappy marriage, the worst effect is that children grow up who have never seen anyone who loves somebody else in the world in which they live.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: And you feel that this example in the early years of a child's life, of a loving warm relationship ——

DR. FROMM: It is something basic for the child. For people.

The whole problem of marriage really amounts to the question: What is love and can one learn something about love? People know far more about cars than they do about love; they try to be more precise about cars, to understand them—for instance, we have many more words to describe cars than we have to talk about love. Anything short of hate is called, in our language, love. There is nothing specific by which one agrees to mean love.

DR. PEARSON: Are you speaking of physical love or spiritual love or both? I don't quite follow you.

DR. FROMM: The separation of the two is already a problem. I was speaking now of what I think is love—the sense of oneness with another person, which at the same time retains the separateness and integrity of the two, or, if you prefer, the individuality of each.

JUDGE POLIER: I see the difference between a happy, loving home and an unhappy one as a difference in atmosphere. For the child, this atmosphere can be pure and stimulating and warm and helping him to be all that he can be—or it can be a cold, frightening atmosphere where people are resigned toward one another, tolerate each other, or are in conflict with one another continuously.

We tend to think of the broken home solely as the one in which divorce, separation or desertion has taken place, but a home that is broken emotionally is just as disturbing, and sometimes more so, to the child.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Dr. Adams, what are the facts about broken marriages today? How many broken homes do we really have?

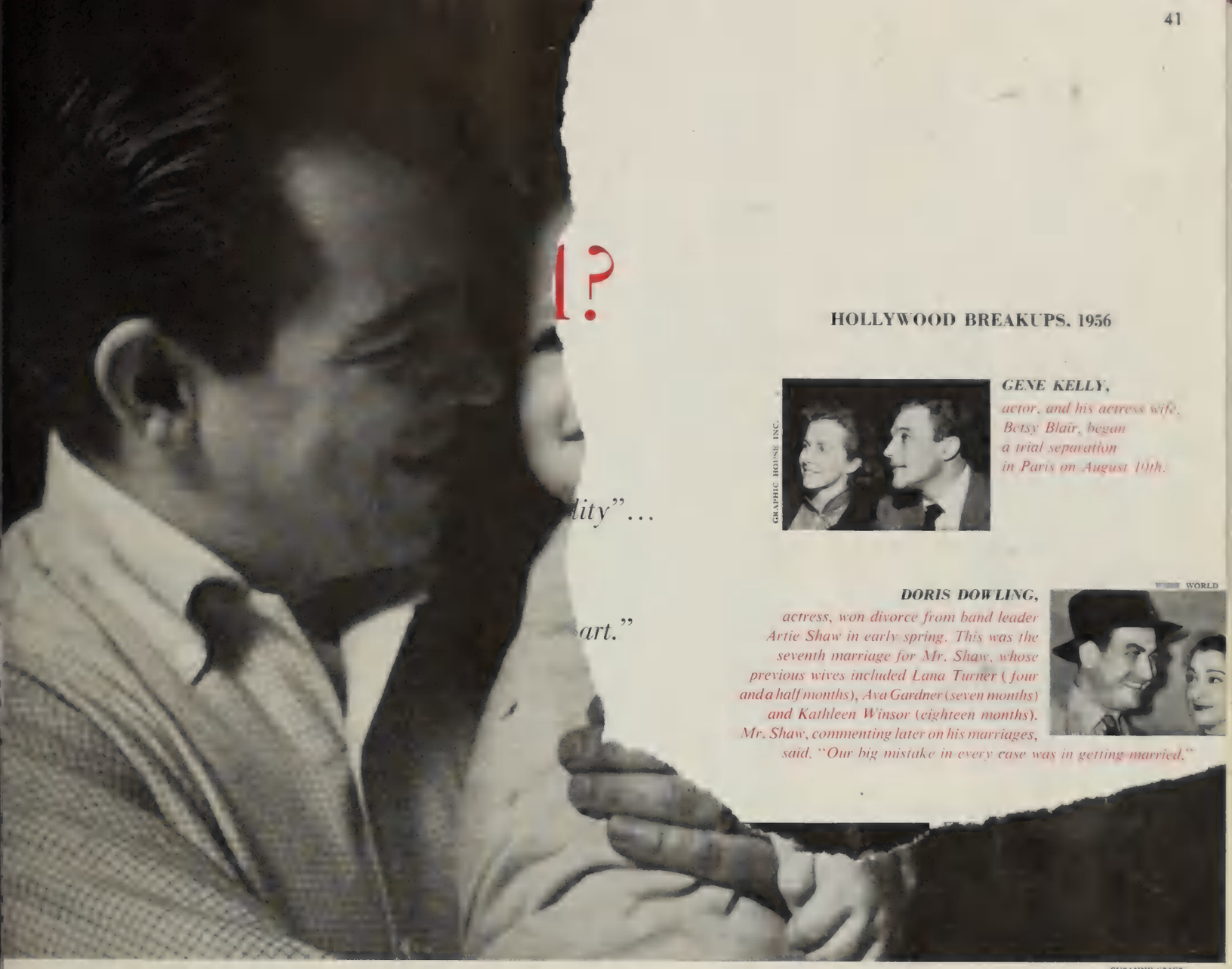
DR. ADAMS: Well, the broken homes cannot be counted on all levels of society simultaneously. For example, if you consider college graduates and the socioeconomic stratum they represent, then we could say our divorce rate is only perhaps 10 per cent. On the other hand, if we consider the divorce rate plus the desertion rate of the low-income groups of our population, we find the breakup rate is 50 per cent. So, crossing these two together we say it

"There is nothing worse for a growing boy than having the mother make all the decisions without the father really participating."



HON. JUSTINE WISE POLIER, *Justice, Domestic Relations Court, New York City*

WITH BRUCE GOULD, BARBARA BENSON, MARGARET HICKEY
of the JOURNAL EDITORIAL STAFF,
assisted by JOAN YOUNGER



SUZANNE SZASZ

Preparation for marriage should begin in the cradle, with a loving, warm family relationship.

HOLLYWOOD BREAKUPS, 1956

GRAPHIC HOUSE INC.

GENE KELLY,
actor, and his actress wife, Betsy Blair, began a trial separation in Paris on August 10th.

WORLD

DORIS DOWLING,
actress, won divorce from band leader Artie Shaw in early spring. This was the seventh marriage for Mr. Shaw, whose previous wives included Lana Turner (four and a half months), Ava Gardner (seven months) and Kathleen Winsor (eighteen months). Mr. Shaw, commenting later on his marriages, said, "Our big mistake in every case was in getting married."

eneral that our broken marriages number bout one out of three.

DR. FROMM: But I think that the main reason hy there are fewer divorces among people ho are better off financially is not that there is ore love and happiness among people of these oups, but rather that there is a social investent, a prestige which exists in the unbroken arriage which is not considered as important nong people who are unemployed or sick or or.

JUDGE POLIER: Would you not add an economic investment too?

DR. FROMM: Yes, there is also a greater economic investment and other factors of a purely cial nature which have nothing to do with e happiness and love of the marriage. So I ant to stress that just because people are not vorced or separated that, in itself, is no sign a happy marriage.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Dr. Ray, in talking with oubled people who come to your church, hat do you find are some of the chief causes a marriage breakup?

DR. RAY: **Of course you know that my urch is what is called High Church piscopal and we are very careful about marriage. No one can be married in the church unless they have gone through a series of instruction or if either party has been divorced. But still, when a breakup comes I find that largely it is because there is a lack of responsibility. Too many young people today feel that marriage is something that can be set aside if they don't like it.**

Lack of a common culture, or background, is another cause. Mixed marriages both of race and religion present great difficulties even when the husband and wife share common interests. Often I see a couple who I think haven't a chance—but they don't seem to care.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: You think today, then, that there are too many people rushing into marriage without really caring about some of the social and cultural factors that formerly were given a lot of attention?

DR. RAY: Yes, and you used to depend on their parents for help with that sort of thing, but today too many of the parents are more interested in the other things they are doing than in their children.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Miss Dunne, would you care to comment on that?

MISS IRENE DUNNE: **Yes I would, for I feel that when you talk about preparing for marriage you are talking about something that should begin in infancy, in the cradle, because to me the preparation for marriage is just the development of character, and character, regardless of all the work of the schools, must begin in the home. For if a child is brought up in a home to be charitable and unselfish, why, love grows out of that quite naturally.**

And I think, too, with Dr. Ray that so many of the young people today seem to lack a sense of responsibility—especially the boys, who used to think they had to have a good job before they could get married.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: And today you think they don't?

MISS DUNNE: Of course I have brought up a girl and I seem to view everything from the girl's angle, but I do think an economic foundation is important. I would imagine in the old days in Europe, families were held closer together because of religion.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Judge Polier, how do you feel about this?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

Can Love L do So Many Hollywood

how
the mutual f

"People know fo h Taylor, twenty-four, announced her separation ctor Michael Wilding, our years of marriage.

CHAIRMA nership of n more of peo ple with stars hind every h struggles to c money proble troubles. The problems—l mantic dre group.

So tod done for many vi doctor

"Boredom . . . pressure of work

too much sex.

"If there are any happy marriages in Hollywood,

By MARGARET PARTON

FORUM PARTICIPANTS



DI PIETRO

"The whole problem of marriage really amounts to the question: What is love and can one learn something about love?"

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"Teen-age marriages are to so many pressures.

ome-
n: Rita
arland, Sonja
Henie, Jeanne Crain, Victor Mature, Tyrone Power, Cary Grant, Jane Wyman, Shelley Winters, Jeff Chandler, Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra, Lana Turner, Marilyn Monroe, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Betty Hutton, Elizabeth Taylor, Mickey Rooney, Jose Ferrer, John Wayne, Olivia de Havilland, Leslie Caron.

But why? Why do the marriages of so many charming people so often go awry? For an answer, this reporter went to Hollywood and talked not to the stars, whose heartbreak is private, but to the people who work with the stars, who observe the glamour and the tension from the side lines, and draw their own conclusions. The experience was illuminating, not only of marriage in Hollywood but of marriage in general.

The hairdresser was large and middle-aged. Her yellow curls were a skillful demonstration of her own art. In her face were warmth and wisdom, garnered perhaps by twenty-five years of listening to other women, many of them movie stars, talk of their troubles. The shop on Sunset Boulevard was closed for the day, and she sank with a grateful sigh into the manicurist's chair.

"You know what happens to these marriages?" she began. "A girl's an extra or may a starlet. But when she's nineteen or twenty, marriage looks more important to her than a career. So she marries the boy, and they settle down and are happy. But after a few years quite a lot of things happen. He rises in the movie business, and gets absorbed in it. He starts coming home at night and saying, 'Oh, boy, what a beautiful doll we hired today! What a figure, what a face, what hair! What a doll!'

"Then the young wife stares at herself in the mirror and she's still pretty, but she's too busy with the house and the children to look like a movie actress any more. Every time she had a baby she put on a little weight, so now she rushes to the doctor and wants him to take it off right away. He tells her to go slow, but no, she wants it all off right now, this week. So she starves herself and keeps starving herself back into size nine or ten dresses. Not only is this bad for her health and her temper, but severe dieting diminishes sexual ardor, and the wife doesn't want to sleep with her husband any more.

"But she still wants to prove she's as good as those girls on the set he keeps raving about, so she goes back into the movie business. She comes in here for a hair job, and if she's a blonde she says, 'Put more fire in it.' 'You don't want it red, honey,' I tell her. 'Yes I do,' she says, 'I want to blaze.' So then she blazes away at her career and the kids are neglected and the husband doesn't have a decent home or a happy sex life. And pretty soon there's a divorce.

"You know, there's an ugly girl comes in here to get her hair done. She's no star, but her husband's a big producer and meets the most glamorous girls in the business. One day he came to pick his wife up here, and we saw he was the most gorgeous hunk of man we'd ever seen. So the next time she was in, I asked her frankly, 'Honey, how come you ever got such a gorgeous hunk of man, and how come you can hold him with so much competition?' 'I'll tell you,' she says, 'I just make love to him every day. That's how I got him away from his first wife, and that's how I keep him, and that's how I'm going to keep him.' They're still married.

"If you ask me, most of these marriages break up because the actresses aren't as wise as my ugly customer is."

Shrugging her shoulders with Spanish eloquence, the hotel maid described what it had been like to work for a four-times-married movie queen: "All the time she say to that husband then, 'Look, I making the money, see? And we gotta go this producer's party tonight and if you don't like it you know what you can do!' Many times I hear her talk like this to him, and I think, 'You big movie star but you don't know much about men as I do.' And sure enough, one day he leaves her for a nice girl, not movie actress. And then she cry a lot and maybe drink too much and get divorce. Now she married again, I hear, but I don't like work there no more. You know what? I think maybe she only know how to love herself, not any man."

A marriage counselor who has helped many of the stars: "So many of them have not had time to acquire background, or standards. Many still struggle with youthful immaturity, and difficulty in understanding the needs of another person. Often they are emotionally unprepared to handle the vast amounts of money and fame and flattery which come their way. They feel guilty, they feel they haven't deserved all this. This makes them tense and irritable.

"But the real trouble is that most of the movie people are so busy they don't have time for sympathy, sharing things, or enjoying their children together. These are the factors which help preserve a marriage."

The psychoanalyst looked just as he should—gray, twinkling and sympathetic. One could understand why so many movie people seek him for help and advice.

"If they could just get away from all the vultures who live on them, they might be all right," he meditated. "I have a couple now, famous stars who are just breaking up. I might get somewhere with them by themselves, but these two people have six other people pulling at them: her agent and his, her business manager and his, her lawyer and his. These people sit

Marriages Fail?

ecause divorce is chic...

ecause they're always acting and can't recognize reality"...

t's a miracle," says a Hollywood psychoanalyst;

almost everything is against them right from the start."

round the table and discuss the kids as if they ere waxworks—and all these men are really ncerned about is their five or ten per cent. "Men like these—and there are hundreds of em in the industry—are carrion vultures. ithout them many of the movie couples might ve a good life and a good marriage. They are pable of being mature, but these businessmen ake them dependent, and you can't be de-ndent emotionally and develop maturity.

"Most of them are simple, good people to be-n with—but the glamorizing gets them, and lls them into a vicious circle. As movie stars ey are expected to live a certain way. They ve to make money to live that way. They st get publicity to make money. They must what their press agent tells them to get pub-city. Many press agents feel that gossip about isbehavior is better box office than news of a ppy home life ever could be. The actor or ac-ss starts out to get publicity, and ends up tting a divorce.

"There's something in the cultural climate of is place which breaks up marriages. There's mething in the outdoor climate too. There e very few rainy days to sit by the fire, or cold ghts or snow to keep couples indoors to-ther. There is no reflective quiet, such as that rust upon couples in less sunny climates.

"I am treating an actress, and a good one, ho told me that the other night the actor she's w dating came around and wanted to go out ith her to one of the smart Hollywood res-urants. 'I have a steak here and I'll cook it for u,' she told him. 'I'm tired and I'd like to stay me and just talk.' He looked at her in amaze-ent. 'What are you doing, going corny on me?' raged. She now understands that marriage ith this man would not be a good idea.

"Most of them, of course, live in a myth. Even the psychoanalyst's couch they can't stop ting—not just the role they're playing at the me, but the role of themselves as 'the great star.' A good performer doesn't know when he's acting and when he's living—and it's hard to be married to someone who can't tell the difference between reality and unreality.

"Another important factor, the one which creates most of the misbehavior, is their tremendous need for ego satisfaction and their tremendous insistence that they must have freedom even in mating and in motherhood and fatherhood; their insistence that they are special individuals who can do whatever they please.

"A stage actor has a better chance to get the need for ego satisfaction out of his system, every night for two or three hours on the stage—therefore he can separate from his role more easily than a movie actor can. A movie actor never has the ego satisfaction of really, truly living a part. The way a movie is made, scattered scene by scene, he gets only little bits of takes—and that's the way they live their lives at home, in little bits of takes.

"Down under all this they are just ordinary people—some lovable, some psychopathic, some who have put up tremendous personal fights. Probably no more than twenty-five per cent really get into behavior trouble, but they are the ones who set the Hollywood culture.

"You know, we all expect too much from them—we want them to be smarter and better and wiser than we are. But these people are the same in their abilities and strengths and characters as other people. They just have more pressures on them.

"If there are any happy marriages in Hollywood, it's a miracle. Almost everything is against them right from the beginning."

The pretty movie extra, who has been hovering in the wings for the last ten years, put it even more strongly: "I can't think of even one happy marriage in Hollywood," she declared. "My first marriage broke up when I discovered my CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

HOLLYWOOD BREAKUPS, 1956



GENE KELLY,
actor, and his actress wife, Betsy Blair, began a trial separation in Paris on August 10th.



DORIS DOWLING,
actress, won divorce from band leader Artie Shaw in early spring. This was the seventh marriage for Mr. Shaw, whose previous wives included Lana Turner (four and a half months), Ava Gardner (seven months) and Kathleen Winsor (eighteen months). Mr. Shaw, commenting later on his marriages, said, "Our big mistake in every case was in getting married."



EDWARD G. ROBINSON
was sued for divorce on May 26th by his wife, the former actress Gladys Lloyd. The couple had been married twenty-nine years. Their son, Edward G. Robinson, Jr., and his actress wife Frances Chisholm were divorced in 1955.



SONJA HENIE
was divorced after seven years of marriage by Winthrop Gardiner, Jr., on May 14th on grounds of desertion and mental cruelty. Mr. Gardiner blamed Miss Henie's mother and his wife's career for the breakup. He has since married his fifth wife, and Miss Henie has married her third husband.



SHIRLEY YAMAGUCHI,
actress, filed suit for divorce in Japan from sculptor Isamu Noguchi, blaming "almost constant separation, caused by our separate careers."

the Diet that turned me into a Model



From forlorn fatty—to fashion model.
Pretty Linda Rand tells how she dieted
and lost 65 pounds
to become a happy bride,
as well as a popular model!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal



Linda had started her diet, weighed approximately 155 pounds when these pictures were taken. Her pretty features were lost in puffs and rolls of fat. "I didn't know how to wear clothes, fix my hair or put on make-up—and as a fatty, I didn't bother to learn."

Linda the fashion model—bright-eyed, tiny-waisted, 110 pounds. "My outlook on life has improved 100 per cent. Nowadays, I love to do things, to be with people, to join the fun. Every time I see a young girl who is overweight, I want to tap her on the shoulder and say, 'Let me tell you about my own life as a fatty—let me help!'"

Ever since my teens, I've thought of what fun it would be to be a model. I'd talk about it with other girls, over a hot-fudge sundae, and when I was alone I'd munch on cashew nuts and daydream about posing in pretty clothes. "How exciting it would be," I'd say to mother, helping myself to seconds on mashed potatoes and gravy, "to earn a living in such a glamorous way!"

As you can see by those old pictures of me, there appeared to be as much chance of my becoming a model as, say, becoming President of the United States. In four years of gorging, I turned myself into nothing more than a model fatty.

My overeating began when I went away to boarding school. In my freshman year I weighed 125 pounds and wore a size 11 dress. But by my senior year I had expanded to 175 pounds and wore a 17. I'm the only senior in our class picture turned sideways. The photographer said that that angle would be more "flattering" to me. All the girls giggled, and if a person could die of embarrassment I wouldn't be here to tell my story.

I know it isn't unusual for girls to feel lonesome and unsure of themselves when they are away from home for the first time. Smart girls overcome this feeling by making an extra effort to make friends and by being active in various school activities. Instead, I fought loneliness with extra food. When there was no one close to talk to or confide in, I ate. Later, when I felt at home in school, I *continued* to overeat. Not because I was lonesome, but because I was sorry for myself for having eaten so much and got so fat in the first place!

Before and after measurements

	BEFORE	AFTER
HEIGHT	5'5"	5'6"
WEIGHT	175 pounds	110 pounds
BUST	39"	33"
WAIST	36½"	22"
HIPS	45"	33½"
DRESS SIZE	17	7

School food, as any girls knows, is not what you could call calorie deficient. Our meals were delicious, but it would require unshakable determination from a food-loving girl to maintain a tidy waistline when confronted with such goodies as macaroni and cheese, pecan pie and all the blueberry muffins you want. Other girls ate modestly. But I always sat down to each meal as though it might be my last.

Hockey was my favorite sport, and you would think I could have worked off some of that extra weight through exercise. But it was always doubtful about whether I could continue on the team. We had our hockey uniforms made to order in our school colors of brown and yellow. From the time my measurements were taken to the time my uniform was finished, I would have grown out of it. Clothes were always a problem. The other girls would extend their wardrobes by borrowing from one another. No one ever lent me a dress, knowing I would stretch it out of shape.

Naturally, I was never a belle. I would be invited to class parties because it was a school rule that everybody *had* to be invited. But that was where my "popularity" ended. My most stimulating occupation at such affairs was to sit alone on the side lines and count the number of couples on the dance floor. It was humiliating, and the only thing that saved me from tears was the thought of the chocolate layer cake hidden away in my room to have afterward.

Even my roommate tried to encourage me to diet. "I'll diet with you," she exclaimed. We bought a box of those candies which are supposed to take the edge off a fatty's appetite. The directions said to take one before each meal. *This is it!* I said to myself. *I'm on my way at last!* But the trouble was, my roommate and I ate the whole box of candy in one afternoon.

As I continued to bulge and burst at the seams, the headmistress called me into her office. "Linda," she said, "won't you make an effort to control your appetite? Do it for the sake of your own pride and happiness. You could be one of the most attractive girls in school." Unfortunately, I mistook this kindly advice for a scolding and ignored it. She even assigned me to



ROGER PRIGENT

a special dining table where smaller-portion, nonfattening meals were served to overweight pupils. It didn't help. We just giggled at our plight, and made up for the sweets we couldn't have at the table by buying them after school at the campus store. In fact, I spent so much time in that store, I got an afternoon job there. Officially installed behind the candy counter, I went right on eating—to my heart's discontent.

I wish I had been as clever in my schoolwork as I was in working out ways to wangle food. It was a school rule that no pupil could eat during study periods. I got around this by taking cough drops with me. I would cough enough in those forty-five-minute periods to use up a whole box of drops. It's a wonder I wasn't sent to a sanatorium.

During school, I corresponded with a boy back home who had known me when I was slim. I had always had a crush on Tom and was thrilled at the idea of seeing him after graduation. For the big reunion, I wore a flowered dress which made me look even heftier than I was. Tom had planned to take me to a party, but when he saw me he changed his mind. "Let's go to a movie instead," he suggested. I knew he was flabbergasted at the change in my appearance and embarrassed about having his friends meet such a fatty. Needless to say, our date was a flop. Tom never called me again.

In fact, no one called me. I knew, from the other girls, that parties and dances were going on all around me, but my telephone never rang with an invitation. Dismal and discouraged, I made halfhearted attempts to reduce. In six months of my self-imposed "dieting" I lost only seven pounds.

It wasn't until I went to my doctor for a routine annual checkup that I was jolted into seeing myself as others were seeing me. After my examination, my doctor said, "Your health is excellent, Linda, *but you are wasting your youth.* At an age when you should be having wonderful times with other young folk, you settle for sitting at home with candy bars in both hands. I feel sorry for you, but I'm cross with you too. It's your own fault!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Linda Kaye, reducing diet

A TYPICAL WEEK

Unless otherwise specified, all servings are medium portions.

Linda is not a milk drinker. Though milk is occasionally included in her diet in custards and on cereals, she did not get at least one pint of milk a day, which the JOURNAL feels is important, especially for young people. We suggest to readers who have their doctor's approval of dieting, and who plan to use Linda's diet as a guide, that you include two 8-ounce glasses of nonfat milk in your daily eating plan. This will be adding approximately 170 calories to the total daily calorie count. Linda's diet, with the inclusion of the milk, is a nutritious reducing diet of approximately 1100 calories a day.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST	Calories
Grapefruit sections (½ cup)	50
Poached egg on pumpernickel toast, lightly buttered	165
Coffee, plain	—
	215
LUNCH	
Mixed vegetable juice (4 oz.)	30
Broiled chopped-steak patty	150
Rye toast, lightly buttered, 1 slice	95
Cherry gelatin (½ cup)	100
Tea with lemon	—
	375
DINNER	
Clear bouillon (1 cup)	18
Broiled chicken (½ medium broiler)	100
Spinach (½ cup)	20
Diced carrots (½ cup)	30
Baked apple (1 medium)	160
Coffee, plain	—
	328

TOTAL CALORIES FOR DAY 918

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST	
Orange juice (4 oz.)	67
Poached egg on pumpernickel toast, lightly buttered	165
Coffee	—
	232
LUNCH	
Fresh-fruit (¾ cup) and cottage-cheese (2 tbsp.) salad	155
Whole-wheat toast, lightly buttered, 1 slice	100
Tea with lemon	—
	255
DINNER	
Tomato juice (4 oz.)	30
Fillet of sole, lemon juice	100
Baked potato, ½ pat butter	125
Broccoli (1 cup)	40
Applesauce (½ cup)	135
Coffee, plain	—
	430

TOTAL CALORIES FOR DAY 917

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93



THE SCAPEGOAT

by DAPHNE du MAURIER

"I'll think of something," I said, "but remember we must be careful." Jean de Gué himself could not have spoken with greater duplicity.

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II On my last week of holiday in France, I stopped in Le Mans for lunch, thinking that once again I should return to London without having been close to these people whose history I taught and whose language I spoke as my own.

Suddenly someone jogged my elbow—I stared. My double. My very self. "You don't happen to be the devil?" asked Jean de Gué, introducing himself. We had a cognac, then another, and I learned he had been in Paris on business and dreaded returning to his family because he must report failure. "People live by greed. You must give them what they want, but they are never satisfied." I was lucky, he said, to be alone.

When the cognac haze lifted I was in a hotel room, all my belongings replaced by De Gué's. His chauffeur waited at the door, responding with a sad smile to my protestations that I was not *le Comte de Gué*. Still groggy, I was driven to the château, and before I could extricate myself I was on to greedy *maman*, faithless spouse to Françoise and beloved papa to little Marie-Noël. I had brought *maman* a mysterious small package she was avid to have, and gifts for the others; sister Blanche ignoring hers as she ignored me, brother Paul made angry by his and by the strange choice of his wife Renée.

My attempts to explain, even to the aging curé, came to nothing and—hardly knowing why—I accepted the role. Visiting the family-owned glass foundry, I led Paul to believe that the Carvalet contract had been successfully negotiated. Then, to save the workmen's jobs, I put in a secret call to Paris and, speaking as De Gué, told Carvalet we were now willing to meet their demands.

Someone was listening on the extension. . . .

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III Discovery of the extension, and of the eavesdropper, must wait. I felt it more immediately important to find out something about Jean de Gué's personal finances. The checkbook in the dressing room upstairs, which I went to fetch, bore cryptic figures and initials but no balance, and its only worthwhile information was the name of the bank and the branch address in a neighboring town.

There was no desk in the dressing room. Somewhere in the château there must be a room where the owner wrote his letters and kept personal possessions. I remembered the library where the family had assembled for lunch. I went down again to the hall, and through the dining room to the library, now closed. Entering, I saw what I was looking for—a desk in the corner. It was locked. The bunch of keys—part of Jean de Gué's personal belongings, along with his change, his wallet, his checkbook and his driving license—had been with me ever since I had first started to wear his clothes. I tried them now, and one of them fitted.

The opened desk revealed letters, bills, receipts thrown in haphazard. The drawers, when I tried them, were no better. One half inch open and they jammed, choked with books and documents, papers and photographs. I wanted bank statements and I could not find them, only the stubs of the checkbooks long since used and put away. Finally, a red leather cover, which might be a ledger, catching my eye, I tugged it out, only to reveal a game book, with list upon list of pheasants, partridges, hares shot long before the war. The gap it left gave space for my wandering hands, and, roaming past a revolver, they found an album full of photographs, most of them faded, stuck tightly into old-fashioned slots.

I let the bank statements go. A glimpse at the past was irresistible. The album bore a crest on the first page, a hound's head and a tree, and underneath was written "Marie de Gué." When I turned the page, there was the mother, unmistakably, a young woman in her mid-twenties, the shock of gray hair blond, set in waves by tongs, a frilly blouse adorning the sloping shoulders. Beside it was the date, 1914. Then followed, one by one, the others: Jean de Gué, the father, suggesting Paul but with a bristling mustache; the two of them together, gazing down with fond parental pride at what must have been a much-cosseted and much-beribboned Blanche; then friends and relatives, an Uncle This, an Aunt That, an aged *grandpère*. The dates were not always given, and often I had to guess what summer it was when a small boy and a girl straddled a pony, or what winter the same pair posed in mufflers, their arms round each other's necks. This couple were seldom separate. With a little shock of surprise—even, oddly, of distaste—I saw that this second figure, Blanche, was as a child almost a replica of the Marie-Noël of today. It was only in the photographs taken later, when she must have been about fifteen, that she began to change, the oval face lengthening, the expression in the eyes becoming more solemn. Even so, I could not recognize in that grave and surely sympathetic face the tight-lipped spinster of today.

The young Jean was never solemn. Every snapshot showed laughter, or a comic attitude. Paul did not figure much in the album. He was often out of focus, the dimmest figure in a group. Even the clearest photograph of all three children showed him half obscured by Jean's shoulder. I recognized figures here and there in groups: the curé, slimmer, younger, yet cherubic then; and, flicking back the pages to the baby days, there was surely Julie of the *verrerie*, nursing Paul. There was one young man called Maurice who appeared often in the latter pages of the album. He was among groups at the glass foundry, and at the château, and there was one of him and Jean together. Then, abruptly, the snapshots ended.

The pictures of a past when all seemed well were disturbed by an intrusion from the present. I heard someone fumble with the doors that led into the dining room and, pushing the album back into the desk, I turned and there was Renée.

"I heard the car," she said, "and I thought Paul might be with you. Then I met Charlotte in the passage, and she told me you were alone. I guessed you would be here. Well,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





Going-away suit in beige flannel, bow neckline b
Alvin Handmacher. Felt cloche, John Frederic

The winter bride or the one who is planning an early-spring wedding has many romantic choices—chiffon, point d'esprit, fragile lace or, as photographed, a great white cloud of embroidered tulle. This dress, slender bodiced, instep length in front and trailing gracefully, is worn with a satin bow and tulle veil. The bouquet is pale pink geraniums with bouvardia . . . or it might be pink and white camellias. The wedding dress by Gaston Mallet of Murray Hamburger, veil by Lilly Dache.

Winter Honeymoon

The bride who marries when the year is new has the most romantic plan of all—a honeymoon in the winter sun, the freshest choice of a wedding dress, the prettiest fashions of the year from which to check off, one by one, the clothes she'll remember the rest of her life. The colors of fashion might have been thought out especially for brides—pale blue, green, mauve, pink—pale enough to be neutral, to go together charmingly and to take many of the same accessories. Chiffon, jersey and linen are the fabrics to love best. The print with a happy future is the casual, the sports dress, the ankle-length dance dress. Cashmere sweaters take on still another new look, cut short and bound with silk or linen.

Bathing suits have decidedly built-up necklines or are strapless and very bare. Black, white and sand tones are beach colors, designed for accessories. A beige flannel suit with a cropped jacket boards a cruise ship now, goes on pleasingly into spring. Hats are draped with printed silk or chiffon, pastel slippers are light as a breeze, bags are tapestry satchels or flat, flat straw purses. BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal



The bride's coat is white with brass buttons, wonderful over everything. This is a coat to cherish for years, at any season, never out of fashion, always adding glamour to a wardrobe.



Shirtwaist dress in print—lovely wearable silk for south or summer, many seasons to come, by Rappi. Notice the new open neckline, new width of belt. Wear it with pearls, crystals or jewelry in shades of blue.

Winter Honeymoon



Pale peach-pink embroidered Orlon-and-wool jersey by Jerry Parnis, as sheer as chiffon, intended for the South and summer. Worn with a Dachette pink Milan hat, a three-strand pearl-and-crystal necklace in a new length by Marvella. This jersey is easy to pack, wearable through many seasons, ideal under the big white coat for winter honeymoons. The skirt is lined to give it pretty movement.



The blossom print by Clare Potter, with a picture hat draped with the same print by John Frederics. Blond pearls by Nettie Rosenstein.





Pale chiffon by Ceil Chapman, geraniums on shantung purse by Morris Moskowitz.

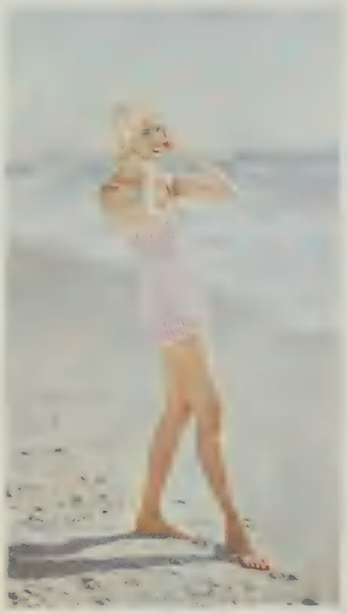
Wool jersey with an elastic waistline, a bow neckline by Kenneth Tischler. Worn with slippers by Ben Sommers, a linen bag.



This brilliant pink printed silk in a sports dress and jacket by Sydney Wragge is a new fashion in casuals. Wear the jacket also with a pleated white sharkskin skirt or shorts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





The bow bathing suit in candy stripes by Jantzen, worn with a flower bathing cap.



Blue cotton beach coat, with a printed cotton bathing suit by Pembroke Squires.

Play-dress basic—Toni Owen's wonderful two-piece white piqué to change a dozen ways with belts, bags, scarves. This white calfskin belt by Ben King, the striped straw bag by Emme.



I was always
riotously and guiltily thinking
about kissing people,
for lack of conversational topics,
and my impulse was to kiss Edwina
on her clear,
vulnerable-looking forehead.



What did she think of,

while I sat there

with no words in which to tell her?

THE MERRYMAKERS

By WALTER CLEMONS

During the intermission we washed down gravelly oatmeal cookies with pineapple punch. Somebody figured out what oatmeal cookies are good for and lobbed one at a pal across the dance floor. Back it came spinning through the air. Squeals. War broke out, but the chaperons crushed it. The orchestra lurched into a fox trot, net skirts rustled, chairs scraped, and boys in their first tuxedos, fifty faces blank with doom, rose and launched their partners.

Every month we went to the Merrymakers' Club dances upstairs in the old Junior League building. We were fourteen years old; there was no out. A board of iron mothers ran the club, and a week or so before each dance, if you hadn't asked a date yet, you were apt to come home from school in the afternoon to find a telephone number to call; at the other end of the wire a mother was waiting, with news that some sad tall girl or bouncy pill hadn't been asked yet, and a suggestion. So if you knew what was good for you, you asked a popular girl a month ahead, sent a carnation corsage trimmed with net the color of her dress, and box-stepped under the balloons without reasoning why, until another Merrymakers' evening was done. A thick gruel, stirred slowly clockwise to music by the mothers, was our merrymaking.

Someone tapped me on the shoulder. I said politely, "Thank you, Kitty," and smiled down into a grotto of tiny white teeth. Impartial as a lighthouse, she turned her smile to the partner who replaced me, and I started to the edge of the dance floor. You had to be careful, for if you so much as brushed against one of the toiling couples they would split like a dry pod, the boy would make for the punch table without a blush of shame or a backward look, and you would find yourself dancing. I tiptoed respectfully around Hallie Beth Bosley as if she were a bomb and made it to the wall where Edwina Moore had been standing since the music began, thin and unhappy, with a worthless dance card dangling from her wrist.

I said, "Would you care to dance, Edwina?"

"Oh, yes, thank you." She cast a farewell look around the room. "I was supposed to have this dance with Jack, but he chickened out." Then she gave it up and put her cool hand in mine and I led her out on the floor. Edwina didn't dance cheek to cheek like the popular girls and that made things awkward because we kept looking each other in the eye and having to make conversation.

I said, "It's an awfully good dance, isn't it, Edwina?"

"Yes, it is," Edwina said hopelessly. "The orchestra's good, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," I said. We danced on, uttering little pale sentences like these. I asked whom she'd come with and was sorry I'd brought it up. Her cousin. A put-up job, obviously.

"Jo Anne looks pretty tonight," Edwina said.

Not knowing whether to say, "Thank you," or "Yes, she does," or to attempt a flight of fancy like "Not as pretty as you," I kept my mouth shut. Jo Anne was the girl I'd brought to the dance and whose silver identification bracelet I wore on my left wrist.

I was in my usual condition of misery at these dances. I CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



FOOLPROOF COLOR SCHEMES

Two basic, vivid plans set against white backgrounds—for any room, in any style.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND, *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

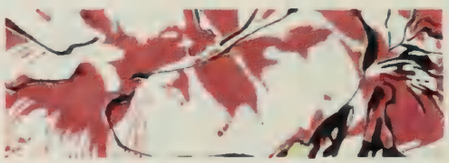
The color fan shows the inexpensive, sturdy materials used in the photograph below. Predominant colors are taken from David Porter's flower painting.

✻ Color can be the magic key in making your rooms charming. In a new series, the JOURNAL is going to suggest color schemes which are "foolproof," so sure-fire that they apply to rooms small or large, old or new, contemporary or traditional. We will show swatches of actual materials which are widely available and inexpensive. The important thing in a color scheme is that it be complete. Don't buy until you have found every material in every color for your scheme—then go ahead with a happy mind.



For a more traditional room, another version of our "warm" color scheme, rosy reds against white. Darker woods and floors will shine and glow among these slightly formal cottons.

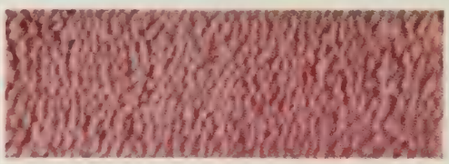
Draperies:
Cotton chintz, pinky-red on white.



Love Seat:
Cotton damask in a medallion pattern.



Carpet:
More pale pink in tufted rayon.



Accents:
Bright green, soft pink corduroy.



White is the amateur decorator's best friend. In the first place, it's the easiest—everything goes with white. And some things go *best* with white—beautiful woods, clear colors, polished floors. Nowadays white is not the luxury it used to be because of the many washable, easy-to-apply, easy-to-patch, often rolled-on paints. So begin with a "white with" scheme; beautiful either for a redo or as a fresh start. On these pages we show two color plans, one in the red-pink family, one in the greens and blues.

For our "warm" scheme, the living room is contemporary in feeling. The problem of the picture window facing on a street or other public view, we think, has been solved neatly and prettily. Three quarters of the window is covered with a no-iron, over-all printed sheer, a cotton-and-Dacron mixture. These look perfectly charming in rosy tones, give privacy, let in light. Since they are just gathered on a curtain rod, they are simplicity itself to make, easy as pie to launder. A bamboo roll blind lets down to cover the whole window if desired. Of course if your picture window frames a garden, you're in luck. Not only do you have a pretty view, but your choice of window treatment is much wider. Any casement material—inexpensive plain cotton, sheer or otherwise, printed chintz, and so on—can be used in draw draperies or café curtains. For the large piece in the room, the sofa, we have used red denim with accents of gray and brilliant green. If you prefer your red in smaller doses, this could be accent color with the sofa done in gray, also denim. The light floor is bare here, but an area rug could be added in a neutral shade or a soft pink. If you are saving up for a large carpet later on, do not be dismayed, as a highly polished floor is a thing of beauty in itself.



Inspiration here comes from delphinium-print chintz, our setting reflecting its clear colors. Again materials are durable, moderately priced.



HAROLD FOWLER

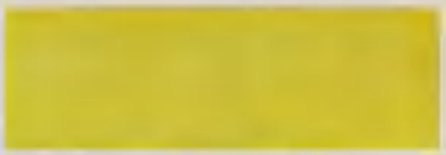
And now for our "cool" color scheme: the beautiful blues, greens, violets crisp and clear on a background of white. Although we have imagined this room in a somewhat older house with smaller windows, darker floors, more traditional furniture, this scheme will apply equally well to a modern interior, if you wish. According to the size of your room and the kind of furniture you have, these ingredients can be used in a variety of ways. A heavenly delphinium print blooms on a white chintz for the floor-length draperies, narrow green-and-white stripe makes the valance. This is also used as covering for a side chair. Our sofa is covered in blue denim, but if your room is fairly big you might like to repeat the flowered chintz on a large piece, sofa, love seat or club chair, using the blue for an accent. Other lovely high lights in this blue-green vista are a slightly bitter yellow, a dash of violet. If you are a stripe fan, use the green and white for draperies, the flower print for sofa and chair, the blue, violet and yellow again as accents. Use *more* white if you like. White sailcloth draperies with valances of the chintz will look very handsome indeed, make your living room seem larger, airier. If you do this, be sure to use the delphinium print in quantity—on two big chairs or on sofa and chair. In this case, either the blue or the violet would be your secondary color for smaller pieces, such as side chair or ottoman. Stripes and yellow would be for accents.

Again we say, show off your floors or show off a *good* carpet. A carpet that is beautiful and long-lasting is worth waiting for. With this cool scheme, use sparingly a vibrant green, here all wool.

For a contemporary living room, our alternate version of the blue-green scheme. This for the house with the big window, light woods, modern prints. Two fabrics are shown for window treatment: white no-iron cotton to obscure the window, let in light; striped cotton for draw draperies, either over the white ones or by themselves.

Accent:

Yellow cotton in small but brilliant quantities.



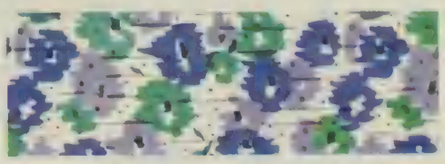
Sofa:

Sturdy blue corduroy tailors, washes well.



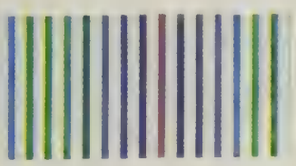
Accent:

Posy print for many throw pillows.



Windows:

White cotton georgette for curtains, striped cotton for draperies.



Carpet:

Tufted rayon in a pale shade of aqua.



"Electioneering, always somewhat irksome, was much better with a wife."



Lord and Lady Halifax with their daughter and sons in India, 1928.



Tiger shooting as guest of the Maharaja of Mysore.

WORKING WITH CHURCHILL, TALKS WITH GANDHI AND LADY ASTOR'S PARTIES

By LORD Halifax

Viscount Halifax, who was the British ambassador to the United States during World War II, has had one of the most distinguished and colorful careers on the contemporary international scene. After fifteen years as a Conservative Member of Parliament, he was appointed Viceroy of India in 1925. He succeeded Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary in 1928 and held the same post in the Chamberlain and Churchill cabinets. This is the second of four installments of excerpts from his book, Fullness of Days, to be published soon by Messrs. Collins.

In the autumn of 1908 Dougie Malcolm introduced me to Dorothy Onslow in the refreshment room at Berwick-on-Tweed station, where we all met changing trains on our way to stay for a ball at Kelso, she with Lady Nina Balfour at Newton, Don and I with the Homes at The Hirsel. I remember we all had tea together, but I saw little more of Dorothy till the following summer, as she went off to spend some weeks on a visit to the Greys in Canada.

We saw each other a good deal after she got back, in London and at weekends in the country, meeting more than once at Bisham on the river where Nina Balfour dispensed open-handed hospitality to large parties over the weekend. She organized these with much care and did not at all like any plans for the distribution and occupation of her guests being upset. A standard of discipline and good behavior was imposed on them, which they might ignore only at the peril of their names' being removed from a legendary Pink Book, in which lists of approved guests were said to be preserved. All this was partly fun, but also partly serious, and could very quickly become more serious if the wrong kind of liberty were taken. For to her, persons and things were more often black and white than gray, and both likes and dislikes were vigorous. But Dorothy and I were fortunately able to hold our place among the favored ones, and both then and till she died Nina was always a perfect friend to us both.

In July, 1909, we became engaged and in September were married. Dorothy's father, Lord Onslow, had been governor general of New Zealand, served in several Conservative governments, and at the time of our engagement was Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. He was a most sympathetic and delightful father-in-law, full of vitality and interest in everything.

Particularly was he interested in my parliamentary career, on which he gave me much good advice. One point on which he dwelt with much insistence was the necessity of any young member who had to make his way choosing a subject. Of this he would make himself master; on it he would speak with acknowledged authority whenever it came up; and so would succeed in establishing for himself a generally accepted position in the national counsels. But it was no good for a beginner to fly too high; foreign policy and large fields of that order were likely to smother rather than speed the career. So it was thought well for me to specialize—I can remember the subject now—in the detailed figures of the several items that made up the cost of running motor buses. Thus I should be able to put my finger, and the finger of Parliament, on the cost of fares, and correct anything that might be wrong. But I am afraid I did not adhere to this line very long, and Lord Onslow was very tolerant of my defection. His death while still in his fifties was a great loss and sadness to us all.

We had a brief honeymoon, as we were almost immediately plunged into all the activities of nursing the constituency at Ripon. I must confess that electioneering and constituency work were always for me an effort and, in spite of many valuable friendships to which they were the introduction, somewhat irksome. Doing the work with a wife was much better than doing it alone; though even on that almost axiomatic proposition there were two opinions. The late Lord Mancroft, when he sat in the House of Commons, asked me whether I generally took my wife with me to women's meetings in my constituency. I told him that I did, unless she was tied up with anything else. "Oh, you make a great mistake. If a man goes alone to a women's meeting, at once the natural protective instinct of the sex CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

© 1956 by Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, 1st Earl of Halifax



Anemones, cornflowers, roses arranged in a black glass vase.

Pretty flower Arrangements that last and last...

By CORINNA CUNLIFFE

There are so many lovely fake flowers available these days which can be used to brighten up a room or pick up colors in a table setting when real flowers are hard to come by and expensive. All these arrangements were made from flowers bought at the five-and-ten, or from various dried leaves and seed pods which can be found in most parts of the country. Don't worry about trying to make the flowers look real—they never will—but concentrate on using the colors to the best advantage in whatever room you decide to use them. . . . A mass of different pinks, blues or yellows can be piled in a low dish as shown in the picture of the centerpiece, or you can let your whimsey take over and make a perpetually flowering tree to sit on a side table. Be careful only that the arrangements are not too stiff, as false flowers are more severe in themselves than real ones are.



Filled with pale buds and small false flowers, this swan sails across a low coffee table, or makes a spot of brightness on a lamp table.



Colorful paper butterflies brighten up this mixture of dry leaves, tiger fern, honesty pods and strawflowers.



This little tree blossoms the whole year round. Small bunches of flowers from the dime store are wired to a well-shaped branch which is stuck in a pretty jardiniere.



Here a few fake flowers are used to brighten up foxtails, bulrushes and ferns. This arrangement is pretty when used with china ornaments or between two attractive plates.

Imitation carnations massed in a colorful pyramid arrangement over a support of crumpled chicken wire.



MARDI GRAS

Fabulous fare of the deep South—
from jambalaya to a glamorous fruit ice.

We greet you in January, in that Janus month of new beginnings when there is so much to say to good friends—and what can say it more eloquently than a feast? Your table is spread with delicious dishes to welcome the brand-new year, there is a bowl of warm spicy punch, a roaring fire, and a crowd of friends are remembering old songs.

"New Orleans food," you murmur lovingly (there is no other way) and a jambalaya appears, steaming in an old flowered Haviland tureen—a treasure-lode of ham bits and spicy sausage, hiding in a bed of pink-and-brown rice. Then there is a cold *daube glacé*—which is pot roast, simmered in its juices till lusciously tender, and shimmering in its own rich brown aspic. The Creole stuffed eggplant is almost indescribably delicious, with a golden filling of buttery crumbs, shrimp and seasonings, and garnished with the big gleaming pink shrimp, so famous in New Orleans. There's a classic green salad, but with a little sliced green onion nesting in the lettuce, and the faintest powdering of nutmeg, a special Louisiana touch. Could you ask for anything more? Of course not, but you'll find that there are relishes on the table, and a big heavenly frozen dessert, the tradition and pride of the Mardi Gras season.

The setting of our carnival buffet is a lovely dining room in CONTINUED ON PAGE 106





Once the background for hoop-skirted soirees, the Pontalba dining room's elegant simplicity is timeless. The table set with exquisite antique china and softly lustrous silver beckons invitingly in the candle glow.

BUFFET



A table to welcome New Year revelers—the menu chosen from treasuries of New Orleans Mardi Gras recipes, its centerpiece bouquet, with grapes lending an unexpected charm, brought to life from an arrangement in a century-old print.

MENU

Daube Glacé
Creole Stuffed Eggplant
Ham-and-Sausage Jambalaya
Watermelon Preserves
Vegetable Relish
Green Salad, New Orleans Style
French Bread
Mardi Gras Bombe
New Orleans Cookies
Coffee

(*Planned for 12*)

STUART-FOWLER

21 problems solved with soup



Got a problem? Eating, that is! Here are 21 answers to different troubles every homemaker has. Snacks or meals that are quick — nourishing — and ready to serve at a moment's notice. We can almost guarantee you won't run out of answers if you keep a variety of Campbell's 21 great soups on hand.



COUNTING CALORIES?

Here's how to watch your waistline and still enjoy you meal: Have a bowl of delicious **Chicken Gumbo** Sou made with chicken and vegetables—and fruit for desser



SUDDEN GUESTS?

Easy way to say, "Stay for supper!" Fill a tureen or bowl with hearty **Beef** Soup . . . set up a tray of crackers or sandwiches . . . everybody helps himself!



NEED A REFRESHING LIFT?

It is so delicious . . . **Beef Broth** (Bouillon) as a beverage. With meals, or after meals or between meals, it's a pepper-upper . . . hot in a cup or iced "on the rocks."



EATING ALONE?

It's no trouble to have a cozy soup-plate lunch like thi Hearty, filling **Vegetable Beef** Soup, hot and invitin And right along with it, a fresh, crisp salad and desse



HUNGRY AT BEDTIME?

Have something that won't keep you awake — a warming, brothy cup of soup . . . Campbell's **Chicken with Rice** Soup. Then, lights out — and pleasant dreams!



LUNCHES TO PACK?

Give them something hot and delicious. Send along a vacuum bottle full of creamy, smooth Campbell's **Green Pea** Soup. It's nourishing!



NEED A QUICK VEGETABLE COURSE?

Serve a mug of Campbell's **Vegetable** Soup. H are 15 vegetables to have through the meal . . . a ple ant way to get your vegetable course's worth of nutriti



SHORT ON TIME?

Make a soup plate — quick — like this: hot and hearty **Pepper Pot** Soup to nourish . . . a salad to nibble . . . a piece of cake for dessert. Good — and plenty!



CHILDREN'S PARTY?

Here's an idea that takes the cake, puts it on a plate — with a cup of nourishing, fun-to-eat **Chicken Noodle** Soup. That's a way to make a party.



MENU MONOTONY?

Perk up the menu with a fresh and tangy chowder— Campbell's **Clam Chowder.** Made of tender bay cl and clam broth, deftly seasoned . . . welcome any ti



HE-MAN TO FEED?

ave a big bowl of **Scotch Broth!** This soup's almost a eal in itself . . . mutton, barley, vegetables. Be ready ith plenty for second helpings!



NEED MORE MILK?

Most people do! Have your favorite soup the milky way. Campbell's **Cream of Asparagus** Soup made with milk is a smooth, nourishing treat for anyone!



A CROWD TO FEED?

Easy! Count heads — get out a pitcher and mugs. Pour out generous helpings of that most welcome and warming of soups — Campbell's **Cream of Mushroom** Soup!



BETWEEN-MEAL SNACKS?

hen you want something light and flavorsome, **Cream Chicken** Soup is a just-right snack. And *this* is icken soup as only Campbell's can make it!



BALKY APPETITES?

See if this French-style delicacy doesn't work like a charm: perfectly blended beef broth, sweet onions, cheese . . . Campbell's **Onion** Soup, of course.



BREAKFAST SKIMPERS?

Give mornings new variety! Start with a cheerful cup of Campbell's **Tomato** Soup. Perks up a breakfast appetite—and is extra-good for you made with milk.



MEAL NEED MORE BUILD-UP?

our meal's light — add bowls of country-tasting **Bean h Bacon** Soup. You know you're getting healthful rishment — a most enjoyable way!



MIDNIGHT SUPPER?

After a movie, or an evening of talk, people like a light, late supper. What could be more pleasant than cups of **Cream of Celery** Soup, with fluffy scrambled eggs?



TEEN-AGE TREATS?

Do-it-themselves suggestion: Set up a snack bar right in the kitchen. Have plenty of **Beef Noodle** Soup ready to serve . . . cheese and bread ready for sandwiches.



MEATLESS MEAL?

etarian Vegetable Soup makes a good and hearty t. 15 best-of-garden vegetables — green, red and ow — cooked in their own good broth.



MID-MORNING SLUMP?

When you're tired, let down or low—take a soup break. Relax and enjoy a bracing cup of **Consommé.** It's pure beef stock, slow-cooked and expertly flavored.



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS:
Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being.
Proteins—for upkeep and growth. Carbohydrates—for energy.

Once a day... every day...SOUP!



LECTOR'S ITEMS

Five Superlative Casseroles from the Journal Kitchen

There's everything to be said for casseroles—but most of all, they're just *so* good to eat! Break through the golden-brown crust—could be buttery, herby bread crumbs, or croutons toasted, and golden with cheese—and find chicken bubbling in creamy mushroom sauce; veal curried, crunchy and sweet with Brazil nuts; all those bits of leftover vegetables irresistible in the unexpected company of tuna and sour cream!

Take this matter of curries. A curry, exotic and delicious with spice, stirs the imagination as well as the palate. And the crisp Brazil nuts make this one uncommonly good. Try it on a ravenous skating crowd!

Veal Curry with Brazil Nuts

Dredge 3 pounds stewing veal, cut into 2" cubes, in seasoned flour. Then sauté in 2 tablespoons butter till golden on all sides. Add a cup of chopped onion (if you come out with a little more onion than this, go right ahead and put it in) and cook till the onion is tender, and golden as the meat. Remove the meat and onions to a casserole, and add to your skillet a can of condensed mushroom soup and 1¼ cups milk, and mix together, heating so that it will blend nicely. Then add two tablespoons curry powder, a dash of pepper, and a pinch each of thyme and marjoram. Chop and toast a full cup Brazil nuts, add them to the sauce and pour it over the meat and onions, so patient in the casserole. Bake until the veal is tender, about 45 minutes, in a moderate—350° F.—oven. Serves 4.

STUART



RED GERANIUMS

Life did not bring me silken gowns,
Nor jewels for my hair,
Nor signs of gabled foreign towns
In distant countries fair,
But I can glimpse, beyond my pane, a green and friendly hill,
And red geraniums aflame upon my window sill.

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK



DONALD STUART

Tender, plump meat balls, deliciously seasoned, hide in a bed of green noodles and savory tomato sauce. Have grated Parmesan to sprinkle on each serving, and a green salad, glorified with golden circles of egg.

Now for the casserole that makes leftover vegetables enticing—how welcome can a casserole be? This one is exceptionally co-operative. We used Brussels sprouts, peas, corn and other good things; but if a glimpse into the refrigerator shows you string beans, chopped broccoli or cauliflower, just relax and use what you've got, following our quantities.

Vegetable Roundup

Mix together in a shallow heatproof baking dish a cup of cooked frozen Brussels sprouts, ⅔ cup cooked frozen peas, ⅔ cup whole-kernel corn, one 7-ounce can tuna, 1 cup thick commercial sour cream, ½ teaspoon salt, a good pinch or grind of pepper, a pinch of dried dill. Sauté a tablespoon finely chopped onion and one 3-ounce can sliced mushrooms, drained, in 1 tablespoon butter, and add to the other ingredients. Top the casserole with ½ cup bread crumbs tossed in 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderately slow oven—325° F. Brown under the broiler for 5 minutes before serving to give the crumbs a pretty burnishing. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Chicken in a sauce smooth as velvet—cream, mushrooms, onion to strengthen its character, the unexpected fillip of tarragon vinegar—it all tells the story of this thoughtfully seasoned, rich and delicious

Smothered Chicken

Marinate for 3 to 4 hours 2 chickens, cut into pieces for frying, in a cup tarragon vinegar and ½ cup lemon juice. Then dip in 2 eggs beaten with 2 tablespoons water. Roll in 2 cups crushed corn flakes or cracker crumbs. Sauté in ½ cup butter. Pour 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar into a shallow casserole. Add the browned chicken, 1 quart sliced mushrooms and about ½ cup chopped onion that has been sautéed until tender. Cover with 1 can condensed mushroom soup mixed with an equal quantity of light cream. Bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—for 45 minutes to 1 hour. Serves 6.

Meat-Balls and Green Noodles Casserole

To make the meat balls: Mix together ½ pound ground beef, ¼ pound ground veal and ¼ pound ground pork. Add 1½ cups soft bread crumbs to ½ cup tomato sauce. Sauté 1 medium-sized onion, chopped, in 1½ tablespoons butter until golden brown. Then add with the bread crumbs to the meat. Also measure and add 1½ teaspoons salt and a pinch of black pepper. Mix this well and shape into about 24 or so small meat balls. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in a large skillet and sauté the meat balls in it until browned on all sides.

To make the sauce: Measure the butter in skillet and add enough more to make ¼ cup. Add ¼ cup flour and blend smoothly so that there are no lumps. Add two 10½-ounce cans bouillon and a cup of milk. Cook, stirring vigorously, until thickened. Then add ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 2 teaspoons tomato paste, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and salt to your fancy.

(Dare we say 'meanwhile'?), cook a 5-ounce bag green noodles according to the package directions. Layer the casserole first with the noodles, then with the meat balls. End with a layer of noodles and pour your sauce over all. Heat in a moderate oven—350° F.—for about 20 minutes or until bubbly. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 4 to 6.

Tamale Casserole

Sauté until tender 2 cups sliced onion in a large skillet in 3 tablespoons bacon fat. Add ¾ cup or so of chopped green pepper, a 6-ounce can sliced mushrooms and 1 pound ground beef. Sauté until meat is browned. Blend 2 tablespoons flour with the meat mixture. Season with 4 teaspoons chili powder (5, if you feel venturesome), 2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon sugar. Mix well with one 12-ounce can whole-kernel corn and 1 No. 2 can tomatoes. Bake in a shallow baking dish as near to 12" x 7½" x 1½" as you can manage, in a moderate oven—350° F.—for 30 minutes. Meanwhile, prepare 1 package corn-muffin mix according to the directions on the package. Spoon the muffin mix over the tamale casserole. Bake in a hot oven—400° F.—for 20 to 25 minutes or until corn-muffin topping is browned and baked through. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

It *is* fun to vary the routine a bit, on casserole toppings. Start by mixing an herb medley into those bread crumbs after you've ground a batch. And stir curry powder into melted butter and toss with crushed cracker crumbs when they're destined to deck a creamed-spinach and egg affair.

When sea food comes bubbling from the oven, interlace the thinnest green and red pepper rings over the top. Drift sesame seeds over crab meat au gratin before heating in individual baking shells.

Crusty French-fried onion rings, canned or frozen, make a most savory blanket for lamb or beef-and-potato hash. Arrange rings over the meat before sliding into the oven so they'll heat together. And turn hash into something supreme by crowning it before baking with Cheddar-cheese-filled mushroom caps on thick tomato slices!

The best cheese sandwiches have Kraft DeLuxe Slices with

ich cheddar cheese flavor!



KRAFT SLICES SEPARATE "EASY AS PEELING A BANANA"

kes **really fine** cheddars to make handy pasteurized process cheese ic that taste **as good** as Kraft American, Kraft Pimento and Old ish Brand. Kraft Master Cheese Makers are very **choosey** about heddars they select to blend together before the perfect, sandwich- slices are made for you.

at's why you see the word "De Luxe" on Kraft packages. That's **you're smart** to pick the packages **marked** Kraft De Luxe Slices best-eating pasteurized process cheeses you can buy.

In addition to the cheddar-types—Kraft Swiss and Kraft Brick pasteurized process cheese slices

Super-spaceman needs refueling?

GRABABANANA!



Bananas . . . wholesome—and then some!



Choconana milkshakes— great drinking! Mash a banana in your blender. Add a glass of cold milk and 1 tbsp. chocolate syrup; mix. Or mash with a fork, and shake with milk and chocolate.



Banana funcakes. Start the day with a smile! For new and wonderful flavor, dice banana into your favorite pancake batter. For fun, make 'em plate-size-big—top each with a big banana grin!

I'm Chiquita Banana and it's plain to see
That young and active gentlemen
Are most fond of me!
Their mothers shouldn't mind it —
What bananas do
Is give energy to youngsters . . .
And the same to you!
Any time you need a pickup
A banana's what to try — aye!
Sliced with milk you cannot beat 'em
Or you can simply peel and eat 'em.
For vitamins and minerals and nourishment
Bananas are just dandy
So keep bananas in your fruit bowl
And keep your fruit bowl handy!

To be sung to the tune of Chiquita Banana



UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

THE SCAPEGOAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

en't you going to apologize for your be-
vior at lunch?"

The wretched mishandling of the gifts was
be thrown up at me again. "I've already
ologized to Paul," I said. "Won't that do?"

Pent-up emotion showed in the tense body,
e nervous hands. "Why did you do it?" she
d. "Isn't it difficult enough without making
em suspicious, and above all hurting Paul?
were you deliberately setting out to make a
ol of me as well?"

"Listen," I said. "I had so much to drink in
Mans that I couldn't remember what I had
t in those packages. For all I knew, I had
ought everybody books."

"You expect me to believe that?" she asked.
here was no mistake in what you gave
ançoise, was there?"

Here, surely, was the worst sort of feminine
te, the grudge of a gift from husband to
e. I was glad that Françoise had the locket
h the miniature, and not Renée.

"I gave Françoise something I knew she
uld value," I said. "If you are disappointed
your own present, it's too bad. Give it to
rmaine. I don't mind in the least what you
with it."

f I had hit her I could not have moved her
re. She stared at me, color flooding her
e, and came slowly across the room to the
k. Before I realized what she was about,
had her arms round me, her face against
ne.

"What is it?" she said. "Why are you so
nged? Are you afraid to make love to
?"

io that was it. Perhaps I should have
ssed, but her words came as a shock and
d me with dismay. I did not want to kiss
. The clinging arms repelled and the seek-
mouth froze response.

"Renée," I said, "someone may come
—weak, futile excuse of every cowardly
er—and I backed ungallantly from this un-
ected and embarrassing proximity. But she
owed me, her hands striving to caress, to
g, and I thought how lacking in grace and
nity is the male under assault. A woman, if
is attacked by a bully, has at least feminine
lty to lend charm.

"We have to be careful," I said, "and not
our heads. I think Paul understands
ut that piece of nonsense I gave you. I
le very light of it, and I can do the same to
nçoise. But we mustn't go on meeting in
way. The servants might see us, and once
picion got into their minds there would be
nd to every sort of complication."

s I listened to my own voice I realized
I was actually committing myself more
ply. I was taking intrigue for granted, and
ng slip in the most cowardly fashion
blessed opportunity to say frankly and
tally, "I don't love you and I don't want
. That's final."

"You mean," said Renée, "that we must
t somewhere else? But how? Where are
o go?"

o tears from her. No touching demand for
ction. What Jean de Gué had doubtless
ted as a pastime had turned to a liability.

"I'll think of something," I said. "But re-
nber what I say—we must be careful."

an de Gué himself could not have spoken
greater duplicity. How easy it was, after
to be a cad. To my relief, I heard the
d's voice in the room beyond. Renée, with
xasperated shrug, moved from my side.

"Papa? Where are you?"

"In here. Do you want me?"

he burst into the room. Instinctively I
ned my arms, wondering, as she sprang
them monkey-fashion, whether I could
her from now on as a buffer against the
ands of an adult world.

"*Gran'mie* is awake," she said. "She wants
oth to go to her room for tea. I have been
ng her about the presents. And do you
w, papa, you made a mistake with the one
my Aunt Blanche? She would not open it,
maman and I unwrapped it for her, and in-
was a note, 'For my beautiful Béla, from
.' It was an enormous bottle of scent
called 'Femme,' in a lovely box, and the price upon it still, ten thousand francs."

As we went upstairs together Marie-Noël said, "It's a funny thing, but everybody seems to be in a bad mood about those presents. *Maman* was so pleased with hers this morning, and then after lunch she took it off and put it with the rest of the things in her jewel case. Who is Béla, papa?"

I was thankful I did not know. "Someone," I said, "who likes expensive scent."

"Does *maman* know her?"

"I doubt it."

"I doubt it too. When I asked her she crumpled up the note and said it must have been some business friend in Paris who had asked you to dinner, and the scent was a return of politeness."

"Possibly," I said.

"The trouble is, you know, your memory's getting worse. Fancy making such a muddle and giving it to Aunt Blanche instead. Why, you haven't given her anything as long as I can remember. I've never quite understood why—grown-up people behave in the strangest way. But even I can see there is not much point in giving Aunt Blanche a present when she hasn't spoken to you for fifteen years."

Fifteen years. . . . This sudden piece of information made me pause halfway up the stairs to stare at the child, forgetting my role. No wonder the giving of a present had been out of character. The revelation was disturbing, especially when I remembered the snapshots of the two children with their arms about each other. Something personal and bitter had come between Blanche and Jean de Gué.

"Here we are," said Marie-Noël, throwing open the door, and once again, as on the evening before, a wave of heat engulfed me from the stove. The small terriers were back again. They leaped from the bed, barking shrilly.

"Charlotte," said the *comtesse*, "did you take Jo-Jo and Fifi for their walk or were you gossiping below all afternoon?"

"Naturally I took them, Madame la Comtesse," said Charlotte, at once pricked to self-defense. "They came with me up and down the park for nearly an hour."

"Go on, get out," commanded the *comtesse* angrily. "The child will look after us." Staring up at me from her bunch of bolster and pillow, the face still gray and flabby, deep shadows beneath her eyes, she put out her hand and pulled me down beside her. As I kissed the sagging cheek I thought how odd it was that this filial embrace was somehow comforting, while the brush with the handsome Renée had been distasteful, crude.

"*Mon Dieu*," she whispered, "how the little one made me laugh!" Then, pushing me away, she said aloud, "Sit down and drink your tea. What have you been doing all day besides getting your parcels mixed up?"

Once again I was at ease with her; I could talk, I could laugh. I told of my visit to the *verrerie*, and the *comtesse* enlarged upon past glories as old people will, to my secret interest and the child's delight. She told us of the days when the glass was blown by hand, and how a century ago there had been a hundred and sixty horses working, and women and children. The names of the workmen were all written down in a book, in the library.

"Oh, well," she said, "that's all over. The old days can never come back."

I was reminded of Julie, who had shown the same acceptance of change. I told her about my visit to the cottage, and the poor burned André lying in bed.

She shrugged her shoulders, grown suddenly callous. "Oh, those people," she said. "They'll squeeze the last franc out of us if they can. I wonder how much Julie has got out of me in her time. As for her son, he's always been a good-for-nothing."

"That cottage is in a shocking state of repair," I said.

"Don't do anything about it," she answered. "Once you begin, they'll ask for something else. We're beggared enough without bothering about them. And likely to remain so, unless Françoise produces a son, or ——" She stopped, and although I did not understand her words, a certain tone in her voice, and the sidelong glance she gave me, were somehow acutely disconcerting. After a moment she went on, "These days people must fend for themselves. And what are they grumbling at? They have no rent to pay."

"Julie didn't grumble," I said.

"I should hope not. She's got a nice sum, no doubt, tucked away under a floor board. I wish I had as much."

Her attitude troubled me. I felt disenchanted. Julie, who had seemed so honest and so loyal, was now shown as grasping, and the *comtesse*, a moment ago laughing and generous, was suddenly heartless.

"You know," said Marie-Noël, breaking into the conversation, "it was very curious when *maman* and I opened that present in front of my Aunt Blanche. *Maman* said, 'Don't be so obstinate, Blanche. If Jean has brought you something it must mean he has some feeling, surely, and wants to tell you so in this way.' And my Aunt Blanche looked down and said, 'You open it, then. I don't mind—it's nothing to me,' but I am sure she was curious too. So we opened the parcel, and when *maman* saw the big bottle of scent she said, 'Good heavens, whyever this?' and my Aunt Blanche had to look then, and do you know she went dead white, and she got straight up and went out of the room. *Maman* said, in a funny sort of way, 'I'm afraid it must have been a joke after all, and rather cruel.' Then of course we found the note to the other person, Béla, and *maman* said, 'No, it isn't a joke, it's a mistake.' But I still don't see why either of them should have thought it cruel."

Her words seemed to make a hole in silence. The mother stared at me, and there was something in her eyes I could not read.

"You know, little one," she said, "the ways of women are very mysterious, especially one who is religious like your aunt. Remember that, and don't turn into a fanatic like her." She looked suddenly tired and old.

"Come on," I said to Marie-Noël. "Let's put the tea table out of the way."

We moved it back against the wall, beside the dressing table, on which I caught a glimpse of a large tinted photograph of Jean de Gué in uniform. Some intuition made me glance at the bed. The mother was gazing at it, too, the same odd look of speculation on her face. At that moment Charlotte came into the room, followed by the curé. The child went to him and curtsied.

"*Bon soir*, Monsieur le Curé," she said. "Papa has given me a life of the Little Flower. Shall I fetch it for you to see?"

The old man patted her head. "Later, my child, later." He advanced to the foot of the bed and stood looking down at the gray, exhausted face of the *comtesse*.

"Well," he said, "so we are not so bright today? Too much excitement yesterday, perhaps, followed by a wakeful night and bad dreams. St. Augustine has something to say about that. He suffered too."

He drew a book from the folds of his cassock, and I saw the *comtesse* force her wandering attention to his words. She motioned to the chair I had just left, and the curé, spreading his skirts, sat down.

"May I stay?" whispered Marie-Noël. When I nodded, she fetched the stool from the dressing table and planted it close to the curé.

I left the room and went downstairs and out into the park. The château, which had seemed a jewel in sunlight, was more forbidding at the approach of dusk. The roof and turrets that had blended against blue took on a sharpened tone against the changing sky. Someone was going round closing the shutters and folding the long windows one by one, and the shutting out of night was like withdrawal into privacy.

This second evening of my masquerade took shape and substance like a second night at school. I was familiar now with my surroundings. I recognized sounds, smells, voices, washed my hands and changed my coat and shoes for dinner with the same herd instinct as a new boy who does as the others do.

Dinner was a silent affair. We were only four. Marie-Noël, I discovered, had soup and biscuits at seven and did not join us, while Blanche, according to Gaston, wished to fast. She was in her room, he said, and would not be coming down again this evening.

Conversation languished. Françoise looked tired, and with flagging interest touched upon little topics to stir the silence: the German measles in the village, the curé's evening visit, a letter from a cousin in Orléans. Her voice, when the complaint was out of it, was clear and pleasant. Renée, wearing a high-necked blouse that became her well, had put a spot of rouge on either cheekbone, whether to dazzle me with her charm, or wound me with her wit, or make me jealous with sudden bright chat to Paul I did not know. The scheme, if scheme there was, failed. I was unmoved, and Paul did not notice what she was about. He concentrated upon his food and directly din-





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The fact is that this new Deep Cleanser, by the makers of Jergens Lotion, has up to 4 times as many cleansing ingredients as traditional cleansing creams . . . to help it search *deeper* for clogging dirt and make-up . . . to help you tissue them away more quickly, more gently, more thoroughly.

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ner was over moved to a chair under the best light in the salon and was hidden to view by the wide-open sheets of Figaro.

Marie-Noël came down in a dressing gown, and she, Françoise and I played draughts and dominoes, a peaceful family trio, until nine o'clock struck and Françoise, yawning, said, "Well now, bedtime, *chérie*."

The child, without demur, got up, tidied away the draughts and put them in a drawer, kissed her uncle and her aunt and her mother, and taking my hand said, "Come on, papa."

This, I supposed, was the nightly routine, and we marched upstairs to the nursery-bedroom in the turret.

"Sit down," the child commanded, and then, taking off her dressing gown, hesitated a moment before going to her makeshift *prie-dieu* to say her prayers.

"Would you like to watch me mortify the flesh?" she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I sinned, you know, in saying I would kill myself last night," she said. "I told my Aunt Blanche, who said it was very wrong. It's too soon to make my confession, so I've decided to give myself a penance to fit the crime." She slipped off her nightgown, and stood thin and bony before me. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," she said. She went to the bookcase and fetched out a small leather dog whip with a knotted end. She shut her eyes and before I realized what she was about lashed herself across her back and shoulders. There was no feint about it. She jumped involuntarily, drawing in her breath with pain.

"Stop it," I said, and, getting up, tore the whip out of her hand.

I picked up the nightgown she had thrown on the floor. "Put it on," I said curtly. "And then say your prayers and get into bed."

She obeyed. The prayers at the packing-case *prie-dieu* were interminable. She did not say them aloud, so I could not tell if this was pretense or not, but presently she crossed herself, and rose, and with a subdued expression climbed into her narrow bed.

"Good night," I said, and bent to kiss her, but whether the cool, tight face upturned to me was intended as further punishment for herself or for me it was impossible to tell. I went out and shut the door, and glancing down at the worn, knotted whip turned left at the bottom of the turret stairs, and went on sudden impulse to the room at the far end of the first corridor. I tried the handle. It was locked. I knocked on the door.

"Who is there?" said Blanche.

I did not answer. When I knocked again I heard footsteps, and the sound of a key being turned in the lock, and then the door opened and Blanche stood there in a dressing gown. I thrust the whip into her hands.

"Keep this," I said, "or throw it away. Marie-Noël was trying to use it on herself. I suggest you tell her that scourging drives the devil in, not out."

The expression in her eyes turned to hatred so intense that I stared, fascinated, almost hypnotized, by the sudden savagery in that pale, impassive face. Then, before I could say anything more, she had flung herself against the door and locked it, leaving me in the corridor outside.

I walked slowly back along the corridor. As I came to the head of the stairs, wondering what was the procedure now, I met the three of them coming up the stairs to bed: Françoise heavy, leaden-eyed and pale; Renée, the spot of color on her cheek still vivid; and Paul, his hand on the light switch, yawning.

We bade one another good night, pairing off like couples at a set of lancers. I followed Françoise and found that an alteration had taken place in the dressing room. There was now a bed in the room, a camp bed. Oddly, my first instinct was not relief but guilt. What had happened? What was the matter? Then, going to the chest of drawers, I saw standing on it the huge bottle of scent, with the glaring motif "Femme." It was untouched.

I thought a moment, and then passed through the bathroom to the bedroom. Françoise was sitting by her dressing table, pinning her hair.

"Do you want me to sleep in the dressing room?" I asked.

"Wouldn't you prefer it?" she said.

"I don't mind one way or the other," I answered.

"That's what I thought."

She went on pinning her hair. *This,* I thought, *is one of those issues in married life making for reconciliation or tears or interminable argument.* We had both of us bungled, her husband and myself, and because I believed he would have responded with silence, that was the course I chose too.

"Very well," I said, "I'll sleep in the dressing room."

I went back into the bathroom and began to run the water. When Françoise brushed past me to fetch a pot of cream, neither of us talking, she might have been some dormitory companion of a bygone era from whom I was temporarily estranged. I felt it neither incongruous nor strange to be in my underwear while she was in a trailing wrapper. I had become part of the bathroom background, and so had she. When, in pajamas and dressing gown, I went to say good night and found her reading, she turned to me a pale, indifferent cheek, with none of last night's anguish and none of last night's tears. I felt again not so much relief as guilt—guilt that the sins of Jean de Gué had been increased by his scapegoat.

I went back to the dressing room and opened the window. As I climbed into the camp bed and lit a cigarette with the thought that this was my second night under the château roof and that forty-eight hours or more had passed since I came to St. Gilles, I knew that everything I had said or done had implicated me further, bound me more closely to that man whose body was not my body, whose mind was not my mind, whose thoughts and actions were a world apart, and yet whose inner substance was part of my nature, part of my secret self.

When I awoke the next morning I knew there was something I had to do. Something urgent. Then I remembered the telephone conversation with Carvalet, and how I had committed myself, or rather the *verrerie* of St. Gilles, to continued production without the remotest knowledge of the family resources. All I possessed was Jean de Gué's checkbook and the name and address of his bank in Villars. Somehow I had to get to the bank and talk to the manager. He would surely give me a rough idea of the financial situation.

I got up and bathed and dressed while Françoise was still breakfasting in her room. When Gaston came into the dressing room to brush my clothes I told him I was going into Villars, to the bank, and I wanted the car.

"At what time," asked Gaston, "does Monsieur le Comte wish to go into Villars?"

"Any time," I said. "Ten, half past."

"Then I will have the Renault outside at ten o'clock," he said. "Monsieur Paul can take the Citroën to the *verrerie*."

I had forgotten there was a second car. This would simplify matters.

Gaston must have passed round word of my intention, for I was putting change into my pockets, and was about to go downstairs when the little *femme de chambre* knocked at the door.

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte," she said, "but Madame Paul asked if she may go with you into Villars. She has an appointment with the *coiffeur*."

I wished Mme. Paul another attack of migraine. The last thing I wanted was another tête-à-tête with her. "Does Madame Paul know I'm leaving at ten o'clock?" I said.

"Yes, monsieur. She has fixed her appointment for half past."

I wondered if it was a deliberate scheme for my company. I told Germaine that of course I would take Mme. Paul to the *coiffeur*, and then, with a sudden inspiration, passed through the bathroom to the bedroom, where I found Françoise sitting up in bed.

"I'm going into Villars," I said. "Do you want to come?"

Then I remembered that surely every husband kisses his wife good morning, even if she has been banished from her side the night before, and I went up to the bed, and kissed her, and asked her how she had slept.

"I was restless," she said. "It was as well you that you had the camp bed next door. , I can't come into Villars. I'm expecting ctor Lebrun this morning. Why must you ? I had hoped you would see him."

"I have to go to the bank," I said.

"Gaston could go for you," she said, "if u want some money."

"It isn't that. I've got business to discuss."

"I believe Monsieur Péguy is still away ill," said. "I don't know who is doing his rk. The senior clerk, I suppose. He won't much use."

"It doesn't matter."

"We ought to make up our minds finally, know, whether I should go into Le Mans the baby or have it here."

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

he shrugged her shoulders, apathetic, re- ed. "I want you to make the decisions. I'd to feel the whole nightmare lifted from and that I don't have to worry any more." Surely Doctor Lebrun is the right person ake charge of all this," I said. "Ask his nion when he comes this morning."

ven as I spoke I knew that I was wrong. asn't what she meant. She needed reassur- e, and felt herself to be alone. I wanted, perately, to say, "Look, I'm not your hus- d. I can't tell you t to do," so that burden of guilt ld lift from me. In- d, to ease my con- nce, I added, "I 't belong. I'll prob- be back before gone."

e did not answer. maine came in to away the break- tray, and behind Marie-Noël, who, ng kissed us in , and bidden us *bon jour*, imme- ly demanded to aken into Villars

ere was the per- counterplot to e. When I said she might come, child watched me dancing eyes, wriggling impatiently while mother brushed her hair.

t's market day," said Françoise. "You not to go pushing in those crowds or l catch something. Fleas, if nothing e. Jean, don't let her go wandering in the et."

ll look after her," I said. "And anyway, e is coming too."

enée? Whatever for?"

y Aunt Renée has an appointment at *coiffeur*," said Marie-Noël. "As soon as eard papa was going into Villars, she along to Aunt Blanche's room to none."

idiculous," said Françoise. "She washed air only four or five days ago."

rd the child say something about Aunt e wanting to look nice for "*la chasse*," did not listen. I fastened onto a single of information, which was that the one extension was in Blanche's room. he, then, had lifted the receiver and ed when I spoke to Paris. If not Blanche, else? And how much had been heard?

l try and keep Doctor Lebrun until you back," said Françoise, "but you know e is, he never can stay long."

hat's he coming for?" asked Marie-

e's going to listen to baby brother."

ppose he doesn't hear anything—will it he's dead?"

o, of course not. Don't be so silly. Run now."

child looked from one to the other of xious, expectant, and then, for no ap- t reason, suddenly turned a cart wheel. aston says I have very strong limbs," she "He says most girls can't stand on their at all."

ook out!" warned Françoise, but it was te. The flying feet overbalanced and crashed upon the little table near the fireplace, scattering a porcelain cat and dog onto the hearth, smashing them irrevocably. There was a moment's silence. The child picked herself up, scarlet in the face, and looked at her mother.

Françoise sat up in bed gazing at the disaster, stunned.

"My cat and dog," she said, "my favorite pieces. The two my mother gave me that I brought from home."

I thought for a moment that the shock of this sudden accident was too great for her to feel anger, but a tumult of feeling must have swept over her on that instant, breaking all control.

"You little beast," she said to the child. "Why doesn't your father teach you discipline and manners? You wait until you have a brother, then he'll get the petting and you'll take second place, and a good thing it will be for you and for everybody else. Now leave me, both of you. I don't want either of you, leave me alone."

The child, her face drained of color, ran from the room.

I went over to the bed. "Françoise ——-" I began, but she pushed me away.

"No," she said. "No—no—no!" She flung herself back on her pillows, burying herself against them.

I picked up the fragments of the porcelain animals and carried them into the dressing room, so that her eye should not fall upon them when she looked again. Mechanically I wrapped them in the discarded cellophane and paper that had served for the bottle of scent still standing on the table. There was no sign of Marie-Noël, and remembering the night before, and the whip, and—even worse—the threat of the open window, I went out of the dressing room and up the back stairs to the turret room, running three steps at a time. But when I came to the room I saw with relief that the window was closed, and that she was undressing.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I've been naughty," she said. "Don't I have to go to bed?"

"I don't think so," I said. "I don't think it would do much good. And anyway, you were not naughty. It was bad luck."

"But I can't come to Villars now, can I?" she asked.

"Why not?"

She looked bewildered. "It's a treat," she said. "A person can't have a treat when they've broken something valuable."

"You didn't intend to break the figures," I said. "The thing to do is to try and have them mended. Perhaps we could find a shop in Villars."

She shook her head in doubt. "I don't think there is one."

"We'll see," I said.

Her eyes searched mine, as though in hungry confirmation of some unspoken thought. "Shall I put on my dress again?" she asked.

"Yes. Then come downstairs. It's nearly ten o'clock."

I went down to the dressing room, and picked up the broken pieces in their wrapping paper. Downstairs the car was waiting, and Renée was standing in the hall.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting," she said.

There was a world of anticipation in her voice as she walked past me onto the terrace and down the steps. This was to be her day. Then the child came running across the terrace after us. She wore white cotton gloves, and a white plastic handbag dangled from her wrist on a chain.

"I'm coming with you, Aunt Renée," she said.

Alas, we cannot say that the ravages caused by drunkenness are decreasing. It is one of the crying scandals of our time that, in the face of the awful biological peril to our race, nearly all governments show themselves careless and negligent to the point of complicity. Even if it were true that alcohol harms only the individual drunkard, drunkenness remains one of the most terrible and potent causes of human degradation, both physical and moral.

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(1956)
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If you catch a cold . . .
and fever develops . . .
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Fever warns of complications . . .
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Prompt treatment for these and
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To help prevent a cold,
stay away as much as possible
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I had never seen expression alter so swiftly from assurance to dismay.

"But who said you could come?" exclaimed Renée. "Why aren't you doing your lessons?"

I caught Gaston's eye, and the understanding that I glimpsed, the appreciation of the situation, was so superb that I wanted to wring his hand.

"It suits Aunt Blanche better when we do lessons in the afternoon," said Marie-Noël, "and papa is glad of my company, aren't you, papa? May I get in front? I shall be sick if I sit in the back."

For a moment I thought Renée was going to return to the château. Then she pulled herself together, and without looking at me climbed in behind.

"We will pretend," I said to Marie-Noël, "that I'm a stranger and don't know the way and that you have to direct me."

"Oh, yes," she said. "What a good idea."

As we drove out of St. Gilles and along the side roads through the shimmering countryside, golden green under the October sky, I thought how easily and happily children lend themselves to fantasy. Soon we were out of the magic of field and farm and forest, and back on the hard, straight *route nationale* and so to Villars, the child announcing in a singsong chant each turn I had to take.

Behind us our passenger kept silence—except once, when I braked swiftly before a suddenly slowing vehicle in front, and the smothered "Ach!" of shock and exasperation, as the jolt shot her forward, betrayed the mood within.

"We'll drop Aunt Renée at the *coiffeur* and put the car in the Place de la République afterward," said Marie-Noël. I stopped in front of the small establishment with the waxen lady's head in the window all crimped and curled and opened the door for Renée.

"What time will you be ready?" I asked, but she did not answer; she went straight into the shop with never a backward glance.

"She seemed in a bad mood," said Marie-Noël. "I wonder why."

"Never mind about her," I said. "Go on directing me. Don't forget I'm a stranger here."

The absence of Renée put an end to restraint, and my mood, like the child's, turned festive. We found parking space beside a line of lorries, and heedless of the warnings about fleas and *rubéole*, plunged into the market in the *place* beside the church.

Nothing was on a grand scale, as it had been in Le Mans. Here were no beasts, no cattle, but trestle tables crammed together in a small space, spilling over with aprons, jackets, mackintoshes, sabots; and the child and I moved leisurely between them, our eyes caught foolishly by the same objects. We bought some gray-and-white checked slippers for Germaine, and then, distracted by a rival firm which was offering the same thing in a lively green, shamelessly took our custom to them; and hardly were the slippers wrapped and paid for than desire seized us both for yellow bootlaces, both for ourselves and for Gaston, and two sponges on a string, and finally a great hunk of milk-white soap, a mermaid riding a dolphin embossed upon its surface.

We turned in the crowded alley, laden with our wares, and I saw we were being watched with amusement by a blond woman in a bright blue coat, her own arms full of dahlias. She said over the child's head, and as though to the stallkeeper beside her, "It must be true, then, that they are closing down the *verrerie* at St. Gilles and turning it into a *bon marché* store." And as she brushed past us she murmured, "*Père de famille* for a change?"

I looked back at the blue coat swinging down the alley, amused, intrigued. Then, Marie-Noël pulling at me, we were involved in purchases once more. I forgot all about my purpose in coming to Villars until the church boomed half past eleven and I thought, aghast, of the bank closing at twelve.

"Come on, hurry," I said, and we went and spilled our purchases in the car.

"Papa," said the child, "we've never seen about mending the broken porcelain for *maman*," and, looking at her, I saw anxiety in her face, the happiness gone.

"That's all right," I told her; "we'll do it later."

"But the shops will be shut," she urged.

"That can't be helped," I said. "We'll have to risk it."

"I wonder if they mend porcelain in that place by the *porte de ville*," she said. "You know, where they have candlesticks."

"I don't know," I said. "I shouldn't think so. Look, will you wait for me here in the car? It will be very dull in the bank."

"I don't mind. I'd rather come."

I was not sure I wanted her sharp ears overhearing all I said.

"Listen," I answered, "I may be some time. It is much better for you to stay here, or go and wait with Aunt Renée."

"Oh, no," she said, "that's much worse than the bank. Oh, papa, couldn't I go to the shop by the *porte de ville* and see if they would mend the porcelain, and then come and meet you at the bank?"

She stared up at me expectantly, delighted with this solution. I hesitated.

"Where is it?" I said. "I've forgotten."

"Just inside the *porte de ville*," she said impatiently. "I'll come back past the church and straight to the bank. It's barely four minutes."

"All right," I said. "Here's the parcel. Be careful, now." I put the broken pieces wrapped in cellophane and paper into her hands.

I watched her across the road and then turned left to the bank. I pushed through the doors and asked for Monsieur Péguy.

"I'm sorry, Monsieur le Comte," said the clerk, "Monsieur Péguy is still away. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I want to know how my account stands."

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte," said the clerk. "Do you mean you require the bare balance, or do you want to see a full statement of figures?"

"I want to see everything," I said.

He disappeared and returned with a sheaf of papers in his hand. "Perhaps you would like to take a seat in the office, Monsieur le Comte?" he said, and led the way through to a small room with a glass-fronted door.

He left me alone with the file, and as I turned the papers I realized that I was as lost before these columns of figures as I had been before the bills and statements in the *verrerie*. I could make nothing of them. Then the clerk returned to find out whether I wanted any more information.

"Is this all?" I asked. "You have no other papers of mine?"

He looked at me inquiringly and said, "No, Monsieur le Comte, unless, of course, there is anything you wish to look at in your safe in the vault."

I had a vision of clinking bags of gold in some massive safe. "Is there time for me to look in it before you close?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, and he disappeared again and came back with a bunch of keys. I followed him down a long flight of stairs to the basement. He opened a door with one of the keys, and we were in a vast, low room like a cellar, the walls lined with safes, all numbered. He stopped before No. 17, took another of the keys, put it in the lock, and turned it. He withdrew the key, and looked at me expectantly. "Monsieur le Comte has forgotten to bring his key with him?"

Cursing myself for a fool at not knowing what he expected of me, I felt in my pocket and brought out Jean de Gué's keys. One of them—longer and bigger than the others—

Foot Notes on . . . carpets

If you ever wished for a magic carpet—one to look lovely all its days—your answer may be here. A lived-on rug will respond to these revivals, and a new one will keep its fresh tone and springy texture.

- First step: vacuum or carpet-sweep regularly, keep dust from getting a beachhead.
- From time to time, refresh your rug with powdered rug cleaner—one that contains dry-cleaning solvent. Work powder into pile with stiff brush. When it dries light, vacuum. Treat pale rugs monthly.
- Clean an all-dirty carpet with foam skimmed off a lathered mild synthetic detergent solution. Work suds into pile. Remove suds *and* soil with a sponge wrung out of clear water. When dirt is embedded, professional cleaning is safest.
- "Shading" comes of carpet tufts pressed in opposing directions. Run sweeper or vacuum in direction of pile. Occasionally reverse rugs to change traffic areas.
- To coax up crushed pile, gently apply steam iron (or a hot iron over a damp cloth) to trodden part. Don't press down. Brush briskly afterward. For curled corners, use same treatment front and back.
- To keep accidents from leaving marks, be ready for on-the-spot action. Sponge toward center.
- *Grease or oil stain:* Cleaning fluid takes this out best. Use effort—dust and dirt will cling if spot isn't completely removed.
- *Spilled milk:* Use water with synthetic detergent added. Follow with clear-water rinse.
- *Fruit juice:* Dilute with water and blot with terry cloth or paper toweling. Then sponge with neutralizing solution—a tablespoon of ammonia or baking soda per quart of water. Rinse with clear water. Blot to dry.
- *Nail enamel:* Lift bulk of stain with blunt knife. Dilute remaining spot with polish remover (without added oil) or thinner. Mop until no trace remains.
- *Washable ink:* Repeatedly saturate with cold water, blot with towels. But stain from permanent ink calls for a speedy professional job.

oked as if it might be right and I put it in
e lock. Thank God, it turned, and when I
ed the handle of the safe the door swung
en.

The clerk, murmuring that he would leave
onsieur le Comte to find the papers he
nted, went out of the vault, and I put my
nd in the safe, to find no bags of gold but
other mass of papers, all of them tied with
e. Oddly disappointed, I took them to the
ht. The title of a document caught my eye,
Marriage Settlement of Françoise Bruyère,"
d I was beginning to untie the tape when
e clerk returned.

"Your little girl is outside," he said. "She
ed me to tell you that everything is ar-
ged about the porcelain, and can she go
k in the lorry with Madame Yves?"

"What?" I asked impatiently, preoccupied
h the papers.

He repeated the message stiffly. "All right,
right," I said. "Tell her I'll be along in a
ment."

Now I had the tape undone and had opened
document. I sat down and began to read.
The father of Françoise, a M. Robert
uyère, had evidently been a rich man with
e faith in the stability of Jean de Gué. Her
wry, which was considerable, was there-
e in trust for the male heir, but the income
m this trust could be used during the
ority of the said heir, husband and wife
ring joint control over the spending of it.
default of a son, when Françoise reached
age of fifty the trust funds were to be di-
ed between her and any surviving daugh-
of the marriage, or, if she predeceased her
band before she reached the age of fifty,
ween the husband and any daughters. The
nt was that the income from this vast trust
ld be used only by the parents on the birth
male heir, and, if no male child was born,
one could touch a sou of the money until
nçoise reached the age of fifty—unless, of
rse, she were to die before that age. On the
e of the marriage a capital sum had been al-
ed to the husband for his own use, but this
less than a quarter of the dowry.

read the complicated document over a
en times, and I understood at last the
sions dropped by Françoise and the others
he advantage of the next child's being a
. Poor Marie-Noël, no trust money for
if a brother came along. As to Jean de
e himself, he would get control of half the
ital only if there was no heir and Fran-
e died before the age of fifty.

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte, but will
be much longer? We close at twelve and it
ready twenty past."

e clerk stood beside me, and with an ef-
I brought myself back to reality. For a
nent it had been as though I were sitting
hat vast bedroom in the tower, hearing
n the *comtesse's* voice: "Beggared . . . and
y to remain so, unless Françoise produces
n, or ——" Now I understood the words,
igh the hidden meaning of her tone, her
ert glance was still a mystery.

"I'm coming," I said. "I didn't realize it
so late."

put the documents back in the safe. As I
so, a paper fell out which had not been
up in tape with the others. I saw that it
a letter from a lawyer called Talbert, writ-
two or three weeks earlier. Odd words
ght my eye—"*verrerie*," "*rentes*," "*place-
ts*," "*dividendes*"—and, sensing that here
nt be the clue to the whole financial
le, I put it in my pocket.

nce more we went through the ritual of
keys, and then I followed him out of the
t, up the stairs. I looked about me and
, "Where's the child?"

he clerk replied, "She's been gone some
."

Gone? Gone where?"

Monsieur le Comte, you said I was to tell
t would be all right for her to do as she
d and go with this person in a lorry."

said nothing of the sort!" I spoke sharply,
ous with myself and with him, and he re-
ed the words that I had used, giving them
nse I had never intended.

saw that my own impatience had been to
he—I had spoken quickly, thoughtlessly,
ting to read the document. "Who was this
person? Where did she go?" I asked, respon-
sibility flooding me with a sudden vision of
gypsies, kidnapers, little girls murdered in
woods.

"I rather think it was one of your own
lorries from the *verrerie*, Monsieur le Comte,"
said the clerk. "Some of your workpeople had
been to the station. The child climbed up in the
front seat with the woman."

There was nothing to be done about it.
Marie-Noël would either be delivered safely
at the château or butchered in the forest. If
there was any mischance, I should be to blame.

The clerk led me past the counter and let
me out. I turned left and went across the *place*
toward the church, for I must at least dis-
cover what had happened about the broken
porcelain. Marie-Noël had said something
about the *porte de ville*. I went back in the
direction I had seen her take, beyond the
car. Although irritated now and anxious, I
was at the same time struck by the beauty of
the town, the curious charm of canals winding
peacefully past the old houses, little foot-
bridges leading across the water to back gar-
dens, roofs yellow with age. At last I came to
the *porte de ville* itself, an ancient gateway to
the once fortified town, with a stone bridge
where the drawbridge used to be. I passed
under the archway to what was evidently the
main shopping street, and at once I saw, on the
right-hand side, the place that the child must
have meant, an antique shop with china and
silver in the window. But the door was fast
shut, and there was a notice saying they closed
from midday until three.

I turned away, and then saw that a man
was watching me from a shop on the opposite
side of the street.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur le Comte," he said.
"Are you looking for madame?"

"It doesn't matter," I said. "It's not im-
portant."

A sort of half-smile appeared on his face.
He seemed amused. "I don't wish to be in-
discreet," he said, "but madame can't hear the
bell when the door is shut. It would be better
to take the garden entrance."

I had no intention of walking into any back
garden and disturbing the antique merchant
during the siesta hour. I thanked him, and
went back under the *porte de ville*, and glanc-
ing leftward, in vague curiosity, saw how the
shops and houses of the narrow main street
backed onto the canal, and that the rear of the
antique shop was in reality a small eighteenth-
century house, with a balcony and strip of
garden fronting the canal. A narrow plank
bridge led from the road to the garden. As I
stood there, pausing to light a cigarette, some-
one came out on to the balcony to feed the
birds, and I recognized the blond woman in
the bright blue coat who had laughed at Marie-
Noël and myself in the market place. Was she
the keeper of the antique shop?

"Excuse me, madame," I called. "I tried the
shop just now, but the door was locked. Did
my daughter visit you this morning?"

The woman turned round, surprised, and
then to my intense astonishment burst into
laughter. "Idiot," she said. "I thought you'd
gone home. What are you doing, hanging
about at the street corner and playing the
fool?"

The familiarity, the use of the intimate
"*tu*," shook me off balance. I could only stare,
wondering how to answer in character. She
looked away past the *porte de ville* to the Place
Saint-Julien. The streets were empty.

"There's no one about," she said. "Come
on in."

The reputation of Jean de Gué in Villars
was evidently a light one. I hesitated, and
then, glancing across the square, saw the de-
cisive factor in favor of acceptance. It was
Renée, whom I had forgotten. With a sudden
flood of realization I remembered that, now
Marie-Noël had disappeared, I should have to
drive Renée back to St. Gilles alone.

The woman in the blue coat followed my
eyes and saw my dilemma. "Quick," she said.
"She hasn't seen you."

I dashed across the little bridge and onto
the balcony, and, laughing still, she pulled me
into the room.

"There's luck," she said. "A moment later
she'd have caught us."



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D-ZERTA PUDDING *(with skim milk)*	54
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NEW RECIPE

Peppermint Stick Frosting

Combine 3 tbsp. Pream with ¼ tsp. salt and 1 package (1 lb.) confectioners' sugar. Add 3 tbsp. soft butter or margarine, 1 cup crushed red and white peppermint stick candy, 4 drops red food coloring, 2 drops peppermint extract and 3 tbsp. hot water. Blend until thoroughly mixed and smooth. (To get right spreading consistency, you may need to add another ½ tbsp. hot water, a little at a time.)



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PREAM

She shut the window and turned, smiling.

"That child of yours is adorable," she said, "but it was very naughty of you to send her here. And why for heaven's sake did you wrap those pieces of broken porcelain in cellophane and paper with a card addressed to me?" She put her hand in the pocket of her blue coat and pulled out a piece of crumpled cellophane. "I'll see to your broken porcelain, and anything else you care to send in from St. Gilles, but don't use your child or your wife or your sister as your deputy, because it's making fools of them and I have too much respect for your family."

She dived into the other pocket and produced a crumpled card. On it was written "For my beautiful Béla from Jean." The porcelain dog and cat lay in pieces on a table.

Although she had closed the long window, the billowing casement curtains masking the view, the room was full of sun. I had an impression of blue-gray walls and white cushions, but the effect, instead of being cold, was light as air. The dahlias that I had seen her carrying from the market place were red and gold, and now they spilled in profusion from a vase in the corner. There was a bowl of fruit upon a table, a bookcase, a Marie Laurencin drawing hanging above the fireplace. Deep chairs stood about the room, and a Persian cat cleaned its paws in one of them. Close to the window was a low flat table with artist's materials upon it, brushes and a special sort of paper. There was a smell of apricots

"What are you doing in Villars in the middle of the day?" she asked.

"I went to the bank," I said, "and forgot the time. I was supposed to pick up one of the family from the *coiffeur*."

"You've left it rather late," she said. "Does she enjoy walking about the streets?" She went to a cupboard and brought out a bottle of Dubonnet and glasses. "Where's the child?"

"I don't know. She disappeared in a lorry with some workmen."

"That shows good taste. You've brought her up well. Are you going to have lunch with me? It's all here—ham, salad, cheese, fruit and coffee." She opened a hatchway between this room and another, and there was a tray laid ready, with food upon it.

"How can I," I asked, "with my sister-in-law waiting for me outside?"

She went over to the window and opened it and looked out. "She's not there any more. If she has any sense she will go and sit in the car, and then, when she becomes tired of waiting, drive it back to St. Gilles."

I wondered if Renée could drive. I did not care. I felt suddenly devoid of responsibility, and content to let things take their course. Jean de Gué had too many women in his life.

"You can imagine how I felt," she said, "when Vincent told me that your small daughter was in the shop asking if we would mend something very precious belonging to her mother. I didn't even know if you were back from Paris, and for one moment I thought your wife had found out that I had done the miniature. Did you give it to her? Did she like it?"

I paused a moment, considering my words. "Yes," I said, "yes, it was a great success."

"And you managed to get the setting I told you about? They kept the locket for you, after my telephone call?"

"I did. It was quite perfect."

"I'm so glad. It was a marvelous idea of yours, and must have come to you in one of your better moments. The child said her mother had been very much upset by the breakage this morning, so I gathered the dog and cat were precious. They won't mend, of course, but I can get duplicates from Paris. They're Copenhagen—I suppose you realized that? Come on, let's eat."

She laid the table, drawing it up to my chair, and I thought to myself that this was, so far, the most effortless moment of my masquerade. The only trouble was Renée, walking the streets of Villars, getting angrier every moment.

Jean de Gué's Béla must have divined my thought, for she said, "Vincent will be back from lunch directly. When he comes I'll send him out to see if she's in the car. Did you leave it in the Place de la République?"

"Yes."

"Don't worry. She'll drive it home. It's what I should do in her place. And then Gaston can bring it back again. Were you joking when you said the child had gone off in a lorry?"

"No, it's true. They gave me the message in the bank. She and the lorry had disappeared when I came up from the vaults."

"What were you doing in the vaults?"

"Looking in my safe."

"That must have been a shock to you."

"It was."

I was eating the ham and the salad and breaking bread, and it struck me how much more pleasant was lunch today, with the woman opposite me, than it had been yesterday at the château. This train of thought led me to the one undelivered present.

"There's a bottle of scent for you," I said, "on the table in the dressing room at St. Gilles."

"Thank you. Am I supposed to go and fetch it?" she asked.

I told her without lying, able to laugh at now, about the mistake in the initial B.

She looked bewildered. "I don't see how it happened," she said, "since you never speak to your sister. Or had you really brought her something as a peace offering at long last?"

"No," I answered. "My mind wasn't functioning properly. Too much to drink in the Mans the day before."

"You must have been insensible and deaf drunk to have made a blunder of that magnitude," she said.

"I was both."

She raised her eyebrows. "The visit to Paris was not successful?"

"Very unsuccessful."

"Carvalet weren't co-operative?"

"They wouldn't extend the contract on old terms. I came back and told my brother Paul they had. My family and the workmen at the *verrerie* all believe it has gone through. Yesterday I reopened negotiations on the telephone, and the result is an extension of the contract on their terms. Nobody knows but me. That's why I went to the bank this morning—to see if I can stand the loss. I still don't know the answer."

I looked up from eating and saw the wide blue eyes fixed upon me. "What do you mean, you don't know the answer?" she said. "You told me before you went to Paris that if Carvalet wouldn't agree to your terms you were going to close down."

"I don't want to close down," I said. "It wouldn't be fair to the workpeople."

There was the sound of a door in the distance. She got up and went to the passage. "Is that you, Vincent?" she called.

"Yes, madame."

"Go and see if the Comte de Gué's car is in the Place de la République, and if there is a lady waiting in it."

"Very good, madame."

She came back and brought me the basket of fruit and the cheese, and poured me another glass of wine.

"You seem," she said, "to have made rather a mess of things since you returned. What are you going to do about it?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I said. "I'm living from day to day."

She cut a slice of Gruyère cheese and gave it to me. "You know," she said, "it's a good thing, now and again, to take stock of one's life in life. To see where one has gone wrong. I sometimes wonder why I go on living here in Villars. I barely make a living out of the shop and I exist mainly on what Georges left me, which is precious little these days."

Was Georges perhaps a husband? Common of some sort seemed necessary.

"Why do you go on living here?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Habit, I suppose. I'm fond of this little house. If you think I exist for your occasional visits, you flatter yourself."

She smiled, and I wondered whether Jean de Gué did flatter himself. Either way, the result was beneficial.

"Do you think," she asked, "that your sudden feeling for the *verrerie* is because it is, after all, two hundred and fifty years old, and you may be going to have a son at last?"

"No," I said. "My feeling for it comes from ving looked on it yesterday with new eyes. vatched the men working there for the first ne. I realized they had a certain pride in it, d a feeling for its owner too. If the *verrerie* ses down they will be deceived in him, dis- isioned, quite apart from being out of a ."

"It is pride, then?"

"I suppose it is. Pride of a sort."

She began to peel a pear and gave me the arters from it. "You make a mistake leaving much of the administrative part to your ther. If you weren't so infernally lazy you uld do it yourself. I sometimes won- ——" She paused, and began to peel an ple for herself.

"What do you wonder?"

"No . . . it would be probing, and I never be."

"Go on," I said, "I'm curious."

"It's only," she said, "I sometimes wonder your lack of feeling for the *verrerie* is be- use you don't want to think about it too ply. You don't want to be reminded about at happened to Maurice Duval."

I was silent. This was the fringe of some- ng. The man Jacques had spoken of aurice Duval: he was the man in the photo- ph album by the side of Jean de Gué.

"It could be," I said slowly.

"You see," she said softly, "you don't nt me to probe."

On the contrary, it was essential to find out I could about Jean de Gué. "No," I said, ou're wrong. I want you to on talking about it."

She took her eyes off mine d looked above my head, o the distance.

"The occupation was over een years ago," she said; s part of it. Yet people go remembering him—what a man he was, and how he d. It can hardly make for ce of mind for those in- ved."

There was a tap at the door d a small thin man, wearing eret, looked into the room. smiled when he saw me.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur le nte," he said. "It's nice to you. How are you?"

"Very well, thank you, very well," I told .

"There was no lady in the car. But there this note on the seat."

He handed it to me with a bow.

It was short and to the point: "I have been king for you and Marie-Noël for nearly an r. I have hired a car to take me back to Gilles. R." I showed it to my hostess.

"Now you can relax," she said. "Vincent, dear and put these things through to the hen, will you?"

"Yes, madame."

He cleared away the table and fetched ciga- es and coffee. "I'm rather glad you have sudden sentiment for the *verrerie*," she . "It shows you have more feeling than pretend. I still don't see, though, if it's ng money and you've arranged an even se contract than before, how you can sibly afford to keep it running."

"Nor do I," I said.

"What about that friend who comes to ot with you? He advises you, doesn't He'd be the one to ask."

He had thrown off the bright blue jacket, aling a thin wool frock of indeterminate r. It was restful to look upon her, and to w that in this room nothing was expected ne. I wondered how often Jean de Gué e here and sat with his head against a nion, as I was doing now. Her casual friend- ss was disarming, yet inviting too. I picked the cat and stroked it.

"Can't you sell some securities, or some ?" she asked. "What about your wife? money's tied up, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Unless you have a son. I remember now." He poured me out another cup of coffee. "How is your wife? Who's looking after e?"

"Doctor Lebrun," I said.

"He's getting rather old, isn't he? I should have insisted on a specialist. You've been oddly detached about it all along. I hope you show more sympathy at home."

I stubbed out my cigarette. "I'm not really detached," I said. "I try to show sympathy. The trouble is, I don't know enough about Françoise."

She gazed at me thoughtfully. The candid eyes were disconcerting. "What's the matter?" she said. "It's not just finance, is it? It goes much deeper. What really happened to you in Le Mans?"

I thought of the old childhood game of hunt-the-thimble. I used to play it with a maiden aunt. It was a restful, easy game for the adult, who did not have to move but only to close her eyes while I, the child, tiptoed about a sitting room filled with furniture and, heart beating, hid the thimble behind a clock. I closed my eyes, and went on stroking the cat upon my knee. Safety lay in evasion, and in the truth as well.

"You said something a little while ago about taking stock of oneself," I said. "Perhaps that's just what I've been doing, over a period of time, and it came to a head that evening in Le Mans. The self I knew had failed. The only way to escape responsibility for failure was to become someone else. Let another personality take charge."

She did not say anything. I suppose she was considering. I could not see because my eyes were closed.

"The other Jean de Gué," she said, "the one who's been hidden for so long beneath the surface gaiety and charm, I've often wondered if he existed. If he's going to emerge, he'd better do so now. We all have our multiple selves. But no one avoids responsibility that way. The problems remain to be tackled just the same."

"No," I said, "you've missed the point. The problems and responsibilities are new because the man in charge is somebody else."

"How does he seem to you, then, the man in charge?"

The great church in Villars sounded two o'clock. The sonorous bell of any church always rings a summons, and this one was far too near for peace of mind.

"Sometimes I see him without any feeling at all," I said, "and sometimes with far too much. One moment he's considering murdering those closest to him, and the next he's giving up his life for a stranger. He says he believes that the only motive which moves the human race is greed, and by ministering to this greed he himself survives. I think he has twisted ideas, but he's terribly near to the truth."

I heard her get up, put my coffee cup on a tray, and carry the tray to the hatch. Then she came back and sat on the arm of my chair.

"The man in charge," I said; "why does he buy you 'Femme'?"

"Because he likes the smell, and so do I."

"Do you suppose that's ministering to greed?"

"It depends on the size of the bottle."

"It's a very big bottle."

"Then I call it foresight."

I was not sure if I knew the scent of Femme. I had never given anyone a bottle, and most scented women I avoided and abhorred. This one was not scented: she smelled of apricots.

"The thing is, it isn't greed at all," I said. "It's hunger. That's where he's wrong. And if it's hunger, what about the conflicting claims? Mother, wife, child, brother, sister-in-law, even workpeople—I can't satisfy them all. Frankly, I don't know where to start or what to do."

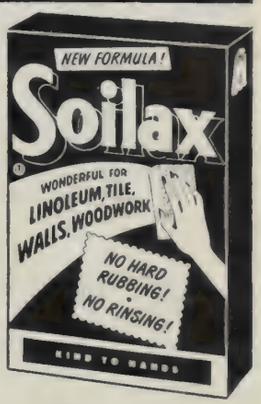
She did not answer, but I felt a soothing hand on my head. Anonymity closed in upon me. I was on a border sea between two worlds.

I put out my hands and felt her face. "I don't want to have to think," I said.

She laughed and, hardly brushing them, kissed my closed eyes. "That's why you come here, isn't it?" she said.

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When I came away from the house the sun of late afternoon had turned all the lichen-colored roofs to gold. Shutters had been flung back and doors were open in the shopping street. In the avenue of plane trees, close to the market place, beside which lorries and carts had parked during the bustle of morning, old men and women now sat basking in the warmth before the air turned chill, while smaller children, chattering like birds, shuffled the falling leaves and kicked the dust.

The light of the late day gave warmth and color; this was a friendly town where people smiled. The Renault, waiting in the Place de la République, was suddenly familiar as my own, and Marie-Noël's white plastic bag, left on the back seat where she had thrown it with the market purchases, was not like any object in a stranger's car, but full of meaning. It seemed to me that nothing would move me now, neither tears from Françoise nor tantrums from Renée. The mother could be coaxed with affection, the child indulged to a limit set by reason; none of them seemed a problem, as they had during those first forty-eight hours under the château roof.

I remembered the correct turnings to St. Gilles, and as I drove down the lime avenue, over the bridge, through the gateway to the drive and under the archway of the moat to the outbuildings my confidence was supreme. Nothing could daunt me now. I found myself in a yard containing two garages with doors flung wide. As I got out of the car, the old woman I had spoken to in the cowshed the day before emerged from the entrance, and I heard her call over her shoulder to someone.

I went back under the archway, and the retriever ran forward in his enclosure, barking. I stood still, calling him softly by name, but, doubtful, he continued barking, his tail wagging uncertainly at the same time, and I went to the gate of his run and waited for him to smell my clothes. He sniffed, puzzled, not satisfied, and I saw the man in overalls watching from the stableyard.

"What's the matter with César?" he said.

"Nothing," I answered. "I must have startled him, that's all."

"If he behaves like that on Sunday he won't be much use to you," said the man. "Shall I give him a dose of oil after his food?"

"No," I told him. "Let him alone. He'll soon recover."

I wondered what was expected of the dog on Sunday. Perhaps if I took him myself for exercise he would come to know me, and the suspicious bark give way to whines of welcome.

I went up the steps to the terrace, and as I entered the hall Paul came out of the cloakroom to the right of the stairs.

"Where have you been all day?" he asked. "We've been trying to get you since one o'clock. Renée had to come back in a hired car, and then, to our astonishment, Marie-Noël turned up alone, announcing that she'd had a lift in the lorry. Lebrun waited until two, and then had to go. He's just been through to me again."

"What's wrong?" I inquired.

"What's wrong?" he repeated. "Only that Françoise isn't at all well, and Lebrun has forbidden her to move from bed."

The contempt in his voice was something I had to accept. The fault was not Jean de Gué's, but mine. I had promised to be back in time to see the doctor.

"What's his number?" I asked. "I'll get on to him at once."

"No use," he said. "He's been called out again. I told him to try you later this evening."

He turned and disappeared into the library. I went straight upstairs and along the corridor to the bedroom. Françoise was lying against her pillows with closed eyes. She opened them as I came into the room.

"Oh, it's you," she said, "at last. I'd given you up long ago. I told them you'd probably taken the train back to Paris."

The voice was flat, expressionless. I went up to the bed and took her hand.

"I should have telephoned," I said. "I was held up in Villars, and frankly I forgot. I don't even ask you to forgive me. How are you feeling? Paul tells me Lebrun has ordered you to stay in bed."

The hand in mine felt limp and cold. She did not take it away. "If I don't I shall lose the baby," she said. "It's what I've been afraid of all along. I've always known something would go wrong."

"It won't go wrong," I said; "not if you take care. The question is, how good is Lebrun? Wouldn't you like me to call in a specialist?"

"No," she said. "I don't want a stranger interfering at this point, upsetting me, upsetting Lebrun. I shall be all right as long as I stay quiet and nobody worries me. What with Marie-Noël coming back on the workmen's lorry, and Renée having to hire a car, because you disappeared, I've been almost frantic."

The tired eyes searched my face, and I knew that the only answer was to keep as near to the truth as possible.

"I had a long session at the bank," I said. "I don't mind telling you, but I don't want the others to know. The fact is, I lied about the contract. I didn't succeed in getting an extension when I was in Paris, and only managed to arrange things by telephone, and through the bank, today. They've agreed to continue the contract, but on their terms. It means the *verrerie* working at an even greater loss than before, but it can't be helped. Somehow I shall have to find the money."

She looked bewildered. "What was the point of lying? I don't understand."

"I suppose it was pride," I said. "I wanted everyone to believe I had succeeded. Well, perhaps I have succeeded, for a time. I haven't been into all the figures yet. But I want you to keep this to yourself. I don't intend telling *maman*, or Paul, or anyone except you unless things turn out to make it absolutely necessary."

She smiled for the first time. "I won't tell anybody," she said. "I'm only too glad that you've taken me into your confidence for once. It's funny, though, that you've bothered so much about the *verrerie*. The idea of closing down never seemed to worry you as it did Paul and Blanche."

"No," I said, "perhaps not. It began to worry me yesterday, when I went there."

She asked me to give her a comb and looking glass from the dressing table and, sitting upright against the bunched pillows, she combed the lank fair hair away from her face.

"Why didn't you tell me the night you came back?" she said.

"I hadn't decided," I replied. "I wasn't sure what I was going to do."

"Paul's bound to find out," she said. "Besides, what does it matter if he does know, since you've fixed the contract? Anyway, all these things will be solved when the boy is born." She put the mirror back on the table beside the bed. "Marie-Noël said you were down in the vaults at the bank. Is our marriage settlement there?"

"Yes."

"Did you look at it?"

"I did glance through it."

"If we have another daughter there's nothing to be done, is there?"

"No, apparently not."

"What happens if I die? You get everything, don't you?"

"You're not going to die. Now, shall I close the shutters and draw the curtains and put on your light? Have you anything to read?"

She was silent. She lay back on her pillows. Then she said, "You might get me the locket you brought me from Paris. I think I'll keep it here beside me, on the table."

I went to the dressing table, took the jewel case I saw there, and gave it to her.

She put the locket, with the miniature open, on the bedside table. "You'd better go down and make your peace with Renée," she said. "I was feeling too ill to cope with her when she arrived back—you know how impossible she can be when she loses her temper."

"She'll get over it."

I closed the shutters, and then I put a log on the fire.

"I suppose the child's with Blanche," she said, "or upstairs with *maman*. Tell her I didn't mean what I said this morning, that I was ill and wretched."

"I think she understood that."

"What did you do with the broken pieces?"

"Never mind. I've seen to them. Is there anything else you want?"

"No. No, I shall just go on lying here quietly."

I went through the bathroom to the dressing room and changed my shoes and coat. The bottle of Femme was still standing on the table. I put it away in a drawer, and because the drawer had a key something made me turn the key and slip it into my pocket. I went out into the corridor and at the foot of the stairs I came face to face with Charlotte.

"Monsieur le Curé has just gone," she said. "Madame la Comtesse has been asking for you."

"I'll go to her now," I said.

Once again she preceded me up the stairs, as on my first evening. "Monsieur le Comte was detained a long time in Villars?" asked Charlotte.

I knew I was right to mistrust her and dislike her, and that every word she spoke was subservient and false.

"Yes," I said.

"Madame Paul had tea with Madame la Comtesse this afternoon," she continued. "She was very put out that she had been obliged to hire a car to bring her back, and she told Madame la Comtesse the whole story."

"There was no story," I said. "I was detained, that was all."

We were now in the upper corridor, and I walked past her and on to the room beyond. I entered, to be greeted with the usual yapping from the dogs, and went to the chair by the fire, where the mother was sitting, her massive shoulders draped in a purple shawl. I bent and kissed her.

"Good morning and good evening," I said. "I'm sorry I never came to see you this morning. I left early. Have you had a good day?"

The mocking, questing eyes met mine, and she grunted and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," she said, "there, with the light on your face, so that I can see you. Get out, Charlotte. Go down to the kitchen and order two trays for dinner." She remained silent until the servant went out of the room. I lighted a cigarette, feeling her eyes upon me. "Well," she said, "where were you?"

I guessed that everything Renée and Marie-Noël knew of my morning had been already told: the drive to Villars, the expedition to the market, the visit to the bank. The fact that she asked where I had been showed ignorance of the house by the canal. This was something, then, which Jean de Gué withheld from his mother.

"I had business," I said.

"You left the bank before half past twelve," she said, "and it's now half past six."

"Perhaps I drove to Le Mans," I said.

"Not in the Renault. The car was in the Place de la République all afternoon. The man who drove Renée home reported seeing it when he returned to the garage in Villars. I told Renée to telephone and ask him."

I smiled. "If you want the truth," I said, "I was trying to avoid Renée. And I succeeded. That's all I'm going to tell you. You can question me until midnight and you won't be any the wiser."

She chuckled, and I saw that once again my instinct not to lie had proved my salvation. "I don't blame you," she said.

"She hasn't enough to do," I said. "None of you women have enough to do."

"I had plenty to do once," she said, "when your father was alive, in the old days, before the war and before you married. There were no women sitting about idle then. Empty-headed fools like Françoise and Renée were children in their teens. I had something to live for. So had Blanche."

The sudden venom in her voice startled me. I looked up, and the mouth was narrow, hard, like her daughter's, and the eyes that had mocked me a moment ago were veiled under the hooded lids.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You know very well what I mean," she said, and then, as swiftly as it had come, her expression changed again. "I'm old and ill, that's my trouble," she said, "and it bores me as it will bore you when your time comes. How is Françoise this evening?"

"As you know, I missed Lebrun," I said. "He's going to telephone me later. She has to stay in bed. She isn't at all well."

I watched her fingers beating a tattoo on the arm of her chair. "I saw Lebrun myself," she said. "He won't tell you any more than he told me. He's a bungler, and he won't admit it. She's going to have trouble with the baby, just as she did with the last—I've known it all along."

The tattooing on the chair arm continued. I watched it, oddly fascinated. "François doesn't want a specialist," I said. "I suggested it just now."

"You suggested it? Whatever for?"

"Why surely," I said, "if there's going to be difficulty, any sort of trouble ——" And for some reason, her eyes meeting mine, discomfort seized me. I remembered the terms of the marriage settlement, and that if François died without giving birth to a son the whole vast dowry would be divided between Jean de Gué and Marie-Noël.

The room, already stifling, became suddenly unbearable. I got up, loosening my collar. I felt her eyes upon my back as I went over to the window, but she did not say anything as I stood there, wrestling with the shutters. I threw them back, lifting the sash of one of the windows, and leaned out, drawing in a deep breath of air. Dusk had come, and with it mist.

I shut the window and looked back into the room. She was watching me still.

"What's wrong with you?" she said. "You're nervous, aren't you?"

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No," I answered. "I couldn't breathe, 's all. You keep this room too warm."
If so, it's partly for your sake," she said. ou always say the château is too cold. ne over here."
went toward her slowly, against my will. reached for my hands and held them.
Are you developing a conscience at long ?" she asked. "Don't let's become senti- tal and trouble ourselves over what fate ls us. It's too late, for you and for me. Life a short affair, as everybody likes to make it's long, much too long. We are neither s going to die for years. Let us both be fortable, if we can."
discreet tap at the door revealed Char- with the tray, followed by Germaine with cond, and once again there was the ritual he meal, now familiar to me. The first ning the *comtesse* had barely tasted food, tonight she sopped up her soup with soft es of bread, mushing it to a broth, her intent, her chin nearly touching her plate.
So you let Marie-Noël drive back from ars with Julie and her grandson," she inued, switching her train of thought. e came to me full of it, said she preferred the Renault."
o Madame Yves was Julie. I was relieved. he return to find Françoise ill I had for- en the child and the lorry.
All children like driving in lorries," I . "I probably did the same myself."
You?" She laughed. "Better forget what got up to at her age."
here was a knock on the door. "Who is it?" called. "Come in."
ermaine stood in the doorway. "Doctor un on the telephone for Monsieur le ite," she said.
Thank you." I got up, laying down my kin on the tray.
Better say good night to me now. I shall red directly. Kiss me, then." The hands ped me once again, the eyes held mine. ne of this nonsense about specialists. cost too much," she said.
went out of the room, down the stairs, to the telephone in the cloakroom. Marie- l, in her dressing gown, was waiting by nstrument. She looked at me anxiously. n I listen in Aunt Blanche's room?"
Certainly not," I said. "Doctor Lebrun is to speak to me."
pushed her out of the way, went into cloakroom and shut the door. I said llo?" and the voice of the doctor an- ed, high-pitched, elderly.
Good evening, Monsieur le Comte, it was nfortunate that we missed each other this ning. I found Madame Jean de Gué in a y nervous state. It is essential that she ld have complete rest during the next few : this moment during the seventh month be critical, you understand. I am not ning you in any way?"
paused and I asked him whether he d like a consultation with a specialist.
Not at present," he said. "For the event it- would suggest that she go to the clinic at fans, but that can be discussed in a few s. At any rate, I shall be in touch with you antly, and will give you another ring to- ow. By the way, you are expecting me on ay, I suppose?"

haps it was his custom to take lunch at château on Sunday, or pay, not a visit of ction to his patients but a ceremonial

Of course," I said. "We shall be delighted e you."
went out of the cloakroom, and Marie- was still there.
Well?" she asked. "What did he say?"
He said that *maman* was to stay in bed," I her.
the baby ready to come?"
No."
could hear Paul talking to Renée in the g room. They had not finished dinner. I into the salon, the child following me.
Papa," she said, "is *maman* ill because I the porcelain and made her unhappy?"
No," I said, "it's got nothing to do with sat down on the arm of the chair and d her to me. "What's the matter with ?" I asked. "Why are you so nervous?"

Her eyes flickered away from me, looked at everything in the room but me. "I don't see why you want it," she said at last. "I don't see why you want to have this baby. *Maman* thinks it is a nuisance. She told Aunt Renée a long time ago that she wished she didn't have to have it."

Her question, so full of anxiety, was surely logical. Why was her mother obliged to have a child she did not want? I wished she could have asked the reason of Jean de Gué. I made a sorry substitute.

"It's peculiar," I said, "and rather cold-blooded, really. Your Grandfather Bruyère had a lot of money. He tied it up in such a way that your father and mother can't use any of it unless they have a son. So, even though they are perfectly content with their one daughter, it would make things much easier financially if they could have a son."

The instant look of relief upon her face was as though she had been given a blessed antidote to physical pain. "Oh," she said, "is that all? Just for money?"

"Yes," I said. "Mercenary, isn't it?"

"Not at all," she said. "I think it's very sensible. Does it mean the more boys you have, the more money you and *maman* get for yourselves?"

"Hardly," I said. "It just works for one."

In an excess of emotional release she slipped off my knee and turned a somersault from the sofa onto the floor, dressing gown and night-gown flying over her head. Shouting with laughter, her head hidden in the bunch of clothes, her quarters bare, she walked backward to the screen as Blanche and Renée and Paul came into the room.

Blanche stood still, her eyes fastening on the naked, capering animal into which the child had turned. "What do you think you're doing?" she said swiftly. "Pull down your dressing gown at once."

Marie-Noël turned, shook herself free and, perceiving her adult audience, stood and smiled.

"It's all right, Aunt Blanche," she said. "Papa and *maman* only do it for money, not because they want children. And that's why everyone in the world tries for boys—it's good for finance." She ran toward me and caught my hand. "You know, papa," she said, "Aunt Blanche told me that after you were born, when she was a little girl, everyone stopped loving her, and it was one of the lessons in humility that turned her to God. But when my little brother arrives everything will go on just the same. You will love me as much as ever, and perhaps the *Sainte Vierge* will teach me a different lesson in humility, not the one she taught Aunt Blanche."

It must have struck her that the frozen faces of her aunts and uncle did not reflect her own happiness. She glanced at me uncertainly, then back again to the sisters-in-law. Of the two women, Renée, if it were possible, looked the more outraged. The child sensed this, and smiled at her graciously.

"After all," she said, "there are other virtues besides humility. I could learn to have patience, like Aunt Renée. It's not everyone who can grow a baby. She has been married for three years to Uncle Paul, and nothing has happened to her yet."

It seemed to me that I had reason to bless Françoise: her weakness gave me an excuse for absence upstairs. It was far simpler to sit with her in the bedroom than down below in the salon with Paul and Renée. I went upstairs and put the child to bed; and when she was settled and tucked in for the night I returned to Françoise and did the same for her. Her gratitude was intense. She kept saying, in wonder and surprise, that I was kind.

"It's nothing," I answered. "What else would you expect?"

"I'm not used to it," she said. "You're not thoughtful as a rule. I've often come up early to bed and you've stayed down talking to Paul and Renée. But perhaps you're avoiding them tonight in case they ask you what you were doing in Villars?"

She was as intuitive in her own way as the child was in hers, and I wondered, as I kissed her and turned out the light, whether she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73



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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN AND IPANA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

ized instinctively that I had disclosed only of what had happened during the day.

s I went back to the dressing room, I re-nbered the letter from the lawyer Talbert ch I had brought away from the bank. It still in my pocket, and I took it out and d it. It was mercifully clear. The *verrerie*, he , was running at a steady loss and bank-cy could be avoided only if it was sub-zed from some other source—by the sale of d or securities, for instance, as Béla had gested. The writer said that he would be l to come to St. Gilles and discuss the mat-with me. Presumably it was this letter ch had made it so vital that Jean should see Carvalet people and persuade them, if he ld, to agree to more favorable terms.

he following day was Saturday, and I de-d to go down to the *verrerie* first thing in morning, before Paul, to see if there was a er from Carvalet. The directors could dly have consulted before Friday, and a er written afterward would surely arrive to-. I was up and round to the garage for the before Gaston had come to brush my hes and take away my tray. This time ar let me pass without barking, and when I ched through his gate to pat him, and he gged his tail, I felt that I had scored a tri-ph.

turned left out of the village, and up the to the straight forest road, and nothing of at I did seemed strange at all. It was all part my life, more so than anything that had n in other days, this speeding along the oth road between the oak trees and the stnuts. And the feeling stayed with me en I drew the car to a standstill beside the e of the foundry, getting out and slamming door, called *bon jour* to the men at work. s I crossed the rough ground to the house ind the big foundry shed I met the post-n walking away from it. I went to the office r and there was Jacques sorting the letters. turned round, looking at me in surprise.

Bon jour, Monsieur le Comte. I didn't nk you would be here this morning. Mon-r Paul said neither of you would be down."

I thought Carvalet might have written," I d. "I'm expecting a personal letter from the ector. Have you the mail there?"

He looked down at the small pile of letters his hand. Second from the top was a long elope with the Carvalet stamped address.

There it is," I said. "Thank you, Jacques." took it from him, and discreetly he moved ay while I read the letter. It was all right. It firmed the telephone conversation and en-sed the contract, extending a further six nths, drawn up in the new terms.

Jacques," I said, "have you got our con-t there? The old one?"

You have it, Monsieur le Comte," he said, the file on your desk."

Look for it, will you," I asked, "and I'll ice through the rest of the mail."

e did not question me, but the expression his face showed bewilderment. I watched n search through a file while I flipped ough the remaining letters, which were s and receipts. He handed me the contract hout a word, and I sat down at the desk and pared the two. The wording was identical, ept for the crucial matter of the terms of . Knowing nothing of the business, I could least seize the salient fact that in the future rvalet would pay less for the products sent m.

felt in my pocket for the lawyer's letter laid it before me, beside the contracts. "I nt to run through the figures," I said to ques. "Wages, production costs, the whole fit."

He stared. "You saw them recently. You Monsieur Paul and I checked everything ore you went to Paris."

I want to do it again," I said.

t took us about an hour and a half. When had done, and he went through to the hen to make some coffee, I was able to pare the final figures he had given me with at they would become under the new con-t. The answer was that something in the ure of five million francs would have to be nd from the personal account of Jean de é to balance costs. I saw his reason for clos-ing down. There was nothing else he could do, if he did not want to sell land or securities. The glass foundry had been losing money under the old contract; under the new one it ceased to exist as a business at all. It became a luxurious toy. My blundering sentiment had cost the owners dear.

I took the new contract, put it with both the letters in my coat pocket, and went through to the kitchen to find Jacques.

"There, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "a little refreshment after so much work." He handed me a cup of steaming coffee. "I am still marveling at your success in Paris. It proves the value of personal contact."

"No one," I said, "will be out of work. That's the important thing."

He raised his eyebrows. "Were you so concerned about the men? I hadn't realized that. Actually, after the first shock they would soon have found employment. They've been prepared for a closedown for a long time."

I drank my coffee, disillusioned. Perhaps I had meddled to no purpose after all.

Someone knocked on the outer door and, excusing himself, he went back to the office. I looked about me, and saw that I was standing in a fair-sized kitchen that must once have done duty for a family, the door beyond leading through to the rest of the house. Curious, I opened it, and saw a broad stone passage, with other rooms leading off it and a staircase rising to the floor above. I crossed the passage and looked into the rooms. They were empty, unfurnished, the walls discolored. In the farthest room of all, a fine, square room with paneled walls, there were large pieces of furniture stacked against a wall, cases of crockery, the whole giving an appearance of neglect, as though the owner had put all his possessions to one side and forgotten about them. An old almanac was pinned to the wall, the date 1941, and beside it was a box of books. I bent down and opened one of the books. Inside was written "Maurice Duval."

Midwinter pickup in

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

By BET HART

Barbara J. is absolutely undaunted by gray skies and the fact that it may be many more days before the first *real* spring day. She decides now is the time to "organize" her wardrobe and takes special care to see that every hemline is just right and each accessory spanking bright. Her former fashion investments she can wear now and into spring, but at the same time Barbara thinks optimistically toward a new season and a new wardrobe. In the process of organizing and thinking, Barbara wisely invests a few of her fashion $'s in a dress—one which *proves* she is more than just *dreaming* of spring!



The dress is classic with its special beauty in the line—soft and rounded; the color—water-color blues; and the fabric—pure silk. The price for all these fashion points, $17.95. Entertaining "at home," Barbara wears the neckline closed, a rope of pearls, and her pink scarf at the waistline for an even brighter accent. For an elegant evening out, she wears her turquoise satin cummerbund and the neckline open with the ties fastened with her sparkle pin. Whether or not you are heading south on a cruise (our Barbara isn't), we suggest it as the perfect prescription for a wonderful midwinter lift!



January.....Total Fashion $'s	
Silk polka-dot dress...	$17.95
White wool cardigan....	5.05
TOTAL	$23.00

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRIGENT
DRESS BY HENRY ROSENFELD

Barbara makes a white cardigan. The collar is the same as on her new dress and can be worn covering the neckline of the dress or with the pretty turquoise collar as an accent on the outside. For two completely new costumes, she wears her black pleated skirt and, for evening, her white chiffon with the sweater. It is also especially pretty at the office over her gray jumper. Directions for making, send 25c for Pattern No. 2897 (includes sizes 10–18) to: Reference Library,* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.*

* Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.





The dress with the look of southern climates, but equally pretty for nonvacationers for now and later on. Utterly flattering in its soft lines and heavenly color. A favorite neckline of Barbara's: a soft tie going into a V at the back. The neck can be worn closed (as shown here) or open.



says **MRS. J. W. WILSON**, Houston, Texas

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I heard footsteps coming through from the direction of the kitchen. Jacques stood in the doorway, watching me.

"Were you looking for something, Monsieur le Comte?" he asked.

"Why do we go on keeping all this?" I said, pointing to the furniture.

He stared at me, then shifted his eyes. "It's for you to say, Monsieur le Comte."

I looked away from him, back to the stored furniture.

"It seems such a waste," I said.

"Indeed, yes," he answered.

I considered whether I dared venture a question, a question that Jean de Gué would never have put because he would know the answer. "Do you think we ought to make use of these rooms?" I said. "Get someone to live in the house, instead of letting it stand empty?"

At first he did not answer. He went on standing there, ill at ease. Then he said, "Who would you suggest should come here now?"

"Why don't you live here yourself?" I asked.

His discomfort became even plainer. "My wife and I are very content where we are in Lauray," he said. "It is, after all, no farther than you are at St. Gilles. My wife likes to be where there is company. It would be too isolated for her here; besides which ——" He broke off, distressed.

"Besides what?" I asked.

"Everybody would think it a little strange," he said. "No one has lived here for so long, and then . . . you must excuse me, Monsieur le Comte, but there are not very happy memories connected with the house when it was last inhabited." Once more he hesitated, and then, seeming to gather courage, went quickly on. "Monsieur le Comte, had there been fighting in the grounds of the *verrerie*, a battle between soldiers, that is something one accepts. But when the last man to live here, the master of the *verrerie*, Monsieur Duval, is woken from his bed in the middle of the night, and taken downstairs and shot by his own countrymen, and his body thrown into the well, cut to pieces with his own glass, even if it happened a long time ago and is something we all prefer to forget, yet it does not make anybody very anxious to come and live here where it happened, bringing a wife and family."

"No," I said slowly. "You are right, of course."

I turned and left the room and went along the stone passage to the kitchen, and thence to the office. I stood by the desk for a moment, looking down at the bills and receipts and letters. The *verrerie* would continue to run until somebody discovered there was no more money to pay the wages or the bills.

"If you will give me an envelope addressed to Monsieur Mercier at Carvalet," I said to Jacques, who came in at that moment, "I can post their copy of the contract on my way back. I'll keep the duplicate."

But his camaraderie had vanished. We were both thinking of the empty part of the house, and a return to finance and business was out of the question.

"I only came down about the figures," I said. "There is no need to mention it to Monsieur Paul."

"No, Monsieur le Comte," he replied. He took an envelope out of the desk drawer and addressed and stamped it. As he gave it to me he said, the friendliness once more in his voice, "You are expecting me tomorrow? I think it's going to be fine. They gave a good forecast on the radio this morning."

He stepped forward to open the door for me, and I said, "Till tomorrow," and went out into the yard. Tomorrow was Sunday. Perhaps he and his wife came to Mass at St. Gilles and, with Doctor Lebrun, joined the family afterward.

I went past the sheds to the entrance of the *verrerie*, and there, standing by the small lodge, was Julie, her arms full of green stuff for her rabbits. I called good day to her, and once again I was struck by the honesty of her face, the warmth and shrewdness of the brown eyes. I knew that it was not sentiment on my part which made me trust her, but some intuition deep within myself that made me respond to her instinctively, as I had responded to Béla of Villars.

"You're an early one, Monsieur le Comte," she called. "It's not often we see you at the *verrerie* on a Saturday morning, either. How are you? And how is the young *comtesse?* Not so well yesterday, they told me."

News must travel fast in a small neighborhood. Then I remembered how she had taken Marie-Noël back to the château from Villars, and had talked no doubt to the servants afterward.

"She has to take things quietly," I said. "She was better last night when I got home. I must apologize, Julie. The child went and bothered you yesterday in Villars. I didn't realize what she intended to do—they gave me a muddled message in the bank."

She laughed and gestured with her hands. "It's not for you to apologize, Monsieur Jean, but for me to thank you. We were only too pleased to have her, a sunbeam in the dark lorry. She never stopped talking from Villars to St. Gilles."

I had followed her to the patch of ground beside the lodge, where the few square yards were crammed with vegetables and flowers, and I watched her feed the rabbits, talking to them all the while.

"Julie," I said—and I knew that what I was asking would seem strange to her—"Julie, how was it, here at St. Gilles, during the occupation?"

Oddly, she did not seem surprised at the question. "You understand, Monsieur Jean," she said after a moment, "that for a person like yourself, who was away fighting in the Resistance, war is something that is planned and carried out by the intellect. It is rather like a game that either succeeds or fails. But to those who are left behind it is very different. It is like being in a prison without bars, and nobody knows who is the criminal, who is the jailer, who is telling lies, which person has betrayed whom. People no longer have faith."

"But you," I persisted, "what did you do, Julie? What did you think?"

"Me?" she asked. "What could I do but go on living here, as I had done for years, growing my vegetables, feeding my hens, looking after my poor husband and saying to myself, 'This has happened before, it will happen again, it has to be endured.'"

She turned away from the hutch, wiping her hands on her apron. "Come in the lodge, Monsieur Jean. Let me show you something."

I followed her into the small building. There was a stove in one corner, with a pipe to the roof, a wooden table, a chair, and a cupboa the full length of the wall. She took a key fro a pocket in her skirt beneath the apron, a reached up to the locked cupboard. S searched among some papers and then brou out an exercise book, opened it, took an e velope from the middle, and from the envelo brought out a snapshot.

"There," she said. "You asked me abo the occupation. They accused me of being collaborator because of this boy."

The snapshot was of a young soldier German uniform. There was nothing ve striking about him. He was not posing, smiling, merely young.

"What did he do?" I asked.

"Do?" she said. "He did nothing. He w simply here for a few months, with ma others. He was in trouble one day. There w to be an inspection, and he had stained h uniform messing with some dye. He came me and asked, in his sign language with a fe words mixed in, if I could clean it, so that would not be punished. Monsieur Jean, thought of my own two boys, André who w a prisoner and Albert who was killed, a there was this boy of the same age standi there asking me to clean the stain on h jacket. Of course I cleaned it for him. And came back afterward and thanked me a gave me this snapshot. It made no differen to me whether he was German or Japanese had fallen from the moon. He was no dou killed later, like many others—they were born to die, those boys, ours as well. But cause I had cleaned his jacket, the mayor St. Gilles and many others did not speak me, no, not for two years. So you see, wh war comes to one's own village, one's o doorstep, it isn't tragic and impersonal a longer. That is why I am not a great patri Monsieur Jean, and why I do not care to c cuss the occupation in St. Gilles."

I gave her back the snapshot and she placed it in the cupboard. Then she turned me, her lined, weather-beaten face calm a impassive.

"So," she said, "everything is forgotten time. That's life. But if I had shown you th snapshot some years ago, Monsieur le Com I wouldn't be here today, would I? A co round the neck for old Julie, and the near tree in the forest out there."

I said nothing because I could not. I fel sudden absurd and impassioned desire to t

LIKE A TREE

In the lively poetry of the Bible, a "righteous man" is often likened to a tree. Let us see how the varied qualities of different trees are made to picture forth the nature of a man who "delights himself in goodness." In the First Psalm, for example, he is described as a tree planted by the rivers of water, bringing forth fruit in season, and maintaining his foliage unwithered. Isaiah, speaking of those blessed by the spirit of God, said that they spring up with the tenderness and grace of willows by the watercourses. The prophet Jeremiah said, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is, for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river . . . not careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." In the Fifty-second Psalm, the man who "rests in the Lord" is contrasted with one who trusts in his riches; he is portrayed as a green olive tree, fair, and of great beauty and goodly fruit. The Ninety-second Psalm depicts the good man as flourishing like the palm tree, growing like a cedar of Lebanon, and bringing forth fruit in old age. In the Bible, too, there are ancient traditions of sacred trees, under whose boughs a man could rest, breathe in prophetic insights, see visions and dream dreams. The grace of the palm, the strength of the cedar, the stability of the oak and the fruitfulness of the olive were all familiar to the people of Israel. The plumy imperial palm, symbol of victory and eternal life, enhanced the splendor of palaces and temples. The olive tree could continue bearing for twenty generations, and still surround itself with vigorous young shoots. The evergreen oaks were opulently beautiful. The cedars of Lebanon, said to have been growing since the Flood, had their timbers built into temples. No other figure of speech could express more beautifully the spirit of a good man, upright, steadfast, vital and serene; unperturbed by transient drought and storm, enduringly influential, comforting to those who reposed themselves against his strength. Such a man, like a tree, is "planted," and draws unfailing nourishment from high up and deep down, from the quickening sunlight, and the living waters always flowing about the roots of life. MARY K. BLACKMAR

er, in the name of the Jean de Gué whom she elieved me to be, of my sorrow for everyhing that had happened to her over the years, or bitterness and poverty and suffering and oss. But it would, I knew, have startled and mbarrassed her, and instead I put my hand n her shoulder and gave her a pat. Then we ent out together and she opened the door for e and stood smiling, her arms crossed under er shawl.

I waved to her and drove away. I had learned ree things from my morning. First, that rough my telephone conversation to Carlet I had committed the glass foundry to a ourse which could only bring about its ruin; econdly, that the last, well-loved master of e foundry had been butchered on his own oorstep and his body flung down the well; nd thirdly, that the people of St. Gilles, like veryone else in the world, had seized defeat s an excuse to turn upon their friends.

Before I reached the village I stopped and rought out the contract. Then, reaching in y pocket for Jean de Gué's wallet, I took om it his driving license and opened it. The gnature was a typically flowing French one; had seen it, or its like, on hundreds of French ocuments in my travels and studies. A dozen ttempts at copying it were enough to give me nfidence. When I took up the contract and rote his name at the bottom of the page, De ué himself would have hesitated to denounce as a forgery. Then I drove down the hill to e village and through the gateway to the hâteau, stopping only to post the contract.

The front door stood wide open, and there as commotion in the hall. Gaston, with eeves rolled up, was edging a heavy sideoard through to the dining room, assisted by e man in overalls from the garage, Germaine nd the stalwart daughter of the woman who ashed the linen. As soon as Gaston saw me, nd while I was wondering how I could find ut what this furniture moving signified, he isped a message over his shoulder.

"Monsieur Paul has been looking for you l the morning, Monsieur le Comte," he said. He says you have given no orders yet to obert. Germaine, go through to the kitchen nd see if Robert is still there."

Germaine disappeared to the back regions. a moment the *femme de chambre* appeared ain, followed by a small, thick-set man with izzled hair, dressed in breeches and leggings. Here is Robert, Monsieur le Comte," she id.

"Good morning, Robert." I held out my nd to him. He shook it, smiling. "Well," I ked, "what is it you want to know?"

He looked up at me, puzzled. "It's for toorrow, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "I ought you would have sent for me yesterday discuss arrangements, but Gaston told me u were out all day and then, Madame la omtesse being unwell, I did not like to disrb you last night."

I stared down at him. We were alone. ermaine and the others had retired to the chen.

"Tomorrow," I repeated, "yes, of course. uite a number of people seem to be coming. ere you by any chance wondering what we re going to eat?"

e flinched as though the joke had gone too long. "Why, Monsieur le Comte," he d, "you know perfectly well it is nothing to with me what you eat. What I must know your program for the day. Monsieur Paul ys you have not discussed it with him."

"You don't think," I began cautiously, hat for once we might leave the arrangeents to Monsieur Paul?"

The man stared at me, astounded. "Why, onsieur le Comte," he exclaimed, "you have ver done such a thing in your life. Ever since onsieur le Comte your father died, it is you o have organized the Sunday of the *grande asse*."

This time it must have been I who looked, d certainly felt, as if he had made a joke in or taste. The *grande chasse*—idiot that I s. Tomorrow, Sunday, must be the big anual shoot in the district, centering in the *domaine* of St. Gilles, planned and organized by e seigneur, Jean de Gué.

"Listen, Robert," I said, "I've had a lot on mind since I came back from Paris, and frankly, I've not yet worked out tomorrow's program. I'll see you later."

He looked baffled, frustrated. "As you say, Monsieur le Comte, but there is much to be done. Will you see me at two o'clock?"

"At two o'clock," I said, and to be rid of him I went through to the lobby as though to telephone, and waited until I heard him pass through the service door. Then I crossed the hall and went out to the terrace and down to the shelter of the cedar tree that had been my refuge the first night. Two o'clock or midnight could make no difference; I should have no program and no plan. Lecturing on French history had not equipped me for *la chasse:* I did not shoot.

I walked swiftly across the moat to the path beneath the chestnuts, and so to one of the long rides and into the woods. It did not matter to me where I went; all I knew was that I had to put myself out of the range of call and somehow decide upon a course of action.

I wondered if I could make Françoise the excuse, but it was too much out of character. However sick his wife might be, it would not matter to Jean de Gué. I could, of course, take the car and disappear, make this my exit from the masquerade. Nothing prevented me from doing so, at any hour of the day or night. Now, perhaps, was the moment.

I crossed and recrossed the rides, now deep in the dark woods, then suddenly emerging to the light. I was filled increasingly with self-disgust. The sense of power and confidence had seeped away, and my likeness to Jean de Gué was nothing but a clown's covering. I had been very sure of myself driving away yesterday from Villars, with a picture in my mind of Béla feeding her birds on the balcony. I had been confident again this morning, coming from the foundry with the contract in my pocket. Now I was deflated, the bubble of conceit exploded, lost in the air.

As if it were a symbol mocking me, Jean de Gué's watch, which I wore on my left wrist, suddenly fell to the ground, smashing the glass. I bent and picked it up. The strap had given—I should have noticed it was worn. Irritated by this new mishap, I walked slowly on, the watch in my hand, and I saw that the naked hands now stood at half past twelve. It was almost time for the midday meal, for sitting at the head of the table in the dining room, for giving my orders for the shoot.

I came to the dovecot, and was protected now by its rounded walls, unseen from the château windows. Marie-Noël must have been playing here earlier, for her cardigan lay forgotten on the swing. I stood by the bonfire, stirring it with my foot, till the bitter, pungent smoke rose up and stung my eyes, and suddenly I was reminded of the well in front of the master's house in the *verrerie*. There were nettles here, too, and tangled grass, and Marie-Noël's swing looked as old and neglected as the well before the house. The rope had come unhitched again and lay thrown down, useless as the links of the chain; and as I looked at it I saw, in my mind's eye, the well chain wrapped about a man's limp body, binding it, and the body thrust down the deep black hole of the well to water.

Another puff of smoke came from the bonfire, blown by a gust of wind, and, as suddenly as the image of the dead man's body had come to me, I knew what I was going to do. I waited for the smoke to drift, then tossed the watch into the fire. I saw it fall against a heap of glowing embers. Then I knelt down and thrust my hand against them until I had the watch. I cried out with the searing agony of pain, and collapsed sideways onto the grass, clutching my hand, seizing leaves, grass, anything to cover the scorched flesh, while the broken watch lay forgotten beside me.

I lay a moment, waiting for the faintness to pass, and the retching that I could not prevent, and then, because of the intensity of the pain, I got to my feet and began to run toward the château. I had only one thought—to stop the pain. I remember stumbling across the threshold and falling onto the sofa. Then the darkness that I had sought was with me and about me, but the pain continued.

I heard Renée call for Paul, and Paul for Gaston, and I was surrounded by questioning,

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anxious faces, trying to uncover the hand that I still held against me, shielded by my coat. But I could only rock backward and forward, shaking my head, unable to tell them to go away, to leave me alone, because there was only one thing with me, which was pain.

Gaston said, "We must find Mademoiselle Blanche," and Renée ran out of the room screaming for Blanche. I heard Paul say he was telephoning for the doctor, and I thought dimly, through the pain, that if only I could faint the pain would stop. Gaston was kneeling beside me, and he asked, "Have you cut yourself, Monsieur le Comte?" and I said, "No, burned myself," turning away from him.

Then Blanche was there, kneeling where Gaston had knelt. She put out her hand to take mine, but I exclaimed, "No, it hurts too much." She said, "Hold him down," to Paul and Gaston, and they seized me by the shoulders and pinned me against the cushions. Blanche reached for my hand and covered it with something cool and cleansing that splayed all over the seared back of my burned hand. Then she put a bandage over it, and fastened it loosely. Slowly, very slowly the agony began to be something that could be borne.

"Is that better?" asked Paul, and I waited a moment and then said, "Yes, I think so." I saw that Marie-Noël had joined the circle and was staring down at me, her eyes enormous in her small white face.

"Whatever did you do? What happened?" asked Renée.

"My watch fell off my wrist into the bonfire," I said. "The bonfire out there by the dovecot. I bent to pick it up and burned myself. My own fault entirely. An idiotic, senseless thing to do."

"You must be completely crazy," said Paul. "You could have fished the watch out with a stick, any piece of wood by the bonfire."

"It never occurred to me."

"You must have been very close to the bonfire for it to have fallen off your wrist into the middle of it," said Renée.

"I was. The smoke got in my eyes. I couldn't see properly—that was part of the trouble."

"I've telephoned for Lebrun," said Paul. "He's coming out right away. The first thing he said was did Françoise know? I said no. He warned me she shouldn't be told. Just the kind of thing to upset her."

"I shall be all right," I said. "It's not hurting now. Blanche has worked wonders." I looked round for Blanche, but she had disappeared.

"One thing's evident," said Paul. "You'll be in no shape to shoot tomorrow."

"That's the first thing I thought of," I said.

They stared at me in sympathy. Gaston made a little clicking sound of vexation. "And it's not even his gold one. The gold one is still in Le Mans, being repaired. Monsieur le Comte has been wearing his old steel watch, the one Monsieur Duval gave him on his twenty-first birthday."

"That's why I didn't want to lose it," I said.

There was an odd silence. Paul offered me a cigarette.

Marie-Noël hadn't said a word all the time. I was sorry if I had frightened her. "Don't look so solemn," I smiled. "I'm all right now."

"Here's your watch," she said. She had been holding her hands behind her back. Now she advanced and held out the watch, blackened by the fire.

"Where did you find it?" asked Renée.

"In the ashes," she said.

I held out my left hand for the watch and put it in my pocket. "Now let's forget it," I said. "Why don't you start lunch? Clear out and leave me. I don't want any lunch. I'll see Lebrun in here when he comes."

I was now tired, and sick inside. My hand hurt in a different way. Not so much physically but in my mind, which was vividly aware of the raw tender flesh. I closed my eyes again, and they all went away.

Some time later there was a bell, and in a minute or two the elderly, bearded face of Doctor Lebrun was looking at me, pince-nez on the bridge of a large nose, side by side with the impassive Blanche.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" he asked. "They tell me you've been playing the fool with a bonfire."

Resigned to it now, and bored, I went over the story again, and to justify myself I pulled the blackened watch out of my pocket.

"Well," he said, "we all do foolish things now and again. Let's have a look at the damage. Mademoiselle Blanche, unwrap this for me."

Blanche, cool and calm, took my hand again between hers. The doctor anointed it with some ointment he had brought and did it up again, and to my intense relief they had neither of them hurt me. The pain was with me, but no longer active.

"There," said the doctor, "now you'll be more comfortable. It's not too serious, I assure you, and in a few days you won't be able to see where you hurt it. These dressings to be renewed night and morning, Mademoiselle Blanche, and I think we shall have no trouble. What concerns me most is that you won't be able to shoot tomorrow."

"Don't worry," I said. "You'll do quite as well without me."

"I'm afraid not." He smiled. "You're like the mainspring of the watch there," he said. "If that's out of action, the rest of the works collapse."

I saw Blanche looking at the watch, and from the watch to me. Our eyes met, and there was something questing, searching in her expression. Then she turned to the doctor and asked him to come with her to the dining room and have something to eat. He thanked her, saying he would follow her in a moment.

She left us alone and he began to talk about Françoise, repeating what he had told me on the telephone. Gaston appeared with a tray of food, but I waved him away.

"This evening you will feel like eating. Not now," said the doctor, and he gave me some tablets with instructions about one every two hours, and two if my hand pained me, and then went off to join the others.

When the family had finished lunch they came flocking back into the room to inquire after me, and I put the second part of my plan into action. "Paul," I said, "you can arrange everything for tomorrow with Robert. Now I'm out of it I prefer to be quit altogether."

"Oh, nonsense," exclaimed Paul. "You'll be feeling more like it in an hour or so. If Robert and I run it you'll only criticize us and say we've wrecked it."

"I won't," I said. "You go ahead. If I can't shoot, I'm not interested."

I got up from the sofa, telling them that I wanted to rest alone in the library, and I could tell by their faces that they believed my decision came from bitter disappointment, and also because I was still in pain.

As I went into the library, I realized that my penance worked both ways. I was spared the preparations for the shoot, only to doom myself to inactivity within, and after "resting" should be at the mercy of the inquiries that I wanted to avoid. To make the hours pass I pushed a chair over by the desk and, struggling one-handed with the drawer, pulled out the photograph album once again. This time I had no interruption. I could take my time. After looking again through the earlier snapshots I passed on to the adult pictures. I noticed things that had escaped me in my previous hurried glimpse. Maurice Duval appeared quite early in the groups at the *verrerie*. He was standing in a back row, a youngish man in a group that had the date 1925 beside it, then, rather like house groups at school, he advanced year by year to a more prominent position, until, toward the end of the album he was promoted to a chair beside the Comte de Gué himself. I liked his face. It was strong, wise, trustworthy, a face that surely would command affection and respect.

I closed the album and pushed it back into the drawer. Perhaps there were others, but with one hand useless I could not rummage for them. I still had the new contract in my pocket—I wondered what Maurice Duval would have thought of it. . . . I must have slept in the chair, because suddenly it was six o'clock, and it was not Paul or Renée or the child who had come to disturb me, but the curé. He had switched on the light beside the desk and was peering down at me.

"There now, I've woken you. I didn't intend to do that," he said. "I just wanted to make sure you were not in pain."

I told him all was well and the sleep had done me good.

"Madame Jean has also slept," he said. "And your mother too. I took it upon myself

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AT LEADING VARIETY, DEP'T. and BABY STORES

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By MUNRO LEAF

As far as we can make out, this babyish creature has never found out that there is any way to get something other than by *pushing* others. It pushes and shoves anybody for anything and has made itself so unpleasant nobody in his right mind wants to play with it or even go near it. What a piggish, prickly Painful Pushy!

WERE YOU A PAINFUL PUSHY THIS MONTH?

explain about your little accident, making
ht of it. You don't mind my having done
at?"
"On the contrary, I'm very grateful."
"Good. They are neither of them anxious,
ly sorry that you won't be about to shoot
morrow."
"That's nothing. I'm perfectly resigned to
"You are being brave. I know what it must
an to you. I think we might both give
anks that you were not more seriously
rned by the fire."
He knelt down, folded his hands, bent his
ad and began to pray, his head nodding all
while, and thanked God for preserving me
m harm, and added finally that because I
ed the shoot so much and to miss it was
h a deprivation, would God in His good-
s send His grace to me as consolation, so
t I would not consider the accident as a
er disappointment but as a blessing?
got up from my chair and accompanied
to the hall, and watched him disappear
oss the terrace and down the steps to the
ve. It was beginning to spit with rain, and
went off under an immense umbrella, like
ent gnome under a mushroom.
had played the coward long enough; I
ld at least show the others that I was not
ain. I found Françoise sitting up in bed,
ding The Little Flower to Marie-Noël. The
é had done his mission well. She was sym-
hetic but not concerned, and kept lament-
over and over again how disappointed I
st be that I could not shoot.
Marie-Noël was oddly quiet and subdued.
did not join in the conversation, but when
mother began to talk she took the book
sat in a corner, reading to herself.
went downstairs for dinner, Charlotte
ing sent word that Madame la Comtesse
gone to bed early and was not to be dis-
ed—for which I was thankful.
aul and Renée were both full of the ar-
gements for the shoot, the time the guests
e to arrive, the names of some of them, the
s for lunch at a farmhouse if it was wet.
l obviously enjoyed his part of organizer,
Renée, with Françoise out of the way,
herself suddenly acting hostess. She said
ething about receiving the guests on the
ace, wet or fine; she kept asking Paul if he
remembered this or forgotten that. There
something touching about their enthusi-
and their keenness, like understudies cast
moment's notice into leading roles.
lanche, after her swift ministration at mid-
had relapsed once more into silence.
showed little interest in the arrangements
he following day, merely reminding us, as
rose from the table, that whether or not
guests met on the terrace at half past ten,
s was at nine as usual.
wondered whether she had forgotten
Doctor Lebrun had asked her to dress
hand, and the same thought must have
k Renée, for as we passed into the
she said, "If you want to go up early,
che, I can do Jean's hand. Where are
ressings?"
'm going to do it now," Blanche replied
in a moment she was back with the dress-
that the doctor had given her. She put out
and to take mine, still without a word to

hen she had finished, she said good night
e others but not to me, and Renée, set-
herself on the sofa, remarked, "Isn't
ie-Noël coming down for her game of
inoes?"
Not tonight," said Blanche. "I'm going to
to her upstairs."
e left the room, and after a moment Renée
"How unusual for the child to miss her
inoes."
he was upset about Jean," said Paul,
ng up one newspaper and throwing me
ther. "I noticed it at the time. You'd bet-
watch out, or she'll start seeing visions
n."
e evening wore on, the newspapers our
action. I was worried about the child, and
If past nine I said good night to Paul and
e and went upstairs. I made straight for
ttle room in the turret, and opened the
. The room was in darkness, so I fumbled
for the switch and turned it on. The child was kneeling at her *prie-dieu*, clutching a rosary.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'll come back when you've finished."

She turned blank eyes toward me, holding up her hand for silence, and I stood there waiting, uncertain what I was meant to do. But in a moment or two she crossed herself and laid her rosary at the feet of the Madonna, then stood up and climbed into bed.

"I was doing my stations of the cross," she said. "It puts me in the right state for Mass tomorrow. Aunt Blanche always says it helps to do the stations if one is thinking about something else."

"What were you thinking about?" I asked.

"This morning I was thinking about the shoot and what fun it would be," she said, "which I'm sure was a sin in itself. The rest of the day I've been thinking about you."

Her eyes were more puzzled than concerned. I was relieved. "You needn't worry about me," I said, tucking her up with one hand. "My hand is much better tonight and Doctor Lebrun told me it would be quite all right in a few days. It was a silly thing to happen, the watch falling off—I ought to have remembered that the strap was loose."

"But it didn't fall off," she said.

"What do you mean?"

She stared up at me, turning red, and began picking at the bedclothes in embarrassment. "I was in the dovecot," she said. "I had climbed up to the top, and was looking through that little gap beside the hole where the pigeons go in and out. I saw you come, swinging the watch in your hand. I was going to call out to you, but you looked so serious I didn't like to. Then you stood a few minutes by the bonfire, and suddenly you threw the watch right in the middle of it. There was no smoke getting in your eyes or anything. You did it on purpose. Why?"

(To be Continued)



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WORKING WITH CHURCHILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

flows out in sympathy to the lonely man. But if he takes his own woman protector with him, the natural instinct of the other women is overlaid by something competitive or critical, and they regard him as fair game to do what they like with." Members have therefore a choice of risks and remedies.

It was in 1921 that I was given my first ministerial appointment as Under-Secretary in the Colonial Office, Winston Churchill being Secretary of State. I saw it in the paper on April 1, 1921, before receiving any intimation from the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, and spent the next twenty-four or forty-eight hours in wondering whether it was genuine.

After this period of suspense, I approached the office not without trepidation, explaining to the uniformed doorkeeper who I was. The Secretary of State was away at the Cairo conference, trying to bring order into the sum of our new responsibilities in the Middle East, especially Iraq and Palestine, of which under the first League of Nations plan we were given the mandates. Rumor had it that he was feeling a double sense of annoyance, both at not having been given the Exchequer, which rather surprisingly went to Sir Robert Horne, and at being given myself as Under-Secretary when he would have liked somebody else. I did not know him at that time and felt slightly apprehensive of how closer acquaintance might work.

For some weeks it did not work at all, as in spite of constant efforts on my part he steadily refused to see me, and Eddie Marsh, who was his private secretary and anxious to make everything run smoothly, found increasing difficulty day after day in finding a plausible excuse. At last I managed somehow to force an entry into the presence. This being achieved, I got something off my chest to the effect that I had no more wanted to be Under-Secretary to him than he possibly had wanted me to be appointed. But as I was there I thought I had a right to be treated with reasonable consideration; or perhaps I may have said, like a gentleman.

From that day on, no one could have been kinder than Churchill was to me. He constantly sent for me to his room in the afternoon to have a glass of vermouth, and would talk about what was happening in politics, make entrancing comments on his colleagues, or ask my opinion on some speech that he was going to make, and I look back to the months with him at the Colonial Office as having seen the start of a much-valued friendship.

I have always remembered two or three very sound bits of advice that he gave me. "Do you speak from notes?" he asked me one day when I was due to introduce the Colonial Office estimates. I said I did. "That's quite all right. But never try to pretend to your audience that you're not using them. If you do that, you get them into a sort of competitive game of hide-and-seek with you, in which you're bound to lose. But if you are perfectly open about it, you can keep them waiting as long as you like while you find your place in your notes and put on your glasses to read them, and they won't mind at all."

It was a very shrewd comment on human nature; as was his prescription against worrying: "When you feel vaguely oppressed by you don't quite know what, a good plan is to write down all the things that you can think of as possible annoyances. Once they are down on paper, you can deal with them. 'This one doesn't mature for six months; I know the answer to this.' . . . '*This* is the only real difficulty that is crying for an answer.' Then you deal with it. For you make it all manageable the moment you break it up into precise and concrete issues. The only thing that the human mind can't stand up against is mystery." Very sound and to be recommended!

The other bit of advice was also one for which I had good cause later to be grateful. West Indian matters were a little troublesome in 1921, partly owing to economic difficulties over sugar prices, and partly owing to the perennial demand from one or other of the colonies for constitutional advance. Churchill accordingly decided to send me round the islands and to Trinidad, to listen and report. Before I left, he asked me whether I had ever inspected a guard of honor. I had not—and he thereupon said, "There is only one thing that's important to remember. Look every man straight in the face as you pass him. The sergeant major has had them all standing on parade in a hot sun in time for at least two regimental officers to see them one after another before you come on the scene, and if you go by talking to whoever is with you and looking the other way, it's pretty flat for the men." I was often to profit by this advice later when I went to India.

It was after a Cabinet in early October, 1925, that Birkenhead, then Secretary of State for India, made the suggestion to me that I should succeed Lord Reading as viceroy when he retired in April, 1926. I was not aware at the time of what Mr. Harold Nicolson has stated in his Life of King George V, that it was the king who was responsible for putting the idea forward. Had I known that, I should perhaps have felt some hesitation in making my answer to Birkenhead's proposal, as I did, one of qualified refusal.

I told him that though naturally very sensible of the honor of having my name put forward for such a post, I felt that personal and family reasons were strong enough to justify me in asking him not to press it. My father was eighty-six, and it was scarcely to be expected that he would live till I had finished my five-year term; my three sons had either just gone or were just going to school, and I should be practically cutting myself off from them during five formative years. I did, however, add that should a situation arise in which, other possibilities having been explored and found impossible, he told me that it was my plain duty to set these private reasons aside, I should of course feel bound to reconsider the whole question.

After this we had one or two talks in which Birkenhead pressed the case for my acceptance. In the light of these I went up to Yorkshire to discuss the proposal with my father, which we did in all its aspects. It happened to be the morning of SS. Simon and Jude that I was with him, and we went together to church, thinking much about what the answer ought to be. When we came out, my father said, "I think you ought to go." I felt the same, and accordingly communicated in that sense with Birkenhead.

Formal farewell of the outgoing viceroy having been taken, I was duly sworn in. Dorothy attended this ceremony in the Convocation Hall, and thought it was exactly like being married again (the hall looking much like a church), the only difference being that she had to wait for me, instead of me waiting for her. And after many oaths had been taken and solemn papers signed, we left the building with something of the same feeling of constraint as after a wedding, wondering whether we ought to bow and smile to friends as we went down the "aisle" or not.

The journey to Delhi gave us our first experience of the viceregal train, which was most impressive, all painted white, with the viceroy's coat of arms on every coach, and with luxurious accommodation in the way of saloons, sleeping cabins and bathrooms. The train stopped for meals and baths, hot water being provided for these from big boilers at local stations. The line was guarded by men found from the different villages on the route, and at night everyone held a flaming torch, which looked garish and picturesque. The only drawback was dust, which seemed to defeat every effort to keep it out.

By this time it was warming up and we stopped only a day or two at Viceregal Lodge in Old Delhi, in the middle of its tented camp for staff and guests, before moving on to Dehra Dun en route to Simla. Each of these places was to play the part of home for us at varying times during the next five years.

At both Delhi and Simla, Dorothy and I always made a practice of breakfasting together and alone, which was often the only chance of picking up family threads, and seeing our youngest son, Richard, aged six or seven. While we were at Simla, he was to begin going to some little school there, which for some reason he was most reluctant to do. Every day he would announce to us with great solemnity and determination, "I am not going to the school."

We made no reply; and finally the day arrived when he actually was to go for the first time. The servant came in to say that the baba sahib's ricksha was at the door. I repeated this information to Richard and told him he had better not keep the men waiting. Then ensued a pause in dead silence, during which we looked at each other, while each weighed the odds and chances of battle. But finally, with no word said, Richard went and the bloodless skirmish was over.

Presently the time came when he was to return to England to begin regular school, and like all parents we were feeling a little sad at the passing of a stage of family life to which there is no return. One Sunday morning as we were driving to church in Old Delhi, I said something of this sort to Richard, suggesting that he, too, perhaps would be a little sorry to be going away. I ought to have known better and richly deserved the gentle answer that came back:

"Oh yes, I shall; but there *are* the white mice at Garrowby."

Distances in India are large; and if a viceroy was to hope to see what he ought during his five-year term, it meant much traveling. Sometimes it was like stepping onto a new planet, so complete was the transition in scene and outlook. A visit, for example, to Burma, such as we paid in 1928 to be the guests of Sir Charles and Lady Innes, introduced you the moment you set foot on Burmese soil to atmosphere lighthearted, fresh, colorful a gay, among the favored dwellers in a fer and well-watered land. In Mandalay you mig fancy that King Theebaw was only just rou the corner; and whatever might be the obs cles of geography the visitor felt that, if only went a little farther, he would soon fi himself in China.

In addition to all that there was to see a do in British India and Burma, it was not l the viceroy's duty, as it was always his desi to visit the Indian states. These visits were, far as might be, taken in an order correspor ing to their importance, and on the first visit any state conducted with a scrupulous rega for ceremonial and etiquette. The ruler, companied by members of his staff, paid a f mal call upon the viceroy, being received him at the precise spot consecrated by custo the actual point of meeting being measu and marked on the official carpet and reg lated according to the political stature of prince. The viceroy showed the prince to of two chairs, set formally and looking do the room between rows of other chairs either side, in which, facing each other, viceroy's staff and the ruler's staff respectiv took their places. A few minutes of rat stilted conversation followed between vice and prince, everybody else preserving dignif silence, after which attendants came in w many demonstrations of reverence, bring *itr* and *pan* and garlands, the traditional E ern symbols of respect and good will. T ritual concluded—and with minor local va tions it was always substantially the sam the visit terminated, the viceroy escorting prince out in the same way that he had him on arrival.

The return visit, when the prince recei the viceroy, was the exact duplicate of w had just taken place, with the roles of gu and host reversed. The whole proceedi rigid, artificial, and totally divorced as it from any semblance of vitality, was none less a curious example of how powerful in East can be the survival capacity that any dition draws through years of punctual unbroken observance.

It was on one of these southern tours we went to the new harbor on the Ma coast at Vizagapatam, where Congress sym thy was supposed to be strong. Our recept however, was friendly and I chuckled to s large streamer hung across the street bea the inscription "Long live the Viceroy with, on the reverse side, "God help L Irwin." [At that time, before his father's de Lord Halifax had been raised to the pee as Baron Irwin.]

Shortly after my Declaration of Octobe 1929, we had gone off on tour to the sou being arranged that we should move into Delhi on our return. A few miles outside station where we were to leave the train line ran along a high embankment, and at point a terrorist party had placed a bomb, the idea of touching it off from a distan the engine went over it, derailing the en down the embankment, the train being dra after it. But unluckily for the plan, the m ing was misty, the man responsible for se the bomb off misjudged either the exact or the pace of the train, with the result tha engine was over the piece of line to be bl out before the bomb exploded. The coaches negotiated the four-foot gap in o the rails without difficulty, and therefor yond a few of the servants' being cu broken glass, no harm was done.

New Delhi was a remarkable concep and buildings, layout of tanks and fount the broad sweep of Kingsway, and the Ir War Memorial, were fully worthy. The roy's House, with its grandeur and simp of detail, was always to my mind the mos isfying creation of all. The great enterta rooms were good, though they would been better if it had not been necessar ground of cost to cut down the size

AN EARLIER THRALLDOM

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

I have learned, as days fall
One upon one, as seasons swing,
To mourn dead fealty not at all,
To accept what pleasures freedom may bring,
To welcome possession of self again
(These hands are mine, not his, not his!),
To forget the bitter-broken chain—
But the blood has subtler loyalties.

That such instinctive anger burst
Though you but gently caught my wrist
Was not my wish. But he, first,
Captured the hand, captured and kissed,
And the pulse remembers, will not deny
An earlier thralldom, will not be free.
It was my blood that raged, not I,
Against a lesser captivity.

win Lutyens' original designs. The large rbar Hall, with its crimson hangings, the lroom decorated with black looking glass the walls; the great open loggias, overlook- the garden; the state dining room, with its g tables to seat a hundred and twenty, a ze of color with the scarlet and gold of the res of khidmatgars, the portraits of vice- s, and the gold plate presented by the Gold- iths' Company set out at the end of the om against a rich red velvet; and everything by lovely glass chandeliers: the general ef- t of all this could not have been better.

In spite of its size, it was essentially a livable use; admiration and affection for it steadily ew together, and every day that we lived re we came to love it the more. There could ve been no better setting for it than the ogul garden, with the combination of its iental design of water and lawns and formal es with the riot of color from the best of estern flowers. Only when we returned to dia many years later were we able to appre- te the full glory of the creepers and the es, but even in its first beginnings it was a radise of which the enjoyment never waned. It was no ordinary moment when we actu- y moved in, after years of watching every- ng grow, and after the months of hard work t Dorothy and Alexandra Worsley had put o the furnishing and decoration of the house h Sir Edwin Lutyens and the chief engineer, Alexander Rouse. For the ceremonial open- a year later an elaborate program was nned, and great numbers of people gath- d, and we had a houseful of guests: repre- tatives from the dominions; Lord Hardinge, o had been responsible for the first plan- g; and of course the two architects, Sir win Lutyens and Sir Herbert Baker. Less n twenty years later the last British viceroy l left India.

et me come back to our first arrival in New lhi in 1929. While we had been away ar- gements had been going forward for a eting with the principal political leaders, l on the afternoon of the day that we got k they came to the Viceroy's House to dis- s my Declaration of October 31, 1929. Mr. ndhi and Pandit Motilal Nehru were there behalf of Congress; Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru; . Jinnah; and Mr. Patel, the president of the embly.

had a slight hope that the bomb incident t morning might have made them more table, but this hope was not realized and it very soon evident that the situation had led and hardened under the impact of the riendly debates in Parliament. Mr. Gandhi most of the talking on the text that unless British Government were willing to name early and precise date for the implementing he dominion-status assurance, the Work- Committee of the Congress at Lahore, to ch he and Motilal Nehru were then on their ', would almost certainly be obliged to de- e in favor of independence and back up r words by an active campaign of civil dis- dience. As they no doubt anticipated, I was ble to give them the kind of undertaking wanted, and they accordingly went off to ore to put their threats into execution.

o not recall any outstanding feature or t in this phase of the civil-disobedience ggle that has not been adequately treated he official records. It lasted for nearly a and was finally closed by the conversa- s that I had with Mr. Gandhi in February, 1, culminating in our agreement of March th. Apart from the conclusions reached, ch received full publicity at the time, these versations gave me an opportunity such as uld never otherwise have had, and for ch I shall always be thankful, of knowing Gandhi.

nce the tragedy of his assassination so h has been spoken and written of the qual- in him which seemed to the particular erver to be pre-eminent, that every country he world has become to a great extent fa- ar with this most remarkable human fig-

s with all great men, different aspects d out for different people. That which gave his exceptional position in India was ething different from that which won for the admiration of friends in Western countries, which is another way of saying that the man himself was larger than any of the attempts made to paint his portrait. There was a directness about him which was singularly winning, but this could be accompanied by a subtlety of intellectual process which could sometimes be disconcerting. To appreciate what was passing in his mind it was necessary, if not to start from the same point, at least to understand very clearly what was the starting point for him, and this was nearly always very human and very simple.

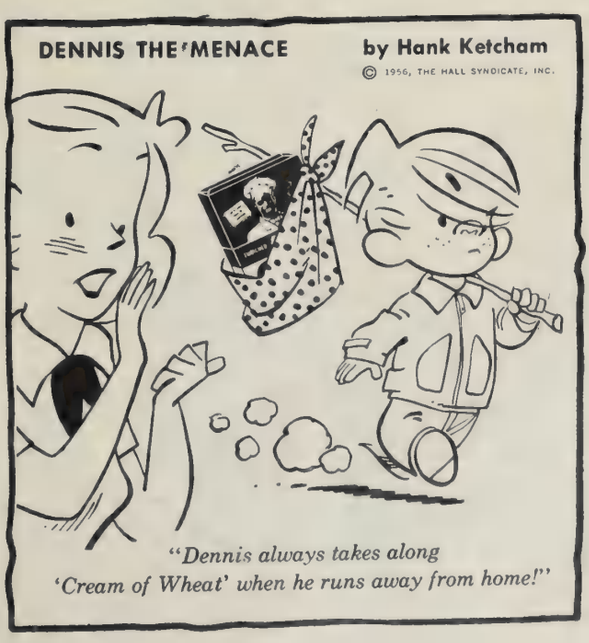
I remember when I first went to India talking about him to C. F. Andrews, who, I imagine, was closer to him than any other European. He said, as indeed was clear when it came to the Round Table Conference, that Mr. Gandhi cared little for constitutions and constitutional forms. What he was concerned with was the human problem of how the Indian poor lived. Constitutional reform was important and necessary for the development of India's personality and self-respect; but what really mattered were the things that affected the daily lives of the millions of his fellow countrymen: salt, opium, cottage industries and the like.

I have no doubt this was true, and though it was easy to smile at the devotion of Mr. Gandhi to the spinning wheel, while Congress was largely dependent for its funds upon the generosity of wealthy Indian mill owners, the wheel nonetheless stood for something fundamental in his philosophy of life. He was the natural knight-errant, fighting always the battle of the weak against suffering and what he judged injustice.

As I look back upon the talks that I had with him in Delhi in the spring of 1931, two or three things in our conversations stand out in my recollection. They have always seemed to me a better interpretation of his mind and method than anything else, as showing the way that idealist and realist could meet. About the second day of our meeting, I asked him



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GUARD YOUR FAMILY WITH HOT "CREAM OF WHEAT"

whether it would be agreeable to him if I asked Mr. Emerson, the Secretary in the Home Department, to sit in with us. I pointed out that he would know the answers to a good many of the detailed queries that Mr. Gandhi might be raising and that we should therefore get on more quickly than if I took notes and could get the answers for him only at a later meeting.

He quickly concurred, saying, "I shall be glad to meet Mr. Emerson. He must be a very cruel man to the poor people." This was because Emerson's signature as Home Secretary appeared on the various ordinances that I as governor general had been obliged to issue in connection with the campaign of civil disobedience. So Emerson duly sat in, and the contrast between the broad-shouldered, robust Briton and the small, fragile Mr. Gandhi was sharp.

Soon, however, confidence was established, and after Mr. Gandhi and I had been arguing about the working of some agreement we had reached, he would say, "I think we might leave this to Mr. Emerson. He is a very fair man." The Indian Civil Service can seldom have received a more signal or unexpected testimonial.

On another occasion he was demanding, as part of the arrangement to be made on the cessation of civil disobedience, an inquiry into the actions of the police over the last twelve months. I resisted this on various grounds, pointing out to him among other arguments that I had no doubt the police, like everybody else, had made mistakes, and I was very sorry about it, but that it was quite futile to attempt twelve months later to get accurate information of what might have passed in some local brawl or minor riot. Everybody would produce evidence in support of what he was setting out to prove; there would be no conceivable means of testing its accuracy; and all that we should achieve would be to exacerbate tempers on both sides.

This did not satisfy him at all, and we argued the point for two or three days. Finally I said that I would tell him the main reason why I could not give him what he wanted. I had no guaranty that he might not start civil disobedience again, and if and when he did, I wanted the police to have their tails up and not down. Whereupon his face lit up and he said, "Ah, now Your Excellency treats me the way General Smuts treated me in South Africa. You do not deny that I have an equitable claim, but you advance unanswerable reasons from the point of view of government why you cannot meet it. I drop the demand."

I may add one other recollection to the record of some dramatic days. A few hours after we had reached our agreement, he came back, rather depressed, saying that Jawaharlal Nehru was unhappy about it, and thought that he (Mr. Gandhi) had unwittingly sold India. I exhorted him not to let this worry him unduly, as I had no doubt that very soon I should be getting cables from England, telling me that in Churchill's opinion I had sold Great Britain. Such double criticism would suggest that what we had done was about right.

This cheered him, and so in fact it happened. The critics indeed were lonely voices, and both in India and Great Britain judgment was almost unanimous in the other sense. Dimly, inarticulately, unconsciously, the instinct of the British people was as usual guiding them wisely. Though they might not have been able to put it into words, they realized that the choice lay between power, which had served us well from the days of Clive, and influence, which, if we could use it aright in the changing conditions of the twentieth century, would serve us better. And they knew that, of the two, influence was the more securely founded and the more enduring.

After completing my time in India, it was good to get back to Yorkshire and to the opportunity of seeing friends. One of the most interesting happenings of that summer of 1932 was a celebration in Newcastle to commemorate the centenary of the passage of the Reform Bill and to do honor to the name of its principal sponsor, Lord Grey. The organizers of these doings kindly invited members of Lord Grey's family to take part, and in this fashion my father found himself once again at his beloved Howick.

We all went into Newcastle for dinner with the lord mayor before the meeting at which, among others, my father was to make a speech. This he did to a crowded hall with great success, telling about the politics of his childhood and of his memories of his grandfather, Lord Grey, at Howick with his dog, Pincher.

The following day we spent in satisfying idleness, sitting about at Dunstanborough Castle on the coast and looking at the long belt of gorse and rough cover which I believed to be the setting for Alan Northumberland's first-rate ghost story, The Shadow on the Moor.

Such contacts in country houses as the changing habits of the day still offered were by far the best means that a society with some opportunity for leisure had to offer for the making of new acquaintances or for the renewing of old ones. The inevitable disappearance under pressure of taxation and staff difficulties of the well-assorted weekend party in pleasant surroundings and with plenty of scope for easy conversation is a real impoverishment of one side of our social life. The perfect hostess was one who knew what people to bring together and, with unerring instinct, never made a mistake in entertaining too little or too much.

In such conditions the thirty-six hours out of London were a refreshment for body and soul alike. No visit fulfilled these requisites for the visitors more perfectly than those at Hatfield, where Lord and Lady Salisbury often allowed us to be their guests. I can think of nobody who can ever have been a better hostess than she was: gay, cheering everybody within reach of her with her infectious and captivating laughter, witty, wise, full of recollections of persons and things, putting everybody completely at their ease, never appearing to have a care in the world except to enjoy her guests and help them to enjoy themselves. Talk and argument among the different members of the family, from the youngest to the oldest, was unceasing and added much to the sum of general recreation. Lord Salisbury, Jem, might seem to those meeting him for the first time to be the least conspicuous of that remarkable group of Cecil brothers, of whom Lord Robert and Lord Hugh were the best known. To the outsider he might appear less dogmatic or self-assertive in conversation, but I have always understood that he had immense influence with them all, and I suppose fundamentally for the same reason that gave him his influence in public life. This was because everybody knew him to be a great Christian gentleman, in the best and largest sense of that word, and gave reverence to the example that he constantly and unconsciously set.

Cliveden was another hospitable house, where Lord and Lady Astor loved to assemble their friends. Waldorf and I had been together at Oxford, and until he succeeded his father we sat together in the House of Commons. The obligation of inheriting his father's peerage denied him, as it has denied others, the chance of making a political career in the House of Commons, and he persuaded J. H. Thomas, who was then Labour member for Derby, to bring in a bill under the ten-minutes rule, permitting him to surrender his peerage rights, so that he might continue in the Commons.

I had a good deal of sympathy with Waldorf Astor, but I also felt, as I still feel, that it was wrong for a constitutional provision of that sort to be made on an individual case, and that if anything was to be done about it, it ought to be as part of general legislation. I therefore moved the bill's rejection, which was duly carried, and Waldorf was debarred from the relief that he desired. So far as I knew, he never bore me any grudge for what I had done, which had the consequence of bringing Lady Astor into the House as the first woman member, and we remained friends as long as he lived.

We used to be asked to join a party at Cliveden from time to time, though not perhaps regularly enough to qualify for inclusion in the so-called "Cliveden Set." Who or what this legendary body was no one ever knew, and I believe that both it and its alleged corporate feeling of tenderness toward Nazi Germany were a pure invention of some journalistic brain. For, to judge only by those who were our fellow guests when we were there, the Cliveden visitors' book must have held a wonderful gallery of names. Of all political persuasions, of every profession and occupation, from Commonwealth countries, colonies and from most countries of the world: it is not easy to marshal so disconnected a collection into a "set."

Nancy Astor's mastery of the art of amusing her guests was unrivaled. There could never be a dull moment when she was within reach. Her sense of humor was untiring, and her histrionic gifts had supplied the perfect instrument by which she could both express and gratify it. Her vitality was inexhaustible; swimming, golf, tennis, talk through the daylight hours without prejudice to further talk and any other activity that might suggest itself after dinner, when night and day met. C tainly whatever else might be the reaction guests to this full ration of entertainment, th were not likely to be bored.

1934 was the year of my father's death. Eig years earlier, when he had been eighty-six, had gone over to Belgium in January twice ten days to see Cardinal Mercier before died and to attend his funeral. Since then had remained intellectually as alert as ev carried on a large daily correspondence and November, 1932, had got on a pony to see t foxhounds at Garrowby. When he died January, 1934, he was within a few months being ninety-five. For my sisters and mys his death was a very large element withdra from what had been our life.

He was buried at Hickleton, after a su Requiem in the little church, which was crowded that the only way in which we cou get people in was by taking out all the chai The church had remained his sheet anchor the end; every day he worshiped in it, a every year now on or about the anniversary his death a Requiem is sung for him there.

In those first years after we got back fro India he had encouraged me to do somethi which he had himself more than once do with great enjoyment. That was to spend week riding through some part of the count that one had not seen, staying at local inns a thinking of nothing more serious than wheth your pony was sound, or how the weather w likely to behave and how beautiful a pla England can be. Laying plans with Geoffr and Cecilia Dawson, we made expeditions gether through the Yorkshire dales and moors that divide them, reveling in the perf holiday. On one of our rides our party w augmented by Sonnie and Ivy Titchfield; a always we were accompanied by some of t young of our respective families.

It would be impossible to think of a mo perfect way of spending a few days, for anyo who loves the country and loves riding. I not think I ever enjoyed myself more. In th sort of country, particularly, you reap the ber fit of being out all day; for the lights a shadows on the large landscapes are changi constantly, and you miss none of them. Y must take pains beforehand to have the w reconnoitered, so as to avoid roads, and b speak accommodation for man and beast night; and it is often wise to secure local gui ing. But that is not at all difficult, and t actual trip more than repays any trou taken. As a method of ensuring complete r laxation and happiness, I can without any he tation recommend it.

My daughter, Anne, was already making f herself a reputation for riding well and be able to find her way efficiently across a cou try. Through her I recognized what no dou was a salutary correction of the balance of l and found myself able to boast a new title fame. I was riding along by myself whe heard this conversation proceeding behind between two members of the fox-hunti fraternity:

"Who's that in front there in hunting cap

"Oh, that's Lord Irwin, the Master of t Middleton."

"Irwin?"

"Yes; you know, was Viceroy of India last year."

"Viceroy of India? I've never heard of him

"Oh, you must know—Anne Wood's ther!"

In 1936 our eldest son married Ruth Pri rose, the daughter of Neil to whom I had on taught history at Oxford and the granddaug ter of Lord Rosebery and Lord Derby.

Almost at the same time as Charles' engag ment, Anne became engaged to Sim Fev sham, with whose father I had been at Chr Church and afterward in the House of Co mons. Both these marriages which took pla within a fortnight of each other in 1936 broug us great happiness which has grown with t years and for which we cannot be too thankf



"Aside from my earning ability, how do I strike you as a son-in-law?"

Next Month: Notes from a diary after talki to Adolf Hitler; how Winston Churchill write speech; working with Anthony Eden; Ki George VI admits target practice with a rifle the Buckingham Palace gardens.



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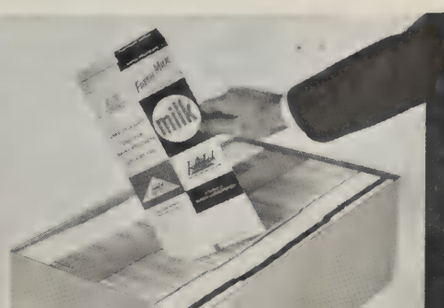
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PRUNE-COCONUT UPSIDE-DOWN CAKES

½ cup melted butter or margarine
½ cup granulated sugar
40 DEL MONTE Prunes, cooked and pitted
5 maraschino cherries, halved
¼ cup shredded coconut
½ of the batter prepared from one pkg. yellow cake mix

Divide butter into 10 6½-oz. custard cups (about 2 tsps. per cup). Sprinkle in sugar (about 2 tsps. each). Arrange 4 prunes and cherry half in bottom of each cup. Sprinkle coconut between prunes. Make cake batter from mix. Pour 2 or 3 tablespoons over fruit in each cup. (Bake rest of batter in 8-inch layer.) Bake 25 to 30 minutes in 350° oven. Cool 5 min. Invert on plate.

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Mama's Soups*

By PEGGY WOOD

NEXT TO A CRICKET ON THE HEART
THERE IS NOTHING MORE CHEERFUL TO THE EAR OF MAN
THAN THE BUBBLING OF THE SOUP KETTLE
ON THE BACK OF THE RANGE.
AND WHAT ARTFUL ECONOMIES ARE PRACTICED HER


ABBOT MILLS

Peggy Wood serves soup for Sunday-night suppers.

Nothing—fortunately for all of us—qu takes the place of homemade soups. Mo over, they are inexpensive, appetizing ways using all manner of leftovers. The natio soups of Canada, Spain, China, and of cou France, are meals in themselves; so, for t matter, are our own New Orleans gumbos New England clam chowders. Long, s cooking is needed to distill the essence fr both meat and vegetables, but it is not the k of cooking which requires supervision—tu the heat low, and let nature take its delicio course! Of soup and love, quoth Thomas Full the first is best. This is going a bit far; but was right about one thing—they are co nected. A homemade soup is an act of lo that can scarcely be improved.

Pot-au-feu, or beef stock, is the traditional Sunday dinner many French homes. The stock is eaten first with French bread toast, then the meat is cut into thin slices and served with vegetables.

When you make pot-au-feu you can have your beef stock a eat it too! After making a meal in truly French style, there will enough stock left for other soups or sauces, and perhaps enou meat for a second meal—serve it cold with horse-radish sau

* A chapter out of Peggy Wood's forthcoming cookbook.

© 1956 by Peggy Wood

POT-AU-FEU (BASIC BEEF STOCK)

Have your butcher give you 1½ pounds shinbones with marrow, cut into pieces, and 3½ pounds rump of beef or brisket in one piece. Place the bones and beef in a large kettle. Add 4½ quarts water and 1 tablespoon salt. Bring to a boil. Remove froth. Simmer for 2 hours. Add 3 carrots, halved, 3 white turnips, quartered, 1 yellow turnip, cut into pieces, 4 medium onions, each stuck with 1 clove, 3 celery stalks with leaves, a few sprigs parsley and 1 clove garlic, crushed. Season with 1 bay leaf and a pinch of thyme. Simmer for 2–2½ hours. Remove vegetables from broth. Strain through cheesecloth. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill. Skim off fat. Reheat meat and vegetables in a little stock and drain. Serve meat on a hot platter with vegetables. Reheat rest of stock and pour into soup tureen. Garnish with lemon slices. Serve with French bread. Slice the meat thinly and serve with horse-radish. Makes 4 quarts soup.

EGG CHOY TONG

Place 1 cup cooked chicken, sliced thin, in a soup kettle with 7 cups chicken stock. Bring to a boil and simmer gently for 5 minutes. Add 1 quart finely chopped Chinese or regular cabbage. Season with 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer all together for 3 to 4 minutes. Bring to a rapid boil. Beat 1 egg. Pass it through a fine sieve very gradually into the soup. Serve immediately. Makes about 2½ quarts.



DONALD STUART

au-feu served with its meat and
tables and dressed with lemon
s is especially for Sunday in France.

A DE CEBOLLA CON TOMATOES

(Puerto Rican Onion-and-Tomato Soup)

Sauté 1½ cups finely chopped onion in 3 tablespoons butter until tender but not brown. Add 2 cups chopped peeled fresh tomatoes. Season with 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, a little freshly ground pepper, 1 bay leaf, crushed, and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil and simmer for 5 minutes. Add 6 cups chicken stock and simmer, covered, for 15 minutes more. Pour into a warmed soup tureen. Garnish the top with a sprinkling of chopped chives. In Puerto Rico bread cubes sautéed in a little butter are put into the soup dishes before filling. Makes about 2 quarts.

DDAR-CHEESE SOUP

In the top of a double boiler melt 2 tablespoons butter and blend in 2 tablespoons flour. Gradually stir in 3½ cups hot milk. Add 1 whole clove garlic and cook over simmering water for 20 minutes. Discard the garlic, stir in 2 tablespoons vinegar—or, if you like, a few tablespoons dry white wine—and 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Season with ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg and pepper to taste. Cook, stirring, until the cheese is melted. Beat 2 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons heavy cream. Add a little of the hot soup to the mixture and then mix all together in top of double boiler. Cook, stirring, for 3 minutes, but do not boil. Serve immediately. Makes 1 quart.

DIAN SPLIT-PEA SOUP

Soak 1 pound dried yellow split peas overnight in water to cover. For a quicker method, 1 hour before you wish to use them, place peas in a saucepan, cover with water and bring to a boil. Cover saucepan, remove from heat and allow peas to soak for 1 hour. Now that the peas are ready, sauté in a soup kettle ½ pound salt pork, diced, until crisp and browned. Remove the crisp pork and save till later. To the fat remaining in the kettle add ½ cup finely chopped onion and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Sauté until golden. Drain the peas and add them to the kettle. Add 2 quarts water—or, if you happen to have it, tongue or ham stock—2 stalks celery with leaves and 1 leftover ham bone or a small smoked ham hock. Season with 1 bay leaf, crushed, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate and ½ teaspoon pepper. Simmer for 2 hours until peas are tender. Strain through a fine sieve. Reheat, thinning if necessary with a little hot water. If water instead of ham or tongue stock was used, you may need a little more salt for good flavor. Add diced pork and serve with croutons. Makes 9 cups.



Add ¼ cup crushed peppermint candy to cool Tapioca Cream.

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DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

newly cut crusty piece leaves little left to long for. I also like the smell of snow. It can't be compared to anything, for it is unlike anything else. It is deep and it is pure. And cleaner than crystal.

Jill is already planning on what to plant in the garden. As far as the main planting at Stillmeadow goes, we have already done too much. All those tiny switches we put out some years ago are giants now. The flowering quince is a jungle. The lilacs touch the rooftop. The grapevines just sat for a few years and made small meals for the Japanese beetles. Now it looks as if we meant to live in a vineyard.

The Tartarian honeysuckle is so immense that we burst into shouts of mirth when it blooms. And Jill makes a small tunnel in the pines to get to the kennel.

My advice to gardeners would always be, "Plant only half as much and twice as far apart." In the vegetable garden, we used to have crops enough for a hotel and we spent half the summer freezing and canning, pickling and making jelly. Only a few things don't load the shelves if you put them up. I once spent half a day making cucumber catchup and had five very small jars as a result. Three days—and nights—and gallons of maple sap resulted in four half-pint jars of maple sirup.

But Jill has learned that if you plant beans, you should think twice about the rows. For no matter how many hungry guests you have and how often hungry children come home for weekends and holidays, there is a limit to how many dozens of jars of frozen string beans can be consumed. And few people will enjoy two or three quarts of chili sauce a day.

Almost everyone loves sweet corn, and to b edible it has to be rushed from garden t house and instantly shucked and boile briefly, soused with butter, well peppered an salted and eaten. Jill's son once ate a doze ears for supper. But he is a busy doctor now and is not often around when the corn is in. S we reduced the corn planting because I ge tired of scraping ears every day for a week And freezing them.

One year I made about eighty jars of elder berry jelly. This is delicious, dark and not to sweet. Perfect with cold meat or hot roas pork or with cold duck. This year I mad eighteen glasses, and we shall have plenty.

Nobody likes change—at least few peopl do. I feel nostalgic for the days when the hous was bounding with small children, my one an Jill's two, and my main value in the world wa to fry doughnuts that could be eaten in stantly, still hot with the sugar on them. I mis the wrestling with snow suits and the thawin of mittens on the rack by the old wood stov

I miss the plaintive voices, two hours afte a big hot lunch: "Isn't it about time to hav supper?"

I miss the jackstraws and the BB gun tha shot holes in the barn window. Even the squab bling takes on glamour when you look bac at it, although it drove us distracted at th time.

But looking at the new year from what is mature a viewpoint as I can achieve, I thin the most important thing in any woman's li is to accept the growing up of the childre gracefully. To adjust to change. Not to inte fere with the raising of the grandchildren. N to inflict old-fashioned ideas on the you adults. And to realize that middle age must old-fashioned.

I cannot live last year over again, I tell m self. Nor any other year that is gone. But t morrow holds a promise of something ne some worth-while work to accomplish. holds friendships to cherish, and alway things to learn.

The sun makes a glow on the snow in th yard. The prints of rabbit and junco and squi rel (who hogs the grain) and field mouse a delicately etched. Irish and cocker paws cov them over as the dogs race out.

The pines are silvered over. Snow clings t the north side of the giant sugar maples. (Th will need care in the spring.)

As I go out to fill the bird feeders, the chick adees scold me for lying in bed so long. Th juncos scurry around, neat as the man in th gray flannel suit. The Evening Grosbeak (who deserve capitals) argue from the lil bushes and shove one another around lik school children.

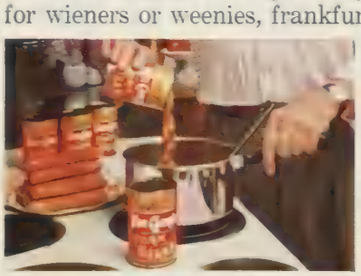
Shadows on the snow are as blue as the have always been. And as I carry the empt pans back to the house, I think this is a wo derful world.

The garden will be smaller, but we sha plant radishes before long, and the asparag will be up.

Any time of year can be a new year if think of it so.



Beans and___whatever you may call them—an inspiration! Just ask at your meat counter for wieners or weenies, frankfurters or franks, or plain hot dogs, it doesn't matter.



But be mighty particular to get only *Van Camp's* Pork and Beans. That's the one that makes the dish delish'! (It's that Secret Savory Sauce that does it.)

POACH THE WIENERS: *Don't boil wieners or frankfurters . . . that makes them pop open. To heat them gently through-and-through, keep the water just under boiling. Then place or slice on top of Van Camp's Pork and Beans. Right proportions: 2 cans of beans to a wieners.*



VAN CAMP'S PORK AND BEANS

THE ARCHBISHOP'S DILEMMA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"No," said the count. "But I scarcely kn what to say to you. I am embarrassed."

"My son," said the cardinal, "when Frenchman is embarrassed he is truly pe tent. You may begin as abruptly as y choose. Are you a Catholic?"

"No," replied the count. "My family we Huguenots."

The cardinal shrugged his shoulders t least bit. "I never cease to admire your cou trymen," he said. "On Sundays they say, believe in the Holy Catholic Church,' and workdays they shout, '*Liberté, Egalité, Fr ternité!*' You are admirably trained. Y adapt yourselves to circumstances."

"Yes," said the count, a trifle nettled, believe we do, but at present I find myself maladroit as though I had been born in t Western Hemisphere—in Mexico, for ample."

Good," laughed the cardinal. "I am get- to be a garrulous old man. I love to air French speech, and in my effort to speak eely I sometimes speak it beyond license. you forgive me, dear sir, and will you tell now I can serve you?"

I came," said the Count de Lubersac, "to you if there is any way in which I can buy turquoise chalice."

I do not understand," said the cardinal. The turquoise chalice," repeated the count. e one in the treasury of San Xavier del "

he cardinal began to laugh—then he sud- y ceased, looked hard at the count and d, "Are you serious, my son?"

Very," replied the count.

Are you quite well?" asked the cardinal. Yes," said the count, "but I am very un- fortable."

he cardinal began to pace up and down balcony.

My son," he asked finally, "have you ever otiated for the Holy Coat at Trèves; for breastplate of Charlemagne in the Louvre; he Crown Jewels in the Tower of Lon- ?"

No," said the count. "I have no use for h, but I very much need the turquoise ice."

Are you a professional or an amateur?" d the cardinal, his eyes flashing, his lips hing.

As I understand it," said the count slowly, int blush stealing into his cheeks, "an teur is a lover. If that is right, perhaps had better put me down as an amateur."

cardinal saw the blush and his anger shed. "Ah," he said softly, "there is a an, is there?"

Yes," replied the count, "there is a an."

Well," said the cardinal, "I am listening." t won't bore you?" asked the count. "If I n about her I shan't know when to stop."

My son," said the cardinal, "if there were women there would be no priests. Our pation would be gone. There was a time *men* built churches, beautified them and to them. How is it now; even here in San de Guaymas, where art still exists, and e there is no bourse? I was speaking a man only today—a man of affairs, one buys and sells, who has agents in foreign and ships on the seas; a man who in the eligious days would have given a tenth his goods to the church and would have d honor and contentment in the re- der; but he is bitten with this newfangled of disbelief. He has a sneaking fear that tianity has been supplanted by elec- y, and he worships Huxley rather than t crucified. . . . Huxley!" and the cardinal up his hands. "Did ever a man die because he had groveled at the knees uxley? What did Huxley preach? The ine of despair. He was the Pope of plasm. He beat his wings against the of the unknowable. He set his finite mind ask of solving the infinite. A mere crea- he sought to fathom the mind of his or. Read the lines upon his tomb, writ- y his wife—what do they teach? Nothing let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we If a man follows Huxley, then is he a f he does not give to this poor squeezed n of a world another twist. If I believed was nothing after this life, do you think uld be sitting here, feeding the pigeons? ou think —— But there, I have aired my h speech and have had my fling at ey. Let me fill your cup and then tell me s woman whom I have kept waiting all ime by my vanity and my ill manners. French, English, Spanish or American? are many Americans nowadays."

o," said the count, "she is Irish."

he most dangerous of all," remarked the nal.

is plain that you know women," said unt.

" exclaimed the cardinal. "No; nor any man."

er father," resumed the count, "was a brewer in Dublin. He made wonderful Perhaps you use it. He kept straight rough the home-rule troubles, and he chipped in a lot for the Jubilee fund, and they made him Lord Dundass. He died two years ago and left one child. She is Lady Patricia O'Neill. She is waiting for me now at the Playa del Cortez."

"Perhaps I am detaining you?" said the cardinal.

"By no means," replied the count. "I don't dare go back just yet. I met her first on the Riviera last season. I've followed her about like a spaniel ever since. I started in for a lark, and now I'm in for keeps. She has a peculiar way with her," continued the count, smoothing his hat; "one minute you think you are great pals and the next you wonder if you have ever been presented."

"I recognize the Irish variety," said the cardinal.

"She is here with her yacht," continued the count. "Her aunt is with her. The aunt is a good sort. I am sure you would like her."

"Doubtless," said the cardinal, with a shrug; "but have you nothing more to say about the niece?"

"I followed her here," continued the count, his hands still busy with his hat, "and I've done my best. Just now, in the plaza, I asked her to marry me, and she laughed. We went into San Xavier, and the lights and the music and the pictures and the perfume of incense seemed to soften her. 'Did you mean it?' she said to me. I told her I did. 'Don't speak to me for a little while,' she said, 'I want to think.' That was strange, wasn't it?"

"No," said the cardinal, "I don't think that was strange. I think it was merely feminine."

"We came out of the church," continued the count, "and I felt sure of her; but when we came into the plaza and she saw the life of the place, the fountain playing, the banners flying, the pigeons wheeling, and heard the band, she began to laugh and chaff. 'Guy,' she said suddenly, 'did you mean it?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I meant it.' She looked at me for a moment so fixedly that I began to think of the things I had done and which she had not done, of the gulf there was between us—you understand?"

"Yes," said the cardinal, "I understand—that is, I can imagine."

"And then," continued the count, "I ventured to look into her eyes, and she was laughing at me.

"'Guy,' she said, 'I believe I've landed you. I know you're a fortune hunter, but who cares? I dare say I should be one, but for the beer. I'm throwing myself away. With my fortune and my figure I think I could get a marquis or even an English duke. An elderly duke, perhaps, and a little over in the knees, but still a duke. A well-brought-up young woman would take the duke, but I am nothing but a wild Irish girl. Guy, you are gay and handsome, and auntie likes you, and I'll take you —— Hold hard,' she said as I moved up, 'I'll take you, if you'll give me the turquoise chalice.' 'What's that?' I asked. 'The exquisite turquoise chalice,' she said, 'the one in the treasury of San Xavier del Bac—it's even more beautiful than the medieval diamond monstrance, diamonds big as birds' eggs, in the Church of the Loretta in Prague. Give me the chalice and Patricia O'Neill is yours.' 'All right,' I said, 'I'll trot off and buy it.'

"Here I am, your grace, an impecunious but determined man. I have twenty thousand dollars at the American Express, all I have in the world; will that be enough to lift the chalice?"

The cardinal rubbed his white hands together, uncrossed and recrossed his legs, struck the arm of his chair, and burst into a laugh so merry and so prolonged that the count, perforce, joined him.

"It's funny," said the latter finally, "but all the same, it's serious."

"Oh, Love!" exclaimed the cardinal. "You little naked boy with wings and a bow! You give us more trouble than all the rest of the heathen deities combined: you fly about so; you appear in such strange places; you compel mortals to do such remarkable things; you debauch my pigeons; and, when the ill is done, you send your victims to me, or another priest, to ask for absolution, so that they may begin all over again."

"Do I get the chalice?" asked the count with some impatience.

"My son," said the cardinal, "if the chalice were mine, I have a fancy that I would give it to you, with my blessing and my best wishes; but when you ask me to sell it to you, it is as though you asked the Queen of England to sell you the Koh-i-noor. She dare not, if she could. She could not, if she dared. Both the diamond and the chalice were, doubtless, stolen. The diamond was taken in the last century; the chalice was looted so long ago that no one knows. A sad attribute of crime is that time softens it. There is a mental statute of limitations that converts possession into ownership. 'We stole the Koh-i-noor so long ago,' says the Englishman, 'that we own it now.' So it is with the cup. Where did it come from? It is doubtless Byzantine, but where did its maker live; in Byzantium or here, in Mexico? We used to kidnap Oriental artists in the good old days when art was a religion. This cup was made by one whom God befriended; by a brain steeped in the love of the beautiful; by a hand so cunning that when it died art languished; by a power so compelling that the treasuries of the world were opened to it. Its bowl is a turquoise, the size and shape of an ostrich's egg, sawn through its longer diameter, and resting on its side. Four gold arms clasp the bowl and meet under it. These arms are set with emeralds and rubies *en cabochon*, except one, which is cut in facets. The arms are welded beneath the bowl and form the stem. Midway of the stem, and pierced by it, is a diamond, as large"—the cardinal picked up his spoon—"yes," he said, "as large as the bowl of this teaspoon. The foot of the cup is an emerald, flat on the bottom and joined to the stem by a ferrule of transparent enamel. If this treasure were offered for sale, the wealth of the world would fight for it. No, no, my son, you cannot have the chalice. Take your twenty thousand dollars to Salvatierra, the jeweler, and buy a string of pearls. Very few good women can resist pearls and the Bay of Guaymas has produced the finest since time began."

"Your grace," said the count, rising, "I appreciate fully the absurdity of my errand and the kindness of your forbearance. I fear, however, that you scarcely grasp the situation. I am going to marry Lady Patricia. I cannot marry her without the chalice. You perceive the conclusion—I shall have the chalice. Good-by, your grace; I thank you for your patience."

"Good-by," said the cardinal, ringing for a servant. "I wish that I might serve you; but when children cry for the moon, what is to be done? Come and see me again; I am nearly always at home about this hour."

"I repeat, your grace," said the count, "that I shall have the chalice. All is fair in love and war, is it not?"

There was a certain quality in the count's voice—that quiet, even note of sincerity which quells riots, which quiets horses, which leads forlorn hopes—and the well-trained ear of the cardinal recognized it.

"Pedro," he said to the servant who answered the bell, "I am going out. My hat and stick. . . . I will go a little way with you, my son."

They went down the broad stairs together, and the count noticed, for the first time, that his companion limped.

"Gout?" he asked.

"No," said the cardinal; "the indiscretion of youth. I was with Pancho Villa and caught a bullet."

"Take my arm," said the count.

"Willingly," said the cardinal, "since I know that you will bring me into the presence of a woman worth seeing; a woman who can compel a count of France to meditate a theft."

"How do you know that?" exclaimed the count; and he stopped so abruptly that the cardinal put his free hand against his companion's breast to right himself.

"Because," said the cardinal, "I saw your face when you said good-by to me. It was not a pleasant face."

They went on silently and soon they came to the plaza.

"I don't see her," said the count; "perhaps she has gone back to the church."

They crossed the plaza and entered San Xavier del Bac.

"Not here," said the count.

They walked up the south aisle and came to the anteroom of the treasury. Its door was open. They entered what had once been a tower built by Father Kino and his Indians. The door of the treasury was also open. They went in and found the sacristan and a woman. She held the turquoise chalice in her hands.

"Did you buy it, Guy?" she exclaimed.

She turned and saw that the count was not alone.

"Your grace," he said, "I present you to Lady Patricia O'Neill."

She bent with a motion half genuflection, half curtsy, and then straightened herself, smiling.

The cardinal did not notice the obeisance, but he did notice the smile. It seemed to him, as he looked at her, that the treasures of San Xavier del Bac, the jeweled chalices and patens, the agate and crystal vessels, the reliquaries of gold and precious stones, the candlesticks, the two textus covers of golden cloisonné, and even the turquoise chalice itself, turned dull and wan and common by comparison with her beauty.

"Your eminence," she said, "you must pardon Guy's gaucherie. He presented you to me and called you 'your grace.' He forgot, or did not know, that you are a cardinal—a prince—and that I should have been presented to you. Guy means well, but he is a French count and a soldier, so we don't expect much else of Guy."

"He has done a very gracious thing today," said the cardinal. "He has brought me to you."

Lady Patricia looked up quickly, scenting a compliment, and ready to meet it, but the cardinal's face was so grave and so sincere that her readiness forsook her and she stood silent.

The count seemed to be interested in a crucifix of the eleventh century.

"While the count is occupied with the crucifix," said the cardinal, "will you not walk with me?"

"Willingly," said Lady Patricia, and they went out into the church.

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, after an interval of silence, "you are entering upon life. You have a position, you have wealth, you have health, and"—with a bow—"you have beauty such as God gives to His creatures only for good purposes. Some women, like Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, have used their beauty for evil. Others, like my empress, Isabella, and like Mary, Queen of the Scots,

S S S S S S S S

JINX

Every spring, many varieties of birds come to the British Isles. Among the strangest visitors of earlier centuries was a harsh-voiced migrant somewhat larger than a sparrow. Everything about the bird was queer. Its plumage was curiously variegated—brown, buff, black and gray. It had an unusually long tongue. Most distinctive of all, the odd creature had a way of constantly twisting its head and neck awry.

From the latter trait, common folk called the bird "wryneck." All men of learning, however, used the Latin name, *jynx torquilla*—customarily abbreviated to the first name only. Because of its strange appearance and habits, the jynx was widely used in alchemy and witchcraft. When an ally of the devil wished to cast a spell on some foe, the wonderworker would brew a potion of which a jynx was a major ingredient. Firmly fixed in public opinion as a tool of ill luck, the harmless *jinx* eventually gave its name to any type of evil spell.

WEBB B. GARRISON

S S S S S S S S

have held their beauty as a trust to be exploited for good, as a power to be exercised on the side of the powerless."

"Your eminence," said Lady Patricia, "we are now taught in England that Queen Mary was not altogether proper."

"She had beauty, had she not?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes," replied Lady Pat.

"She was beheaded, was she not?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes," said Lady Patricia, "and by a very plain woman."

"There you have it!" exclaimed the cardinal. "If Elizabeth had been beautiful and Mary plain, Mary would have kept her head. It is sad to see beautiful women lose their heads. It is sad to see you lose yours."

"Mine?" exclaimed Lady Patricia, and she put her hands up to her hair, as if to reassure herself.

"Yes," said the cardinal, "I fear that it is quite gone."

The Lady Patricia looked at him with questioning eyes. "Yes," she said, "I must have lost it, for I do not understand you, and I have not always been dull."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, "the Count de Lubersac was good enough to pay me a visit this afternoon."

"Oh," exclaimed Lady Pat, clapping her hands, "if only I could have been behind the curtains! What did he say?"

"He said," replied the cardinal, "that he had asked you to be his wife."

"Indeed he has," said Lady Pat, "and so have others."

"He also said," continued the cardinal, "that you had promised to marry him when he brought you the turquoise chalice."

"And so I will," said Lady Pat.

"He proposed to buy the chalice," continued the cardinal. "He offered twenty thousand dollars, which, he said, was all he had in the world."

"Good old Guy!" exclaimed Lady Pat. "That was nice of him, wasn't it?" and her eyes glistened.

"Yes," said the cardinal, "that was nice of him; but when I explained how impossible it was to sell the chalice he bade me good-by, and, as he was going, said, 'I shall have it. All is fair in love and war.' I feared then that he meant to take the chalice. Since I have seen you I am certain of it."

"What a lark!" cried Lady Patricia. "Fancy Guy with a dark lantern, a bristly beard, and a red handkerchief about his neck. All burglars are like that, you know; and then fancy him creeping up the aisle with his johnnie—no, his jimmy—and his felt slippers—just fancy Guy in felt slippers—and he reaches the treasury door, and just then the moon comes up and shines through that window and illuminates the bird with outstretched wings on the hand of St. Francis, and Guy cries, 'An omen,' and he tries the lock and the door flies open, and Guy lifts the chalice, shuts the door, goes down the steps, across the plaza, down to the quay, puts the chalice in his teeth, takes a header into the sea and swims out to the yacht. When he comes alongside they hail him, and he comes up the ladder. 'Where's your mistress?' he asks, and they call me, and I come on deck in my pink negligee, and there stands Guy, the water running off him and the chalice in his teeth. 'There's your bauble,' he says. (Of course he takes the cup out of his mouth when he speaks.) 'And here's your Pat,' I say, and the boatswain pipes all hands aft to witness the marriage ceremony. No, no, your eminence"—she laughed—"it's too good to be true. Guy will never steal the chalice. He has never done anything in all his life but walk down the Champs Élysées. He's a darling, but he is not energetic."

"You are doubtless right," said the cardinal, "and my fears are but the timidity of age; still ——"

The count joined them. He had just given the sacristan fifty dollars, and had endeavored to treat the gift as a disinterested *pourboire*. He felt that he had failed; that he had overdone it, and had made himself a marked man. The sacristan followed him—voluble, eulogistic.

"Tomás," said the cardinal, "this is the Count de Lubersac. He is to have every privilege, every liberty. He is to be left alone if he desires it. He is not to be bothered with attendance or suggestions. He may use a camera; he may handle anything in the treasury. You will regard him as though he were myself."

Tomás bowed low. The count blushed.

Lady Patricia looked at her watch. "Five o'clock!" she exclaimed. "And Aunt Molly will be wanting her tea. The launch is at the stairs. Will you come, Guy? And you, your eminence, will you honor me?"

"Not today, my lady," replied the cardinal, "but perhaps some other time."

"Tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes," said the cardinal.

"Thank you," said Lady Patricia; "the launch will be at the landing at half past four."

"Is it a motorboat?" asked the cardinal with a smile.

"Yes," replied Lady Patricia.

"Then," said the cardinal, "you need not send it. I will come in my *barquito*. Gasoline and the church are not friendly. We have only just become reconciled to steam."

Lady Patricia laughed. "Good-by," she said, "until tomorrow," and again she made her curtsy.

NEXT MONTH

Caroline had come down from London for a quiet visit in the country—only to find herself involved in the frightful web of murder. She did not realize that she herself was in danger, but she unwittingly held the perilous knowledge which could identify the murderer. She did recognize another danger, however—the danger of falling in love with gray-eyed Inspector Avery Freeland, who was working to find the murderer and save Caroline's life.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

By HARRIET AINSWORTH

Complete in the February JOURNAL

"Until tomorrow," said the cardinal; and he watched them down the aisle.

"Tomás," he said to the sacristan, "give me the turquoise chalice."

Tomás handed it to him.

"Now lock the door," said the cardinal, "and give me the key."

Tomás complied.

The cardinal put the chalice under his robe and started down the aisle. "Tomás," he said, "you are now closed for the annual cleaning. You understand, do you not?"

"Perfectly, your eminence," replied Tomás, and then he added, "When a stranger gives me more than six hundred pesos it is time to lock my door."

The cardinal went out of the church, the turquoise chalice under his cassock. He crossed the plaza slowly, for he was both limping and thinking. He came to the shop of Salvatierra, the jeweler, under the arcade, paused a moment, and entered. The clerks behind the counters sprang to their feet and bowed low. "Señor Salvatierra?" asked the cardinal. "Is he within?"

"Yes, your eminence," said the head clerk. "He is in his bureau. I will summon him."

"No," said the cardinal. "If he is alone I will go in," and he opened the door at the back of the shop and closed it behind him. In ten minutes he came out again. Señor Salvatierra followed, rubbing his hands and bowing at each step.

"Perfectly, your eminence," he said. "I quite understand."

"It must be in my hands in ten days," said the cardinal.

"Ten days!" exclaimed Salvatierra. "Impossible."

"What is that strange word?" said the cardinal. "It must be a vulgarism of the new Mexico, that 'impossible.' I do not like it and I will thank you not to use it again when speaking to me. In ten days, señor."

"Yes, your eminence," said Salvatierra, "but it will be in the afternoon."

"In ten days," said the cardinal very quietly.

"Yes, your eminence," said Salvatierra.

"He looks like Napoleon," whispered the head clerk to his neighbor.

The cardinal went limping down the shop. He had almost reached the door when he stopped and spoke to a little man who stood behind the showcase in which were the enamels.

"Ah, señor!" he exclaimed. "How come on the wife and baby? I meant to see them this afternoon, but I was diverted. I wish you to continue the same diet for them—take this"—and he fumbled in his pocket, but drew a blank. "Señor Salvatierra," he said to the master at his heels, "I find I have no money. Kindly loan me fifty pesos. Here," he said to the little man and he slipped the money into his hand, "plenty of milk for the child"; and he went out of the shop.

"That was not like Napoleon," said the head clerk; and then he added, "Occasionally one meets with a priest who rises superior to his profession."

The little man behind the enamel counter said nothing, but he drew his hand across his eyes.

The following day was a busy one for the cardinal. While Pedro was shaving him he parceled out the hours.

"What time is it, Pedro?" he asked.

"Three minutes past seven, your eminence."

"Good," said the cardinal; "at half past I make my Mass; at eight, I take my coffee; from eight to ten, my poor —— By the way, Pedro, is there any money in the house?"

"Yes, your eminence," said Pedro; "there are eight hundred pesos in your desk."

"Take fifty of them to Señor Salvatierra in the plaza, with my thanks," said the cardinal, "and put the rest in my purse. . . . Where was I, Pedro?"

"Your eminence had reached ten o'clock," replied Pedro.

"From ten to eleven," continued the cardinal, "audience for the laity; from eleven to half past, audience for the clergy; half past eleven, my egg and a salad. Keep all who look hungry, Pedro, and ask them to take *déjeuner* with me. At twelve, see the architect who is repairing the altar rail at St. Augustine's; take time to write to the superior at Hermosillo in reference to the proof sheets of the Life of Eusebius; from one to three, my poor—we must get some more money, Pedro; from three to four ——"

"There, your eminence!" exclaimed Pedro. "I have cut you."

"Yes," said the cardinal, "I was about to mention it. Where was I?"

"Your eminence was at four o'clock," replied Pedro.

"Four o'clock already," exclaimed the cardinal, "and nothing done! From four to half past four, interview with the treasurer of the diocese. That's a bad half hour, Pedro. At half past four I wish the *barquito* to be at the landing. I am to visit the English yacht that lies out in the bay. You must dress me in my best today."

"Alas, your eminence," said Pedro, "your best cassock is two years old."

"How old is the one I wore yesterday?" asked the cardinal.

"Four years at least," said Pedro. "You have your ceremonial dress, but nothing better for the street."

"I caught a glimpse of myself in one of Salvatierra's mirrors yesterday," said the cardinal, "and I thought I looked rather well."

"Your eminence," said Pedro, "you saw your face and not your coat."

"Pedro," said the cardinal, rising, "you should have turned your hand to diplomacy; you would have gone far."

At half past four o'clock the cardinal's *barquito* drew up to the *muelle*. The oarsman was dressed in black, save that his sash and stockings were scarlet. It was as if a footman stepped off the box of a brougham and w on the curb. While the figures on the tower were still striking the half hour cardinal came limping across the plaza *marineros* at the *muelle* straightened t selves and stood respectfully erect as cardinal passed between them, looking man in the face. He beckoned to one left the ranks and came up to him, awk and sheepish.

"Amando," said the cardinal, "I hav ranged your matter. You are to pay ten a week, and are to keep out of the wines Mind, now, no drinking." To anothe said, "I have looked into your case, P You are perfectly right. I have empl counsel for you. Attend to your busines forget your trouble. It is my trouble now a man to whom he beckoned next he s differently. "How dare you send me s petition?" he exclaimed. "It was false beginning to end. You never served i legion. The woman you complain of is lawful wife. You married her in Mazatl years ago. You have been imprisone petit theft. You got your *remero's* licen false pretenses. Mark you, friends," he turning, "here is one of your mates wh bear watching. When he slips, come to and he stepped into his *barquito*. "T English yacht," he said.

When they arrived they found the dressed in flags from stem to stern; Patricia stood on the platform of the boa stairs, and the crew were mustered amid

"Your eminence," cried Lady Pa "you should have a salute if I kne proper number of guns."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, off his hat, "the church militant does no gunpowder, it fights hand to hand. . . . for me at six," he said to his *remero*.

"Surely," said Lady Patricia, "you wi with us. We have ices with the papal c and we have a little box for Peter's pen be passed with the coffee. I shall be muc appointed if you do not dine with us."

"Wait!" called the cardinal to his *bar* The oarsman put about. "Tell Pedro said, "to feed the pigeons as usual. Te to lay crumbs on the balcony railing, the cock bird is too greedy, to drive him and give the hen an opportunity. Com me at nine."

"Thank you," said Lady Patricia. poor are now provided for."

"Alas, no," said the cardinal. "My p are my aristocratic acquaintances. They leave me if I did not feed them. My rea have two legs, like the pigeons, but Go them no feathers. They are the misbeg the maladroit, the unlucky—and I sta that word—the halt, the blind, those consciences too tender to make their reduced gentlefolk, those who have give lives for the public good and are no gotten—all these are my poor, and they me by their acquaintance. My pigeons my balcony. My poor never come near am obliged, humbly, to go to them."

"Will money help?" asked Lady P "I have a balance at my banker's."

"No, no, my lady," said the car "money can no more buy off poverty can buy off the bubonic plague. Bo diseases. God sent them and He alon abate them. At His next coming there strange sights. Some princes and some men will be astonished."

Just then a woman, short, plump cheeked and smiling, came toward ther was no longer young, but she did not kn

"Your eminence," said Lady Patric present my aunt, Miss O'Kelly."

Miss O'Kelly sank so low that her made what children call "a cheese" white deck. "Your imminence," she slowly rising, "sure this is the proud d Pat, the Tara and meself."

"And for me also," said the cardinal. now until nine o'clock I shall air my E speech, and I shall have two amiabl friendly critics to correct my mistakes."

"Ah, your imminence," laughed O'Kelly, "I don't speak English. I County Clare."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88





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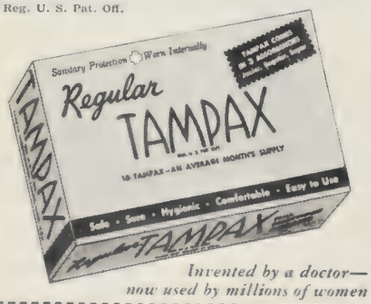
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"County Clare!" exclaimed the cardinal. "Then you know Ennis? Fifty odd years ago there was a house just outside of the town of Ennis, with iron gates and a porter's lodge. The Blakes lived there."

"I was born in that house," said Miss O'Kelly. "It was drafty, but it always held a warm welcome."

"I do not remember the draft," said the cardinal, "but I do remember the welcome. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I made a tour of Ireland, during a long vacation. I had letters from Rome. One of them was to the chapter at Ennis. A young priest took me to that house. I went back several times. There were a daughter and several strapping sons. The boys did nothing, that I could discover, but hunt and shoot. They were amiable, however. The daughter hunted, also, but she did many other things. She kept the house, she visited the poor, she sang Irish songs to perfection, and she flirted beyond compare. She had hair so black that I can give you no notion of its sheen; and eyes as blue as our Sonoran skies. Her name was Patricia Blake. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen—until yesterday."

"She was my mother!" exclaimed Miss O'Kelly.

"And my grandmother," said Lady Patricia.

The cardinal drew a breath so sharp that it was almost a sob, then he shook Lady Patricia's hand.

"My child," he said, "I am an old man. I am three score years and ten, and then six more, and you bring back to me the happiest days of my youth. You are the image of Patricia Blake—yes, her very image. I kiss the images of saints every day," he added, "why not this one?" and he bent and kissed Lady Patricia's hand.

There was so much solemnity in the act that an awkward pause might have followed it had not Miss O'Kelly been Irish.

"Your imminence," she said, "since you've told us your age, I'll tell you mine. I'm two and twenty and I'm mighty tired of standin'. Let's go aft and have our tay."

They had taken but a few steps when Lady Patricia, noticing the cardinal's limp, drew his arm through her own and supported him.

"I know the whole story," she whispered. "You loved my grandmother."

"Yes," said the cardinal, "but I was unworthy."

They had their tea, two white-clad stewards serving them. The cardinal took a second cup and then rose and went to the side. He crumbled a biscuit along the rail.

"I have often wondered," he said, "if my pigeons come for me or my crumbs. Patricia Blake used to say that her poor were as glad to see her without a basket as with one. But she was a saint. She saw things more clearly than it is given to us to see them."

The women looked at each other in silence.

"No," said the cardinal, after an interval, "they do not come; they are as satisfied with Pedro's crumbs as with mine. Love is not a matter of the stomach"; and he brushed the crumbs overboard. "Perhaps the fishes will get them," he added, "and they will not know whence they came. Anonymous charity," he continued, coming back to his chair, "is the best. It curbs the pride of the giver and preserves the pride of the recipient. Open giving is becoming a trade. It is an American invention. Very rich men in that country offer so much for an object—a college, a hospital, a library—if someone else will give so much. The offer is printed in the newspapers of the land and its originator reaps much . . . what is the word I wish?—acclaim? no; kudos? no; ah yes, advertisement; that is the word. Thank God that charity does not thus masquerade in Mexico. There are men here, in poor old Guaymas, who give half their goods to feed the poor. Are their names published? No. The newspapers reason thus—'Here is a gentleman; let us treat him as one.' We have no professional philanthropists in Mexico. After all," he added, "mere giving is the lowest form of charity. If all the wealth of the world were divided, the world would be debauched. Binding up wounds, pouring in oil and wine, bringing the wronged man to an inn, giving him your companionship, your sympathy, so that he shows his heart to you and lets you heal its bruises—that is your true charity."

"That's what I'm telling Pat," exclaimed Miss O'Kelly. "She's forever drawing checks. There was my nephew, Pat's cousin, Phelim. He gave away all he had. He gave it to the piquet players in the Kildare Club. 'Aunt Molly,' he said to me, 'piquet has cost me fifteen thousand pounds, and I am just beginning to learn the game. Now that I know it a bit, no one will play with me. Your bread cast on the waters may come back, but it's ten to one it comes back moldy, from the voyage.' Phelim is the flower of the family, your imminence. He is six foot three. He was out twice before he was two and twenty. The first time was with Liftennant Doyle of the Enniskillens. 'Twas about a slip of a girl that they both fancied. The liftennant fired at the word and missed. 'Try your second barrel,' called Phelim, 'I'm still within bounds.' (That's pigeon-shootin' talk, your imminence.) The liftennant laughed and the two went off to the club, arm in arm, and they stayed there two days. There's waiters in the club yet that remembers it. The next time Phelim was out, 'twas with a little attorneyman from Cork, named Crawford. There was no girl this time; 'twas more serious; 'twas about a horse Phelim had sold, and the little attorneyman had served a writ, and Phelim went down to Cork and pulled the little man's nose. Whin the word was given the attorneyman fired and nicked Phelim's ear. Phelim raised his pistol, slow as married life, and covered the little man. 'Take off your hat,' yelled Phelim. The

There are more people who wish to be loved than there are willing to love. CHAMFORT

little man obeyed, white as a paper, and shakin' like a leaf. 'Was the horse sound?' called Phelim. 'He was,' said the little man. 'Was he six years old?' called Phelim. 'At least,' said the little man. 'None of your quibbles,' called Phelim. 'He was six, to a minute,' said the little man, looking into the pistol. 'Was he chape at the price?' asked Phelim. 'He was a gift,' said the attorney. 'Gentlemen,' says Phelim, 'you have heard this dyin' confession—we will now seal it,' and he sent a bullet through the attorney-man's hat. I had it all from Doctor Clancey, who was out with them. They sent Phelim to Parliament after that, but he took the Chiltern Hundreds and came home. He said his duties interfered with the snipe shootin'. You'd like Phelim, your imminence."

"I am sure I should," said the cardinal.

"He's in love with Patricia," said Miss O'Kelly.

"Ah," said the cardinal, "I spoke too quickly."

Meanwhile the shadows began to creep across the deck. The cardinal rose from his chair. "At what hour do you dine?" he asked.

"I made the hour early when I heard you order your *barquito* for nine," said Lady Patricia; "I said half past seven."

"Then," said the cardinal, "I should excuse you, but I do it reluctantly. I am keeping you from your toilette."

Miss O'Kelly laughed. "Your imminence," she said, "when a woman reaches my age it takes her some time to dress. I told you I was two and twenty. It will take my maid nearly an hour to make me look it," and, with a curtsy, she went below.

Lady Patricia stayed behind. "Your eminence," she said, "the evening will be fine; shall we dine on deck?"

"That will be charming," said the cardinal.

"Whenever you wish to go to your room," said Lady Patricia, "you have but to press this button, and the head steward will come." She still loitered. "I think it very likely," she said, hesitating, "that the Count de Lubersac will drop in; he often does. I should have mentioned it before, but I was so delighted at your staying that I forgot all about him."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, "to supplant the Count de Lubersac in your thoughts is great honor."

She looked at him quickly, blushed, cast down her eyes, and began, nervously, to play with a gold boat whistle that hung at her belt. When she had exhausted the possibilities of the whistle she looked up again, and the cardinal saw that there were tears upon her cheeks. When she knew that he had seen them, she disregarded them, and threw back her head proudly.

"Yes," she said, "I think of him far too often; so often that it makes me angry—it makes me ashamed. He is a count; he is tall and straight and beautiful and clean, and—he loves me—I know it," she exclaimed, her face illumined. "But why," she went on, "should I give myself to him on these terms? Why should he not earn me? Why does he compel me to so one-sided a bargain? I, too, am tall and straight and clean, and ill-favored, and, in addition, I have that curse of unmarried women—I have money. Why does he not *do* something to even up the transaction? Why does he not write a poem that someone will read? Why does he not write a song that someone will sing? Why does he not do something that will make the world call me his wife, instead of calling me my husband? The other day, when he knew I love were tugging at me, I told him I would marry him if he brought me the turquoise chalice. It was an idle thing to say, but why I say I stand by. I shall never marry him unless he brings it to me. You know us Irishwomen. We have our hearts to contend with, but we keep our word. I set my lord a trivial task—if he really wants me, he will accomplish it—I am not dear at the price."

"With true love," said the cardinal, "I do not think there is any question of price. It is an absolute surrender without terms. I speak this guardedly, for I am no expert as to the thing called human love. I recognize that it is the power that moves the world, but, in more than fifty years, I have tried to forget the world."

"Yes," cried Lady Patricia, "and, but for a cruel mistake, you would have married my grandmother."

"Yes," said the cardinal, "but for a cruel mistake."

"The mistake was hers!"

The cardinal threw up his hands. "It was a mistake," he said, "and it was buried many years ago. Why dig it up?"

"Forgive me," said Lady Patricia, and she started toward the hatch.

"My child," said the cardinal, "you know that you will not marry the count unless he brings you the chalice. Do you hope that he will bring it?"

She looked at him a moment, the red and white roses warring in her cheeks. "Yes," she said, "I hope it, for I love him," and she hid her hands to her face and ran below.

"If the count is the man I take him to be," said the cardinal to himself, "I fear that I am about to shut my eyes to a felony," and he pressed the electric button at his side. The head steward appeared so quickly that he overheard the cardinal say, "I certainly should have done it, at his age."

At six bells there was a tap on the cardinal's door. "Come in," he said.

The head steward entered. He had changed the white duck of the afternoon to the black of evening. He was now the major domo. He wore silk stockings and about his neck was a silver chain, and at the end of the chain hung a key.

"Your eminence's servant has come aboard," he said.

"Pedro?" asked the cardinal.

"I do not know his name," said the steward, "but he is most anxious to see your eminence."

"Let him come in at once," said the cardinal.

The steward backed out, bowing.

There was a loud knock upon the door. "Enter," said the cardinal.

Pedro came in. He carried a portmanteau.

"What is it?" exclaimed the cardinal. "Is anyone dying? Am I needed?"

"No, your eminence," said Pedro, "the public health is unusually good. I have come to dress you for dinner with the English."

"They are not English," said the cardinal; ey are Irish."

"In that event," said Pedro, "you will do as are."

"No," laughed the cardinal. "Since you e brought my finery I will put it on."

Pedro opened the portmanteau with a sigh. thought they were English," he said. "The h are as poor as the Mexicans. If I dress r eminence as I had intended, they will not reciate it."

"Do not fear," said the cardinal. "Do your t."

At seven bells there was another knock at cardinal's door. Pedro opened it. "Shall ner be served, your eminence?" asked the d steward.

"Whenever the ladies are ready," replied the dinal.

"They are already on deck, your eminence."

"At once, then," said the cardinal, and he t up the companionway, leaning on ro's arm.

The afterdeck was lighted by scores of in- descent lamps, each shaded by a scarlet en flower. The table stood, white and cool, tering with silver and crystal. In its center a golden vase, and in the vase were four let roses. The deck was covered with a let carpet, a strip of which ran forward to galley hatch, so that the service might be seless.

Lady Patricia was dressed in white and wore ewels. Miss O'Kelly was partially clad in a caded gown, cut as low as even the indis- ion of age permits. A necklace of huge ow topazes emphasized the space they d to cover.

The cardinal came into the glow of the ts. His cassock was black, but its hem, its ons and the pipings of its seams were let; so were his stockings; so was the d silk sash that circled his waist; so were silk gloves, thrust under the sash; so was birettina, the little skullcap that barely ered his crown and left to view a fringe of te hair and the rebellious lock upon his head. The lace at his wrists was *point de ice*. His pectoral cross was an antique that ld grace the Louvre. Of amethysts and e sapphires set in ancient silver, the coro- on the top of emeralds, and centered by a miniature of Christ on the crucifix, doubt- one of the first pieces of Limoges ever ioned. Pedro had indeed done his work

The cardinal smiled. "Lady Patricia," he "Ireland is the home of the fairies. When s there I heard much of them. Early in the ning I saw rings in the dew-laden grass was told that they had been made by the e people,' dancing. You evidently have ht a fairy prince and he does your bid- . Within an hour you have converted the deck into fairyland; you have ——"

st then, out of the blue darkness that lay een the yacht and Guaymas, burst the s of a small motorboat. They darted gside, and a moment after the Count de rsac came down the deck.

"Observe at once," whispered Lady Patricia to major-domo. "Pardon me, your emi- e," she said, "you were saying ——"

"I was merely remarking," said the cardinal, t you seem to have a fairy prince to do bidding. It seems that I was right. Here e."

dy Patricia smiled. "What kept you, ?" she said. "A business engagement, or you fall asleep?"

"Neither," said the count; "I lost a shirt "

"Your eminence is served," said the major- o.

They stood while the cardinal said grace, at conclusion of which all except the count ed themselves.

"Was it a valuable jewel, Guy?" asked Miss lly, in an interval of her soup.

"No," said the count; "a poor thing, but own."

"How did it happen?" asked Miss O'Kelly. your man stale it?"

"Dear, no," said the count; "it happened I was putting on my shirt."

Miss O'Kelly blushed, mentally, and raised apkin to her face.

"It twisted out of my fingers," continued the count, "and rolled away, somewhere. I moved every piece of furniture in the room; I got down on all fours and squinted along the floor; I went to the dressing table to look for another; my man, after putting out my things, had locked up everything and gone to his dinner. I couldn't dine with you, like freedom 'with my bosom bare' ——"

"No," said Miss O'Kelly, glancing down at her topazes, "you couldn't do that."

"Certainly not," said the count. "And so I put on my coat and went out to Salvatierra's in the plaza, and bought a stud. I was lucky to find them open, for it was past closing time. They told me they were working late on a hurry order. I put the stud in my shirt, raced across to the *muelle*, jumped into a motorboat, and here I am. Am I forgiven?"

"Yes," said Lady Patricia; "you were only five minutes late and your excuse is, at the least, ingenious. You could not have come unadorned."

"Unadorned!" exclaimed the count. "It was a question of coming unfastened."

Pedro began to refill the cardinal's glass, but his master stopped him. Pedro bent and whispered.

The cardinal laughed. "Pedro tells me," he said, "that this is better wine than that which I get at home and that I should make the most of it. The only difference that I remark in wines is that some are red and some are white."

"That reminds me of one night when Father Flynn dropped in to dine," said Miss O'Kelly— "'twas he had the wooden leg, you remember, Pat dear—and he and Phelim sat so late that I wint in with fresh candles. 'I call that good whisky,' says the father as I came in. '*Good* whisky!' exclaimed Phelim. 'Did you ever see any whisky that was *bad?*' 'Now that you mintion it,' says his rivirence, 'I never did; but I've seen some that was scarce.' 'Another bottle, Aunt Molly,' says Phelim, 'his rivirence has a hollow leg.' When I came back with the bottle they were talking to a little wild gossoon from the hills. He was bareheaded, barefooted, and only one suspinder was between him and the police. 'Is your mother bad?' asked his rivirence. 'Dochtor says she'll die afore mornin',' says the gossoon. 'Will you lind me a horse, Phelim?' asks his rivirence. 'You ride a horse, with that leg!' says Phelim. 'No, I'll drive you in the cart'; and he went off to the stables. In five minutes he came back with the dogcart and the gray mare. His rivirence got up with the aid of a chair, the little gossoon climbed up behind, and the gravel flew as the gray mare started. They wint a matter of ten rods and then I saw the lamps again. They had turned, and they stopped before the porch—the gray mare on her haunches. 'Phelim,' I says, 'what ails you, you've a light hand when you're sober.' His rivirence leaned over and whispered, 'The oil cruet, Miss Molly, and don't let the gossoon see it.' I wint in, came out with the cruet in a paper, and handed it to him. 'All right, Phelim,' he says, and the gray mare started. At six in the mornin' I heard the gravel crunch, and I wint to the door. There stood the gray mare, her head down, and her tail bobbin'. 'You've overdriven her, Phelim,' says I. 'Perhaps,' says he, 'but I knew you were sittin' up for me. The curse of Ireland,' says he, 'is that her women sit up for her men.' 'How is the poor woman?' says I. 'She's dead,' says Phelim; 'Father Flynn is waiting for the neighbors to come.' 'And the little gossoon?' says I. Phelim leaned down from the dogcart; 'Aunt Molly,' says he, 'we can't afford to keep what we already have, can we?' 'No,' says I. 'Thin,' says Phelim, 'we can just as well afford to keep one more; so I told him to come to us, after the funeral.'"

"I don't quite follow that reasoning," said the count.

"I am more sure than ever that I should like Phelim," said the cardinal. "Why do you not have him on?"

"He's six foot three," explained Miss O'Kelly; "the yacht wouldn't fit him. He couldn't stand up, below. There is six foot seven below decks, but the electric lights project four inches. Then the beds—there isn't one more than six foot six. We had Phelim on board and tried him. He stayed one night.



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'Aunt Molly,' he said in the morning, 'Pat has a beautiful boat, plenty of towels and a good cook. I should like to go with you, but I'm scared. I kept awake last night, with my knees drawn up, and all went well, but if ever I fall asleep, and straighten out, I'll kick the rudder out of her.' We couldn't have Phelim aboard, your imminence; he'd cancel the marine insurance."

While Miss O'Kelly had been running on, the cardinal had been politely listening. He had also been discreetly observing. He had the attributes of politicians and ecclesiastics—he could exercise all his senses together. While he was smiling at Miss O'Kelly he had seen Lady Patricia take from the gold vase one of the scarlet roses, press it, for an instant, to her lips and then, under cover of the table, pass it to the count. He had seen the count slowly lift the rose to his face, feigning to scent it while he kissed it. He had seen quick glances, quivering lips that half whispered, half kissed; he had seen the wireless telegraphy of love flashing messages which youth thinks are in cipher, known only to the sender and the recipient; and he, while laughing, had tapped the wire, and read the correspondence.

It is all over, he said to himself. *They are in love. The little naked boy with the bow has hit them both.*

Promptly at nine, Pedro announced the *barquito*. The cardinal made his adieus. "My son," he said to the count, "if you are for the shore, I should be honored by your company."

"Thank you," said the count, "but I ordered my motorboat at ten."

Lady Patricia and the count stood watching the cardinal's lantern as it sped toward Guaymas. It was soon lost in the night. Lady Patricia's hand rested upon the rail. The count covered it with his own. She did not move.

"Have you brought the chalice, Guy?" she asked.

"Not yet," he answered, "but I shall have it. The treasury is closed for the annual cleaning."

"When you bring it," she said, "you will find me here. I should like you to give it to me on the Tara. There is your motorboat light. Aunt Molly seems to be asleep in her chair. You need not wake her to say good night."

"I shan't," said the count.

Her hand still rested upon the rail—his hand still covered hers. She was gazing across the harbor at the countless lights of San José de Guaymas. The warm night breeze from the lagoon dimpled the water of the harbor until the reflected lights began to tremble. There was no sound save the tinkle of the water against the side, and the faint sound of a violin in the distance.

"Guy," said Lady Patricia finally, "it is nice to be here, just you and I."

He made a quick motion to take her in his arms, but she started back.

"No, no," she said, "not yet; not till you earn me. There may be many a slip twixt the cup and ——" She put her fingers to her lips.

Miss O'Kelly's chin fell so sharply upon her topazes that she wakened with a start. "Pat darlin'?" she cried, looking about her.

"Here I am," said Lady Patricia, coming into the light.

"Ah," said her aunt, "and Count Guy too. I thought he had gone. I must have had forty winks."

"I was only waiting," said the count, "to bid you good night."

"An Irishman," said Miss O'Kelly, "would have taken advantage of me slumbers, and would have kissed me hand."

"A Frenchman will do it when you are awake," said the count.

"That's nice," said Miss O'Kelly. "Run away home now, and get your beauty sleep."

During the following week the cardinal was so occupied with his poor that he nearly forgot his rich. He saw the yacht whenever he took his *barquito* at the *muelle*, and once when he was crossing the plaza he caught a glimpse of Lady Patricia and her aunt, window-shopping in the arcade.

As for the count, he haunted San Xavier del Bac. Many times each day he went to the treasury, only to find it locked. The sacristan could give him no comfort. "Perhaps tomorrow, excellency," he would say when the count put his customary question; "it is the annual cleaning, and sometimes a jewel needs resetting, an embroidery to be repaired—all this takes time—perhaps tomorrow. Shall I uncover the golden Virgin of Guadalupe, your excellency, or light up the alabaster column? They are both very fine," and the count would turn on his heel and leave the church, only to come back in an hour to repeat the question and receive the same answer.

One day the count spoke out. "Tomás," he said, "you are not a rich man, I take it?"

"Your excellency," replied Tomás, "I am inordinately poor. Are you about to tempt me?"

The count hesitated, blushed and fumbled in his pocket. He drew out a handful of notes. "Take these," he said, "and open the treasury."

"Alas, your excellency," said Tomás, "my virtue is but a battered thing, but I must keep it. I have no key."

The count went out and wandered through the arcades. He came upon Lady Patricia and Miss O'Kelly. They were looking at Salvatierra's shopwindows. Lady Patricia greeted him with a nod—Miss O'Kelly with animation.

"I'm having a struggle with me conscience," she said. So was the count. "Do you see that butterfly?" continued Miss O'Kelly, putting her finger against the glass. "It' marked two hundred and eighty pesos an that's eight pounds. I priced one in Dublin just like it, and it was eighty pounds. They don't know the value of diamonds in Mexico I've ten pounds to do with as I want. Phelim sent it in a letther from Arizona. He's on thi side of the watther travelin' in the States. It' all on account of an Englishman who staye at the Kildare Club for three weeks. Th Englishman thought he could play piquet Now, the question in me mind is, shall I pa Father Flynn the ten pounds I promised him a year ago Easter, or shall I buy the buttherfly It would look iligant, Pat dear, with me blu bengaline."

Lady Patricia laughed. "I am sure, Aun Molly," she said, "that Phelim would rathe you bought the butterfly. I'll take care of you subscription to Father Flynn."

With an exclamation of joy, Miss O'Kell ran into the shop.

"Patricia," said the count, "the treasury i still closed."

"Oh," said Lady Patricia, "why do yo remind me of such tiresome things as th treasury? Didn't you hear Aunt Molly say that Phelim is quite near, in Arizona? I had a wire from him this morning. Read it; it' quite Irish." She handed the count a telegram

"Shall I read it?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered.

He read:

I'M RICHER, BUT NO SHORTER. IS THERE HOTEL IN GUAYMAS BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE ME IN WIRE ANSWER. PHELIM

"Will you send this reply for me?" sh asked, when the count had read Phelim telegram.

"To be sure I will," he said.

"How many words are there?" she asked "I'll pay for it."

Thus compelled, the count read her answer

COME, RICH OR POOR, LONG OR SHORT. COME PAT

The count went off with the telegram thinking.

The next afternoon the count came out o the church—his fifth visit since ten o'clock— and there, near the fountain, were Lady Patricia and her aunt. The count marked then from the front steps. There was no mistakin Miss O'Kelly's green parasol.

This time Lady Patricia met him with ani mation. She even came toward him, her fac wreathed in smiles.

"Phelim has come!" she said.

"Quite happy—I'm sure," said the count "He's prompt, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Lady Patricia. "He's alway prompt. He doesn't lose shirt studs, and h never dawdles."

"Ah," said the count.

"Here he comes," exclaimed Lady Pat, an she began to wave her handkerchief.

The count turned and saw, coming from th corner by the clock tower, a man. He had th shoulders of Hercules, the waist of Apollo, th legs of Mercury. When he came closer, hat i hand, the count saw that he had curling chest nut locks, a beard that caressed his chin brown eyes and white teeth, for he wa smiling.

"Pat," he cried as he came within distance "your friend the cardinal is a good one. H puts on no side. He had me up on the balcony opened your letter, took out the check, an read the letter before he even looked at th stamped paper. When a man gets a check in a letter and reads the letter before he looks a the check, he shows breedin'."

"The Count de Lubersac," said Lady Pa tricia, "I present Mr. Phelim Blake."

The two men nodded: the count guardedly Phelim with a smile.

"I think, dear sir," said Phelim, "that yo are not in Guaymas for her antiquities. N more am I. I arrived this mornin' and I've been all over the place already. I was jus thinkin' that time might hang. Twice a da I've to go out to the yacht to propose to Pat Durin' the intervals we might have a crack a piquet."

The count was embarrassed. He was not ac customed to such frankness. He was also em barrassed by the six feet three of Phelim. He



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Morning noon and night



Enjoy DOLE Pineapple in so many delicious ways: slices, chunks, spears, tidbits, crushed, juice and pie filling. Every bit of it's from *Hawaii*—try some soon!

DOLE means HAWAIIAN Pineapple

nself was only six feet. "I do not know uet," he said.

"Ah," said Phelim, "it cost me much to rn what I know of it, and I will gladly im- t that little for the pleasure of your com- nionship. I will play you for love."

The count took counsel with himself. *So g as he is playing piquet with me*, he thought, *long he cannot be making love to Patricia.* ow long will it take me to learn the game?" asked.

"As long," answered Phelim, "as you have dy money. When you begin to give due bills have begun to grasp the rudiments of the ne."

"Then," said the count, "I shall be an apt il, for I shall give an I O U the first time I ."

"In piquet," said Phelim, squaring himself, placing the index finger of his right hand is left hand, after the manner of the didac- "the great thing is the discard, and your ard should be governed by two considera- s—first to better your own hand, and sec- , to cripple your opponent's. Your mod- e player never thinks of this latter consid- ion. His only thought is to better his own d. He never discards an ace. The mere size t dazzles him, and he will keep aces and ard tens, forgetting that you cannot have a uence of more than four without a ten, and you can have one of seven without the and that a king is as good as an ace, if the r is in the discard. I am speakin' now," tinued Phelim, "of the beginner. Let us ose one who has spent one thousand nds on the game, and is supposed to have ned somethin' for his money. His fault is to be that he sacrifices too much that he count cards. I grant you that you cannot nt sixty or ninety if your opponent has s, but you may if cards are tied. When I a beginner I used to see Colonel Hazlitt e discards, on the mere chance of tyin' the s, that seemed to me simply reckless. I discovered, however, that they were sim- scientific. One more thing—always re- ber that there is no average card in a et pack. The average is halfway between en spot and the knave. Now, what are the ces of the junior hand discardin' a ten and in' a higher card? In the Kildare Street they are understood to be two and three hs to one against, although Colonel itt claims they are two and five eighths to The colonel is an authority, but I think he rifle pessimistic. He ——"

"here, Phelim," said Lady Patricia, "I that is enough for the first lesson. We at eight. If Count de Lubersac has noth- better to do perhaps he will come with "

"We'll dine on deck, Phelim, dear," said O'Kelly. "You won't have to go below."

e next morning the count went to the h as usual. He had not slept well. The nt of Phelim had set him to thinking. Here rival, and a dangerous one. He admitted rudgingly, for a Frenchman is slow to see il in a foreigner, and who so foreign as an man?

dinner on the yacht, the night before, m had been much in evidence. His six feet had impressed the count's six feet. m had been well dressed. *Confound him*, ght the count, *he goes to Savile Row. Why 't he get his clothes at home?* Then Phelim alked much and he talked well. He had tories at which the count had been com- l to laugh. He had related experiences of me life, of the peasants, the priests, the , hunting and shooting, his brief stay in ment, what he had seen in Sonora dur- e last few days; and when dinner was Lady Patricia, who had been all atten- said, "Sing for us, Phelim," and they had below, Phelim stooping to save his head; e had struck those mysterious chords the piano, by way of prelude, that si- talk, that put the world far away, that set en to glancing at the women, and the n to glancing at the floor and making f their handkerchiefs, and then . . . he ung.

w can one describe a song? As well at- to paint a perfume.

When Phelim finished singing Miss O'Kelly went over and kissed him, and Lady Patricia went away, her eyes glistening.

The count remembered all those things as he went up the aisle. He had passed that way five times each day for nine days.

He came to the door of the treasury, thinking, not of Patricia but of Phelim—and the door was open.

He went in. The gorgeous color of the place stopped him on the threshold. He saw the embroidered vestments upon which gold was the mere background—jacinths were the stamens of the flowers, and pierced diamonds were the dewdrops on their leaves; he saw the chalices and patens of amethyst and jade, the crucifixes of beaten gold, in which rubies were set solid, as if they had been floated on the molten metal; he saw the seven-light candelabrum, the *bobèches* of which were sliced emeralds, and then his eyes, groping in this wilderness of beauty, lighted on the turquoise chalice.

"She is right," he exclaimed. "She is selling herself for the most beautiful thing in the world. To steal it is a crime like Cromwell's—too great to be punished," and he put out his hand.

Then, with the chalice and Patricia within reach, he heard a still, small voice, and his hand fell.

He began to argue with his conscience. *Who owns this chalice?* he asked. *No one. The cardinal said it had been stolen. He said no one could sell it because no one could give title. Why, then, is it not mine as well as anyone's? If I take it, whom do I wrong? Great men have never let trifles of right and wrong disturb their conduct. Who would ever have won a battle if he had taken thought of the widows? Who would ever have attained any great thing if he had not despised small things?* and he put out his hand again; and then came surging into his mind the provisions of that code which birth, associations, his school life, and most of all his mother, had taught him. What would they say and do at his clubs? Where in all the world could he hide himself, if he did this thing? He turned and fled and, running down the church steps, he came face to face with Lady Patricia and Phelim. They were laughing gaily; but when they saw the count's face, their laughter ceased.

"Have you seen a ghost, me broth of a bhoy?" asked Phelim.

The count did not answer; he did not even hear. He stood gazing at Lady Patricia. For one brief moment, when he stood before the chalice, he had questioned whether a woman who would impose such a condition could be worth winning; and now, before her, her beauty overwhelmed him. He forgot Phelim; he forgot the passers-by; he forgot everything except the woman he loved—the woman he had lost.

"Patricia," he said, "I give you back your promise. I cannot give you the chalice."

The color left her cheeks and her hands flew up to her heart; she gazed at him with love and pity in her eyes, and then, suddenly, her cheeks flamed, her white teeth pressed her lower lip, her little foot stamped upon the pavement.

"Very well," she said. "I regret having given you so much trouble," and she went toward the landing. She took three steps and then turned. The two men stood as she had left them. "Phelim," she said, smiling, "you would do something for me, if I were to ask you, would you not?"

"Try me," said Phelim. "Would you like the campanile for a paperweight?"

"No," she said, "not that, but something else. Come here."

He went to her, and she whispered in his ear.

"I'll bring it to you in half an hour, aboard the yacht," said Phelim, and he started across the plaza.

Lady Patricia went on toward the landing. The count stood watching her. She did not look back. The count looked up at the clock tower. *In half an hour*, he said to himself, *he will bring it to her, aboard the yacht;* and he turned and re-entered the church. He went up the aisle, nodded to the sacristan, entered the treasury, took the turquoise chalice, came out with it in his hand, nodded again to the sacristan, went down the steps, crossed the plaza, ran down the landing stairs and jumped into a motorboat.

"To the English yacht!" he cried.

He looked at his watch. *It seems*, he said to himself, *that one can join the criminal classes in about six minutes. I've twenty-four the start of Phelim.*

They came alongside the Tara, and the count sprang up the ladder.

"Lady Patricia?" he asked of the quartermaster.

"She is below, your excellency. She has just come aboard, and she left orders to show you down, your excellency."

"Me?" exclaimed the count.

"She didn't name you, your excellency," said the quartermaster. "What she said was, 'A gentleman will come on board soon; show him below.'"

The count speculated a moment as to whether he were still a gentleman, and then went down the companionway. He came to the saloon. The door was open. He looked in. Lady Patricia was seated at the piano, but her hands were clasped in her lap. Her head was bent and the count noticed, for the thousandth time, how the hair clustered in her neck and framed the little, close-set ear. He saw the pure outlines of her shoulders; beneath the bench he saw her foot in its white shoe; he saw, or felt—he could not have told you which—that here was the one woman in all this great world. To love her was a distinction. To sin for her was a dispensation. To achieve her was a coronation.

He tapped on the door. The girl did not turn, but she put her hands on the keys quickly, as if ashamed to have them found idle.

"Ah, Phelim," she said, "you are more than prompt; you never keep one waiting," and she began to play very softly.

The count was embarrassed. Despite his crime, he still had breeding left him, and he felt compelled to make his presence known. He knocked again.

"Don't interrupt me, Phelim," she said. "This is my swan song; listen"; and she began to sing. She sang bravely, at first, with her head held high, and then suddenly her voice began to falter. "Ah, Phelim, dear," she cried, "I've lost my love! I've lost my love!" and she put her hands to her face and fell to sobbing.

"Patricia," said the count. It was the first word he had spoken, and she raised her head, startled. "Here is the chalice, Patricia," he said.

She sprang to her feet and turned to him, tears on her cheeks, but a light in her eyes such as he had never seen.

"Oh, my love," she cried, "I should have known you'd bring it."

"Yes," he said, "you should have known."

She stood, blushing, radiant, eager, waiting.

He stood in the doorway, pale, quiet, his arms at his side, the chalice in his hand.

"Patricia," he said, "I've brought you the chalice, but I do not dare to give it to you. I stole it."

"What?" she cried, running toward him. She stopped suddenly and began to laugh—a pitiful little laugh, pitched in an unnatural key. "You shouldn't frighten me like that, Guy," she said; "it isn't fair."

"It is true," said the count; "I am a thief."

She looked at him and saw that he was speaking the truth.

"No," she cried, "'tis I am the thief, not you. The cardinal warned me that I was compelling you to do this, and I laughed at him. I thought that you would achieve the chalice, if you cared for me; that you would render some service to the state and claim it as your reward; that you would make a fortune, and buy it; that you would communicate with the Vatican, ingratiate yourself with the archbishopric of Sonora—that you would build churches, found hospitals, that even the Holy Father might ask you to name something within his gift; I thought of a thousand schemes, such as one reads of—but I never thought you would take it. No, no; I never thought that."

"Patricia," said the count, "I didn't know how to do any of those things, and I didn't have time to learn."

"I would have waited for you, always," she said.

"I didn't know that," said the count.

"I hoped you didn't," said Lady Patricia. "Come!" and she sprang through the door. The count followed her. They ran up the companionway, across the deck, down the boarding stairs. The count's motorboat was waiting.

"To the *muelle* in five minutes," cried Lady Patricia to the *marinero*, "and you shall be rich."

They went into the little cabin. The count still held the chalice in his hand. They sat far apart—each longing to comfort the other, each afraid to speak. Between them was a great gulf fixed—the gulf of sin and shame.

Halfway to the landing, they passed Phelim's motorboat, making for the yacht. The cabin hid them and he passed in silence.

"I sent him for some candy," said Lady Patricia. "I did it to make you jealous."

They reached the *muelle* in less than five minutes and Lady Patricia tossed her purse to the *marinero* and sprang out.

"Put the chalice under your coat," she said.

The count obeyed. He had stolen it openly. He brought it back hidden. They crossed the plaza as rapidly as they dared, and entered the church. The sacristan greeted them with a smile and led the way to the treasury.

"They haven't missed it yet," whispered Lady Patricia.

The sacristan unlocked the outer and the inner door, bowed, and left them. Lady Patricia seized the chalice and ran to its accustomed shelf. She had her hand outstretched to replace it when she uttered a cry.

"What is it?" exclaimed the count.

She did not answer, but she pointed, and the count, looking where she pointed, saw, on the shelf . . . the turquoise chalice.

They stared at the chalice on the shelf . . . at the chalice in Lady Patricia's hand . . . and at each other—dumfounded.

They heard a limping step on the pavement and the cardinal came in. His face was very grave, but his voice was very gentle.

"My children," he said, "I prayed God that you would bring back the chalice, but, *mea culpa*, I lacked faith, and dared not risk the original. Would God let Patricia Blake's granddaughter make shipwreck? The chalice you have, my child, is but silver gilt and glass, but it may serve, some other day, to remind you of this day. Look at it when your pride struggles with your heart. Perhaps the sight of it may strengthen you. Take it, not as the present of a cardinal, or an archbishop, but as the wedding gift of an old man who once was young, and once knew Patricia Blake."

"A wedding gift?" exclaimed Lady Patricia. "What man would ever marry such a wretch as I?"

"Patricia!" cried the count; and he held out his arms.

"My pigeons are waiting for me," said the cardinal; and he went away limping. END

ONE GOOD GIFT DESERVES ANOTHER!

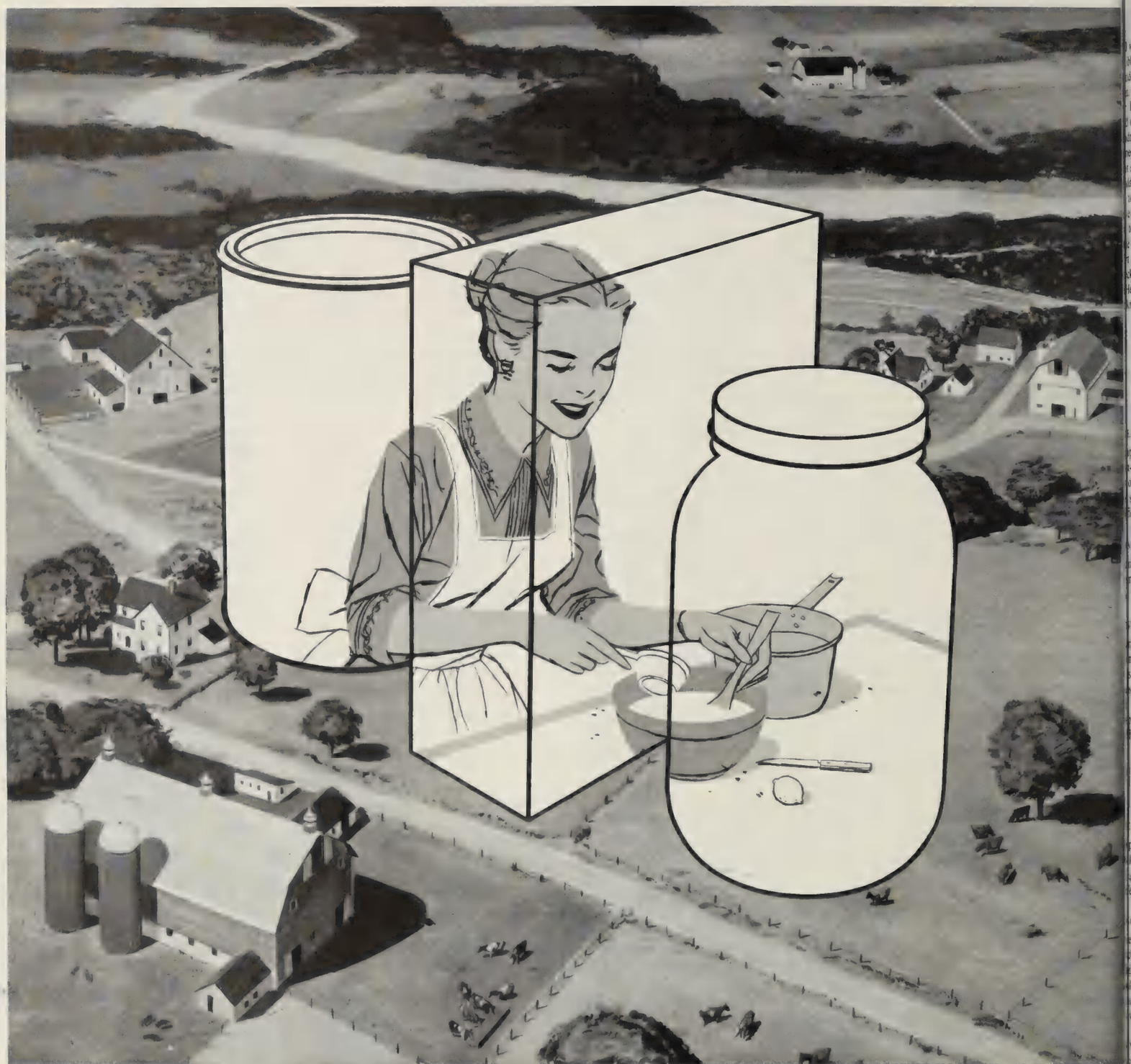
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THE DIET THAT TURNED ME INTO A MODEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

was startled by his criticism, but couldn't ble with its truth. I thought about the mistress at school who had urged me to my roommate, my mother. Now my doc- Everyone had wanted to help me, and I never had the sense to appreciate their ness. It was at that moment that I deter- ed to diet until I lost every extra pound stood between me and the kind of life I d be leading. My doctor outlined a diet for o follow and gave me a calorie chart. He me a list of forbidden foods, too, and told o carry it with me and consult it every I might be tempted to give in. I was to re- back to him every two weeks for a kup.

e smiled when I left his office, and said, now you will succeed."

Well, I did! On that day, June 14, 1952, I weighed 168 pounds. By December of the same year I weighed 110. In the beginning it was hard to get used to diet fare. A breakfast of grapefruit, boiled egg, toast and coffee is a far cry from prunes with cream, two bowls of oatmeal with sugar and cream, blueberry muffins and hot chocolate. But every time I was tempted to take an extra helping or succumb to a rich dessert, I would say to myself, *It looks better on the plate than on your hips.* And as my dresses began to feel loose and my belts had to be taken in several notches, I was cheered and determined to stick it out.

As the pounds melted away, my interest in my over-all appearance blossomed. I began taking better care of my skin and hair, and being more meticulous about grooming in general. I purposely bought dresses in a size too small. This confused the salesgirls, but it was another incentive for me to keep on the diet. The pretty small-sized dress waiting in the closet was worth dieting for!

My family and friends were delighted for me. "Maybe your dream of becoming a model *will* come true," mother exclaimed. By the time I had reduced to 125 pounds, I had some photographs taken and went for an interview at one of the model agencies. They told me I was too heavy (fashion models are *super*slim), but when I explained that I was dieting and planned to lose another 15 pounds, they registered me. Five pounds later—at 120—I was booked for my first modeling job. It was a fashion show and, to be sure, I was the pudgiest girl on the runway—but I was also by far the happiest! At 110 pounds, I was a full-time model—with bookings to keep me busy all week long.

My diet even gets the credit for my happy marriage! Roy, my husband, would never have looked twice at the old 175-pound Linda. We met and started dating when I weighed 135 pounds. He knew how important it was to n e to reduce, and encouraged me right down to the last lost pound. Now *he* has become so weight conscious he not only watches his own waistline, he keeps an eye on mine. When I am occasionally tempted to eat more than I should, it's Roy who puts his foot down! "Don't forget," he teases, "you were once a fatty!" I'll never forget. But that is a part of my past. Now, I'm living happily in the present—and looking forward to the future.

LINDA RAND'S REDUCING DIET—A TYPICAL WEEK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

WEDNESDAY

AKFAST	Calories
efruit (½)	100
-boiled egg	70
le-wheat toast, lightly buttered, slice	100
ee, plain	—
	270
CH	
ato-bacon-and-lettuce sandwich whole-wheat toast	270
with lemon	—
	270
NER	
b chops (2 small)	200
g beans (½ cup)	28
(½ cup)	65
ed salad (tomato, carrot, onion, lettuce), lemon juice	30
e snow* (½ cup)	30
ee, plain	—
	353

TOTAL CALORIES FOR DAY 893

THURSDAY

AKFAST	
efruit sections (½ cup)	50
ed cereal (¾ cup) with whole milk cup) and sugar (1 tsp.)	165
e, plain	—
	215
CH	
d vegetable juice (4 oz.)	30
ed egg on whole-wheat toast, ntly buttered, 1 slice	245
ed tomato halves	30
n gelatin (½ cup)	100
with lemon	—
	405
ER	
lon (1 cup)	18
beef (1 slice)	100
d potato (small) with ½ pat butter	100
g beans (½ cup)	28
d salad, lemon juice	30
es (½ cup, dietetic)	36
e, plain	—
	312

TOTAL CALORIES FOR DAY 932

FRIDAY

KFAST	
ge juice (4 oz.)	67
ed egg on pumpernickel toast, tly buttered	165
e, plain	—
	232
H	
able soup (¾ cup)	85
to stuffed with cottage cheese bsp.)	95
e-wheat toast, lightly buttered, ice	100
snow* (½ cup)	30
ith lemon	—
	310

DINNER	Calories
T-bone steak	250
Corn on the cob, 1 pat butter	100
Broccoli (½ cup) with lemon juice	20
Mixed green salad (lettuce, water cress, endive), lemon juice	20
Cantaloupe (½)	50
Coffee, plain	—
	440

TOTAL CALORIES FOR DAY 982

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST	
Orange-and-grapefruit-juice combination (4 oz.)	58
Ready-to-eat cereal (1 cup) with whole milk (½ cup) and sugar (1 tsp.)	185
Coffee, plain	—
	243
LUNCH	
Tomato juice (4 oz.)	30
Sliced chicken (2 slices) and lettuce sandwich on whole-wheat toast	195
Tea with lemon	—
	225
DINNER	
Chicken-noodle soup (½ cup)	70
Broiled calves' liver (1 slice) with onions (½ onion)	165
Cauliflower (½ head)	50
String beans (½ cup)	28
Tossed salad, lemon juice	30
Gingercake (1 small piece)	100
Coffee, plain	—
	443

TOTAL CALORIES FOR DAY 911

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST	
Grapefruit-and-orange sections (½ cup)	45
Poached egg on pumpernickel toast, lightly buttered, 1 slice	165
Coffee, plain	—
	210
DINNER	
Veal chop	180
Brussels sprouts (½ cup)	60
Sliced carrots (½ cup)	30
Banana-flavored custard (½ cup)	130
Coffee, plain	—
	400
SUPPER	
Tuna-salad sandwich on whole-wheat toast (2 tsp. mayonnaise—dietetic)	265
Tea with lemon	—
	265

TOTAL CALORIES FOR DAY 875

***Apple Snow:* Beat 3 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in ¾ cup unsweetened applesauce and enough sugar substitute to equal ½ cup sugar. Flavor with a little grated lemon rind. Pour into serving dishes and chill. Makes 4 servings. 30 calories.**

LINDA LOVES TO COOK!

Still careful about what she eats, Linda nevertheless splurges once a week, "Because I love to cook, and a splurge meal gives me something to look forward to. It may be a Sunday brunch—a Saturday supper—a midweek surprise for my husband. Here are some of my favorite off-diet recipes. They're not *overly* rich—but you couldn't eat them often and have a slender waistline too!"

Beef Stroganoff: Cut a 1-pound slice beef sirloin into thin julienne strips. Season with salt and pepper and dust lightly with flour. Chop 1 small onion and sauté until transparent, in 2 tablespoons butter. Remove onion and sauté ¼ pound mushrooms, sliced, in saucepan. Remove mushrooms. Add 2 tablespoons more butter and brown the beef strips in it. Put onions and mushrooms back in pan and add ¼ cup tomato juice and ½ cup canned consommé. Cover and simmer 30–40 minutes or until beef is tender. Then add ¼ cup commercial sour cream and heat about 15 minutes. Do not let it come to a boil, or sour cream will curdle. Reseason to taste and serve. Makes 2–3 servings.

Pork Chops with Barbecue Sauce (serve applesauce with this): Cut fat off 4 lean pork chops. Brown in hot skillet. Drain off fat. Mix together ¼ cup catchup, ½ cup water, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, a pinch each *orégano*, basil and tarragon, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon chili powder, ¼ teaspoon ginger and ¼ teaspoon curry powder. Put 1 tablespoon sauce on each chop. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Turn chops and put another tablespoon sauce on each chop. Simmer another 20 minutes or more, covered, over low heat to prevent burning until chops are tender, basting occasionally with the remaining sauce. Serves 2 or 4, depending on the thickness of the chops.

Shrimp in Cream: Put ½ cup cream, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon water, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne and a pinch of thyme in a skillet. Heat and add ½ pound raw, peeled and cleaned shrimp. Simmer about 15 minutes until shrimp are pink. Serve with green noodles (the high-protein brand—35 calories per serving). Makes 2 servings.

Hamburgers à la Linda: Make 4 thin hamburger patties. Put a thin slice each of cheese, ripe tomato and onion on two of the patties. Cover these with the other two patties. Pinch patties together around the edge and broil to your liking. Makes 2 servings.

Nice-for-Sunday-Brunch Chive Omelet: Put 1 tablespoon butter in a skillet. Let it get sputtery hot. Beat 4 eggs slightly with a fork. Season with salt and pepper and add 3 tablespoons commercial sour cream and 3 tablespoons minced chives. Pour in egg mixture and turn down heat. Shake pan back and forth and run knife down through eggs here and there so liquid part can get down to the bottom of the pan. Start rolling omelet while it is still wet but edges are firm. The inside of the omelet cooks while it is being removed from the pan. To roll an omelet, take hold of pan up on a slant. With a spatula in the other hand ease the omelet into a roll, starting at the tipped-up side. Serves 2.

Chicken and Mushrooms: Have your butcher cut up a frying chicken into serving-size pieces, or thaw a package of frozen chicken which is already cut. Season chicken with salt and pepper and rub with a split clove of garlic and some lemon juice. Brown chicken on all sides in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms and ¼ cup consommé. Season with 1 tablespoon minced scallions or chives, and 2 tablespoons minced green pepper. Simmer, covered, until chicken is tender. Serve garnished with parsley. Makes 4 servings.

Danish Meat Balls: Soak 1 slice protein bread in ¼ cup milk. Break up bread with a fork. Mix with ¾ pound ground beef, adding 1 small onion, chopped, ¼ teaspoon salt, some pepper and a good pinch of mace. Shape into balls about as big as a golf ball and dust lightly with flour. Brown in 2 tablespoons butter in a heavy skillet or Dutch oven. Add water to just cover and simmer, covered, about 1 hour. Thicken gravy if you like. Serve with chopped parsley sprinkled over the top. Makes 2 servings. END

OFFICE

By JEAN H. ANDERSON

Any jungle is a jungle.
There is the asphalt jungle
And then there is the blackboard jungle
And then there is the office jungle . . .
Where the seemingly innocent paper clip
Bides its time to bite the equally lethal memorandum,
Where the carpeting slithers like quicksand, bubbling and beckoning,
And the shrill warning voice of the telephone bird
Heralds the approach of the blind and wounded executive-buffalo
And the sibilant retreat of the open-lidded anaconda secretary.



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OPEN HOUSE... TO 100 TEEN-AGERS



Every Sunday night Violet and Lawrence Allen open their doors—and their hearts—to teen-agers from all over Lynchburg, Virginia.

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS By JOHN LEWIS STAGE

Boonsboro Road, Lynchburg, Virginia
Dear Editors: In the suburbs of a lovely town, surrounded by five acres (to deaden hilarious laughter and protect kind neighbors!), we live in an old-fashioned ten-room house (*not* counting a 35′ basement) and are blessed beyond comparison with not only a son, 18, and a daughter, 15, but 100 other teen-agers who make up our family "brigade." Sunday nights, cars line both sides of our little by-road and the sun porch is filled with teen-agers. In the basement they are playing table tennis, watching TV, dancing, drinking punch, popping corn, and upstairs some are sitting in front of the fire and others are shooting pool. I am not sure if you would approve of shooting pool and dancing on Sunday nights. Yet I'd rather have my own two youngsters doing it than have them parked on the side of the road somewhere—and after talking to other parents, I find I am well supported in this belief. All our teen-agers, by the way, come to us *after* six-o'clock church meetings.

All this is leading up to the question of whether you could visit us and see for yourself. There have been so many unfavorable articles on juvenile delinquency I would *so* like to tell the world about our own teen-agers!

VIOLET ALLEN
(The Woman-Who-Lives-in-a-Shoe)

Big, calm Lawrence Allen occasionally describes his wife teasingly as "a drop of water on a hot stove."

Exactly how diminutive, bouncing Violet Allen finds the time, patience and energy to welcome a throng of teen-aged boys and girls into their home every Sunday night is a question that has baffled more observers than her husband. Besides acting as hostess to the teens, she does all her housework (with daughter Vicky's help), teaches Sunday school, belongs to a



Violet does her "visiting" by telephone. She and Lawrence seldom go out, saying, "Our interests are here; if we leave we might miss something!"



On baking Saturdays, teen-agers help ice cupcakes. Once after baking 75 Violet found 35 missing. "Helpers" had liberally helped themselves.

"We don't have to ask the kids to help— they just do."



Violet and daughter Vicky put away weekend groceries, while Larry, 19, reads sports news. Kitchen is favorite spot for family "talk times" and fun.



Since the Allens' antique shop is only a few rods from house, Lawrence is on hand to unload weekly supply of soft drinks, settle disputes, give advice.

Party Pointers from the Allens

■ *How do you afford to provide refreshments for a large number of teen-agers every Sunday night? What do you serve? How do you manage to keep the boys and girls busy and out of trouble? Who cleans up after they're gone? Isn't it a lot of work?*

■ *Violet Allen's answer to these and other questions is brief and practical: Keep it simple.*

■ *Food? No problem. On Saturday afternoons, Violet bakes about 75 cupcakes (using packaged mix) or 120 cookies. She keeps on the cupboard shelf ingredients for chocolate fudge, several cans of popcorn, "emergency" boxes of assorted commercial cookies. Occasionally a friend sends over brownies or a cake; the invaluable Dr. Pepper dispenser provides cold drinks for all.*

■ *Serving and cleaning up? That's simple too. Cupcakes are piled on a tray in the basement playroom; boys and girls pass plates of cookies or bowls of popcorn, feel free to return to the kitchen if supplies run low. At the end of the evening, empty soft-drink bottles are replaced in their cases, chairs pushed back into place, trash thrown in the huge wooden box at the foot of the cellar stairs, dishes (usually only a few) returned to the kitchen and rinsed. There are no set rules about cleaning up, and it is true that occasionally all the teen-agers happen to vanish at once, leaving the house rather disarranged. "But it's no trouble really," Violet says. "Lawrence and Vicky and Larry and I can get things straight in a jiffy."*

■ *Entertainment? The Allens have never attempted to "organize" the Sunday-night gathering. Boys and girls split into groups: some dancing; some playing bridge, chess, table tennis, pool; others simply talking—and eating. The Allens are fortunate in having a house "just made for parties": the enclosed sun porch can be entered directly from outside; boys and girls troop from sun porch to basement (through the ever-popular kitchen) without disturbing the more formal rooms.*

■ *Discipline? There are only two fixed rules of behavior: strict observance of curfew, no "parking" outside. At 9:30 on school nights and at 11:00 on weekends, Violet walks through the house ringing a curfew bell. Once when she suspected that some of the teen-agers were lingering in cars parked in the drive, she tacked a tactful warning on the avidly read bulletin board; since then there has been no problem. The fact that the group varies in size from fourteen to twenty may possibly account for the noticeable absence of smoking, "toughtalk" and general rowdiness: older boys and girls try to set a good example for the younger ones (often their own brothers and sisters); the younger group wants to live up to the older.*

■ *Expense? The Allens estimate that their teen-age entertainment averages about $ a month (exclusive of Dr. Pepper's and drinks)—"but that's counting in special occasion parties, when the refreshments are much more elaborate," Violet hastens to add. (At a graduation party last year, she served lime-sherbet-and-ginger-ale punch, a three-tiered cake, and provided party favors for each guest.) "Usually we spend practically nothing."*

■ *The secret of the Allens' success lies in the simplicity of the Sunday-night gethers. "Boys and girls don't want elaborate game rooms and fancy food," Violet points up. "They just want to know they're welcome.*

garden club, a book-discussion group, and both she and Lawrence are active in church work (he a steward at the Court Street Methodist Church) and in P.T.A. work. In her spare time, Violet makes flying trips to the public library, takes homemade custard to sick friends and writes poems.

"Frankly," one neighboring mother admits, "I go crazy when I have a party for ten or twelve. I think, 'How does Violet cope with seventy?' It's not that teens are troublemakers, but they're so high-spirited!" Another, whose daughter is a close friend of Vicky Allen's, says, "Not long ago we fixed up our game room, hoping to relieve Violet a little. But the children would rather go to the Allens' than anywhere else."

Violet is amazed that anyone could honestly believe she "puts herself out" for the teen-agers. "It's purely selfish pleasure," she contends. "Lawrence and I don't do one solitary thing but open the door and say, 'Come in.'"

The open door of the Allen house magnetizes traffic heading north out of Lynchburg, Virginia. Jeeps, sedans and convertibles, instead of speeding to Highway 501, turn with honking horns into a narrow old road—a curve cut off from the main artery years ago when the highway was straightened. The curve is no detour to Lynchburg teen-agers, but a well-established Sunday-night thoroughfare. As car CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

"Everything's available —but nothing is mandatory."

Boys and girls gather in living room to sing as Violet plays accordion. In basement playroom kids dance, play cards or table tennis; in sun porch they crowd about popular pool table, piano. There's no "planned activity"—but plenty to do.







"Blest be the Tie That Binds"

—HYMN NO. 245

At the new Presbyterian church, senior youth-fellowship group conducts meeting outdoors. All boys and girls attend fellowships before heading for Allens' and an evening of fun.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 after car pulls up to the big, brilliantly lighted house on the hill, the passengers spill out—girls in bright skirts or Bermuda shorts, boys in sports jackets and white bucks—and voices call from car to car:

"That you, Warren? How's life at V.P.I.?"

"Man, I got the best new Krupa record I want to play for you."

"Hey, who's this? Somebody new?"

A pert little girl who has just arrived introduces herself as Tony, a visitor in Lynchburg. "But the kids at Presbyterian Fellowship said it would be O.K. if I came—will Mrs. Allen care?"

"She'll be tickled to death!" and Tony is one more welcome guest deposited on the crowded front porch. At the threshold of the wide-flung door stands Mrs. Allen, a bowl of hot buttery popcorn in her hand and a delighted expression on her face, framed by its flyaway graying hair. "Y'all come on *in*," she urges, warmly hugging the girls, grinning at the boys, and talking every minute. "Vicky's down there in the playroom, Larry's about somewhere, a whole gang's on the sun porch shooting pool. I *declare* it's good to see you all! Monroe, when did you get back from the University of Virginia? And hasn't Fontaine got on a pretty dress? Y'all come in and get yourselves a cold drink, hear?"

Tony, as a newcomer, is hugged, exclaimed over, and drawn straight through the living room (where she gets a pleasant impression of mellowed old furniture, soft lamplight, a fire crackling on the hearth) and into the sun porch. Here, boys CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

"Around this house it doesn't seem you could do anything wrong."

The Allens make no rules or regulations, but teen-agers respect them too much to risk disapproval. All agree that partying at the Allens' makes more sense than hanging around some drive-in. "What's the point of cutting up? We want to be welcome here."





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

and girls mill around a pool table, and the clicking of billiard balls mingles with the cool precision of a piano, where a boy sits calmly playing Mozart.

"That's Fred," Mrs. Allen says proudly. "He's a genius—can look at a piece of music he's never seen before and play it *backwards*. Come on, we'll go find Vicky."

Tony, a little confused by now, is hurried into the pine-paneled kitchen and introduced to the group there—three girls busily stirring up a batch of fudge, a couple of boys perched on the wide counter to offer advice (and lick the pan). The pleasant-looking older man in the breakfast nook, engrossed in a game of chess with a redheaded boy, turns out to be Mr. Allen—teasing, soft-spoken and helpful. "Tony, I think Vicky and some of the girls are downstairs," he suggests, noticing that his wife has been pressed into service by the fudge makers.

In the basement playroom, Tony recognizes tall, brown-eyed Larry Allen playing a slashing game of table tennis with his college roommate. Several couples are jitterbugging in their stocking feet to music from a record player; in the dead center of the room a rousing bridge game has attracted a crowd of interested onlookers. Finally spotting the friends who brought her to the Allens, Tony heads for them.

"Well, where'd *you* disappear to?" asks a pretty brunet girl, squeezing over on the bench to make room.

"First tell me one thing," Tony says, looking dazedly about her at the roomful of boys and girls. "Do the Allens have this many kids here *every* Sunday night?"

They do. The open door and the simple words of welcome provide reason enough for innumerable teen-agers to consider the Allens' their second home. Not only on Sunday evenings, but morn-till-night during summer and school holidays, they wander in for a game of pool, a cupcake hot from the oven, a songfest around the battered old piano. Many are friends of the Allens' daughter, Vicky, a pretty, popular fifteen-year-old with blond hair and a quick contagious smile. Some are Larry's classmates—he is a sophomore at V. P. I. this year, but is often home on weekends. Yet even when Vicky and Larry are not at home, the young people feel free to stop in; more than once Violet, returning from shopping to a supposedly empty house, has discovered a couple of boys playing table tennis in the basement or chess in the TV den. "They know our door is never locked, and they're welcome to make themselves at home," Violet says.

The "Teen Brigade" (as they are known to the Allens) have been spending Sunday evenings at the white house on Boonsboro Road for more than three years. The group varies in size from week to week; holidays and special parties may swell the number to over a hundred, other weekends there may be only twenty or thirty. The boys and girls, varying in age from fourteen to twenty, may come from "just down the road" or from the Fort Hill section clear across town. Some of them live in the stately columned houses that line Rivermont Avenue and Oakwood Place; others come from less prosperous-looking dwellings. Most attend E. C. Glass High School, but some are college students, and a few go to private preparatory schools—Virginia Episcopal School in Lynchburg, Stuart Hall in Staunton. All, however, are alike in one respect: each is a member of a church-sponsored youth-fellowship group, and as a rule each attends a fellowship service before "eeling on out to the Allens'."

Vicky was twelve when the Sunday-night parties first started. "I was at the Presbyterian Fellowship meeting," she recalls, "and afterward a couple of the girls came home with me. Well, the boys sort of followed us out. Next week, to even things up, I asked a few more girls. And then it just grew."

"Grew" inadequately describes the immediate enthusiastic snowballing of that first impromptu gathering. Word got around. "Man," said one boy to another, "it's great. Mrs. Allen feeds you popcorn and cookies, and there's a pool table." Vicky's friends, just beginning their first tentative dating, were grateful for a place where they could meet casually, without the formality of a prearranged date. Older boys discovered that parties at the Allens' were invariably more fun than "hanging around some drive-in." It was inevitable that in a town the size of Lynchburg (53,000), where teen-agers depend mainly on private or school-sponsored parties, movies or their own ingenuity to amuse themselves, the Allens' casual get-togethers were immediately successful.

Peter, now one of the most enthusiastic members of the Sunday-night gang, remembers when he first heard about the group. "I didn't even know Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and hadn't dated Vicky or anything. So when this fella says, 'Want to go to the Allens'?' I said no at first. It looked like gate crashing to me. Well, when we got there I sort of hung around outside for about an hour, trying to get up enough nerve to go in. But the minute I got inside the door, I felt like a member of the family."

Before long, Sunday night at the Allens' was an established tradition. Except for special occasions such as Halloween, Christmas, graduation, Violet limited refreshments to popcorn, cookies and punch; she allowed boys and girls to serve themselves informally, and to help clean up afterward. Mothers and fathers, relieved to know their children were safe and properly chaperoned in a friend's home, instead of driving aimlessly about or frequenting roadhouses, only gradually realized the full extent of the Allens' hospitality. "I knew *my* son was always out there," says one mother, "but I had no idea how many *others* were there."

"Doesn't it make you nervous to have a bunch of kids turned loose among your priceless antiques?" is a question Violet is often asked. She replies that not once has anything been broken or damaged, "and we've had kids here as long as I can remember." Both Allen parents have always encouraged Vicky and Larry to entertain at home; both share a deep interest and pleasure in young people. Violet often says that she wishes they had felt financially able to have children sooner after their marriage, and wishes they had at least twice as many as fill the house now.

Lawrence and Violet were themselves only eighteen when they met, in early spring of 1927, although both had lived in Lynchburg since childhood. (Lawrence, who lived in New Jersey until he was three, complains that he was called "Yank" all through school.) Both were a year out of high school, Violet working as a secretary in the junior high school, Lawrence a shoe designer in a Lynchburg factory. On a night of roller skating at the Y.W.C.A., Violet, who had come to the rink with a date, caught a smile from a tall, attractive boy who looked over his shoulder at her. "I only remembered," she says, "that I'd taken One-A English with him—all I remembered was a little boy in brown pants, with an ol' dollar watch he kept looking at every five minutes." Possibly in the course of smiling back over his shoulder, Lawrence contrived to fall and get his hand skated over and Violet offered assistance. "She looked at my hand very sympathetically," Lawrence remembers, "and the *next* week she came back to the rink *without* a date!"

Three weeks after the skating-rink incident, they knew they wanted to be married—but a year later they were still facing parental objections. Both sets of parents agreed that they were much too young, much too insecure financially. (Together they were making about $35 a week.)

Elopement seemed the only solution to their problem, so on March 3, 1928, Violet smuggled a suitcase out of the house, stopped at the school where she worked and prevailed upon a teacher, Mrs. Bernard Schultz, to chaperon Lawrence and herself on their wedding trip to Greensboro, North Carolina. Their elopement was notable for its difficulties. After registering at a Greensboro hotel, they were unable to get a marriage license—Violet looked too young. Mrs. Schultz suggested that they try nearby Salisbury—but they left in such a flurry that Violet's suitcase, containing her pretty new wedding outfit, was left behind at the hotel. They arrived in Salisbury just as the registry office was closing. "I shall never forget," Violet says, "seeing that clerk bending over to lock his office door! He opened up for us, but his secretary had gone home, so I had to type my own marriage license!"

Lawrence and Violet were married by a Presbyterian minister, Violet in the same black dress she had worn to work that morning. There was not even time to buy flowers—but they *did* remember to telegraph their parents; and when they arrived in Lynchburg on Sunday, they were greeted by an enormous throng of friends and relatives who had been meeting trains all day long. "I always tell Vicky if *she* ever decides to elope, I want to go along," Violet says now, with a reminiscent grin. "It's too much fun to miss!"

Violet and Lawrence rented a tiny apartment in the hilly downtown section of Lynchburg; of their combined salaries they managed to save about $10 a week. In 1933, however, they both had 10 per cent cuts in their pay; at about this same time, some good friends of theirs decided to open an antique shop in Charlottesville and asked the Allens to join them.

"We didn't know an antique from a hole in the ground," says Violet. "Isn't that right, honey?" And Lawrence says, "Well, I know we used to pass antique shops and laugh at the idea of people actually buying that stuff." However, it was the height of the depression ("We used to flip a dime—if we had a dime—to see if we'd eat or go to a show") and the Allens figured they couldn't lose much.

They gave up their jobs, followed their friends to Charlottesville, and began to learn the antique business. "We went to museums, took courses, stretched out on a rug in front of the fire every night and read, read, read." After eighteen months, they returned to Lynchburg and went into business on their own.

In 1936, Violet and Lawrence were lucky enough to buy for $6500 the comfortable old eight-room house on Boonsboro Road. A year later, Larry was born. "Neither Lawrence nor I believed in having children until we had a real home for them," Violet says. "Children need stability—even to the pictures on the wall and the rugs on the floor. I believe in putting roots down and letting them *stay* down forever-and-ever-amen!"

The house was admirably suited for children. Its broad level front lawn lent itself to basketball, tag and football; the back yard, plunging abruptly toward a wooded, tangled hollow where a little creek flows, was perfect for playing hide-and-seek, or building tree houses. The house itself, with its typically Southern central hall flanked by wide, high-ceilinged rooms, provided a pleasant background for the Allens' beautiful old furniture, yet was roomy enough to assure plenty of play space for the children. Many of the same boys and girls who spent hours playing kickball on the well-worn front lawn, or making lemonade in the kitchen, have grown up to be the teen-agers who dance in the Allens' basement today.

"Those early years were fun—'member, honey?" Violet says, recalling the days before Lawrence hired an assistant, when they worked side by side in the shop. "We had a speaker hooked up in the children's room at the house and another one in the shop, so I could listen to them while they took their naps. Then when they woke up, I'd get them dressed and they'd come over to help me and their daddy sand and scrape."

Vicky and Larry were brought up on antiques. At Christmas and birthdays, their presents invariably consisted of old and valuable toys—miniature lamps, small ladder-back chairs or drop-leaf tables, quaint dolls, old German marbles, elaborate mechanical banks. Both children loved the antiquing excursions that took them all over the Virginia countryside and occasionally as far north as Bucks County, Pennsylvania. They quickly picked up enough knowledge of old wood and design to spot good pieces, and sometimes made better buys than their parents. ("Just last week I finally sold an old secretary Larry had insisted on buying when he was about nine years old," Lawrence says.) Thus when Larry went to college, he was able to contribute some of the money toward his education.

"Our whole house is furnished with clothes!" Violet once said. The Chippendale chest, she explains, was bought with money she'd set aside for a winter coat; the unusual giant-size Regina music box represents Easter outfits for the entire family. Violet refinished every piece of furniture in the house, and never tires of imagining a story behind each antique: Who was the old-fashioned child who worked the little sampler with its charmingly misspelled words, its bright red strawberries and lopsided brick house? Was the blanket chest (dated 1787 and inlaid with the initials M. B.) meant as a wedding gift for a bride? Most fascinating of all is the grandfather clock that stands in a corner of the living room. On the lower half of its face, numerals and moons are worn and almost unreadable—but the top half has a bright, clear look. "Can't you just picture some neat little woman scrubbing and scrubbing to get the face clean?" Violet says. "But she wasn't tall enough to reach any higher than the three and the nine—so the numbers above that didn't get rubbed away!"

The Allens' furniture is fairly safe from breakage, since the boys and girls congregate mainly in the more informal rooms—the sun porch, the kitchen, the TV den with its comfortable leather sofa and rocking chairs, and the basement playroom. About twelve years ago, the Allens spent $1000 on the basement: they built a retaining wall, completed part of the ceiling ("I reckon by the time we finish that ceiling our *grandchildren* will be teen-agers!"), and furnished it with sturdy furniture, a $10 tennis table, a record player. Violet and an artistic friend painted a mural to mask the rough concrete walls—a mountain range with a winding stream at its foot, flowing over rocks and breaking into realistic waterfalls and rapids. The mural ends with a white steeple church nestled in a green valley.

That painted church surrounded by calm painted hills has been pointed out as "the *only* peaceful scene around here!" Violet various

HOW THE ALLENS SPEND THEIR MONEY

The Allens' income varies from month to month, depending on sales of antiques and reproductions. Yearly income averages between $5000 and $6000. Larry's college expenses are taken care of partly by his own savings, and partly by a building-and-loan savings account, now matured, which will pay the Allens $500 each September during Larry's college years.

Food	$125	Club dues—Vicky	3
Clothing	40	Church	25
Fuel	20	Charities	10
Electricity	12	Gifts	25
Telephone	8	Car expenses (used for business purposes as well as personal)	40
Insurance (life, fire)	17	Cleaning, laundry	20
Medical	10	Magazines, newspapers	4
Property tax (suburbs)	10	Recreation	10
Income tax	50	Refreshments for teen-agers	30
Social Security tax	10		$508
Tuition for Vicky	16		
Allowance—Vicky	15		
Piano lessons—Vicky	8		

ribes their home life as a "picnic," a "cir- and a "madhouse"; to describe the teen- s themselves, she turned to verse:

The rollicking, frolicking boys and girls
ith their slicked-down hair and brushed-up curls,
ho keep this house turning in dizzy whirls . . ."

here the mural ends stands a Dr. Pepper ensing machine, one of the many gifts the ns have received from admiring neighbors. her protests, parents began to send in ies and cakes for the weekly gatherings. ike to bake," she insists, "and I like the lren hanging around licking the pans.") the extra supplies help! One morning, after an especially large party, Violet d a neighbor's yardman waiting on the s—he'd been sent with explicit instructions acuum every room in the house and do tever else Mrs. Allen wanted. Often friends flowers fresh from their gardens. But ng the most welcome gifts of all, accord- o the Allens, was the soft-drink machine. obert Q. Davis, manager of a local bottling pany, overheard some parents discussing

NEXT MONTH

Lt. Col. Daniel ("Chappie") James commands a jet squadron, was voted his state's outstanding man of 1955, was promoted over 5000 majors who ranked him. His mother is proud of him.

■ "She believes that the eventual end of segregation depends on Negro achievements. 'Prove to the world that you can compete on an equal basis,' she says. 'Show by your accomplishments that you are good and intelligent and worthy.'" Her words started one man on a meteoric course of

DEMONSTRATED ABILITY

By MARY ELIZABETH VROMAN and NELLE PERRY

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES in the February JOURNAL

Sunday-night parties—and promptly of- to install a cold-drink dispenser in the ns' basement, which he would keep sup- without charge. Violet was overcome by ift, and for months painstakingly kept t of every bottle drunk by herself, Law- or any of their adult guests. "I didn't to take advantage of him; after all, the ine is for teen-agers." But Mr. Davis ed that the machine was for everyone— acked up a sign to emphasize that fact. eople," Violet has found, "always want to ore for you than you do for them. When me back from Florida last summer, we our lawn freshly mowed. I was hanging ins one day and you should have seen husky football boys with their big old s, pulling the starch apart to get the rods gh! They send us post cards when they're cations or at school, they bring us pres- —and Johnny, our artist, painted two iful portraits of Vicky and Larry and dn't accept a penny."

ly once did the group threaten to get out nd. The problem actually arose from weight of numbers—the Sunday-night d swelled until Violet and Lawrence sim- uld not keep up with them all. Accus- d to knowing every single guest well gh to tease him about his new girl or con- ate him on his latest scholastic honor, ound themselves entertaining boys and hey had never seen before. (The story is of one boy who leaned across the card to ask, "Hey, who lives here anyway?") of the "new" boys had been in trouble ionally—for breaking traffic regulations, shooting BB guns on the street, ringing the big bell at Virginia Episcopal School in the middle of the night.

"Oh, none of the kids ever got into serious trouble," says Elizabeth Evans Richards—at that time Director of Christian Education at the Presbyterian church, and always an enthusiastic backer of the Allens' Sunday-night parties. "But they'd stop at ■ drive-in and drink beer—that sort of thing. Mainly Violet was worried because she didn't *know* all the children."

Violet and Lawrence discussed the problem with various youth leaders: Elizabeth Evans Richards, Phyllis Osborne (Director of Christian Education at the Methodist church), Mr. and Mrs. John Les Stone (sponsors of the Senior Presbyterian Fellowship), John Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Bond (active in P.T.A.) and others. They asked the opinions of teen-agers' parents. Finally, the Allens concluded that they simply *must* limit the group somehow—and the simplest method seemed to be through strengthening the already-existent link with the churches.

So Violet sat down and wrote dozens and dozens of notes explaining the new ruling: to be welcome at Sunday-night parties, each boy and girl must be a member of a church fellowship group. "I felt downright mean doing it," she says now. "Lawrence and I didn't want to exclude anyone. But it worked beautifully—at least twelve of the new kids joined a fellowship, and we never had ■ bit of trouble. But then," she adds firmly, "we didn't expect any trouble. I have never to this day met ■ juvenile delinquent."

Not only Sunday nights, but on a typical Saturday afternoon, the phone rings constantly. The front door bangs, a couple of girls rush in calling for Vicky. At the same time Lawrence wanders in from the antique shop for a midafternoon snack of cake and milk. Immediately voices from the sun porch call, "Mr. Allen, how about ■ game of pool?" A

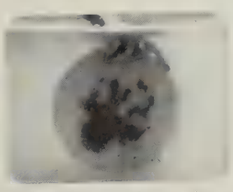


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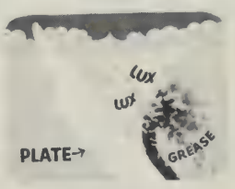
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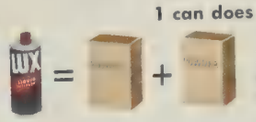


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few minutes later the record player starts up in the basement. Violet reminds herself distractedly to feed the four cats, but before she can turn around a lanky, thin-faced boy appears in the doorway, saying hopefully, "Mrs. Allen, I'm about to starve to death." No sooner has he disappeared (well supplied with potted ham, crackers, a banana and two cupcakes) than another boy comes to perch on the counter and discuss summer jobs.

Before Violet can comment, a slender blond girl whirls excitedly into the room, waving a newspaper clipping. "Did you see this in the paper about Sarah being Citizen of the Month? Can I put it up on the bulletin board?" (The bulletin board, crowded with clippings and cartoons, also includes magazine articles the Allens feel might interest teen-agers: advice about going steady, petting, choosing colleges.) The pretty girl whirls on out, the telephone rings, the side door slams—and the cupcakes are *surely* burning! And at that moment another face appears in the kitchen door.

"Mrs. Allen," says this latest arrival reproachfully, "where *were* y'all at one-thirty today? I called and no one answered!"

Violet leans against the oven door and laughs helplessly. "I swannee, it's got so I have to apologize if I step outside the door for a second!"

"What the Allens are doing I call real church extension work," one parent commented recently. Another said, "They're just *talking* if they claim they don't spend a lot of money on that gang!" Still another said, "It means so much to know where my children are, whom they're with, what they're doing."

Violet and Lawrence disclaim all credit. "If these teen-agers are a good bunch—and they are—it's because of three things. First, their own parents are interested in them and care about them. Second, there are so many wonderful youth leaders, both in the church and at school. And third, the kids were above average to begin with—were *born* that way!"

Violet and Lawrence often ask themselves what will happen to their teen-agers when Vicky and her friends go off to college. Will their house be empty, except during summer vacation and Christmas holidays? Will there be no one to play the piano, dance in the basement, and swipe cold fried chicken from the refrigerator?

One Sunday night recently, these questions were answered. Violet went to the door and there, adding to the crowd already on hand, stood a group of girls she had never seen before. "So little, they could walk right under my arm!" she said—rather inaccurately, since she herself is only five feet two. "They said they had just been promoted from the junior to the senior fellowship, and wanted to know if they were old enough *now* to come out here on Sunday nights!"

Needless to say, Violet opened the door and said, "Come in!"

THE ROMANTIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

wasn't really getting what the school had to offer, and there seemed to be no point in carrying on the experiment any further.

It had been explained to father (as if he didn't know!) that Gretchen was an incurable romantic, totally impractical, out of touch with reality, and impossibly shy. She was disinterested in her work; her grades were uniformly poor. It was not, as Miss Wilbraham had delicately put it, that Gretchen wasn't a charming child; she simply was not Academy material.

I could see Harriet frowning prettily as she wrote this. If she had been taking the maternal tack with me, she had been taking it even more firmly with Gretchen; and since this was the third school Gretchen had run through in the last two years, Harriet must have been pretty well disheartened by now.

The gist of her letter dwelt on the fact that instead of spending the Christmas holiday on a school outing as had been planned, Gretchen would now be at home, that she was eighteen and in need of some suitable young man (the "suitable" was heavily underlined) to partner her during the round of holiday parties, and would I please do something about it. If I would invite some nice suitable classmate (the "suitable" was again heavily underlined) to be my house guest for the holidays, it would take care of things very nicely.

It was my turn to frown. Dismal experience had already taught me that any one of my friends who knew my sisters would no more accept an invitation to squire Gretchen through an otherwise festive week than he would refuse one to partner Harriet. And the word "suitable" kept ringing through my head. Harriet had her own definition of the word in terms of family, background and money. It was hard to imagine anyone who wasn't North Shore or Old Westbury, or proper Boston coming up to that definition.

Wade Cochran was sitting across the desk at the moment. I asked him to be my guest at home for the holidays.

"Why me?" he really wanted to know.

"Because we're brothers in Alpha," I said, "and we ought to get to know each other better. And I'm sure you'll have a terrific time at the house."

"And?"

"And it so happens that I've got a sister who'd give her right arm to meet you."

"I'll bet," he said, and grinned at me so that I suddenly found myself liking him very much. "What's she like?"

That, as they say, was the jack-pot question. You just couldn't pin down Gretchen with some pat definition. Harriet, you might say with justice, was beautiful, charming, sensible, and the words would add up to Harriet. But to say that Gretchen was pathetically plain, that she was a moony, romantic kid who took it out in reading poetry, that she was so terrified of people that she was like a ghost around the house when strangers were there—these things were all true in their own way, but they didn't add up to the real picture. Just as the things Miss Wilbraham had said were each true enough, but still not the whole truth.

It was suddenly very important to me that Wade Cochran understand what I was getting at. And, for all I know, he might have understood, except that I then made the mistake of showing him the photographs.

I had one of those twin frame arrangements with Harriet's picture on one side and Gretchen's on the other, and where Harriet emerged as a misty vision of loveliness Gretchen looked gaunt and angular and a little frightened. I liked that picture of Gretchen, because I liked Gretchen so much, and the picture brought her very much to life. But looking at it through Wade's eyes, so to speak, I knew I had made a mistake showing it to him, and I knew from his expression that the game was all Harriet's. He was at the house that Christmas week as Gretchen's partner, all right, but it wasn't Gretchen who brought him there.

It was not a good Christmas week for me, although it should have been. There was a cold rain nearly every day, so we did a good deal of lounging around in the game room talking. Interesting talk, too, because Wade was as strange to us as we were to him, and instead of the weary, familiar conversation about family and friends we spent most of the time in a comfortable exploration of one another's ideas.

That is, Harriet and Wade and I did. Gretchen would sit off to the side, her hands usually folded tight in her lap, and if anything was said directly to her by Wade she would go rigid and look as if she wanted to sink through the floor. It took me just one day to realize that whatever Wade felt for Harriet Gretchen felt for Wade in double measure. And, obviously, all she required was to sit like a shadow in the same room with him and listen to him talk. It never struck her to challenge Harriet's proprietorship, even though Harriet was taken off every evening by somebody else, and Gretchen was left to Wade. But I saw him come to think of her as I did, a younger sister needing to be cherished.

Meanwhile we talked lazily through the days, and the picture of Wade Cochran be-

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ry clear. He had gone to h_h school ucky, where his father had been a sort g horse trainer; he had played some football in high school, and his father that he get a college education.

his father had died Wade had a o work in his place for someone, but potball scholarship had been offered to hat and the interest of somebody Eames, an alumnus and rabid football re seeing him through college. It was who had got him pledged to Alpha, had promised him a job after gradu-

e kind of junior-executive deal," Wade A real shiny desk, charcoal flannel, -account deal."

don't sound very happy about it," said.

shook his head. "I don't know. Some- don't know. When I was a kid out in grass I used to think that all I ever from life was a farm of my own, fine the kind of breeding stock you can buy ou have the money, and even a half- k to work a horse on. But if I talked ld man about it, he'd get scared. He for the shiny desk and the white col- the horses be to the rich or to the d-timers like him who couldn't do bet- nemselves. Trouble is, I don't think he nvinced me. Funny how you hang on g ideas you had when you were a kid, v they make everything else look a ır, isn't it?"

et said primly, "I think it's a sign of ity when you're not realistic. Father t in his opinion most of the world's are because people just aren't practi- at things, and, of course, he's right. ave to grow up sometime."

" said Wade, "I guess that's the case, " He was at the stage where if Harriet ed him to go out into the rain and ng Island Sound he would have tried spot.

ning them, I began to wonder how really felt about him. She had started eing the coolly proper hostess, which ut all I had expected, but as the days it seemed to me that she had thawed rtling degree. Then one time when we ne together I put the question to her out. She was obviously taken aback. s it show that much?" She laughed in a ss sort of way and said, "I suppose it ut he *is* awfully attractive, Billy, and different from anything you've ever around, isn't he?"

" I said, "he is. That's why I'm sur- see how chummy you two are. Mat- ct, I sometimes get a whiff of orange s in the house. It adds an interesting the party."

ared at me, and this time the laugh uine. "Billy, you can't *really* mean y, you're priceless, pet, you really are. e he's sweet and all that, but you can impossible. He'll never be any more urbia and secondhand station wagon e. There's just nothing there at all."

ight," I said, "I'll buy that. In which n't you think you ought to leave him tchen to each other? I figured that this ment was to get someone interested in n. You haven't been giving him much nce to do that."

, I like that!"

rue, isn't it?"

your pardon, pet. I have been trying your guest feel at home, because if e that to Gretchen he'll take his hat in five minutes. You know it's true, e's just hopeless. She sits there starry- hout a thing to say; her head is still nush about knights and damsels and ochinvar riding along, and when it o being with a boy she's as gawky as ve you ever watched her when Wade to get her to talk? He thinks she's a d, and he's so gentle."

, and it didn't leave me much of an nt. Nor, as I knew, would it do any talk to Gretchen about it. She had a ooking at you with a wide-eyed eager- ile you talked and yet not hearing a u said that was absolutely confound- ing. It was as if she had blown a huge bubble out of her own imaginings and was living right inside it where you couldn't touch her.

For that matter, Wade himself lived pretty much in his own clouds of glory when we got back to college. The spring term was a hard grind, what with clearing up papers and work for graduation, but it seemed to me that Wade spent most of his time either talking Harriet or writing letters to Harriet. He wrote her almost every day, and she answered him once every few weeks, which made her letters that much more of an occasion. I'm sure she never said anything to encourage him, but that didn't matter. He was reading between the lines, and what he saw there it would take a Keats or Shelley to describe.

The blowup came at the graduation ball. Wade invited Harriet, and she turned him down. But she came, all right, with Gordon Edgely, who was president of Alpha and who sailed his own boat in the North Shore regattas and whose father, among other things, was the Edgely Corporation.

PROGRESS RETORT

By LAURENCE C. SMITH

When children of the cave man played
They cluttered up the cave
With rocks and insects, sticks and bones,
The treasures they would save.

They drew weird pictures on the walls
For mothers to compare.
The boyish chips off older blocks
Dragged girl friends by the hair.

They even lost their father's clubs,
Fouled up his fishing trap.
They scampered in and out all day
And never closed the flap.

They had a happy childhood in
Their prehistoric way.
All this, of course, was long before
Our more enlightened day.

I knew, of course, that she'd be coming with Gordon, but I hadn't had the courage to tell Wade about it. I was sorry about that when I saw him as he caught sight of Harriet coming into the ballroom. He took one step toward her, and then Gordon came up beside her and she slipped her hand into his. Wade stopped short; then he quickly turned and went out a side door before I could get to him.

When I got back to the Alpha house early in the morning he was gone, and his things were gone with him. I wasn't really surprised. As I saw it, since I was identified with Harriet he was just washing his hands of us in the quickest possible way.

So Wade Cochran walked out of our lives, and for a while I felt a little guilty about it. Not too long, however. There was too much happening. I served my time in the Army, and when I got out there was a series of crises with my father, because I went to work as assistant stage manager of Time Out of Hand instead of going into his office. The bug really bit me then, and the biggest explosion came when I put most of the money mother had left me into my own production. There was no living in the house after the play flopped, so I moved to Manhattan and kept up my family duties more or less by remote control.

While I was readying a second production Harriet married Gordon, and from then on had her own hard time in keeping married. Gordon, as it turned out, had an insatiable fancy for any trim ankle that passed by, and had all the money and time he needed to indulge the fancy. Being kept in close rein by his wife was not his idea of marriage, and whenever he rebelled there were dramatic separations followed by equally dramatic reunions.

The only one of us who seemed remote from all this furor was Gretchen. If she changed at all, it was hard to see it. She moved around the orbit of the family in the same quiet way, sunk in her books, her long walks along the shore, her thoughts, whatever they were.

Now and then some young man would come to the house, favor her with his company for a short while, and then move on. If she cared one way or another, she didn't show it. But I don't think she did. I never saw her look at any of them the way she had looked at Wade Cochran, which, I thought, was just as well. Gretchen, no matter how you took her, just didn't add up to what a man was looking for.

And that's how things stood, when out of nowhere Wade Cochran came back into our lives. I was walking along Seventh Avenue to the Pennsylvania Station, heading for a weekend at North Shore; he was coming down the street from the opposite direction; and there we were. Nothing predictable; nothing planned. It was just that at that time and that place Wade Cochran was obviously destined to meet me, and wind up coming out to North Shore for dinner with the family.

We talked a good deal on the train, rehashing the seven years since we last saw each other, and when I mentioned Harriet and her marriage I found he knew about it. He had seen it in the papers.

"You'll probably see her tonight," I said. "She and Gordon usually come out for dinner on Fridays."

"Fine," he said soberly. "You know we do a lot of business with Edgely. It's a big outfit."

I was glad he took it like this, but at the same time I was being made more and more uncomfortable by Wade himself. He was the complete young executive now, right down to the leather portfolio under the arm and the platitudes about business conditions, but he didn't look happy in the role. He was thin and sallow, and instead of the easy smile I remembered, he had an air of frowning concentration. He wasn't the old Wade at all. The easy-going assurance that had been such an important part of him had just washed down the drain somewhere.

At dinner, however, he was a great success. Harriet was her sweetest self, Gordon was amiable, and Gretchen was content to hang on whatever Wade said. As for my father, he sized up this new Wade, approved what he saw, and by the time coffee was set on the table was using him as a means of getting over to me the ancient sermon on Being Sensible.

It was a crime, wasn't it, father demanded of Wade, his face red with emotion, when a man shirked his responsibilities? You couldn't call it any less when he played around with a lunatic business like the theater, could you?

It was an old game to me, but I could see Wade glancing at me uncomfortably, and I felt sorry for him. I felt even sorrier for him when he finally undertook to speak up for me.

"After all, sir," he said to father, "we're not all of us happy doing the same thing. Maybe it's better sometimes to do what you want to do. Maybe it works out better for you."

"How?" father said icily. "I'm interested in learning the advantages to be found in wasting time and throwing away money."

"Well, I wouldn't put it that way," Wade said uneasily. "But take me, for example. I'm doing fine now. Doing just fine. But I used to think about a farm out in Kentucky, a nice spread just for breeding race horses, and sometimes I wonder—if I could lay my hands on the kind of money it would take ——"

"Race horses!" my father said. He stared at Wade. "You don't mean that?"

Wade shrugged in self-deprecation. Obviously he was preparing to retreat, to explain himself away, but he never had the chance.

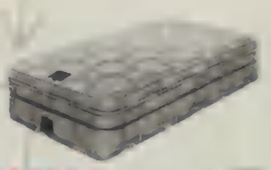
"He does mean it!"

It was so astonishing hearing her speak out like that, hearing that flatly declarative statement coming from her, that I couldn't under-

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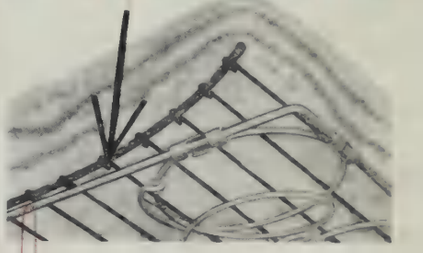
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stand at first that it was Gretchen saying it. We all turned toward her in blank disbelief.

"He does mean it," she said defiantly, and then she looked at Wade with her eyes shining. "Don't you?"

Something strange happened to him as I watched. He had been so close to Gretchen so many times before, and yet he had never really seen her. Now he was seeing her for the first time, looking at her with a dazed sense of discovery. It seemed to do something magic to him. To stiffen his shoulders, and bring back the old assurance into his voice.

"Of course I mean it," he said. And it was to Gretchen he said it, not to the rest of us.

"I'm glad. When you've wanted something all your life it's wrong to just give up on it. It's like—oh, it's like giving up on yourself."

Wade's lips quirked in a wry smile. "But you'll have to admit that it's hard to keep your big idea from cooling off when it needs an awful lot of money to keep it warm."

"Just how much money would it need? I mean, to raise horses the way you said."

"Plenty. But what difference does it make?"

"Because," said Gretchen, "I have a great deal of money. And I think a horse farm would be a very good investment."

Father looked at her in horror. "You don't know what an investment is!" he thundered. "And I'll thank you not to talk like a fool in front of me."

"I am not talking like a fool," Gretchen said in a tone no one had ever heard her use before. "Mother left each of us money to do with as we wanted, and I know exactly what I want."

"You know nothing of the sort," father said dangerously. "And I forbid you to risk a penny of that inheritance on any such crackbrained scheme as this."

Gretchen did not even flicker an eyelash, but turned to me inquiringly. "Billy, how much money would you say it comes to?"

I had to clear my throat before I could speak. "About eighty thousand."

"Do you think that would be enough to start with?" she asked Wade anxiously.

"Gretchen," Wade said, and the way he said it, the way they looked at each other, somehow gave the impression that they were all alone in the room, "that's a wonderful offer. It's the most generous thing anyone could possibly do for me. But I can't accept it. You understand that, don't you?"

My father snorted approvingly. "Eighty thousand in gilt-edged shares," he said to Wade. "Can you see anyone with an ounce of sense throwing that kind of money away?"

"But I'm not throwing it away, father," Gretchen said patiently.

"I don't care what you call it," father said. "And I am glad that Mr. Cochran is too much of a gentleman to take advantage of you."

"I am not throwing it away, father," Gretchen repeated in a bright, clear voice, "because . . . I expect to go along with it."

"Go along with it?" my father said in a tone of utter bafflement. "I don't understand."

But Harriet did. "Gretchen," she said wrathfully, "you *are* out of your mind. That's positively indecent!"

"For heaven's sake," father demanded of us all, "just what is she proposing to do?"

Gretchen's face was very white, alarmingly so. "I will make myself perfectly clear," she said, and took a deep breath. "I am proposing marriage to Mr. Cochran. I am offering him all my money and me in the bargain. I don't know anything about horses, but I can learn. And I can learn to keep house for him, too, and I'm sure I can have perfectly lovely children. And if you think I'm joking about this, I'm not. I mean it so much that it hurts, so don't anybody try to make a joke of it."

Wade suddenly reached across the table and caught her hand in his. "Do you think you have to offer money?" he demanded roughly. "Do you think ——"

"Or what's more to the point, dear," Harriet said to Gretchen in a brittle voice, "don't you think that this is something that could have been worked out on a nice moonlight walk with Wade? I hardly think that the dinner table is the place to lay your soul bare. Of your fuzzy ideas on what makes an appropriate marital arrangement."

"I'm sorry," Gretchen said. She sat rigid, her hand still clasped in Wade's. "But I felt—had reason to feel—that Wade wasn't very much interested in moonlight walks with me. You understand that, don't you, Harriet?"

My father stood up and flung down his napkin. "And I can understand that this is the most foolish, the most reckless talk I have ever heard in this house," he said. "I will not listen to another word of it!"

He was the first to leave the room, but the rest of us were not far behind. All except Gretchen and Wade, who remained at the table unaware of anything but each other, when I closed the door behind me. In the living room father dropped into his chair fuming and Harriet paced up and down in a fine state of nerves. Only Gordon found it funny.

"The poor guy," he said. "It'll take him an hour to untangle her and get things under control. And believe you me, it'll be the last time he comes within a mile of *that* girl."

Gordon was never wronger about anything in his life. Wade and Gretchen left the house without farewell or father's blessing late that night while we were all in bed, and the first message from them was a telegram which came next day from some small town in Maryland, and was signed "Mrs. Wade Cochran."

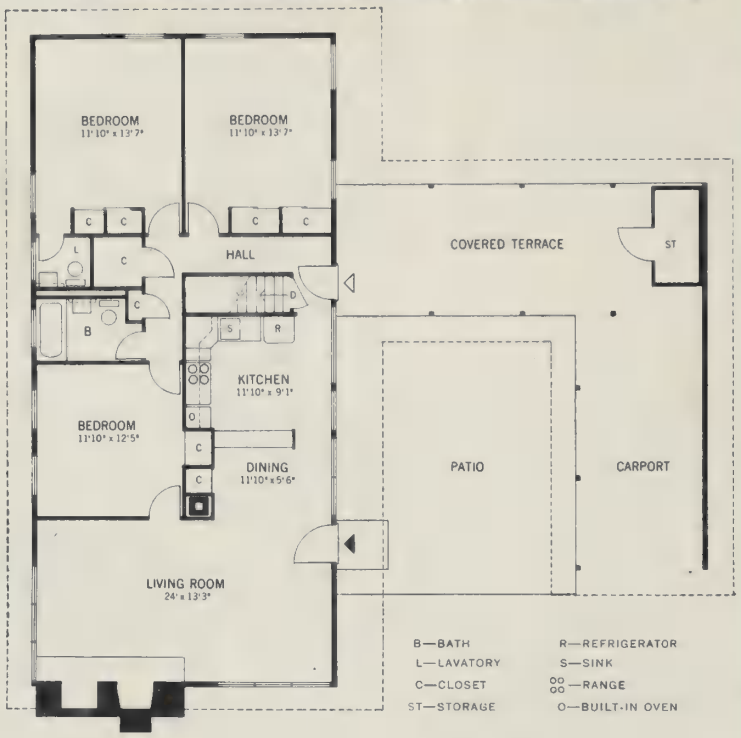
CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

ARCHITECT: CHARLES M. GOODMAN, A.I.A.; PHOTOGRAPHER: ROBERT C. LAUTMAN



Room for Variety in A FACTORY-MADE HOUSE





This attractive prefab adapts to the lot, the family and the budget.

By CAROL L. MERCADO

The factory-built home above gives proof that standardization of quality need not mean lack of variety, livability or charm. This adaptable one-floor plan lends itself to many ways of living. See how the dining alcove provides a formal eating area; the serving bar separating it from the kitchen may be used for an informal breakfast counter or for bonus kitchen work space. The bedroom nearest the spacious living room is accessible from both the living area and the bedroom hall, giving it great versatility. Depending upon the family's needs, it can be a bedroom opening handily to the hallway and bath, or a study, a playroom, a TV room. Bedroom closets are generous in size, have space-saving sliding doors. In the basementless version of this model, the area used here for the cellar stairs becomes an oversized heater room and a preplumbed laundry convenient to kitchen, bedrooms, baths.

This attractive brick finish is one of six selections in materials. Interior variations include the choice of basementless or full-basement plan, and enlargement of the house at the bedroom end in 4′ modules.

Depending upon the outside finish, plan variation and optional equipment selected, this packaged house may be purchased for as low as $12,740, exclusive of lot and landscaping. The fully equipped full-basement model shown here is in Bel Air, Maryland, and sells for $22,000. This price includes a large, fully landscaped lot, year-round air conditioning, brick-veneer exterior, a handsome living-room fireplace, tile in bath and lavatory, built-in wall oven and countertop range, patio and garden walls, carport, covered terrace and driveway.

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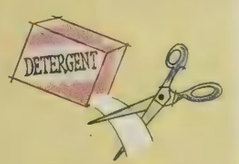


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

I was the only one Gretchen wrote to after they bought their place in Kentucky, not far from Lexington, and Gretchen was hardly a satisfactory correspondent. The letters were a scrawled few lines, and it was difficult to extract the news in them. I gathered that Kentucky was beautiful, that race horses were surprisingly delicate, that a baby was coming. When the baby came I sent it a gift, but I was the only one in the family who did.

During this time I saw very little of Harriet and my father. Harriet finally divorced Gordon, and this, the first divorce in our family, did not make father's moods any more bearable. But Harriet moved back into the house, tried world cruises, oil painting, and finally psychoanalysis to settle her nerves, and from what I could see had no great success with any of them. There was always a tautness in her now, a restlessness, which made it hard to be in her company for any length of time.

I suppose it was that restlessness which made her suddenly decide to go along with me when Gretchen invited me to the farm. Whatever the reason, there she was with me in the plane, and there she was when we landed, running ahead to throw her arms around Gretchen and to kiss Wade with just the right degree of constraint. Wade had filled out considerably; he looked very big and brown. Gretchen was brown, too, except for the tip of her nose, which was red and peeling, but she was as lanky as ever. The more so in worn dungarees and a sweater. Next to her, Harriet looked fantastically exotic and out of place.

Then Wade got our bags and herded us all into an old station wagon. "It's not much," he said, "but in our business you get what's left after the horses have had theirs."

Gretchen turned around in her seat to face Harriet and me. "He makes it sound awful," she said, "but it really isn't. It was just bad for a couple of years, but last year we had six colts at the Saratoga sales, and they all brought top money. And this year we're going to fix the whole outside of the house. Bubba's room needs a lot of fixing too."

"*Bubba!*" said Harriet.

"Oh, that's the baby," Gretchen said. "I know it sounds silly, but the stableboys call him that, and we sort of picked it up. He wouldn't know who you meant if you called him anything else."

It was a strange ride for anyone who had known Gretchen and Harriet back in the North Shore days. Gretchen talked steadily, as if all the words stored up for years had to come out, while Harriet after a few attempts to put in a word was stony silent. We drove like that along the highway, and then into a rutted dirt road, and at last Wade pulled up before an immense barn.

"I'll be with you in a minute," he said. "I just want to check the feed."

He got out of the car, and Gretchen slipped out, too, and walked along with him toward the barn. There was a strong smell of wood smoke and wet grass in the air, and on the rise of the hill ahead I could see the house. It looked as sprawling and shabby, but as comfortable, as an old shoe.

"Wade's right," I said to Harriet. "If that house had as much work put into it as this barn it would be quite a mansion."

But she wasn't listening to me. She was watching Wade and Gretchen, Gretchen looking up at Wade, saying something to him eagerly, and Wade's arm suddenly going around Gretchen's waist, pulling her to him in a tight hug. I was sure then of what I had always felt. That night at the dinner table Wade had found the Gretchen who had been there all along, just waiting to be found.

Harriet turned her head away in a quick gesture, and then I realized that she was crying. Silently, her hand over her face, as I had never seen Harriet cry before.

"What is it?" I said. "Is something wrong?"

"No," she said. "No. Just leave me alone."

But I knew what it was. And I knew that though it might be hard to take, there was hope in it for her too. It was the pain of discovering after all these years that in this hopelessly romantic world of ours the best things must inevitably go to the romantic.

MARDI GRAS BUFFET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

the Pontalba Apartments, in the heart of the old French Quarter, the Vieux Carré. You might have enjoyed this very same supper over a hundred years ago, when the vivacious Baroness Pontalba built her handsome red-brick and lace-balconied house—in this dining room, with its gleaming silver and crystal, Aubusson rug, and cascade of wisteria-colored curtains. All these dishes have been an enduring joy for generations in New Orleans. That's why we want you to draw from New Orleans' fabulous treasury of good food for your own holiday hospitality this season. And hurry back to your party; it's lively, and lots of fun!

DAUBE GLACÉ

Have your butcher give you a well-larded piece of round of beef weighing 5–6 pounds, 1 veal knuckle, cracked, and 1 pork shank. Mix together 4 bay leaves, broken into pieces, 4 cloves garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon thyme, ½ teaspoon marjoram and ¼ teaspoon sage. Spread each of 4 slices of lean bacon with this mixture. Add 1 whole black pepper and 1 whole allspice to each strip. Roll the strips up. Make 4 incisions in the beef and push the bacon strips in. Salt the beef well. Marinate it for 24 hours in 2 cups vinegar, 1 cup water, 2 large onions, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, 3 bay leaves, 2 tablespoons whole allspice and ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Turn the beef several times in the marinade.

The next day remove the meat and onions, but do not discard the marinade. In a large Dutch oven or heavy pot, sauté the onions until golden brown in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Then add the meat, browning it on all sides. Add the veal knuckle and pork shank. Add also 1 quart sliced onions, 6 green onions, green stems and all, 5 carrots, cut into pieces, 5 stalks celery and tops, ¾ cup chopped green pepper, 6 sprigs parsley, 1½ quarts water and 1 cup marinade. Season with 2 tablespoons whole allspice, 2 tablespoons whole black pepper and 2 tablespoons salt. Cover tightly and simmer 3–4 hours until meat is tender. Remove meat and simmer the veal knuckle, pork shank and broth another 2–3 hours so that the veal knuckle has cooked for a total of 6 hours. Remove the pork and veal-knuckle pieces from the broth. Cool.

Strain the broth through several thicknesses of cheesecloth and chill. Skim off all the fat. When meat has completely cooled, trim off outer fat and slice meat very thin crosswise; cut into pieces to fit a 9″ x 5″ x 3″ pan or mold. Heat the broth, as it will have jellied. Remove from heat and cool. Chill until partially thickened. You may then make a flower design on the bottom of the pan or mold, using raw turnip, carrot and parsley. (The flat parsley makes the prettiest "leaves," so save the frilly kind to ring round the platter later on.) Pour in a thin layer of the broth and chill until set. When design has set, dip each slice of meat in the broth and place perpendicularly in the pan until the mold is filled. Place a few slices on the sides and fill up any space with diced beef, veal or pork. Slowly pour the rest of the broth over the meat. Chill overnight or until set. When it comes to ornamenting the platter, lemon baskets filled with cooked peas which have been marinated in French dressing and chilled will complete the picture.

After sipping a cup of the celebrated *café noir* or *café au lait* at a tiny sidewalk table, a fine morning's venture in New Orleans is a stroll through the arcaded French Market. Stalls at every hand offer blue and green crabs, pearly shelled shrimp and vegetables in vast array. No wonder this wealth of sea food and garden goodness is so often combined in local kitchens! Shrimp and eggplant make a particularly happy duet teamed in the following:

CREOLE STUFFED EGGPLANT

Cut 6 medium eggplants in half lengthwise. Scoop out the meat from the purple beauties, but leave 6 fairly substantial shells. In a large skillet sauté 12 scallions, finely chopped, and 6 medium onions, also chopped fine, in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil until lightly browned. Chop the eggplant pulp and add to onions with 1½ cups finely chopped green pepper. Add 6 tablespoons chopped parsley, 6 crushed bay leaves, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon thyme and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Meanwhile, remove crusts from 12 slices white bread and soak the slices in 1½ cups milk. Squeeze dry and add to eggplant mixture. Stirring constantly, cook it until all ingredients are well blended. Cut 3 cups cooked frozen or canned peeled and deveined shrimp into small pieces. Add to eggplant mixture, but reserve a few whole shrimp to adorn the top. Stuff 6 of the eggplant shells with this mixture and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Place in a shallow baking pan, adding just enough water to cover the bottom. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20–30 minutes. Garnish with the shrimp. One eggplant shell will serve 2 people.

Jambalaya recipes are varied as the luxuriant foliage in a Garden District patio. Dip into this fascinating rice dish—close of kin to the Spanish *paella*—and your fork will spear a rosy shrimp, plump oyster, or perhaps a morsel of chicken. As it usually boasts bits of flavorful ham, the name is most probably taken from the French word, *jambon*. However, the tale is told that it originated in an eighteenth-century café when, late at night, a gentleman of importance came to dine. Not being able to offer the specialties of the house at such an hour, the proprietor said to his chef, Jean, "*Balayez*" (blend together everything that's good). The forthcoming harmonious mixture so pleased the visitor that he named it "Jean Balayez."

HAM-AND-SAUSAGE JAMBALAYA

In a large skillet, heat 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Thinly slice 1 pound hard Italian sausage. (Though the peppery Creole *chaurice* is traditionally used, this will serve you in excellent stead.) Sauté the sausage in the skillet with 1½ cups chopped onion, ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup chopped green peppers, 8 green onions, chopped, and 2 cloves garlic, crushed, until lightly browned. Add 2 cups canned tomatoes. Season with 2 bay leaves, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon thyme. Simmer about 10–15 minutes. Add 2 cups diced precooked ham and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Then add 3 cups converted rice and 4 cups water. Cover tightly. Simmer over low heat for about 30–40 minutes until liquid is absorbed and flavors are well blended.

The simplest of salads is considered the only proper partner for hot Creole dishes—and rightly so. But every leaf must be snapping-crisp—and the dressing is of cardinal importance.

MIXED GREEN SALAD WITH NUTMEG

Choose an assortment of greens: lettuce, romaine, chicory, escarole. Wash, dry and tear into bite-sized pieces. Chill them thoroughly. Into your wooden salad bowl crush 1 clove garlic and add ¼ teaspoon salt. Make the dressing right in the bowl. As you know, the classic proportions are 3–1, so combine 3 tablespoons salad oil with 1 tablespoon vinegar (wine or tarragon preferred) and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. When the dressing is made, slice into it 4 nice tender shallots or youthful green onions, including a little of the green tops. Add the greens, sprinkle a scant ½ teaspoon nutmeg over the top and toss.

Among the street vendors' musical cries which once filled the air of the Vieux Carré was the chant of

"Watermelon! Watermelon! Red to the rind,
If you don't believe it jest pull down your blind.
You eat the watermelon and preee-serve the rind!"

Indeed the rind was preserved. And local cooks still mellow it today into translucent chunks of spicy perfection. Crocks aplenty are ranged in cool cellar depths—along with zesty relishes—in readiness for Carnival entertaining.

WATERMELON-RIND PRESERVES

Cut up watermelon rind into bite-sized pieces to make 7 pounds. Remove almost all the soft pink part and the outside green. Place the rind in a large bowl or kettle. Cover with water mixed with 2 teaspoons alum. Soak overnight in the refrigerator.

Next morning combine in a large kettle 1 quart white vinegar, 1 pint water, 5 pounds sugar, 6 pieces stick cinnamon and 1 tablespoon whole cloves. Heat. When this sirup boils, add the rind and cook until very tender. Place the rind in sterile pint jars. Cover with sirup and seal while they are still hot. This is best if it stands for several weeks before it is eaten. Makes 5 pints.

VEGETABLE RELISH

Chop or put through the coarsest blade of a food grinder the following: 4 scraped carrots, 1 medium head washed and cored cabbage, 6 medium peeled onions, 2 seeded green peppers, 2 seeded red peppers and 2 celery stalks. Put vegetables in a large bowl. Cover with cold water. Let stand 3 hours. Drain. In a large kettle, mix 1 pint cider vinegar, 3 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard seed and 1 teaspoon celery seed. Bring to a boil. Add drained vegetables. When liquid again reaches boiling point, remove from the heat. Pack in sterile jars. Seal. Makes 5 pints.

To climax the feast, a frosty tower of dessert glistens with jewels of fruit. It's a dessert quite befitting a Carnival king!

MARDI GRAS BOMBE

Beat 6 eggs until light and thick, adding 1½ cups sugar little by little as you beat. Add 1½ cups light corn sirup, 6 cups buttermilk, ¾ cup lemon juice and 3 tablespoons grated lemon peel. Pour into freezing trays. Freeze until almost but not quite firm. Scrape the sherbet into a chilled bowl. Break it up with a spoon. Beat quickly with a rotary beater or electric beater and return to the trays and freeze until almost firm again.

While making the above sherbet, mix together 1½ cups strawberry preserves, 1 cup canned crushed pineapple (undrained), a 1-pound jar diced mixed candied fruits and 2 teaspoons rum extract. Allow this to stand, covered, at room temperature at least 4 hours.

Rinse a 4-quart mold, and when the sherbet is ready, layer it with the fruits into the mold. Be sure to begin and end with sherbet. Freeze until solid, at least overnight. Unmold and garnish with galax leaves, more candied fruits and mint.

From New Orleans cooky jars comes an enticing assortment of delicate and chewy confections decked with the confetti of frosting and sugared almonds. Some are sold on city streets, such as the Stage Planks. This recipe will give you miniature versions of the fat raisin-centered cookies which have brought squeals of delight from small fry for generations.

STAGE PLANKS

Cream 2 tablespoons butter with ½ cup light brown sugar and ½ cup molasses. Add 1 teaspoon lemon extract to ½ cup buttermilk. Sift together 3 cups flour, ½ teaspoon

lt, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon cloves. Add the flour nd buttermilk alternately to the creamed ixture. Add ½ teaspoon baking soda to the st addition of buttermilk. Blend together ell. Chill the dough for several hours. Turn t on floured board and roll ¼" thick. Cut to 2" x 1½" strips. Place on greased aking sheets and bake in a moderate oven, 0° F., for 10–12 minutes. Makes 3 dozen ookies.

CARAWAY WAFERS

ream ½ cup butter. Add 1 cup sugar and ntinue beating until light and fluffy. Add teaspoon baking soda to ½ cup butterilk. Mix well. Sift together 2¾ cups sifted our, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and ⅛ teaoon salt. Add dry ingredients alternately ith the buttermilk and soda to the butter ixture. With the last addition of flour ld 1½ teaspoons caraway seed. Chill the ough well. Pinch off small pieces. Roll thin nd cut with fancy cutters. Moisten the nter of each cooky; sprinkle with caraway ed. Bake on an ungreased baking sheet in a oderate oven, 350° F., for 8 minutes or unl browned at the edges. Makes 10½ dozen.

DIMPLES

dd ⅛ teaspoon salt to 2 egg whites. Beat g whites until very frothy. Add ⅔ cup igar gradually, 1 tablespoon at a time, eating well after each addition. When all igar is added, beat well until the meringue ill stand in stiff peaks. Fold in 1 cup ounded Jordan almonds, 1 tablespoon raham-cracker crumbs and ½ teaspoon anilla. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased ooky sheets. Cut Jordan almonds in half osswise. Place a half in the center of each ooky. Pull up slightly so they are peaked. ake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 20–25 inutes. Makes 28 dimples.

CRISP CREOLE COOKIES

ream until fluffy 2 tablespoons butter with ⅓ cups sugar. Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ aspoon baking powder and ⅛ teaspoon lt. Beat 1 egg into the butter-and-sugar ixture. Gradually stir in the flour mixture. hen well mixed, cover with a damp cloth nd chill. Sprinkle a pastry cloth or board ith confectioners' sugar. Break off small eces of dough, roll very, very thin and cut to fancy shapes about 1" in diameter. ecorate if desired with bits of candied erries, angelica, citron or colored sprinles. Bake on very well-greased baking sheets in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 5–8 minutes. Remove from the pan immediately. Makes about 18 dozen very small crisp cookies.

BATONS À L'ORANGE

Cream ½ cup butter with 1 cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg and the grated rind of 1 orange. Sift 3 cups flour and 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Add the flour alternately with ⅓ cup orange juice to the butter and sugar. Mix well. Chill dough for several hours. Pack dough into cooky press and punch out on greased baking sheets to make strips 3" x 1". Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10–12 minutes. Cool. Dip each end of the cookies into melted dipping chocolate and sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Makes about 4 dozen sticks.

Remember how Cleo Dulaine in Saratoga Trunk enlivened a party with her disguise as a praline-vending mammy? Calico-clad and bright tignon tied round her head, she passed out the pecan patties from a basket over her arm in true Vieux Carré fashion. Though this figure with the smile as sweet as her wares is not the familiar sight she once was in New Orleans, the candy is ever available. Here are two varieties, both delectable:

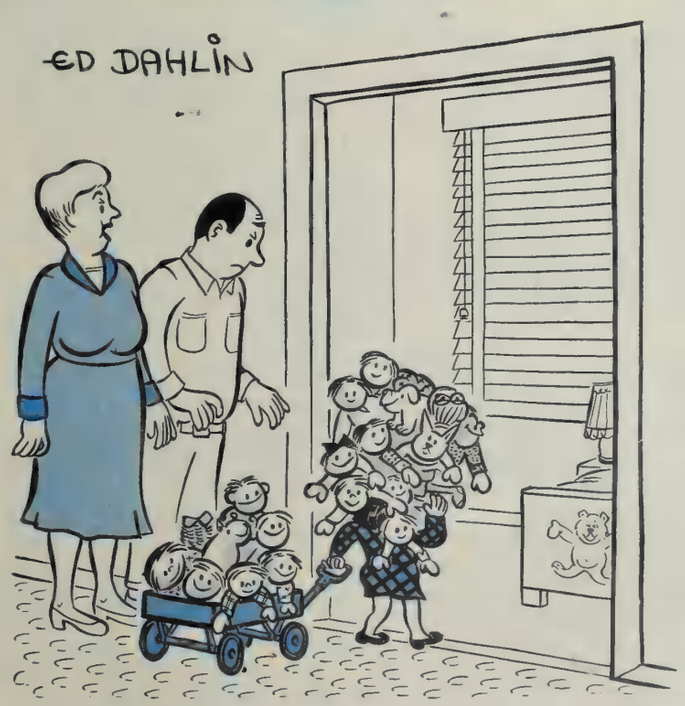
PRALINES

Mix together 4 cups brown sugar and ⅔ cup water. Bring slowly to a boil, stirring constantly. Add 2 tablespoons butter and 2½ cups chopped pecans. Cook to the soft-ball stage, stirring constantly (232° F.). Remove from the heat. Stir until it starts to thicken and then spoon rapidly onto buttered baking sheets. Cool. If the candy gets too thick, put over hot water and stir until it thins again. Makes 4–5 dozen.

CREAMY PRALINES

Combine 2 cups granulated sugar and 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ cup sweetened condensed milk, ¼ cup butter and ¼ teaspoon salt. Bring slowly to a full rolling boil, over medium heat. Add 3 cups broken pecans and continue boiling until the candy reaches the soft-ball stage (232° F.). Remove from the heat and stir only enough to give a creamy look. Spoon out on buttered baking sheets. Cool. Makes 6 dozen.

This January, may your celebration, with all the gaiety and warmth of the Mardi Gras spirit, spark the beginning of the brightest and best of new years! END



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THE MERRYMAKERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

really only wanted to dance with the prettiest girls, like Jo Anne, but then I would see some poor thing marooned and feel awful and go ask her instead. But it was shallow kindness, for no sooner had I done so than I would be chewing the inside of my cheek and wondering if I was going to be stuck. The shiftings of halfhearted conscientiousness and flighty panic gave me sweaty palms I was always furtively wiping on the hip of my tux.

I danced with Edwina until my left hand was moist beyond social acceptability. I couldn't jerk it away to wipe it, and clearly nobody was going to cut in. I said, "Gee, it's hot in here. Let's go on the porch and sit down for a while, why don't we?"

We made our way among the couples, me wiping my hand, and stepped out on the long second-story veranda, overlooking a patio planted with banana and palm trees. I looked sternly at a steel chair and formally moved it two inches for Edwina to sit down; then I brought two paper cups of water from the cooler. These we carefully drank in silence, and then Edwina slowly crushed her cup and tore it into small pieces. Meanwhile I stared. Her straight yellow hair was brushed severely back, and under the lights along the wall her high curved forehead gleamed as gently as pearl. Her face was centered high up, in her forehead and gray eyes; her serious, thin mouth I hardly looked at. I was always riotously and guiltily thinking about kissing people, for lack of conversational topics, and my impulse was to kiss Edwina on her clear, vulnerable-looking forehead. Now that I looked at her, for the first time really, I was puzzled why Edwina wasn't pretty. Her hair was pretty, her skin was, her ——

I suddenly saw her lips finish a sentence I hadn't heard a word of. I said, "What'd you say?"

"I just said, you were looking at me so funny. Is there a smudge on my face?" She lifted a thin hand and touched her cheek uncertainly.

"Oh, no, I was just—I mean, I was thinking you look . . . pretty," I said, whereupon Edwina flinched, and my remark fell between us like a new-laid egg. In an effort to bury it, I opened my mouth and loosed a second horror. "And that's an awfully pretty dress you have on tonight." We both stared aghast at the dress, which I observed dimly was green. Then, utterly undone, we sprang up from our chairs, bits of cup falling softly to the floor like snow, and fled back to the dance floor.

As we stepped through the French doors, Jo Anne whirled past in the grip of a handsome, dangerous boy a year older than me, who rode a motorcycle. My heart went up in flames like a ball of crumpled paper. I hardly noticed that Edwina had stopped dead by my side. I turned and saw her stricken face, and I said, "What's the matter, Edwina?"

She said, "You were awfully nice to dance with me, but I don't want you to be stuck with me ——" She began to back away.

"What're you talking about, what're you talking about?" I cried distractedly.

"Please, don't feel responsible. I'm used to it. I'll go comb my hair for a while, that's what I always do."

I caught her wrist. I could see Jo Anne not far away, laughing, and I was scared Edwina was about to cry, she was all red in the face. I said, nearly in tears myself, "What do you mean, stuck with you? I like to dance with you, Edwina, honestly. Please don't talk like that."

Some time later, when one of the partners on Edwina's dance card had appeared and I was at large again, I hunted up a buddy who was playing odd-or-even for nickels in the stag line. "Hey, Stan, do me a favor?" He looked wary, and when I said, "Go dance with Edwina Moore," he dropped his nickel in alarm.

"Are you crazy?" said Stan. "What I want to dance with her and be stuck the whole rest of the night for?"

"You won't be. I'll send somebody, promise."

"But she's practic'ly a mile taller'n me and she's so serious and everything. Aw, man, have mercy." In sheer uneasiness he'd begun to talk out of the corner of his mouth and snap his fingers to the music. Then he looked at me more considerately. "What's the matter? You bring her?"

"No. I just feel bad about her. Come on, five *min*utes, for pete sake."

Stan closed his eyes and nodded glumly. "But if you leave me with her, I swear ——"

"Cross my heart. Go on."

"Where've you *been?*" said Jo Anne when I got back to her a half hour later, haggard.

I swallowed. "Well, you know, Edwina Moore, how I was dancing with her for a long time?"

"And now you're mad for her and it's all over between us."

"Uh-huh, it's 'cause she's so much prettier'n you," I said wittily and was rewarded with a snuggle. "Listen, Jo Anne. There I was, dancing with her, and all of a sudden she said I didn't have to be stuck with her and she'd go comb her hair and thanked me and all like that." Jo Anne groaned. "But I didn't act mean to her. Jo Anne. I was trying to be

THAT'LL BE THE DAY

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

When mice sign friendship pacts with cats,
And there's a vacant seat
For every subway rider, that's
When I'll be yours, my sweet.

When Christmas falls in mid-July,
And stars by day appear,
And you decide you want me, why,
I will be yours, my dear!

nice, really. And I thought it was so nice of her, not to just hang on like old Hallie Beth does and talk you to pieces, it made me feel for her, and so when somebody cut in on me I decided to go hunt up guys to dance with her, and try to make her have a better time."

"And what happened?"

"Well, I got Stan. Then I got Bob to follow him. But then I got in hot water, because when I was trying to talk Horace Ackney into going—what a stinking rat, that Horace Ackney, he wanted me to pay him a quarter—Edwina looked right over where I was at, and I was scared if Horace went, she'd catch on what I'd done, so there wasn't anything to do but go back and cut in on Bob myself, he was starting to roll his eyes around. So there I was, big as life, dancing with her again, and it looked so funny, bouncing back when I'd just got through dancing with her, I had to have some kind of story, and what I said was, 'Edwina, I forgot to ask you when I was dancing with you before, would you go with me to next month's Merrymakers'?'"

"But you're supposed to be going with me."

I was totally unhappy. "I know, Jo Anne. But there'll be hundreds of guys asking you, and it's just for this once."

"I just don't understand it," Jo Anne said.

"Boy, me either! I just couldn't get over it, what she said. I wanted to do something to kind of make up for things. She never acts happy."

Jo Anne nodded and said softly, "Well, with her parents the way they are."

"What way?"

"Oh, they don't get along. I don't know exactly. I've heard my parents talk."

"Are you mad at me, Jo Anne, doing like that?"

"No, I'm not mad. What did Edwina say?"

"When I asked her? Nothing much. She just said, 'Yes, thank you, I'd like to,' and then she piped down and didn't say another thing. She didn't seem real delighted or anything."

Yes, thank you, I'd like to. Then, I supposed, if you were Edwina Moore, you fell silent because you just didn't know how to talk to a green boy you'd known distantly all your life. He'd come bungling up and asked you to a dance a month ahead; probably no one had ever done that before. What should you have done? Make big eyes or say something cute or at least, at the very least, dance cheek to cheek like other girls? Instead, you took the news inside, having been by yourself too much to change and be anything besides alone at a dance. It must be terrible, I imagined, standing unasked on the outskirts of the grins and music; probably you thought about being twenty-five years old and miraculously beautiful—and unhurt.

The dance ended while you were combing your hair in the powder room. Your Cousin Gerry, I was pretty sure, held your velvet coat with a cousin's apathy just too high for you to get your arms in the sleeves. At your front door he grunted and shuffled away down the front walk before you'd even got the key out of your mother's beaded bag.

Other girls, maybe, rushed upstairs to sit at the foot of their parents' beds and chatter about the dance. Your parents were social, beautiful people; I had seen them at wedding receptions. You would feel yourself a discredit to them, stiff, shy, sorry-looking. Though probably they didn't always look so handsome; sometimes they stopped talking when you came into the room, the skin on their faces tight and shrunken with anger. You would have learned by now not to look, to get out of the room, not to think about things you couldn't do anything about. Anyway, you wouldn't go tell about the dance.

As Gerry's car started off in the dark outside, you mutely climbed the stairs. You sat down at the cool mirror in your bedroom and blurred your eyes to see yourself at twenty-five. At the dance your face had burned, your skinny arm on your partner's shoulder felt light and outlandish, as if you had fever. Now you would be calmer; you could feel almost as if the dance had never happened. Now nobody could touch you. I was sure it would never occur to you a boy was lying awake thinking about you.

A month later, Edwina and I sat on straight chairs at one end of the dance floor. Hallie Beth Bosley in vibrating yards and yards of hot red taffeta bore down on us, fists full of oatmeal cookies. "May we sit down next to you-all?" she said, sitting down. She had Horace Ackney with her, a peaked boy with thick glasses behind which his eyes rolled whitely, like those of a terrified horse. Hallie Beth bounced around on her chair, established herself, and began to wolf down oatmeal cookies, in some hazard of biting her hand off at the wrist. "Idn't it a divine dance? Don't you just love it?" she inquired thickly out of a full mouth.

We said it was a very good dance. Horace Ackney declared he didn't think it was as good as the dance before last, though better than last month's, and we batted that around for a while.

"I love your hair that new way," Hallie Beth said to Edwina.

"Thank you, Hallie Beth."

"I mean it. I think it's super. You must be with a pretty special someone tonight." She gave me a brassy smile. *Die*, Hallie Beth, *shrivel up and immediately die*, I said with my eyeballs. Where Edwina was looking, I couldn't imagine. Hallie Beth prodded Horace, causing him to spill a few drops of punch. "Listen, y'all. Horace has made up a divine new word. Tell them, Horace."

We all looked at Horace, who waited for perfect silence and then said in a hollow tone, "*Repetuous.*" We recoiled, as if to give him air.

"I just love it," Hallie Beth said. "You see, it's sort of a combination of 'repetitious' and 'impetuous.'"

We pondered. "What do you do with it?" I asked.

"Oh, *everything*," Hallie Beth cried. "*You* know. Like you might say, uh, 'a repetuous old houn' dog.' Idn't that right, Horace?"

"Well," said Horace fastidiously, "something like that."

I couldn't stand this Horace. I was a bookworm, too, and concealed it in public like nose picking. Then I would look at Ackney and tremble to realize I was more like him than I was like the football heroes I tagged around with and aped; I hated poor Horace therefore.

Our little conversation ran out of gas. It was always happening. We scrutinized our punch cups. My social instinct inflamed me even to consider shaping sentences around "repetuous," but it didn't come to that, for the music started and I danced Edwina away. I said hopefully, "Are you having a good time?"

"Oh, yes," Edwina said. Her cheeks were pink; she was nearly pretty. "Are you?"

"Oh, yes," said I extravagantly.

As we revolved, my mind churned. I wanted everything to be nice, everybody football captains and May queens, in a world turning smoothly. When any surface cracked, I felt threatened. Tell me parents didn't love each other, show me somebody like Edwina in pain, and I wanted to plaster over the trouble. The squeamish with their gentle fingers are as cruel as the wholehearted; they only look kinder. I wasn't able to admit to myself how much I wished I'd never seen Edwina.

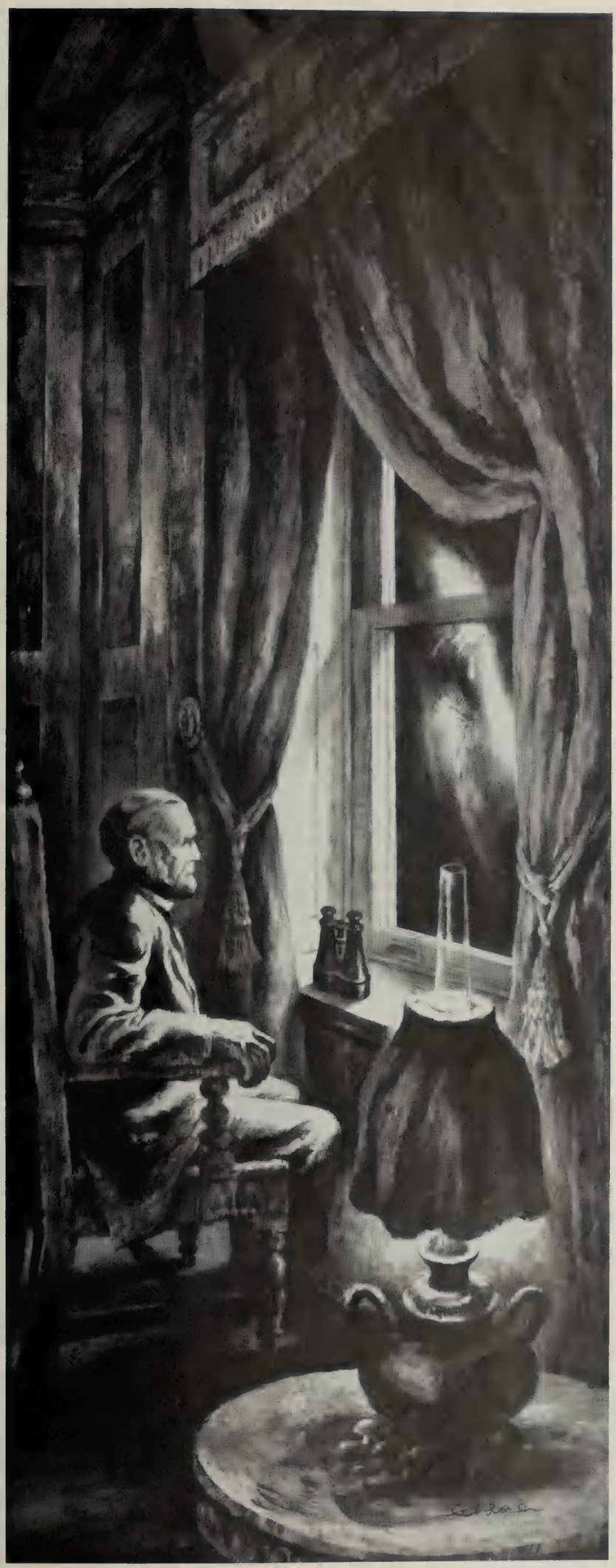
At home, I'd been cross-examined at the dinner table when the news came out that I wasn't taking Jo Anne to this dance. Jo Anne's father and mother were bridge cronies of my parents; naturally they were interested. "You and Jo Anne had a squabble, eh?" No, dad, no, for pete sake. Well, who was I taking then? It seemed to me parents had no respect for a son's private life. I answered sullenly. So; Ned and Caroline Moore's daughter. My parents exchanged a silence. "Well, I always sorta *liked* Ned Moore," my father said, in an in-spite-of-everything tone. My mother moved in, ominously neutral, with, "I saw Caroline in the market last week." The air was heavy with opinions unspoken. "Oh, now, Caroline's all right," my father said, with more warmth than he'd shown when he said he *liked* Mr. Moore, and plainly disagreeing with whatever way my mother had seen Mrs. Moore in the grocery. Why wouldn't parents *say?* I peered back and forth. "Um," my mother concluded the duet.

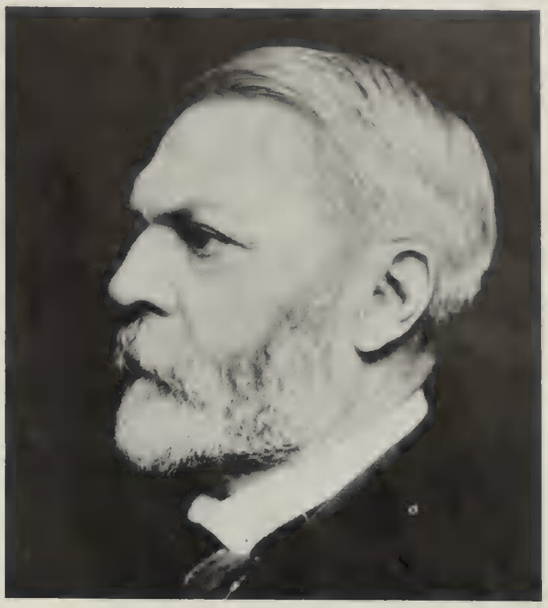
Tonight I had been shown into a warm library. There were sets of Thackeray and Gibbon; a line of Heritage Press books caught my eye; my fingers itched to take them down and feel the creamy laid paper and florid bindings. But I made urbane conversation with Mr. Moore. I thought he was the most handsome man I'd ever seen; he was lean and gray, furnished with a glass of brandy and a garnet satin smoking jacket. This was the way to live, it seemed to me. I bet myself the Moores ate dinner by candlelight and spoke intricate sentences in soft voices, entirely unlike our slapdash suppers after which my father snoozed on the living-room couch in sock feet and cigar ash. Could such people be unhappy?

Mr. Moore asked after my parents. I said they were just fine. "Did your mother ever tell you I was one of her beaux in college?" I said politely, no, she certainly hadn't. "Oh, yes, yes. Lot of water under the bridge since then. Well, we marry and lose track. I sometimes sit and think, what if I'd married your mother? She was one of the prettiest girls of 'em all, did you know that?"

"No, sir," I whispered, incredulous. Our conversation was beginning to seem pretty unsuitable to me.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110





The man who wouldn't give up

500 MASSED ROCKETS shook the brand-new Brooklyn Bridge, screamed up into the May evening and showered the city with red and gold.

While behind a darkened window, a big, gaunt man sat and watched, too crippled and painwracked to attend the opening day festivities for the bridge.

This was a pity, for he had built it.

Which means that when money gave out, Chief Engineer Roebling pleaded for more. When disturbing changes of plan had to be made, Roebling fought them through. And when a hundred panicked men were trapped under the East River in a flooded caisson, Roebling saved them.

Spinning the giant steel spiderweb not only exacted 13 years of Roebling's life, from 1870 to 1883, but very early in the game it crippled him forever with the caisson disease.

But he never gave up, saw the job through to the end. His were the courage, skill and vision that make Americans a nation of great builders—a strong, growing nation. And a nation whose Savings Bonds rank with the world's finest investments.

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"And now," he said darkly, "now Martha's son is taking my little girl to a dance." I didn't think I ought to bring it up about my mother's name being Margaret. We were interrupted by rustling on the stairs, and I jumped up in guilty confusion as Edwina and her mother came into the room. I helped Edwina into her velvet coat and promised to have her home early.

I hadn't ever entertained the idea before of parents' having been anybody before they were married. Now, as I danced with Mr. Moore's voice in my ear, the lawn on which my own home stood seemed to tremble and crack. I tried to think it out. Suppose Mr. Moore had married my mother? Then my father would be wandering off in some limbo I couldn't imagine, married to—whom? Then who would I be, or would I at all? And what if my parents' *parents* had never married? It seemed that I existed only by the shakiest chance, and if the planks of the dance floor had split apart just then, I felt there was no sure ground underneath. We could plunge through, and then down, down, and go out like matches dropped in the dark.

I entered the Paul Jones, where the girls, hand in hand, moved in an inner circle facing an outer ring of boys passing the opposite way. To me, it was a drifting of specters. The music broke, the circles stopped, I stepped up to my partner.

Jo Anne's fingers brought me back to life. "I thought you weren't going to dance with me at all," she said. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I've just been goofing off. Which dance is this?"

"Ninth, silly. The dance is almost over." She pressed my hand. "Tell me what's the matter."

I said, "Listen, Jo Anne, what does it mean when you feel like you could just fade out and not be anybody? Do you ever feel like that? Like if somebody stuck a knife in somebody next to me, that would hurt, but if they stuck me, there wouldn't be anybody there. What is that, feeling like everybody except me? I wish it would quit."

Jo Anne solved this poser very simply. She said, "I don't know, honey. They're playing our song," and, glancing around to check the chaperons, she kissed me deftly on the neck. We silently pressed our faces together; she smelled of sweet powder and soap. As we turned in reverent circles, the orchestra slowly poured Squeeze Me But Please Don't Tease Me over us like warm maple sirup.

I looked down at my fingers laced in Jo Anne's and found something new to worry about, more concrete this time. I was afraid she might look at my left wrist and misunderstand. But she didn't notice. The music stopped, and we separated in happy agony. The trumpets blasted a fanfare announcing the last dance, and Horace Ackney, who must have been maneuvering Edwina near me, dumped her at my side and fled. Jo Anne was charming to Edwina; she envied Edwina's dress, she said; she looked around for her own partner and thanked me impersonally for our dance, as if the orchestra had just been playing any old song. She went quickly away. How pretty she was, what secrecy, what resources of rich tact and sureness! If Jo Anne wore my identification bracelet, I felt, I probably existed.

It was the custom at the Merrymakers' to turn the lights out for the last dance, while we wallowed in warm darkness to Goodnight, Sweetheart. It was a boon to the tongue-tied, like me.

"Do you?" a girl would murmur.

"Do I what?"

"You know."

"Oh. Sure."

"Well, say it."

"I"—swallow—"love you." I could never, in bright light.

With Edwina, no message to whisper to her and no agreement of touch, I felt huge discomfort. She applied her forehead to my cheek, the first time she had danced like that; we clung together and waded in. We fitted together badly; she was tall for me and I had to crick my neck. Clasped couples near us mumbled. I felt I should say something to break the silence of our embarrassed bodies, but I didn't like to boom in her ear, "It's been an awfully good dance, hasn't it?" and I couldn't think of a single other thing to say, to Edwina.

We danced on. I began to perspire. I could feel my cheek dampening her smooth forehead, but I hadn't the courage to remove it. I clung fiercely and Edwina, too, tightened her grip; cringing intimately, we suffered the grief of being jolted by another couple and feeling our mutual skin slip softly, with a tiny wet noise. After the slight shift of position, I found myself with my nose in Edwina's hair; when I inhaled, a wisp of it entered my left nostril; when I breathed out, it fluttered free, but next time it came to stay. The saxophones groaned on. I held my breath, and went through the rudiments of the fox trot like a man faintly performing the Australian crawl on his way to the bottom. My mind was taken up with wondering which would come first, my sneeze or the end of the music. They were simultaneous, as it turned out. The song stopped, I exploded, the lights flashed on, and everybody began to tear down the balloons.

"I had an awfully nice time," Edwina said. We faced each other across a black-topped table in a sandwich shop, finishing our waffles and milk. Edwina leaned her elbows on the table and then, mortified, painfully corrected them to her sides.

"Aw, look, put your elbows on the table all you want to," I said recklessly. "I'm no tattletale."

Edwina looked as if I'd hit her, and I was scared myself. Evidently I looked even more shocked than she did, for I saw her peep out from behind her own embarrassment at mine. With a heartbreaking smile, she leaned forward and propped her thin arms on the table. It was a proud moment in my life, for it was the first time I ever said the right thing. Edwina, released and emboldened, looked right at me. She said, "I hate dances. I get sick in the girls' room. I've never told anybody that before."

"You mean—*really* sick?"

"Really sick," she said.

We sat and thought it over. I wanted to tell her how proud I was that she should have told me this secret; I longed to say, too, that I thought she looked pretty now, and that she wouldn't always be shy and unpopular. But I was no hero. I just looked at her, and our glances began to waver. Slowly, inexorably, like coach back into pumpkin, ball gown to rags, we faded back into torment. We looked down at the table and blinked and suffered.

Then I reached with my left hand for the check which lay on the top of the napkin dispenser. As I did, my black sleeve slid back from my wrist, and Edwina made a little sound. I looked at her and saw her stare at my wrist and then up at me.

She blurted out, "But I didn't know you and Jo Anne were broken up. I thought you and Jo Anne ——"

"Edwina, I ——" As before, I felt I couldn't stand the sight of her pain, I must say anything to make it stop, but I just couldn't speak. She blushed dark red. "It's none of my bus ness. I didn't mean to say anything. It w just the surprise." She ducked her head a began to fight into the sleeves of her coat. jumped up to help her and then scamper away to the cashier's desk.

In my father's car, I turned the radio o and drove the few blocks to Edwina's hou with such elaborate attention to the music a not having a wreck that, "There's my driv way," Edwina said. "You've missed my driv way." I turned in and came to a stop on t gravel. I began to breathe quickly. Witho looking at Edwina, I jumped out and r around to her side. She rustled out beside m

There was a bald light shining in the por cochere at the side of the house. At the do Edwina turned toward me to say something too opened my mouth to speak, but instea having no idea I was going to do any su thing, I veered forward across the gapi space between Edwina's face and mine. O eyes closed, our mouths met.

Edwina must have been standing on tipt As we kissed, she breathed out and sank ba on her heels; my lips smeared upward a bumped against the end of her nose. My ey popped open in bright, dolly surprise a stared into two equally amazed ones careeri away from mine. We backed apart and sto in a pool of embarrassment, under the glo ing porch light. Such was Edwina's first, guess, kiss.

There was one thing I had to say quick "Edwina, about the bracelet. Jo Anne a me—I mean, I just thought it would be m polite to take it off just for this evening." I didn't say it. If I'd started talking I wo have stood there apologizing all night; an couldn't see any use in saying, "I meant to nice," when underneath I felt chicken a cruel. I didn't want to be saddled w Edwina. I wanted her not to be unhappy wanted her to think I was nice. But I want out, I needed to be seen with a popular g

Edwina hunted in her bag for her key, a when she'd found it she said in her w formal way, "You were awfully nice to ask to the dance. I had a nice time. Thank yo

She stepped inside the screen door. Ju bugs, big ugly brown things, thumped a clutched at the screen. I couldn't see Edwi clearly, behind the door, in shadow. I sa "Thank you, Edwina. I had a nice time, too and ran away down the dark drivew scalded.

E

Expectant Mothers!

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FOR THE TUMMY

STILL ONLY 10¢ A ROLL, 3-ROLL PACK 25¢

Ask any WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

"I know men have an easier life," my grandmother would insist. "Don't they slobber the paint on windows for women to scrape off?"

The first time you see dust on the living-room wall is when a guest is on the sofa.

New wife: "I didn't expect him to come equipped with all those shirts. I feel as if I were on an Indian reservation ironing tents."

Charm in a woman is what backbone is in a man.

From a bride's letter: "My husband bought me a beautiful new fall dress ... which I didn't exactly need because he said the only way to start out on a budget was to spend some money foolishly."

Nothing irritates more than trying to pick up a watermelon seed from the floor.

Lie detector: woman's scales.

To really know a man, observe his behavior with a woman, a flat tire and a child.

Variation on a quotation ... for teachers: "If you make children think they are thinking, they will love you. If you really make them think, they will hate you at first and worship you later."

Our neighborhood philosopher says he can easily spot the immature people; they always behave so annoyingly maturely.

Choosing a wife is like choosing a dormant rosebush; it may or may not have thorns.

The only exact measuring stick for happiness is unhappiness.

In so far as teaching lessons of thrift, money handed out freely to children is as valueless as stage money, but the allowance—fair, paid on time, and treated exclusively as the child's—has in its teaching the value of pure gold.

MOTHERS OF TWINS HAVE TO FIND SHORT CUTS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

babies, too, if a mother has other children and duties that crowd her day.

The daily bath loomed as a big hurdle to most mothers of twins. When added to all the other jobs, it seemed to use up a large chunk of the day. Even worse was the likelihood that one or both babies would be screaming with hunger long before they could be fed. (The mothers had to make absolutely sure, before starting, that every bit of bath equipment and clean clothing was close at hand, that two bottles were warming and that cribs were ready. Doesn't it make the care of a single baby seem peaceful?)

The mothers resourcefully came to various solutions: two separate baths at different unconventional hours; bath for two in the evening with the father giving one; two baths in the same bath water (they were needlessly guilty about that); a bath for each baby every other day or even less frequently, with careful cleaning of the face and diaper region between times.

Two solutions that strike me as worth considering for a single baby are the evening bath—before the 6 P.M. or 10 P.M. feeding—for the benefit of a father who'd love to take part, and the less-frequent tub bath for the benefit of the very busy mother or the inexperienced mother who's still apprehensive. A baby's skin needs to be kept clean, all right, but it can be done just as well with a wet washcloth used carefully as it can with gallons of water. A baby with average skin needs a mildly soaped washing of his diaper region daily, of his body, limbs, neck and outside ears every two or three days (more often in hot weather than cold), of his scalp once or twice a week (sooner if he gets spat-up milk in his hair). An excessive amount of soap is only that much more trouble to remove in the rinsing. The soap can be wiped off the body with two wipings with a washcloth wrung out in water that's not too soapy. The care used in this rinsing will depend on how sensitive the baby's skin is. The face should be wiped with a wet, unsoaped washcloth daily.

The main thing lost in omitting the tub bath is the fun for baby and mother. But most mothers of young twins felt it was no fun at all.

Mothers of twins dwell heavily on the subject of help—as well they might. Twins are often premature, and if so they usually require three-hour feedings, feedings that are apt to take longer than those of a husky full-term baby. This means that approximately one out of every three hours is devoted to feedings, or eight out of the twenty-four. Add to that the preparation of formula (fourteen to sixteen bottles), the washing and folding of mountains of diapers, baths, and you reach a formidable total before you make any allowance for care of other children, husband, self and house. Some of the kinds of help they seized on through desperation might well be utilized by mothers of single-borns who are snowed under because of inexperience or large families: a comfortable neighbor who enjoys coming in daily for a few weeks to give one feeding while the mother naps or catches up on other chores; a high-school girl in the late afternoons; a cleaning woman once or twice a week for a month or two. Several mothers were amazed to realize how much assistance with the twins they got from a daughter as young as three years old. Many mothers testified that their husbands had risen magnificently to the emergency, not only in such matters as giving alternate feedings at night (or giving all the night feedings every other night), giving baths, preparing formula, cooking meals, acting as sitter one night a week while the mother stepped out, but—even more importantly—in giving solid moral support in the forms of patience, appreciation and affection. These mothers made you realize again how important a father can be in child rearing.

Last but not least I want to discuss the subject of feeding schedules—regular versus demand. A few mothers of twins found that a modified demand schedule worked well. They fed the first baby when he waked and then promptly waked the second. But the overwhelming majority—even those who had been enthusiastic about demand scheduling from experience with previous babies or from theoretical conviction—quickly decided after one or two days' experience with twins that they couldn't afford the luxury of irregular feedings. It seemed as though they were feeding all day and all night, with no assurance that they could plan a half hour for some other job. And the impressive thing was that though they were often dealing with small babies (who are apt to have more trouble lasting a set three hours between feedings, more trouble taking a sufficient amount every feeding), the mothers found that in a surprisingly few days they were able to get both twins quite regularly scheduled, without much distress to the twins or the mothers.

A fair number of mothers did have to compromise for a few days, stalling with pacifiers, putting up with short periods of fussing. Some of these off-schedule wakings ended with the baby's going back to sleep, others ended with the baby's having to be fed early. But the mothers became a little stricter each day and the babies' digestive systems followed the mothers' lead and soon developed the habit of getting hungry by the clock.

I've always felt that it was important—for both mother and baby—that a mother be willing to accommodate the feeding schedule to the baby's needs in the early days and weeks of life so that the baby wouldn't have to cry for long periods and so that the mother wouldn't have to suffer and sweat listening to him cry.

But I have also always felt that the aim should be to get to a sensible schedule as soon as it is comfortable, a schedule that suits the infant and the rest of the family too. I don't mean that all feedings should necessarily be four hours apart. It suits some babies and mothers even better to have, for instance, a three-hour interval at one time of day and a five-hour interval at another. It's simply that 99 per cent of families can function more efficiently and happily if they know what to expect.

A majority of babies seem to be ready for regularity almost from birth. If their mothers wake them by the clock for a few days, the babies soon act as though they had clocks in their stomachs. A minority can't adapt that fast. There are the ones who are poor feeders at first, who can't always take enough to last them for four hours. There are the restless sleepers who fret as soon as they wake, and there are the others who alternate periods of deep sleep, from which they can't be sufficiently waked to feed, with periods of frequent hungry waking. But most of these irregular babies can be straightened out within a month if the mother exerts gentle guidance. The baby with severe colic or regular irritable crying may have to be fed off schedule at his unhappy time of day for as long as three months. Any baby—even the most regular—will occasionally wake early, with obvious hunger, and it's a sensible mother who accommodates him.

But I confess I always feel impatient when a mother says "I believe in self-demand" in a tone of voice that suggests she will be proud if her baby remains completely irregular for a number of months. It's as if she believes there is some superiority in irregularity. To be sure, there's no harm to a baby in long-continued irregularity of schedule. The main risk is that if parents too earnestly take the attitude "Let's encourage the baby to set the pace and we'll follow happily" it may spread to other aspects of child care. Then the result is apt to be a somewhat spoiled child and resentful parents.

Perhaps I'm being too crotchety in harping on the needlessness of excessive permissiveness in scheduling, but I feel justified by these stories of twins.

Flexible schedules and discussion of self-demand are so widespread nowadays that some inexperienced parents get the idea that it's old-fashioned cruelty to try to get a baby on a schedule. But if 95 per cent of mothers of twins can do it in a couple of weeks, it can't be that bad.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—Ed.

THE QUARREL

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

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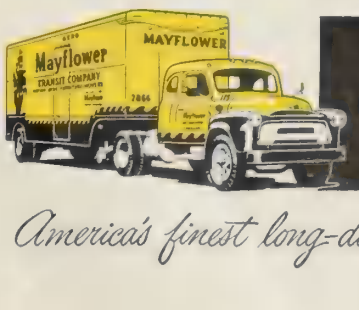
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The MYSTERIOUS DISEASE of WEAKNESS

You may not be able to open your eyes, fill your lungs, smile, or make your arm reach the medicine you need, inches away.

By RONALD M. DEUTSCH

For ten years the woman had lain in bed in a strange limp paralysis. Her limbs moved rarely. She was barely able to swallow. Her weight had fallen forty pounds.

Yet the usual laboratory tests indicated that she was healthy. For a time a psychiatrist had been certain that she suffered from hysteria. But his doubts had grown until he'd withdrawn from the case. Her family doctor had scoured medical texts, brought specialists, come again and again with new ideas, new hope, new disappointment.

Once more the doctor had a new possibility. Now he filled a hypodermic, pressed the needle into the muscle of her left arm. Then he moved to a second prepared needle. The drug he had given could act quickly and dangerously, and an antidote must be ready.

They waited—four minutes, five, six. Slowly the woman's hand lifted to her face and brushed across her eyes, which opened wide. Her shoulders began to stir. In ten minutes she was sitting up on the edge of her bed. Then she stood, raised her arm, walked. For the first time in ten years she spoke clearly, until her voice choked with relief and with tears.

The doctor picked up the case record, on which his first note was dated April 4, 1943. On it he wrote, "June 26, 1953. *Diagnosis: Myasthenia Gravis.*"

Unfortunately, the diagnosis and the dramatic relief were not the end of this story. Myasthenia gravis is relentless. Within two hours the symptoms were returning.

The left eyelid began to droop, then the right. From time to time the woman saw double. She stumbled and nearly fell as her legs refused to obey, and when she spoke her voice drifted into the high, nasal tones that are one of the hallmarks of myasthenia. She tried to drink a glass of water, and almost choked as her throat muscles refused to swallow. Then before her weak hand could reach the night stand, the glass fell from her grasp.

A name had been found—and with it the knowledge that there was no certain cure, only moments of relief, painstakingly made to overlap and form the semblance of a normal life. But with the name came the small comfort that this woman was not alone.

Myasthenia gravis has been known for hundreds of years, but only recently have most doctors learned to know it when they see the first symptoms and offer help to its victims.

Less than four years ago Jane Ellsworth, mother of a myasthenic daughter, began to form the MG Foundation. Doctors now guess that, diagnosed and undiagnosed, there are between 50,000 and 100,000 myasthenics in the U. S. alone. It seems, too, that myasthenia gravis occurs more frequently in *young* women and *older* men. Accurate estimates are made difficult by the fact that mild cases of myasthenia gravis may resemble chronic fatigue and by the fact that many overworked doctors have not been made aware of all the latest facts on the disease. Recent medical papers, however, from such faraway places as Russia and China indicate that consciousness of it is becoming world-wide.

But while the number of known cases has grown, hope has grown too. Twenty years ago 80 to 90 per cent of all myasthenics died in the first few years of the disease. Now eight or nine of every ten myasthenics live!

What is this mystery disease, and what can be done to fight it?

"Myasthenia gravis," explains a doctor, "might be called a breakdown in communications. The brain sends a message through a healthy nerve to a healthy muscle. But at the point at which nerve and muscle meet, something goes wrong. The message gets through to the muscle, but weakly. Then with each succeeding impulse the muscle response gets weaker and weaker, until it disappears."

The problem lies in the so-called striated muscles, any or all of which may be affected by myasthenia. The muscles are those of the eyes, of the tongue and the jaw, of the throat, the limbs, those of the chest that let you breathe.

So you may not be able to walk, or talk, or even let food or air pass your throat. You may not be able to open your eyes, fill your lungs, smile or make your arm reach the medicine you need, inches away. Many other muscles can be affected. In a mild case, one eyelid may droop and there may be difficulty in walking or climbing stairs. In severe cases, patients lie in bed, inert, totally helpless.

It is easy to see how this disease can mean a broken life, which is still the fate of some patients. It might be true of nearly all, if it were not for the work of Mary Walker.

A physician at St. Alfege's Hospital in London, Doctor Walker was not a specialist or researcher. But in the spring of 1934 she was confronted by a puzzling case, which she diagnosed as myasthenia, the "rare" disease of muscle weakness. Doctor Walker studied her patient until she began to believe that there was a parallel to the bewildering symptoms of curare poisoning.

This poison—used by the Amazon natives to tip their arrows—which seems to cripple the nervous system, had an antidote, a drug called physostigmine. If, Doctor Walker reasoned, myasthenia were caused by some bodily poison that resembled curare, might not this poison, too, respond to physostigmine?

Doctor Walker asked her specialist colleagues. Their answer was a flat no. It was too dangerous to try, they said. The whole idea was a series of unproved assumptions.

But Doctor Walker injected the physostigmine. The results are medical history. The life-supporting drug for myasthenia gravis had been found.

A form of Mary Walker's drug is known as neostigmine (Prostigmin) and about 75 per cent of all myasthenia-gravis sufferers take it regularly. Other patients take it and two later drugs, Mestinon and ambenonium (formerly called Mysuran), in various combinations. The dosage of these drugs varies considerably among patients, and the amount a patient requires often varies daily. Fortunately, Prostigmin almost

ver wears out its welcome. One patient eded and successfully took 450 pills a day, t one milligram of this powerful drug when ected will make a healthy person violently ill. Before 1934 the search for diagnosis was ually fruitless for most patients. They were d they were emotionally disturbed, brain-maged, that they had diseases of the throat, the eyes, of the lungs, of the limbs, of the art. Unfortunately, many of these same mis-kes are still being made.

Currently a six-month to five-year hunt for ief is common. Ten or twenty handicapped, en bedridden years have gone by for a dis-aying number. Just recently the MG Foun-tion learned of a California man who had ited forty years for diagnosis!

Once suspected, the diagnosis for myas-enia gravis is relatively simple. It leaves little om for doubt. Until recently, it amounted a simple injection of neostigmine. If the tient responded well in fifteen or twenty nutes, he undoubtedly had the disease. A ent drug improvement, called Tensilon, en intravenously, is even quicker and surer.

Midge Furnish is a pretty young brunette in mid-twenties, wife of a doctor, mother of ee children. After a very healthy, energetic ly life, she developed myasthenia five years . Largely because of her family medical , Midge was diagnosed quickly, in a few nths. She began to take neostigmine.

"I started out on fifteen pills a day," says dge. "You take them every one to three rs, day and night. A severe myasthenic st break his sleep. If you go too long with-pills, you may not have the strength to llow them, even to call for help.

"In an hour or two the symptoms slip back. u have to time it just right to make sure you er get too weak. You plan all the time. You the pills half an hour before you eat or k, so you won't choke. You time the pills re you go to the doctor, or start to bathe baby, or even change him.

"ven with all the pills, your strength isn't mal. Use a muscle and it wears out. Brush r teeth—usually with two hands—and 've barely the strength to comb your hair. start to iron, and then slowly your arm sn't respond. It just stays there, and the begins to burn the cloth, and you just t move it.

"And there's a limit to the neostigmine you stand. Take a few too many and you get l stomach cramps and breaking out in a t, and your innards seeming to go to s. They're really something, those side ts. You can stop them by taking a drug d atropine. But the side effects are warn-ignals too. Mask them and you can take a o much neostigmine and end up in crisis."

risis is the dread of the myasthenic, for it sis that kills. There are two kinds. Myas-ic crisis is the normal crisis of the disease, bnormal weakness of muscles you must o live, muscles to keep fluid out of your ; and stave off pneumonia, muscles to open the air passages, muscles to draw to your lungs.

The second type is cholinergic crisis, which is the result of an overdose of the very drug that helps the myasthenic. Even trained physicians are hard put to tell the difference between this and myasthenic crisis. But the difference is crucial. For treatment must be given quickly if the patient is to live. The slightest misstep can tilt the balance between life and death. And the treatment for one crisis is the exact opposite of the treatment for the other. It is for this reason that doctors hail the new diagnostic drug, Tensilon.

Records indicate that pregnancy causes remissions in one third of the cases. In another third, nothing happens; and with the final third, the patient may get worse. When asked, all the doctors specializing in myasthenia agreed that, in all cases, their advice is *for* pregnancy.

They give this advice in spite of the fact that about 12 per cent of all myasthenic mothers give birth to babies with the general condition called transient myasthenia. Fortunately, this responds to small doses of neostigmine immediately.

The cost of either Prostigmin or Mestinon can amount to as much as $50 or $60 every week. Since they are lifesaving, the patient cannot stint. The Myasthenia Gravis Foundation is studying ways to make pills available free to those who cannot afford them. Two hospitals at least, Mount Sinai and Massachusetts General, will not dismiss myasthenia-gravis patients without a free supply of 1000 pills. Many city welfare agencies will dispense the pills free for needy patients. But myasthenia gravis remains an expensive disease. The search for a cure is going on at an accelerated rate.

The treatment and research centers are increasing in number—at Presbyterian and Mt. Sinai Hospitals in New York, at Massachusetts General (where the first clinic for myasthenia was established in 1935), at the University of Indiana in Indianapolis, Johns Hopkins, the Mayo Clinic, the University of California in Berkeley and Los Angeles. And new facts about myasthenia are coming to light.

Most doctors now accept some form of what is called the "circulating substance theory," the idea that some substance circulates in the body to incapacitate the nerve-muscle junctions. The idea was Mary Walker's.

Researchers are now hunting the "circulating substance." It seems highly possible that it lies somewhere in an imbalance of the hormone (or endocrine) system. This would seem likely from its relation to pregnancy and to the thymus gland. For instance, Sloan-Kettering, the cancer-research center, and Mt. Sinai have found that sufferers from myasthenia gravis have a significant decrease in hormone secretion. This has not yet been confirmed by others. Researchers hope, however, to make important discoveries in this area.

How close are such discoveries? No one knows, but new information is being gathered all the time.

In the meantime, drugs are not the only hope for myasthenics. Another kind of treatment is being tried, but as yet no one is certain just how effective it is. That treatment is thymectomy, the removal of the thymus gland.

Analyzing the reports of such operations, Drs. Lee M. Eaton and O. Theron Clagett, of the Mayo Clinic, concluded, "We approve of thymectomy in the case of female patients, particularly if they are young, in spite of the fact that surgery in severe degrees of myasthenia gravis is of great risk to the patient. . . . The value of thymectomy in male patients has not been demonstrated conclusively up to the present time."

Two major clinics, however, doubt the effect of thymectomy on any myasthenic, as it is such a changeable disease.

As in every other aspect of myasthenia, there are no hard-and-fast rules about thymectomy. In general, the need for surgery is determined by the severity of the case. One young man in California began to weaken as neostigmine lost its effectiveness for him. "I couldn't see much point in living the way I was," he says, "spoon-fed, flat on my back, dependent for everything on other people's strength." One doctor suggested thymectomy as a desperation measure. Another warned that it was far too dangerous, and had a very small chance of success. The young man was determined. He lived through the operation and in three months he was doing well on ten or fifteen pills a day. He works an eight-hour day on his feet, running a complex computer, and since his wife also has a job, helps her with the housework on weekends. It is possible, however, that this man experienced a *natural* remission.

There are certain elements in American civilization which as a European I find it hard to understand. American children and adolescents are accorded a licence without bond or bound. Almost as incomprehensible are the petting, date-seeking boys and girls of the universities and colleges.

HAROLD NICOLSON
Good Behavior,
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X-ray therapy has also been tried but without conclusive results. X ray is imperative, however, for diagnosing the tumors of the thymus gland that often occur along with MG.

So far, all the experiments are gropings, in a sense, in a field that is large and relatively unfamiliar. Doctors do not yet know exactly how the muscles and nerves work. In the past few years long strides have been taken by specialists in the subject. Research in myasthenia has its effect on illnesses such as muscular dystrophy and multiple sclerosis. In the long run it may help doctors with the problems of fatigue, of muscle pains and weaknesses and some nervous disorders. But, meanwhile, the simple fact is that too few doctors are aware of the commonness of the malady. "When you are thinking of myasthenia," says Dr. Augustus Rose, the neurologist who directs the myasthenia treatment center at UCLA, "it is actually a very easy diagnosis to make. One problem in myasthenia is the necessity of creating that alertness, that watchfulness for the disease."

There is need for medical awareness even after the disease has been diagnosed. "Even medical people who know of the disease don't know the details of care," says Pat Ellsworth, whose mother founded the MG Foundation. "A few years ago I was in a hospital for cortisone therapy (which didn't prove very helpful to myasthenics) and they took away my neostigmine as part of the treatment.

"Take away the neostigmine from a seriously ill myasthenic and he's helpless. My nurse didn't realize that. She turned me on my back for the night. I was too weak to move myself. When I tried to signal her that I had to be on my side to sleep, I couldn't even speak. She turned out the light and left. I tried to reach the buzzer and couldn't. I just lay there all night, hoping I wouldn't choke, hoping I would make it till the morning nurse came in."

"My doctor diagnosed my case all right," says a Chicago woman, "but he had never heard of the right dosage for neostigmine. He put me on two tablets a day. I could do none of the housework—and the expense of help kept us strapped. This went on for four years.

"Then I wrote to the Foundation, heard about how many pills other myasthenics were taking. I asked my doctor to talk to their doctors and he put me on demand dosage. Now I can manage the house and prepare meals. We're solvent and I feel like a human being again."

There are medical reasons for spreading the information about myasthenia gravis—but there are less tangible reasons as well. "Myasthenia gravis has such a frightening sound, so mysterious," says one executive who has the disease, "that I've stopped mentioning the name. People react as if this were some horrible contagious disease. I've got tired of reassuring people that I won't infect their children. At least I wish people would realize that myasthenia is no more contagious than a broken arm."

Says Jane Ellsworth, of the Foundation, "The doctors tell us that among all the major unconquered illnesses, myasthenia is one of the most likely to be overcome. The research has been mapped out. It looks, too, as if, when the solution comes, there will be no expensive rehabilitation program. The muscles and nerves are sound. They only need to be freed from whatever is inhibiting them. Meanwhile, we're doing what we can to make patients' lives less painful, more meaningful."

The headquarters of the Myasthenia Gravis Foundation are at 2 East 103rd Street, New York 29, N.Y. They are in touch with local chapters of the organization and would welcome the names of those suffering from the disease. Further information about myasthenia gravis may be obtained from them. Contributions, of course, will also be welcomed.

THE WORLD OF GRANDMA MOSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

e notion that mechanization is "labor-g" thus proves illusory. In the over-all it is obviously so. Technology consumes voraciously, creating more and more ." But it is illusory in the more intimate On the farm it saves "labor" only by tuting manpower. The farmer himself s no shorter or less-strenuous hours. He not have more "time." On the contrary, today driven as never before to "make y."

o the technical progress that his farm rep-s enters, therefore, an element of pres-and anxiety that was not there in the of Grandma Moses. The old self-suffi-armer, who grew to feed his family and ls abundantly, locally marketing and g in the surplus, was rich by virtue of the ity of his external needs. If he had a er crop and much surplus, it was a year. But whether the farm yielded more or less was not a matter of life or death. When it yielded less, it meant that Mary wouldn't have a new dress that year, or Harry a new suit. It did not mean calamity. Now it can mean just that. For the new farmer is part of the enormous apparatus created by technology which enters every phase of production and distribution. In fact, he is not a farmer in the ancient sense of the word. He is a businessman. He must study the market, keep books on every cow and hen, and pay ever-increasing taxes even on his personal property, his cattle and equipment. For in the motor age, roads that could be negotiated by horses defy a jeep. The needs of the community perpetually increase.

The community of closely knit families is also breaking up. Its sons, even if they still live at home, go off to work in factories, sometimes forty miles away, for the high wages with which only the richest farmers can compete. Its daughters are no longer amused by Grange dances, church festivals and village picnics. They train themselves as stenographers, nurses or bookkeepers, and go to the larger towns, or, if untrained, they work in the town's shops and stores, delight in the movies, and marry boys from the town. Their parents seldom have the joy of seeing their grown children and their grandchildren at the family board, and being able to say of the son-in-law, "Your dad was my best friend," or of the daughter-in-law, "You were a cute kid." The families are scattered, the in-laws are strangers, the village is a diminishing suburb of a larger town, and the drift is from village to town to city from where the life of the village and farm, the products they buy, the markets they supply and the conditions of their work are ever increasingly controlled.

Few wish to change this, and none who do can. The great technological revolution has brought a vast increase of material consumption. But it has brought in its train neither greater freedom nor security nor inner satisfaction.

Its inexorable trend is to collectivize and control the whole of economic and social life. It weeds out the "incompetent," meaning those incompetent to adjust to its demands. For autonomous man, the man whole in himself, it has no use. Its ideal is the perfectly functioning machine, in which the parts (though they be men and not pieces of steel) are subservient to the whole operation and the operation sufficient unto its own purpose. Its promise is an ever-greater shower of goods to be consumed—and goods that *must* be consumed if the process is not to break down. It fulfills this promise, but only at a price.

The price is the world of Grandma Moses: free, laborious, poor, but yet abundant.

END

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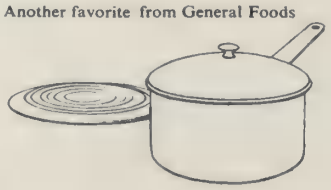
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CAN LOVE BE LEARNED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

JUDGE POLIER: I'm afraid that I don't feel the having or not having money should ever be the touchstone for preventing or making anything possible in life. I don't feel it for my own children and I can't feel that it should be so for other people's children.

DR. ADAMS: **It should be noted, however, that generally speaking, among young people under age twenty who marry, the divorce rate is decidedly higher than for people who wait until ages twenty-six or twenty-seven to get married. The young marriage is exposed to so many pressures, including in-law pressures, well meaning though they may be, that it would seem to me that subsidies from some neutral source might be better than money from home. After all, the Government subsidizes aviation and railroads and veterans' housing. Why not marriage?**

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: But wouldn't Government subsidies encourage irresponsibility and make marriage too easy?

DR. ADAMS: Quite the contrary, I think. If the proper standards were set up, subsidies would actually encourage responsible marriages—and discourage irresponsible ones. The application time for the subsidy might be six months, for instance, and qualifications should involve at least three things: public announcement of the engagement, the waiting period, and instruction on handling the responsibilities and privileges of marriage. Suitable marriages would then be underwritten against such circumstantial catastrophes as sudden illness, poor housing and heavy education costs, while passing romances without serious intentions would fail to qualify.

As for subsidies' encouraging people to marry even younger than they do now—well, the average age of marriage for a girl has been moving downward since 1890 until now it is about twenty. I expect it soon to reach nineteen—and although a depression might slow this trend up, I do not expect anything to halt it entirely.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Let's go back now to the question of the effects and causes of the troubled marriage. Dr. Pearson?

DR. PEARSON: Well, we have talked about the emotional and sociological effects, but there is also a medical effect. If people are living in a stressful environment in which they are continually in turmoil, it will affect directly the health of a number of organs in the body. Stomach ulcers, some skin diseases, heart palpitations, as well as many other ills, are directly affected by emotional stress. There are also many feminine complaints that have an emotional background which is in direct relationship to the happiness or lack of happiness in the home.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Dr. Fromm, would you like to add something about mental health to that?

DR. FROMM: We are on a two-way street here. There is the effect of the bad marriage upon mental health, but primarily it's the effect of the bad mental health upon marriage that is important.

But what I would really like to add here is something that may sound very primitive. **I think the cause of failure in marriage is failure in the capacity to love, or, if you prefer, the capacity to live.**

I would say that our society in general prepares people for everything else but love. People are brought up generally to value money, power, success, and the ability to buy and consume is viewed as a major thing in life. The ability to love is not, of course, a subject that can be taught in the same sense that such a subject as mathematics can be taught, yet it can be taught to some extent, as I tried to show in my latest book, *The Art of Loving*. Beyond that it is something that can be enjoyed by truly loving persons—the kind of person who not only loves his wife, or husband, but who also loves children, all children, people, everybody.

You find that if you ask people today, "Have you ever seen anybody who loved someone else really?" and you don't mean love in a superficial, conventional sense, you will often find that people who are honest will say, after some reflection, "No, never."

DR. ADAMS: It is true that the happy, loving marriage is exceedingly rare. I doubt very much if more than one in five marriages can be called really happy—and even that estimate may be too high.

But we must not overlook the many workable, successful marriages in which two people live together out of habit, sharing their efforts, with some sort of friendly adjustment to each other.

In either type of marriage, however, I would say that the one single major cause of marriage failure is the emotional immaturity of either the husband or the wife or both—and usually it is both, because an emotionally crippled person tends to be more likely to marry a weak person than a strong one.

Maturity can be generally defined as thinking, talking, behaving like an adult instead of a child. But more precisely **I would say that the individual ready for marriage is this kind of person: He (or she) accepts the responsibilities and duties involved in marrying. He has the ability to make a living, or to operate a home. He has an appreciation of the rights of others, a record of problem handling and solving, especially in the field of human relations. He has no serious handicap of either personality or circumstance such as a tendency to gamble, drink or a backlog of debt. He has some knowledge of what makes a good marriage, some knowledge of techniques and of family planning. And finally, he knows what he wants and needs from his own marriage.**

DR. FROMM: I think most people today have a picture in which life looks like a big department store in which you can get whatever you want—jobs, husbands, happiness—expecting them all to come from the outside, not from within themselves. And so, when these people think of a happy marriage they think they must find *the person* who will make them happy—and they fail to realize that nobody can make us happy unless we can produce something from within ourselves which makes us happy and the other person happy.

And so two people get married, each of whom has the illusion that somebody else will provide the happiness and then they naturally fail because their expectations are at cross purposes.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Dr. Adams, I'd like to go back to that figure you gave—only one out of five marriages is happy. Where does that come from?

DR. ADAMS: Well, we studied in detail the marriages of hundreds of college graduates about thirty years old, including a rating of the happiness of their marriages. Each husband and wife had to say that their marriage was "decidedly happy" or "extraordinarily happy" to fall into the category of happiness; and in addition to this, they had to show themselves free from fights and conflicts—so, on that basis, and being very generous, we decided only about 20 per cent of those studied could be called really happy.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Mrs. Ashenhurst, what do you think about all this? Yours is a modern marriage—what do you think young people today want and expect in marriage?

MRS. ASHENHURST: The ones I know of my own age are not taking very much for granted. They are very conscientious. They are reading a lot and thinking a lot and talking a lot, and when they make mistakes they are very much aware of fumbling.

I think this is because marriage today is more difficult than it was when the churches and the families and the group you belonged to had more control over it. Then, I think, the happiness of the people involved was not considered very important, and today I think it is. There are so many adjustments to be made today when you get married. You may have to leave your home town, find new friends, get more education ——

JUDGE POLIER: I agree that there are new problems in marriage today and that the emancipation of women is one of them.

DR. RAY: I quite agree with that.

MISS DUNNE: I will always defend the career woman.

JUDGE POLIER: Oh, I will defend her, too, but she does create some problems nevertheless. A woman who has a concept of her right to function as an individual, to work, is certainly not going to tolerate the kind of marriage a woman tolerated in another age when she was absolutely dependent on whomever she was married to for her daily bread, for bread for her children, and who, having once married, must, because of the absolute insistence of society, remain married and accept whatever came with that marriage.

TO A FOSTER CHILD

By DONNA DICKEY GUYER

Long, long ago when circles of slow time
Traced lazy patterns on the window shade
In childhood, I would watch their quiet climb,
And then it was that room enough was made
For you within my heart. The little dream
Had no illusion of some distant star,
No hazy moon reflected in a stream,
But you, dear child, as real as you are.
Within the loop of swifter years, a quest
Which led me blindly through time's barren span
Guided the longing deadlocked in my breast
Back to the circles where it first began.
And so the secret that you never knew
Is not your need of me, but mine of you.

Today we have a different concept of marriage—a concept of equal partnership, of happiness for two, and this puts additional strains on both men and women. Men cannot take as much for granted; a man has to invest more in his marriage to make it meaningful to both himself and his wife—and women, because of their new freedom, also have more responsibility in making marriage happy. There is a new inner content expected of marriage which creates a new challenge.

MRS. ASHENHURST: I guess I'm awfully reactionary, but I think there is too much talk about the fulfillment of women. Too often a woman feels that she's got to get this fulfillment, as Dr. Fromm says, from the outside, and that it's not something she can make within herself and within her home.

So many women seem to feel that only a business job will bring them up to the same status as their husbands and that this is good and this is going out and conquering the world, but lots of times these jobs aren't, I think, really what they are looking for. They don't get the status they think they are going to and they aren't even helped financially, for the amount of money made by women on most jobs is immediately dissipated by the need for a housekeeper, a cleaning woman, better clothes, transportation, outside lunch money, and that sort of thing.

My feeling has always been that I'd rather take in washing and stay home with my children in any real case of financial need because I feel I'm just better equipped to handle my children than anyone else is.

MISS DUNNE: Speaking of being reactionary, well, I mean if you would send me to the blackboard and ask me the answer to all our problems with children and write it 500 times I would just write: "Mother, Mother, Mother."

JUDGE POLIER: And I would add "Father, Father, Father," because I wouldn't like a matriarchal society. I think one of our problems today is that men are not sufficiently helped to become good fathers and play their role in the partnership of bringing up children.

There is nothing worse for a growing boy, for instance, than having the mother the person who makes all the decisions and the father coming in tired and weary and doing a little but not really participating in the bringing up of the child or participating fully in the family and community problems, so that the moral values and the teaching come too much from the mother and too little from the father.

DR. FROMM: I think this touches on a very important problem and that is what we call the equality of the sexes. I think there is a terrible confusion today about what equality is. What we mean by equality today is too often, I'm afraid, sameness.

This is actually a very destructive way to think about equality, and it has resulted, psychologically speaking, in the specific masculine role and the specific feminine role becoming all smudged and confused.

In general it could be said that it is up to the mother to give the child a sense of unconditional love, as if she said, "I love you whatever you do."

And it is up to the father to give the child a sense of duty, of ideas, of standards and, so to speak, to say, "I love you if you do right, if you do this and that."

Now I think both attitudes are necessary, even though they are contradictory. A person must learn to know from mother and then from within himself that he has a right to live and a right to be loved whatever he does, and at the same time he must learn to use his judgment also, and that he ought to do certain things and not do others.

But most people do not acquire both these attitudes together; as a result you find two personality types in our culture: those who expect to be loved unconditionally, no matter what they do; then the others who fear not being loved unless they constantly live up to expectations. Only the mature person lives with both attitudes, capably carrying this paradox of life.

DR. RAY: But when we take the men who commute and who get home late—they don't even see their children. Their children are in bed. How can they get to know them?

DR. FROMM: I think it isn't a matter of time primarily. You can have the most exhilarating experience in five minutes with your child, or anyone else, or you may spend two boring hours.

MRS. ASHENHURST: This is a problem about which a lot of people have spoken to me with tears in their eyes. **So many of the men we know are just starting out and are working very hard, and some of them are studying too. They have terrifically high ideals of marriage and of raising children and yet the wives are frantic because the husbands see so little of the children and the husbands are worried and guilty because they are torn between their work and their real love for their families. And even when you agree that it is the quality and not the quantity of time that is going to be important, still it is a terrific pressure if you have very strong ideas on the importance of family life.**

JUDGE POLIER: I think this raises the very real question of the impossibility of separating the ongoing creation of life, either in marriage or in the business world, from our relationship to other human beings. I doubt very much if anybody really can have a good marriage if the people in it are not capable of functioning both in the outside world and in their home, because marriage isn't something that can be packaged and presented to one but rather it is something that one has got to be

constantly working at and creating and re-creating from day to day, just like any other relationship in life.

MISS DUNNE: Well, I happen to be a Catholic woman, born of Catholic parents, Catholic grandparents. I have no way of knowing how happy my grandfather and grandmother were; I suppose they were happy enough. I think my mother and father were happy. My own married life has been happy, I feel, because it has been based on faith and a very strong faith not only in the ideal of marriage as a sacred thing but also on faith in an organized religion and its rules and regulations.

Now to say that we have been the happiest family in the whole wide world and that is why we have stayed together—that is a matter of opinion, and I am not trying to hold my family up as an example. But I do feel that an answer for everyone can be found in a quotation from the present Pope's encyclical which says that we train for every profession in the world; why not train for marriage?

We have many young people who train right up to the hilt for their jobs but who expect to get married with very little thought of training. Now in our church we demand a certain amount of instruction and obedience to rules. And I think it is a good thing.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: You are speaking here, of course, of the for-a-lifetime view the Catholic Church takes of marriage. Dr. Fromm, what do you think about that? Can the commitment of two people to stay together for a lifetime stimulate love and happiness?

DR. FROMM: Yes, I think it can—if, that is, the people involved really want to learn how to love. I would say that in order to learn anything, the first condition must be that it is a matter of the utmost importance. You don't learn anything unless it is important to you—you just get a smattering of something.

But this is a very difficult question, because there are two extremes. The one extreme of thought is that any marriage is a matter of will. Now the objections to this idea arise because there is a certain subjective, individual element in the compatibility of two people. The other extreme—well, we have leaned over backward in modern thinking that this compatibility is a kind of euphoric, romantic feeling about which nothing can be done.

Now I think **love in marriage is to a large extent a matter of decision and judgment, while most people think that love, any kind of love, is an agreeable excitement which either comes over you or it doesn't and you can't help it. It's there or it's not there and they are very disappointed because it hasn't lasted, because they are not accustomed to the idea that love is something which you can produce and which is to a large extent a matter of will and of judgment.**

And so I would say that I would disagree with the extreme idea that marriage is entirely a matter of will—but I also disagree with our modern principle that it is entirely a matter of a romantic feeling that comes over you.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: And how do you think we can help? Would you suggest people learn to use will and judgment in marriage? How can we educate for the family-based marriage as opposed to the romantic marriage?

DR. FROMM: I would say, first, that we should concentrate on education for life, not just education for marriage.

Then I would say that first of all we must learn to be realistic. We think today we all are realists, but we are realists with regard to things only, not with regard to people. We live in the most frightful delusions about ourselves and about other people.

Take the matter of how we learn to live productively. How do most of us make use of the specifically human powers which we have—of our capacity to love, to have artistic experience? Do we not instead forget these and try to transform ourselves into a commodity, a thing, a machine to be bought and sold on the personality market and, if we sell, call that successful living?

We profess respect for humanity—but are we able to accept another person for what he is and not as we want to see him in our illusions?

We say we believe in charity and love, but are we able to have a sense of active responsibility for another person, a feeling in which we are indeed our brother's guardian and in which we feel as responsible for the other person as we do for ourselves?

And by this I do not mean "duty." Really the origin of the word responsibility comes from "respondere," to answer, to be responsive, to react to the other person as a human being, not in the sense of convenience or use, but out of a feeling of being one with him.

Now all this is closely connected to the concept of faith. Faith can be used in two senses. Faith in a certain doctrine, for instance. But I would also say faith is a character trait, a character trait of those people who can have a conviction without proof. This is using faith in a subtle and profound sense—for I am speaking now not just of the faith that is necessary to bring up a child



knowing it will talk, it will walk, but rather of faith in life, in love, in the values of love.

Now if we do not value love, or charity, we cannot have faith in it. And so we have a very basic decision to make in our culture as to whether we are going to go on bringing up people whose ultimate value is wealth and consumption or whose ultimate values are in the great tradition of all the great religions, the great humanistic teachings of the last five thousand years.

I think we are in severe danger today that we lose these values. There are many symptoms of their loss, and the many failures in marriage is only one of them. And I am not comforted by the fact that superficially, many people profess to all sorts of faiths and ideologies, for they do not appear to be real to them.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: Let us leave temporarily this question of values now and ask Dr. Pearson how he as a doctor feels he can help people have happy relationships.

DR. PEARSON: Well, **physicians deal mostly with the physical side of marriage and it is a very important one, not only from the sexual point of view but from the well-being of a family as a whole.**

And I think it is very important for young people who are engaged to seek medical examinations and advice at least six weeks before their wedding so that any bodily disorders which might be detrimental can be discovered and then possibly corrected.

Also I believe that a doctor serves a definite purpose in checking the sexual organs. In almost any physician's experience you will find marriages in which the couples have been living together for years without ever having had sexual intercourse because something physically was wrong. Now I am not talking about ignorance of the actual technique of sexual intercourse. Today almost everybody knows the mechanics involved in sex. But as well as correcting physical handicaps to a rapid and happy sexual adjustment, the doctor can also help resolve faulty attitudes toward sex. There may be guilt, inhibition, a difference in desire and attitude, and unless the two people involved have thought these over or, better yet, talked them over with helpful guidance, argument and dissension will arise between them.

I also believe it's important for the couple to get help on contraception, either on mechanical types or, if they are of a faith which interdicts these, on biological methods. Frequently, too, an assurance that the young woman possesses normal organs will resolve the secret fear of undertaking future pregnancies.

And it should be added that getting this help before marriage is important economically. After a young couple marries, they usually feel they should assume their own doctor's bills, but before marriage their parents are usually quite willing to help them get medical care and advice if they want it.

DR. FROMM: It is good not to overemphasize sexual technique, for a good-functioning sexuality is a result of love, of tact, of responsibility in the sense of responding as I suggested—not of mechanics. There is no right technique which can guarantee love.

DR. PEARSON: Yes, I think we all ought to be sure we do keep the sexual aspect of marriage in perspective. I object, personally, for instance, very strongly to the burden of proof that our culture, our romantic novels put upon the male as a great lover. The man today is supposed to be a combination Clark Gable and Gregory Peck and send his wife into ecstasy every time he looks at her. So many young women expect so much that they are always coming around to doctors saying, "My husband didn't do this" or "My husband didn't do that" when it shouldn't be the poor fellow's entire responsibility.

DR. FROMM: I wouldn't say people expect too much. It could be said with equally good reason that they expect too little. It is that they expect the wrong things. A fantasy instead of a reality, I think.

MRS. ASHENHURST: Maybe it's the wrong person they expect too much of. All the songs talk about finding the ideal person, the perfect girl, the only boy—and if you listen to a group of office girls or high-school girls talking, they are all talking about their dream man.

But you seldom hear anybody say, "I want to grow up and be this ideal person myself, this kind of person with this kind of life, and I want to be this way not only in my twenties but in my forties and sixties." It's always the other person who is expected to be wonderful and dreamy, whether it's sexually or socially or intellectually or anything else.

And yet it seems to me that if the person were more concerned about what he or she was developing into himself, it would automatically be easier to find an ideal husband and a happy marriage.

MISS DUNNE: Well, that goes back to learning unselfishness at a very early age and not just when you get engaged.

DR. FROMM: That word unselfishness—it is often used in very different meanings. It's not accidental that the Bible says "love thy neighbor as thyself," for if you are a loving person at all, you love human beings, and since you are a human being you love yourself too.

The selfish person usually is a person who is not capable of loving others or loving himself, and out of this lack of love for himself he becomes anxiously concerned with not getting what he wants. You will find the same thing in mothers who lack faith in themselves and in their children and therefore try to compensate for this lack of faith by an overanxious, greedy possessiveness.

Real unselfishness exists in the sense that the pleasure in giving is greater than the pleasure of receiving.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: And so we are back again at the question, can love and unselfishness be taught? Dr. Adams, as a marriage counselor, what do you think?

DR. ADAMS: Well, I don't feel that a marriage course or any other course can teach people how to love or how to be loved. Everybody feels that he wants love, but no one is going to get it very long if he in return cannot give it.

But I do think in marriage courses you can unlearn some of the things that stand in the way of learning to love. You can unlearn some of your fantasy pictures of what to expect in marriage, for instance—but **the real preparation for marriage, I think, ought to begin first in the cradle, and then in the first grade in school. We should learn how to make friends and live with friends first, then later, say in high school, how to get a job and earn a living and finally how to find a good marriage partner and to work out a marriage. The basic responsibility is to teach how to live a life.**

DR. FROMM: I agree that the schools should have courses in the art of living which should be given each year on the level of understanding of the child.

But in suggesting such courses I think one thing should be kept in mind: psychology today is as much of a danger as it is a help. People are beginning to think that one can learn the art of living cerebrally, with the brain alone—just as one can learn in the do-it-yourself business how to build a canoe.

People who talk and talk and talk very often do not realize that there are certain acts to which one must commit oneself if one is really going to learn anything. The person who wants to swim, for instance, can talk with the swimming teacher all he wants to, but he can never learn to swim until he commits himself to trust the carrying power of the water.

I would say if I could be quite concrete that the one of the things I would try to teach a young person in preparation for marriage is the ability to be alone, to be with himself or herself, without a book, a radio, or something to do. Just sitting still. People who cannot endure to be alone with themselves cling to somebody else anxiously hoping to be relieved of the awful burden of living.

And so to educate people not to be greedy with regard to what another person can give, I would make the preparation for marriage a preparation of character, so that each person can learn to stand on his own feet, be productive, have faith in and depend on himself and not need a marriage partner as a lifesaver.

DR. ADAMS: Nobody can sit alone by himself without some information that has not come to him through his brain. You cannot make your mind a complete vacuum.

MISS DUNNE: I think anybody who sits by himself and does nothing is just wasting time that could be used in prayer. Prayer accomplishes more than this world ever dreams of.

DR. RAY: And meditation ——

DR. FROMM: Ideally, the capacity to learn to love and to have faith should be developed young, but it can occur even in old people, depending upon how alive a person remains, and how open they are to a new development within themselves.

DR. PEARSON: Can we be more precise? Dr. Fromm, how do you think we are really going to get more mature people in our society?

DR. FROMM: Well, it is a large order, but this is the function of creating a social and economic system more conducive to man's unfolding. It is the function of all great spiritual teaching, of all great philosophies—to create an atmosphere which is conducive to the continuous birth and growth of man within himself.

JUDGE POLIER: I would agree with that wholeheartedly. And it is indeed a large order, but it is not one which we should be defeated by. Discussing and considering what we can do to prepare young people for a better way of living, a more ethical way of living, a fuller way of living, is terribly important and we must not be too discouraged because it is more exciting to many people to punish people or build better prisons than it is to prevent badness in the first place. We have only recently become concerned about children in trouble.

Our next step is going to be—it must be—really meaningful, deep pervasive thinking and concern with the preparation of every child for life, and as a very important part of life, marriage.

MR. GOULD: This is the ideal which everyone is trying to attain. There is going to be plenty of activity on other levels without anybody's encouragement. I am glad we have made this effort to find out what is the ideal of marriage, the practical ideal, the attainable ideal, that we're concerned with. END

The most important thought I ever had was that of my individual responsibility to God.

DANIEL WEBSTER

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WHY DO SO MANY HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES FAIL?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

husband didn't really like women. My second husband was a drummer in a band. You know how musicians are—they get all steamed up and they like to play all night, and come home at six in the morning. It was awful after we had the baby. I had to train her to have breakfast at two in the afternoon, lunch at seven P.M. and dinner at midnight. I stood it for four years and then I quit.

"Now I'm just married again, and I'm beginning to wonder whether it wouldn't be good to stay home and take care of the baby. I guess that's just the way it is—your first and second marriages you don't take too seriously, but when you get to your third one you sort of begin to think."

Her new husband, who also makes a living as a stand-in, chimed in: "In marriage at least one person has to give and to make sacrifices, and that person is usually the woman. The big movie stars I've seen don't know how to give—they are just used to getting. They get fame and adulation and the things money buys, so what do they know about giving?

"In an ordinary marriage the man gives the woman material security, as well as love, and the woman gives him the feeling of home and comfort. But what happens to this balance if she's out working all day, maybe making more money than he is?"

The dress designer, black-haired and elegant, gazed dreamily from the window across the movie lot where she has been working for the last twenty years. "I remember a lovely young actress for whom I designed a wedding dress," she said. "She was all starry-eyed and in love with the architect she was going to marry. 'If it ever comes to a choice between my career and my marriage, the career will have to go,' she told me.

"So they were married, and after a while I began to hear complaints: 'He brings his business home at night, and I'm so tired from the studio I can't understand what he's talking about.' Or: 'The studio wants me to go on location next week, and he's invited some clients to dinner and wants me to be hostess.' Or: 'He can't seem to understand why I have to wear such an expensive dress to a preview, or why I can't ever wear it in public any more.'

"By that time she was getting a hundred thousand dollars a picture, and that kind of money is hard to give up. It was easier to give up the marriage, and she did.

"Ninety per cent of the divorces are the fault of the women. Women are more frantic than men. I can see it when we're fitting clothes here. There's a note of hysteria in their voices and in the way they tug at the clothes, which men just don't have. After all, a man can always dig ditches, but what can an old actress do? Unless she's very great, mother roles are the end. And acting is like drugs—they can't give it up.

"I don't think most of these girls really understand men. They haven't had time to think about things like men and women and love and marriage—most of them have worked so hard all their lives. They suddenly fall in love with some actor—not the man he is, but the role he plays—and they marry him without knowing the real man. Then they find out that he isn't Prince Charming or Rhett Butler or whatever, and that's the end—divorce."

The press agent flicked a cigarette ash off his tweed coat, and said he had it all figured out. "It's easy—they marry the wrong people," he declared. "They're kids, and they're playing in the same picture, maybe as extras. And one night just for a lark they think it would be cute to get married. And they do, without knowing a real thing about each other. Then one day they wake up and bingo! Divorce.

"Hollywood is full of off-beat characters; they wouldn't be here if they weren't off-beat, the girls too. The little extra girls, the starlets too, I've heard them sit around on the sets between takes, discussing the actors they're having affairs with. 'Who are you sleeping with now?' is a perfectly ordinary opening remark for a conversation. Sex is as cheap and easy as a ham sandwich.

"The marriages which seem to last are ones where the wife is pretty tolerant. After all, there's a lot of temptation around here, and a man is only human. Sooner or later the wife comes to hear of it and then she can do one of two things: divorce him, or say to herself, 'O.K., so he's unfaithful, but I'm still Mrs. Star, with my home and children.' The wise women do that, and sooner or later their husbands come home.

"The ones who have it toughest are the big women stars who get divorced. They're all lonely. Who would marry them except a heel?"

Studio publicity woman: "If a woman feels a little beholden to a man, and if she looks up to him, it's better for a marriage. But it's hard for a movie queen to look up to any man she marries, and how can she feel beholden?

"Half the time she's so busy making pictures off on location that she can't run her home properly. And man is a creature of routine: he likes to find his wife by the fireside, his slippers under the chair, and his toothbrush in exactly the same place every night."

The Hollywood columnist was in bed with a cold, crackling hoarsely over the telephone. "I never know the real truth, and none of us do," he croaked. "They'll tell us what they want us to know, and nothing else. So will the press agents. By the time they get into a divorce court they've got an agreement all worked out with their lawyers, and they've decided what they're going to say. It may or may not have anything to do with the truth. The main concern is how the community property is going to be settled, and they'll tell any kind of story to get that settled right.

"But as far as I know, they divorce for the same reason other people do—they can't get along. Where the man of the family is a man, then they can usually get along all right. But where the man of the family is a woman, then there's trouble.

"Then there's sex—probably more cheating goes on here than anywhere else. Most of these people have few inner resources, and between pictures they get bored. Temptation is easy, and what else is there to do?

"The woman stars have been built up as symbols of sex, and as they get older it occasionally seems necessary to them to prove that they really are what they've been built up as on the screen. But they tend to be masculine in their quest for satisfaction—they think 'I want pleasure' without thinking much of giving pleasure. Therefore they are not considered satisfactory bedmates, in or out of marriage.

"I've been making an informal survey on the divorces of entertainers and the homes they came from. Have you ever realized how many divorced actors and actresses come from homes in which their own parents were divorced? My survey indicates that a larger percentage of them come from broken homes than is the norm—about eighty per cent. Take Lana Turner, Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable, Judy Garland—they've all had broken homes in their childhood, and some sad marriages in their maturity."

"Divorce is chic in Hollywood," said the manager of a hotel where many of the stars have stayed. "A perfectly nice girl who in ordinary circumstances would try to make her marriage work, in Hollywood goes ahead and gets a divorce because everyone else seems to be doing it. This attitude seems to affect even some of the Catholic marriages.

"In ordinary life a group of young married people are friends, and a wife or a husband doesn't like to break up the social circle. But movie people don't have that stable circle—they often go out with people not because they are friends, but because their company is good for publicity. So if they want to split up, they're splitting nothing but themselves."

The screen writer's sports shirt was gay, but his face was gloomy as he thought of marriage and divorce in Hollywood—a subject he has studied on and off for thirty years.

"My seventeen-year-old daughter is intrigued by the movies," he explained, "and thinks she might want to be an actress. I tell her that I can't think of a single successful woman in the business who is happy, and that's true. The surest guarantee for an unhappy life is to become a movie star.

"Show business is showing off, by definition. An actor or actress is the kind of person who wants to show off, who wants the limelight. And this kind of person can rarely create a happy marriage; they have such violent egos they'd probably be unhappy anywhere. Everything that makes for a good actor or actress makes for a bad husband or wife.

"Adulation makes for self-centeredness, and self-centeredness breaks up marriages. Women seem to be more corrupted by it than men, or perhaps a woman can stand a self-centered husband better than a man can stand a self-centered wife.

"This is the hardest place in the world to bring up children. When a child sees wild parties and his parents drunk, and reads in a scandal magazine how mother spent a night in a motel with a man who isn't daddy, how do you think that child is going to turn out? And if a marriage is already having difficulties, the difficulties over the badly influenced child only make matters worse.

"This business is poison for children, including the ones who actually get into it. Look at the former child stars like Jackie Coogan, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Jane Withers, Elizabeth Taylor and Shirley Temple—every one of them has had trouble with marriage."

Hollywood is full of lawyers, and one of them has handled enough big movie divorces in the last twenty-five years to have concluded that "by and large, most actors are a bunch of barnyard roosters.

"Most of them have been poor and uneducated all their lives," he said. "Suddenly they find themselves swamped with money. They substitute vulgar lavishness for taste because they have no taste.

"They know nothing about marriage. The girl knows nothing about children or running a home. And the boy? Probably a year or two ago he was picking grapes or driving a truck. Understanding, kindness, give and take—these, too, they know nothing about. Directly they quarrel, they run to a lawyer. They can afford it, and locally it's a prestige thing to do."

The photographer's studio was all white walls, white fur rugs and black cameras. The lanky photographer, who has glamorized

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OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 118

Vogue Design No. 9053. One-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 40 (32 to 42). 75c.

Vogue Design No. 9051. One-piece dress, jacket-blouse and overskirt; 12 to 40 (32 to 42). 75c.

Vogue Design No. 9052. Skirt; 25 to 34 waist. 50c.

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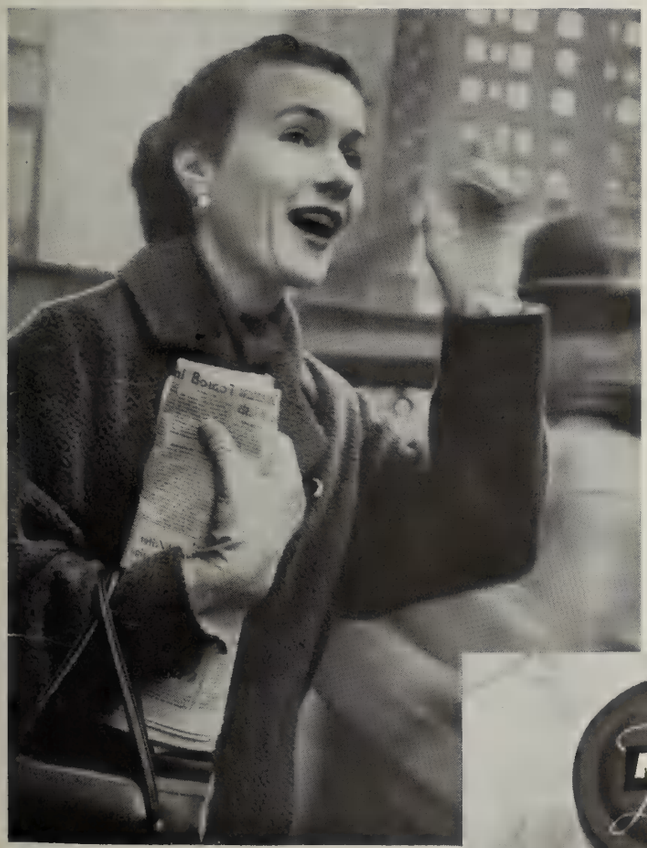
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"And she has a kitchen phone, too!"

Jane: Lucky girl!

Meg: Yes, she says convenient phones make her day so much easier—save steps and so much time.

Jane: No wonder she has four—all in colors, too.

Meg: Yes, the kitchen phone's red, the one in the living room's beige, the basement phone's yellow, and this one's such a pretty blue.

Jane: Must be a comfort to have a phone close at hand, wherever you need it. Wish we did.

Meg: It's easy enough to arrange. Just call the telephone business office. I did yesterday.

Working together to bring people together

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

most of today's big stars, perched on a high stool and thought about them.

"You can almost tell by the way a star acts at a sitting what kind of wife she is," he meditated. "Some of them are so conceited they sit and preen like peacocks, arching and stretching and patting themselves, even when I'm finished with the pictures. And some of them are so stupid they can't understand the simplest direction. Who wants a conceited wife, or a stupid one, even if she's beautiful?

"But really, I feel sorry for most of them—they have so many pressures on them. They always have to be thinking about their hair or their figures or their clothes—every day is filled with appointments. Take a big star like Loretta Young. Last year she wanted to pose for a picture for a big magazine, but in the ten days before the magazine deadline she simply couldn't find one single hour free. She was all tied up for weeks and weeks.

"Then there's the atmosphere of constant fear which surrounds an actress—fear that someone else will do a better Saint Joan, or that she'll gain weight, or get wrinkles, or a younger actress will be given a higher billing. These are life-and-death matters to a professional actress. These stars work hard and they're afraid, afraid all the time. Can you imagine what that kind of fear and tension and weariness do to a marriage?

"I feel sorry, too, for the unmarried or divorced star, sitting all alone up in her mansion in Beverly Hills. A star already has everything, including eight cars, so why should a man bother to send her flowers or perfume, or pick her up for a date? If a man wants to see her, he calls her up and tells her to run on over in one of her cars and maybe they might go on somewhere. So the courtships start out wrong and after that the marriage goes wrong too."

The chief support of an autocracy is a standing army. The chief support of a democracy is an educated people.

LOTUS D. CAUFFMAN

And so they talked and explained and sometimes disagreed, the people of Hollywood, the people who have observed for years the marriages of the glittering personalities at the center of their working world. Too much sex? Too little sex? Too much liquor? Overdemanding egos? Pressure of work? Boredom? Fear and insecurity? Selfishness? On all these elements there was a difference of emphasis.

Much of the time they have watched some or all of these elements splinter marriages into heartbreak. It is only by triumphing over these pressures, they point out, that some Hollywood marriages have survived. And survival takes work, and agreement.

Robert Stack, for instance, who did not marry until he was thirty-six, because he had observed so many "messy" marriages, told interviewers at the time of his marriage that he and his new wife had agreed never to go away alone on locations, to have real friends and not ones chosen for publicity reasons, and to have privacy in their home lives. Jean Simmons and her husband, Stewart Granger, have made a similar decision, and so far both couples seem to have survived the Hollywood undercurrents.

There are many others. No outsider can presume to say whether a marriage is happy or unhappy, but the list of those whose marriages have endured without open friction and with strong suggestion of happiness is impressive. The group of older, stable couples, held up as models to younger couples, includes Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin, George Burns and Gracie Allen and the director William Goetz and his wife.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are universally admired and envied—they are one of the few long-married couples about whom there never any gossip. Others on whom Hollywood will place long-term bets (even if previous marriages have ended in divorce) are Alan Ladd and Sue Carol, Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ray Milland, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Jerry Lewis, Burt Lancaster, Ronald Colman (of course) and, surprisingly but rather touchingly, Judy Garland in her reconciled marriage with Sid Luft. There are many others.

But these are the ones who have won through against tremendous odds, against the insidious Hollywood pressure of what must inevitably be called false values. And in almost every case, it is interesting to note, the man in the marriage has been the dominating figure professionally. If the woman dominates, makes more money, receives more adulation, the chances for a happy marriage in Hollywood, it appears, are near invisibility.

MOTHERS ENFORCE CLEANUP OF COMICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

little brother and sister to read anything but animal comics, and it's a good thing. When they're out playing games I hear them say, 'No, don't do it that way, *this* is the way they do it in the comics.'"

Two and a half years have passed since the crusade began. What have been the actual results? The worst of the crime and horror comics no longer are sold. Though there is no organized system for checking stands now, individual club members are taking the responsibility of constant vigilance. But there are intangible results too. Many parents say their work in the drive has alerted them to the contents of the comics and the reading habits of their children. Therefore they have been able to mold the tastes of the youngsters so that many no longer care for comics.

Mrs. Kate Woolsey, the slender, white-haired woman in charge of the North Platte Junior Library, though she took no active part in the initiation of the crusade, has been one of the chief allies from the beginning. And she has been a real influence in encouraging children to patronize the library. When parents ask her, "How do I help my child to read better?" Mrs. Woolsey, as often as not, says, "Sounds as if he has been reading too many comics. Send him over to the library and let us find out what he's interested in."

In the cheerful Junior room, bright with salmon-colored bookcases, every bit of reading material is graded by age. There are boys' books on jet motors and rockets, all well illustrated, and *easy* biographies. Children, intrigued by the beautiful pictures, will point to the title and ask, "What's that say?" and a new word is learned. "Don't fuss with poor readers," Mrs. Woolsey reminds both teachers and parents at P.T.A. meetings, "send them down here." A year or more ago, children used to bring their comic books to the library to read, but Mrs. Woolsey hasn't seen any around lately.

Although the industry has set standards for comics, most mothers feel it is only a beginning. Under the Comics Code Authority, Mrs. Guy Percy Trulock, a former president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, as administrator, there is no longer advertising of "art" and pictures, of books on sex instruction, of knives, fireworks and guns. Nakedness has been covered up, and brutal torture, unnecessary knife or gun play, physical agony, gory and gruesome crimes, seduction, rape and perversion are also taboo. But violence remains. "Now they kill only one person every ten pages instead of one every page," Jo Blackledge has noted. Jo won't allow such comics in her home, and whenever her boys bring her to read aloud from a comic story, she finds herself automatically correcting the grammar.

But the efforts of the North Platte club, together with all the other 15,550 clubs, represent an important citizen victory—though the war itself is by no means over.

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JOURNAL

February
1957 · 35c



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FIRSTHAND REPORT BY JO RS

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Ladies' Home Journal

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FEBRUARY, 1957

VOL. LXXIV NO. 2

JOURNALITIES



Mary E. Vroman

"I was born in Buffalo," writes MARY ELIZABETH VROMAN, author, with Nelle Keys Perry, of *Demonstrated Ability* (page 149), "but spent my childhood on the island of Antigua with my wonderful aunt, who was a gold mine of patience and information. She founded the T.O.R. Memorial High School there and gave me an education for which I am eternally grateful." Miss Vroman—now Mrs. Daniel P. Gibson—graduated from college in Alabama with a B.Sc. in elementary education. While teaching, she won the Christopher Award for her story *See How They Run* (published in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in 1951). Two years later, in New York, she met her husband—an advertising representative for Johnson Publications—and at present she teaches the sixth grade in P. S. 194. "I love books, people, Chopin and pie," she says, "but I love teaching most of all."



Nelle Keys Perry

Before coming to the JOURNAL five years ago, NELLE KEYS PERRY, Assistant to the Editor, was stationed in San Francisco as a Navy public-information officer. She is still a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, and the walls of her office are decorated with Navy mementos, such as a picture of her favorite ship, the USS N. K. Perry (DDR 883). Of her work on *Demonstrated Ability*, she says, "It was wonderful to be back in a service atmosphere again, even if there weren't any ships around. I love the Navy, but I'd rather be doing my present work than anything else—only I'd like to be doing it in San Francisco."



Ethel Gordon

Although ETHEL EDISON GORDON (see *The Deception* on page 62) majored in English at New York University and always intended to write, she didn't begin in earnest until World War II. "I was following my husband, Heyman, then," she says, "and was very much alone in some of the smallest, hottest, remotest towns in Louisiana. I had to do *something*." One of her stories appeared in the O. Henry Prize Collection of 1945; another in the Foley Best American Short Stories of 1951. The Gordon family, which now includes David, aged four, lives in Long Beach, New York, where Heyman teaches history. "We have a small Williamsburg Colonial house," reports Mrs. Gordon, "full of Staffordshire dogs, lusterware, hooked rugs and as many early-American antiques as we can afford. The Army, though, left us with a taste for travel and we've had a fair share of that in Europe and in Mexico." For instance, last summer—taking David along—they drove six thousand miles in the British Isles.

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Cover Photograph of Pier Angeli by Roger Prigent

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Our READERS WRITE US

Walkout on Teaching

Somewhere in the United States

Dear Editors: Around colleges today, students seldom talk enthusiastically about teaching. The engineers swagger along with their slide rules; the "ags" roll by in jeans and plaid shirts; the art students importantly prop their boards at vantage points around the campus; the law boys cradle their pipes in their hands. But no one admits to being an "education" major unless he is pinned to the wall.

The hangdog attitude of the education majors exists partly because "no one who could do anything else would go into a field with so little money in it." But it exists mostly because the students themselves know that education courses are not intellectually up to snuff, that fellow students look down on anyone who will voluntarily take courses so openly proclaimed stupid and boring. The terrifying result is not simply that few teachers are being turned out by the colleges. It is that students right and left come to college with the idea of being teachers, and after a few courses in education flee to fields which have more stimulating, more challenging courses. With no hue and cry, but by a simple walkout, they refuse to stomach "education." If they have to take these courses to become teachers—all right, they won't be teachers. There are lots of other interesting things to do. (And it is the bright student for whom there *are* many interesting possibilities in life.)

For a long time I have been aware of a flight from teaching. So has the National Education Association. So has everyone concerned with the future of our children. But my concern reached a fissionable state this year when, as an adviser, I noted one bright student after another drop his education major and pick up another career. Certainly money was not the whole answer, for many of the students were girls, who seldom aspire to the big money in business and industry. More important, the students still *wanted* to teach, but just couldn't "take any more of that kind of Mickey Mouse."

Much perturbed, I talked to teachers in other fields, only to find out that they had long taken this trend for granted. "Oh, yes," said a psychology professor matter-of-factly, "we get a lot of education students. Even more go in for sociology. Since our fields have many of the appeals of teaching, students get some of the things they want without having to take education courses." He could afford to be offhand; the students were going into his field.

I started questioning the youngster who wanted to shift out of the education division into the one in which I teach. "You've already had two years in education," I might point out, "and will lose some credit hours toward your degree. That loss will mean another semester or an extra summer in school. You're sure you want to change?"

Built-up frustrations poured out.

"If I had to sit through one more course that tells me the school has an effect on the child, I'd hang myself. I figured that out in the tenth grade!"

"I've always wanted to teach, so I've stuck it out, but there's simply nothing there except yackety-yak. It's like someone talking and talking, sure that if he uses enough words, he can teach you to swim on dry land."

A mathematics student was even more furious. "You really wouldn't believe what we're doing. I came to college to learn something, and here I am taking courses in third-grade arithmetic—the third-grade courses themselves! And me with four years of math in high school. The other night I spent three hours painting numbers on clothespins so we could have fun in arithmetic!"

Actually, this last student is better off than many others. At least she knows some mathematics. In many states, the boards of education require the student to take many "education" courses but *no one course in mathematics*, the subject to be taught. In my own school, students have reported an education class in which a professor declared flatly that if students took plenty of education courses they could teach *anything*. Echoes of this preposterous claim come from all over the country.

The present system of "education" is based on two theories: that teachers should have some training in methods of teaching, and that one should know a good deal about the child himself. Nothing could sound more reasonable. And nothing is. Students value the chance to do practice teaching under an experienced teacher. An internship wherein a student has complete charge of a course for six weeks—planning assignments, grading papers, managing recitations, often helping with school sports, plays, assemblies—can be extremely valuable. It is the one course of which students say, "I think we should have more."

But the educationist has now shifted the personality emphasis from *knowing* the child to *adjusting* the child. He has forgotten that psychology and method

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

What's in Your Attic?



1957 hats?

Lakewood, California

Dear Mrs. Cushman: Big hats were stylish in 1910, too, and how do you like the tailored suits? The hat on the far left was made by the local milliner, who copied it from a picture in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL!

Sincerely,
GLADYS E. HENSON

P.S. Their names are Ida, Julia, Mary, Signe and Hannah

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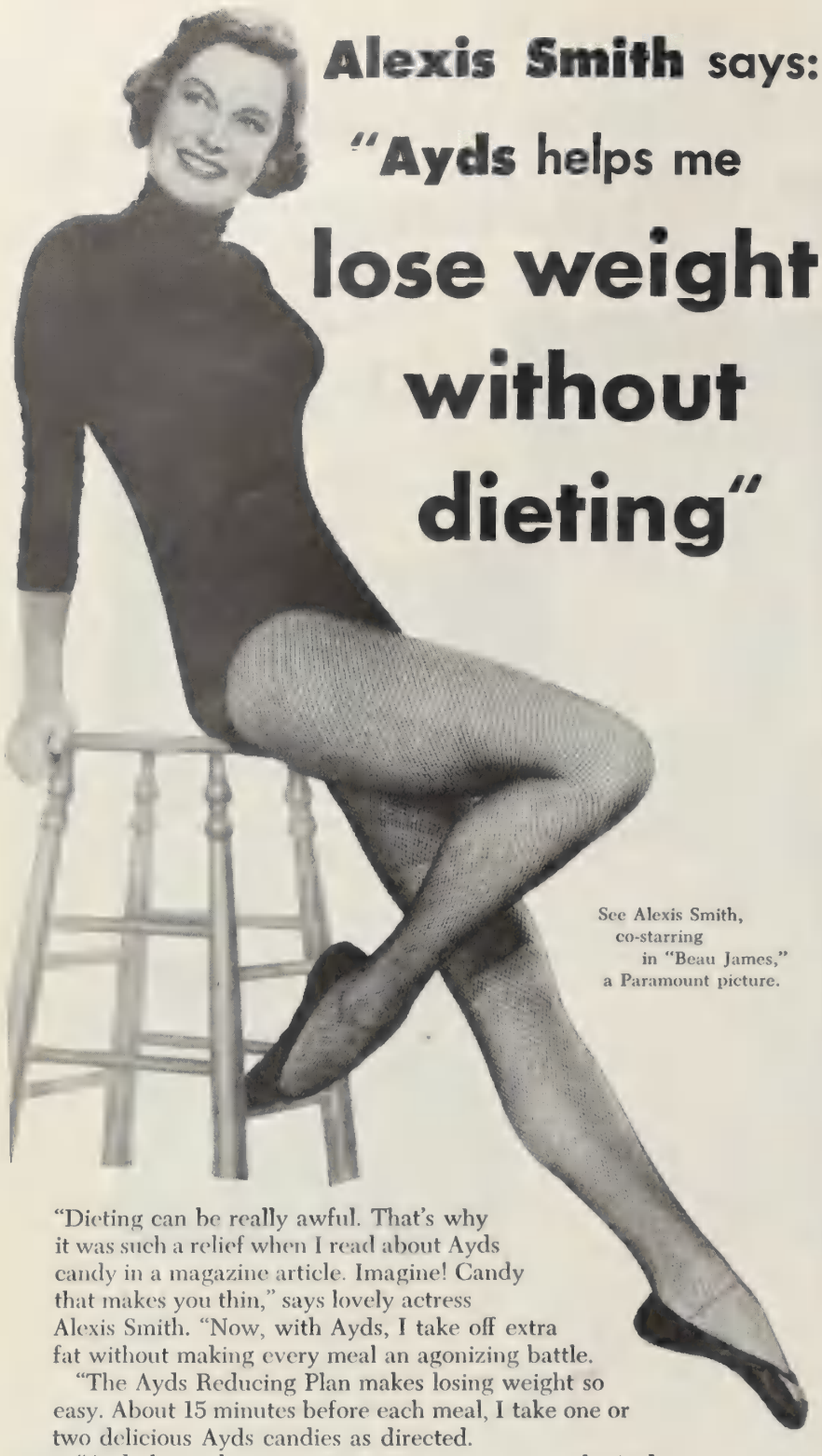
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

were but a means to an end (that of teaching the subject) and has made them ends in themselves. No wonder students are walking out on education courses! When a subject like vocational agriculture has sixteen courses on *how* to teach it, "Education" has got out of hand.

Every good teacher tries to awaken a child's interest. But to assume that a child must choose what he shall learn, or that all learning is fun, is a distortion of reality. John Dewey himself, who started this trend, warned that "the basic material of study cannot be picked up in cursory matter." You don't learn medicine by watching Spencer Tracy be a doctor, or zoology by going to the zoo.

What education people have failed to recognize is that college students know these things to be true. The student has received a severe jolt in moving from his "child-centered" high school to the demands of college; and he finds himself passing judgment on the irresponsible immaturity which much high-school training favors. Then he encounters the flatulence of some education course which denies all that he has suddenly recognized is true. This is not what he came to college for. So he drops it.

It is easy to say, "Those students who dropped probably don't have a strong enough drive toward teaching anyway." What do people want, a walking-barefoot-over-hot-coals test? The public has too long battened on the devotion of the dedicated teacher who pours out a 60-hour week. Now schools of education want to rob students of one of the principal reasons for teaching—the excitement of working with ideas. And the teaching profession has enough strikes against it without putting up such barriers to eager minds. Bigger and better schools (any time the public will pay for them) are a simple matter. More and better teachers are neither easily bought nor easily made. We *can* run out of teachers.

I believe in students and their infinite possibilities. I believe in knowledge and its real power. I believe teaching is one of the most exciting things one can do. But the education student never sees it that way. He is drowned in cant, methodology and theory—much of it wrong. I feel sorry for them all, and I'm thoroughly worried. I wish someone else were too.

(*Name withheld*)

▶ ***The writer of this letter has taught in a public high school, in a private girls' school, and in an Army class for illiterates. The mother of four children, she is now a faculty member at one of our largest state universities. Her name has been withheld because of the professional connections of her husband, a well-known lecturer and professor. ED.***

Our Error

So. Peabody, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: We were delighted with Be Happy Here (How Young America Lives, December JOURNAL), but were astonished when we read that the Bascom family's indebtedness "is down to $2500." Actually, it is nearer $25,000—and even those "nice, quiet cows" are mortgaged. Horace is still doing the work of three men, and we'd like folks to know the truth.

Very truly yours,
MR. AND MRS. RALPH E. HUTCHINS
(*Marion Bascom's parents*)

Wait Till the Ladies Get Hold of You!

Eddystone, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs: I doubt this letter will be published, since the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL loves to exploit the "feminine superiority" angle. But I couldn't resist answering Ashley Montagu, who says that women are more "kind, considerate, sympathetic." (December JOURNAL.) If this is so, may I ask why more murders are committed by women—and why they kill their victims in slow, tortuous ways, whereas a man usually kills his quickly. Rudyard Kipling had the right idea when he said, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Sincerely yours,
J.G.S.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Voteless Americans

Lowman, New York

Dear Journal Editors: Until two months ago, our family was under the impression that any citizen of the United States with the desire to vote could do so. How wrong we were! We tried to register here, only to find we lacked sufficient time at this address. We inquired about voting at our old address. *No*, we had been gone too long from there.

One son who has been in South Carolina since January was unable to vote because he hadn't lived in the state a year; our other son got his discharge from the Navy in February, and he, too, was unable to vote.

We feel something is very wrong. Are our registration laws outmoded? How can we, as individuals, do something about it?

Sincerely,
MRS. L. C. HENDERSON

POEM

Brookline, Massachusetts

Dear Editor: My wife—for no good reason—has been on that diet of yours, see, and just kidding around I made up this little jingle which she thought was funny, and the other night we saw these friends of ours and the better half of that team was on the diet too. So my wife said read them your POEM (she put the word "poem" in capital letters, if you know what I mean) and they thought it was funny, too, and Marshall—that's the other fellow's name—said "I'll bet the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL would publish that." So here is the POEM.

I'd like to consign to the regions infernal
The diet-crazed staff of the Ladies' Home Journal
My grunt-groaning spouse is becoming the vehicle
To show what we mean by onomatopoeical.
The contentment of cows that are owned by Carnation
Is not the result of their deep concentration
On calorie charts or a sad contemplation
Of direful effects on their carbo-hydration.
OH NO!
I cry, as a husband who really enjoys
The beautiful view of her avoirdupois—
OH NO!

Very truly yours,
K.R.T.

P.S. If this *should* be published, please don't give my name, because I have to work.

Some Husbands Need Training . . .

Natick, Massachusetts

Many men have not been trained in the art of giving. Often they are busy and under pressure at work. But this typical male malady can be overcome!

1—Educate your children in the art of giving gifts.

2—Remember your husband on *his* birthday and Valentine's Day.

3—Select gifts with a thought for his hobbies and interests.

Perhaps these positive steps may help your "Interested Reader" who craved thoughtfulness from her husband.

Another Husband

. . . But So Do Some Wives

Honolulu, T.H.

"Interested Reader" brought up an interesting question. My husband has never brought me so much as a posy picked off a bush outside, either before or after marriage. It would never occur to him. But as a very dear Japanese friend once said to me (after I apologized for my husband's sloppiness), "Oh, he a man!"

I have never heard a more wise statement—and because I sat up and took notice my marriage has turned out to be much more wonderful than I dreamed possible. My husband is of no use around the house, nor is he a handy man. However, he supports me, loves me and my companionship. Not only that, but his friends are pleased because I make him happy.

One "Honey, that was a wonderful dinner" is worth a dozen flower shops full of posies. After all, "He a man!"

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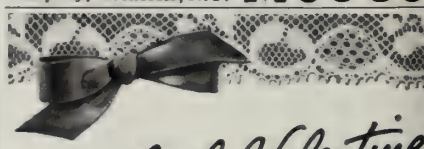
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THE WHITE SOFA

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The children were furnishing their first real home, now that the baby had come and the little apartment they had taken near us, as a makeshift until they could find something more satisfactory, had become too small.

The children are my son and daughter-in-law. They don't mind being called "the children" when there is no implication of their being minors and incompetent.

We had all looked for an apartment in overcrowded New York, which is rapidly becoming a city of homes for rich or poor only. On the unfashionable side of the city, they had finally found an almost ideal apartment for their needs and income.

Some days later my son called up and reported, "Well, we've found a sofa! It was standing in a window, and we went right in and bought it."

"What's it like?" I asked.

"Oh, it's long, wide and low. The covering is a nubbly white material. It will look swell."

"*White?*" I cried. "Have you gone *crazy? White*—in New York! You know what it means to keep house in New York—the soot—and *white*—and with a child in the house? Do you know what it will look like in no time—unless you are going to pay to have it cleaned every month? You say it's big, very wide. Well, it will jut too far into the room and look more like a white elephant than a sofa. I advise you to cancel the order—send it back—and what did you pay?"

He told me and I replied, "And it's too expensive also. Why in heaven's name didn't you shop around a bit?"

He answered that the sofa had been delivered, was already in its place in the apartment, and besides, it was exactly what they wanted. "Good-by," he said coldly, and hung up.

When I turned from the telephone, my husband (my son's stepfather) was flushed with anger. "You heard that?" I asked. "A white sofa! They haven't the sense that they were born with."

"And you," said my normally loving husband, "haven't learned any sense about some things. You are the one who's crazy. Why don't you leave the children alone? It's their home, not yours, it's their money, and for that matter they have a perfect right to make their own mistakes. Because of a darned sofa you are spoiling your relations with the children that normally could hardly be better. At this moment they're wishing you were in Timbuktu, unless there's someplace farther away."

I sat down, not quietly, but as though I had been pushed, and started to cry a bit. "So now you are *crying* over that sofa," my husband said with growing exasperation.

"No, I'm not," I sputtered. "I'm crying because I've been such a fool."

"Stop it," he said rudely. "But God forbid that you should ever have to live with the children!"

I sat there and brooded. My husband was absolutely right. I realized that from the moment the children had taken the apartment, I had been giving them unsolicited advice, and encountered, in my son in particular, a very stubborn resistance. It had started when he had announced—in comment on my suggestion that they look at some of the better auction galleries for nice pieces that could often be picked up inexpensively—"We don't *want* old furniture. We want the apartment contemporary—modern."

I realized that I had been steadily attempting to impose upon the children my own tastes. I don't like dark walls. I don't like green. I like traditional furniture—authentic eighteenth-century English and French if I can afford it, or good reproductions. I don't find most modern furniture comfortable. I detest "posture" chairs. I dislike side draperies. Curtains must draw. I don't like Venetian blinds, which, when open, suggest to me prison bars. And, as one who has kept house for thirty years, I am conscious of such matters as durability and upkeep.

My son, I thought, had always loved his home with me. How often he had said, "Ma, I hope you never change a thing in this room. I like it exactly as it is. I wouldn't feel at home if you changed it."

He liked his *mother's* home. He liked the environment his stepfather and I have created for ourselves. He likes to think it's there. But it is not *his* environment. *The children want to create their own. They don't want to live in an annex of yours*, I said to myself, wondering how I could have been so incredibly stupid. So unbearably *bossy*.

I called up and apologized, saying I had been tired and cross. Eventually, when everything was in place, we were invited to dinner, my daughter-in-law watching me, I unhappily thought, rather anxiously. But the apartment was charming. The white sofa, against a dark blue-green wall, was handsome. The furniture in all the rooms was well distributed, and in size and color harmonious. The apartment was expressive of the children. It was not remotely expressive of me—as I am now, or as I was when I was their age. But it was becoming to them. I love to go there, enjoying the change from my own environment. And I don't have to live there.

I don't have to live there. That thought, echoing my husband's, brought others in its train.

Suppose I did. Suppose things should so work out that they would feel they must share a home with me. We love each other; our tastes in many things are highly compatible. But what would happen?

I have been mistress of my own home for many years. I am accustomed to a certain order and routine, partly established by my work. I am not an early riser, but a punctual one. I never CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART



MANAO TUPAPAO (The Spirit Watches), woodcut by Paul Gauguin (French School, 1848–1903). Size, 8⅞″ x 18″. Executed around 1900, during the artist's last sojourn in Tahiti, it is perhaps Gauguin's most important single woodcut. It is exceedingly rare, since he printed not more than six impressions.

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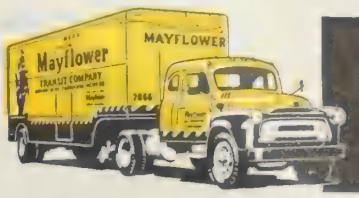
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

lunch beyond a snack when I feel like it. I always dine at precisely the same time. I never receive visitors until after five o'clock in the afternoon. I am fixed in my ways.

They are good ways for me, and they happen, also, to conform to those of my husband. But he is my age. They are not the ways of my more helter-skelter children, always ready to change a date, change their minds, call up half a dozen people to come in for lunch or after dinner that very night, and, outside necessary restrictions, live happily from day to day.

Some of my friends are their friends in whose homes we sometimes both find ourselves guests, and they seldom refuse an invitation to dinner at our house, even if there are no other young people. Youth has been emancipated from many old restrictions between generations. But in general their friends and interests are different from mine.

If we lived together, they or I would continually be making sacrifices and adjustments. We would start doing that, I am sure, with the utmost good will. But, in the end, one or the other would have to capitulate.

Nobody relinquishes his life easily. If I were to dominate, the family relationships of the children—to their children, and to their friends—would be immeasurably damaged. If I should capitulate, my life would end before its end.

If this were only a personal anecdote, it would not be worth recounting. But it is not. How many women have written me on just this subject! Of the parent or "in-law" who has come to make a home with them and of the misery that has ensued. It is not that love

Let no one who loves be called altogether unhappy. Even love unreturned has its rainbow.

JAMES M. BARRIE

is initially lacking. It is that love dies under the strain.

It was not always so—or not always to the same degree. In my last article in the JOURNAL, I wrote of the world of Grandma Moses, and the fact that one usually found in it a widowed grandmother or other relative, for whom there was "always room for one more." But that world was different. The home was not only a residence for a family gathered in their more intimate hours. It was a center of industry, in which young and old all had something useful and creative to do. The family lived in a community, which was a visible extension of the families. Everyone knew everyone else for miles around, and life was co-operative on a neighborly basis.

The farmhouses I described were uncomfortable by modern standards, but they were large. Few homes today have guest rooms, and a guest means doubling up, or turning a living room into a bedroom by night. We have sacrificed space to comfort, and by numerous laborsaving devices refinement of taste has increased. The modern woman does not do so much hard manual labor as her grandmother, but she is a more, not less, conscientious housekeeper. Grandma cleaned house in the spring and fall, and what a scrubbing and rubbing and polishing it was! But after that all it got for months was an occasional lick and polish. Her granddaughter—with numerous mechanical aids—expects her home to be tidy and immaculate every day.

Grandma served abundant meals, but with little variety, and nobody having tasted anything else except "good solid American food," everybody liked the same things. Her granddaughter searches the magazines for new recipes—from all the European countries and the Orient as well. So tastes differ as they never did before, and especially between the generations.

Grandma's recreations were homemade. Granddaughter's are not. Even families

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



SCALLOPED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS—Arrange in alternate layers in greased baking dish: ½ c. sauteed mushrooms, several slices cooked chicken or 1 jar Westchester Boned Chicken, 1 c. cooked macaroni, salt, pepper; any left-over peas, beans, carrots, etc. Blend 4 tbs. flour, 4 tbs. fat; add 2 c. Herb-Ox Chicken Bouillon; stir over low heat till thickened; pour over chicken mixture. Top with 1 c. buttered crumbs; brown in 400° oven. Serves 4.

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• You'd hardly expect a range as stunning as this to be a marvelous cook, too. But it's true! The new '57 Frigidaire Ranges make electric cooking quick, clean and completely automatic.

They're the *"thinkingest"* ranges yet devised —many with such features as the "Thinking Panel" that takes over your tending and timing. And the Heat-Minder that keeps foods from burning or boiling over—makes all your pots and pans automatic. And the Miracle Filter that swallows up smoke and fumes from broiling, roasting and baking. And the Cook-Master that masterminds complete oven meals — all with no attention from you!

And these wonderful ranges have beauty to match their "brains." The new Sheer Look—that fits into any kitchen plan to give that treasured "built-in" look. Colors, too—beautiful, soft, pastel shades — *plus* the glamorous new *Charcoal Gray!*

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. . . when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

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No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

More people depend on MUM than on any other deodorant . . . it works when others fail

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

consisting only of parents and their minor children are coming to have more than one television set and radio, in order that everyone should be pleased.

Life is lived more outside the home, in both work and recreations, so the harder to keep it together, the more cherished is family intimacy, and the more disturbing the introduction of another generation.

Why and under what circumstances do the elderly go to live with their children?

I know of no statistical studies, but observation indicates that it is rarely a question of money. Social Security, private insurance and industrial retirement pensions provide for the old as never before. Usually one mate has died and the survivor is alone. And usually he, or she, has nothing to do. The combination of these leads them to seek the roofs and companionship of their adult children.

The fact that they are idle and have no work exacerbates the situation. The father of the family is away from nine to five. But the guest and housemate is home and underfoot all day. Grandma may baby-sit, but to care for a prolonged time for a lively two- or three-year-old taxes the physical strength of the youngest and heartiest. Grandparents who have brought up their own children are, with the rarest exceptions, unable to care for young children. It is simply too hard—far harder than regular work in a shop or office. And grandpa is likely to be of no use at all.

But why are the elderly, able-bodied though they be, lonely and idle?

Here we come to the crux of the matter.

I have had more trouble with myself than with any other man I have ever met.

DWIGHT L. MOODY
in Twice Thirty, by Edward Bok
(Charles Scribner's Sons)

It has become a matter of policy that everyone should cease working at the age of sixty-five, regardless of the individual condition. The Social Security laws encourage this by putting a premium on retirement. The pension schemes of industry require it. An employee is *automatically* retired.

Advertisements of insurance companies paint a rosy picture of the life of the retired beneficiary: the little house in Florida, Southern California or some other mild climate; fishing, bridge, a leisurely game of golf. Institutions exist into which the elderly can buy their way—to live exclusively among others as old as or older than themselves. The old are encouraged to cultivate hobbies—anything to get them out of the main stream of life.

There are, I have read, savage tribes of hunter warriors who push the old over cliffs when they are no longer able to hunt and fight, these being the sole occupations—though this is not true of any primitive peoples of whom I have knowledge. Among Polynesians and Arabs, as among the ancient Hebrews, the old are cherished for their wisdom. They are the heeded counselors of the tribe and the community.

But in our society we are really pushing the old over the cliff, in however "civilized" and "humane" a way.

The fact is that few who have been active all their lives are capable of enjoying total leisure. Ours is not a leisure society and the creative use of leisure is not something one can begin to cultivate at sixty. We are a nation of workers. And in this particular society and time, those who are entirely cut off from the world of work are cut off from life itself.

Our most vital contacts are with our fellow workers. They are not all our age. In factory or office we work alongside young people just out of high school, vocational school or college; middle-aged people, and older. It is a vital community of work and interest. Even our social contacts are largely with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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Adam and Eve ate the first vitamins, including the package.

The best way to buy vitamins is in the original packages manufactured by nature—in fruits, vegetables, eggs, milk, meats, fish and whole-grain cereals. People who do not eat enough of these protective foods may appear to be well fed, but they cannot do their best work and get the most pleasure out of living, because of vitamin deficiencies. Vitamin capsules or tablets taken daily as a diet supplement help to make up such vitamin deficiencies.

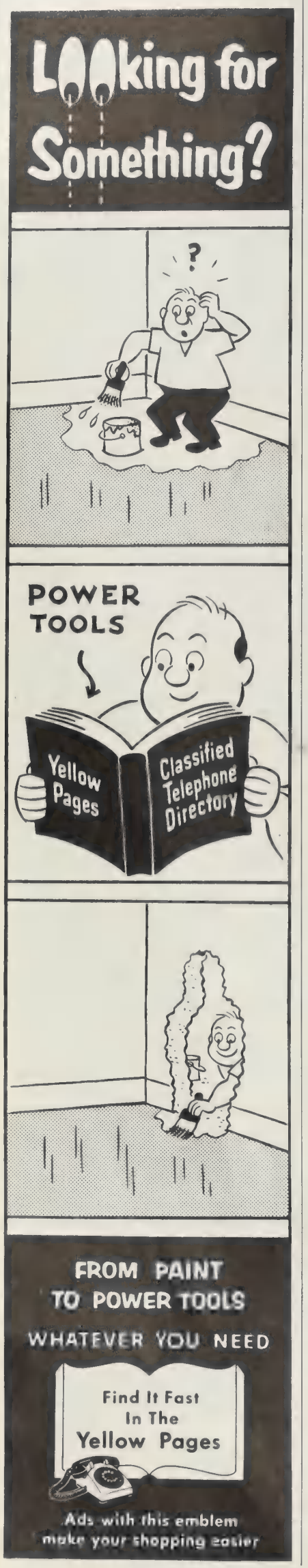
Look with distrust, however, on any suggestion of self-medication with vitamins to cure any condition. Do not run the risk of letting some serious disease go too long while you fool yourself by taking vitamins which may have nothing to do with your case.

No vitamin can cure disease of the nerves, bones, blood, liver, kidneys, heart or digestive tract except in certain cases which only a doctor can recognize and treat. If you are sick see your doctor. Let him use his skill and judgment to decide what you need.

For more information about a good diet and the proper uses of vitamins, ask your druggist for a free copy of the Squibb leaflet "Hidden Hunger."

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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Suburbia, that new-fashioned layer of modern life which is so rapidly spreading and thickening around us, and doubtless changing the outlook and character of our young people, is a controversial subject. To nearly all nonsuburbanites it seems an excrescence. To those who have really suffered, it is a sociological horror. To some of its inhabitants, it is a laugh.

WILL NOT RUN FEB. 22ND, by ***Caskie Stinnett*** (Rinehart), is the commuter's slant. Someone said that the commuter is a man whose creed is to get to the station and board the train without missing a step. That is Mr. Stinnett and his hundreds of trainmates.

Although the commuters travel vast distances in their lifetime, their fiercely beating wings, according to Mr. Stinnett, never lift them an inch. This book of his is funny—in the Benchley tradition: on how to select a seatmate, how to steal a newspaper, how to get rid of the newcomer who sits in on the bridge game . . . a book for one commuter to recommend to another, but not to be mentioned by the city dweller, especially the traitor who has moved back from the suburbs.

The serious book is THE CRACK IN THE PICTURE WINDOW, by ***John Keats*** (Houghton Mifflin). This is a documented disclosure of the evils of the new housing developments that are now growing up in compact circles around all our American cities. He points out the slipshod building, the all-too-frequent swindling of the young men and their brides and coming families, the deadliness of living in such intimacy with people with whom one has nothing in common but income, and the matriarchal system that eventually prevails. The men sleep in their houses, and spend short weekends in them. All the rest of the week from dawn to dusk the women have to fight it out alone.

It can't all be as bad as Mr. Keats (of Washington, D.C.) has found it, but by their very nature these communities not only keep young people in debt most of their lives, but spiritually destroy their individuality.

•

To most Americans, February means Abraham Lincoln. It means George Washington too. But we are closer to the dramatic years that surrounded Lincoln, and our reading interest in the Civil War has of late risen to a high peak. Every month a book comes out on some phase of those terrible years, but none represents such a comprehensive and understanding picture of the whole war (from the Union side) as THIS HALLOWED GROUND, by ***Bruce Catton*** (Doubleday).

As all Civil War readers know, Mr. Catton has written other fine books on his way to this final appraisal—*A Stillness at Appomattox, Mr. Lincoln's Army, U. S. Grant and the American Military Tradition*. And in this latest book lie all the glory and all the tragedy of that period, and an understanding and clarification of the meaning of the war and of the issues at stake that only such an informed specialist could give us. If you have not yet ventured forth on the Civil War, it's my advice that you start here. If you know it well, this could be the final considered word.

•

THE LAST ANGRY MAN, by ***Gerald Green*** (Scribner), is what we used to call a *strong* novel. It covers the smart Connecticut circle of an ambitious huckster (a TV advertising man with a highly paid executive point of view) and the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, now largely inhabited by Negroes, where an old hard-worked Jewish doctor holds forth, a man of unquestioned integrity but of not very much patience (the *Angry* Man).

The story which brings these two widely separated grooves together delves deep. It is not easy to take—this strictly up-to-the-minute way of dealing with language, sex and morals—but neither is life pure and attractive among the poor and underprivileged, nor in the offbeat pleasures of the overindulged.

•

An amusing book, for a nonneurotic convalescent maybe, is MR. WEBSTER'S BLOOMERS (Morrow), by ***John Bailey*** and ***Helen*** and ***J. C. Furnas***. It's a nonsense dictionary: "What would a word mean if it didn't?" Like *antarctic*, an Eskimo's aunt; *coterie*, a checkroom; *tut-tut*, two famous kings of Egypt; *cobra*, a brassière for Siamese twins.

One of the most rewarding books out this winter is **THE ECHO OF GREECE** (Norton), by ***Edith Hamilton***, author of *The Greek Way*.

There seems to be a kinship with ancient Greece in nearly all of us who have been exposed to Western culture, and in these two books Miss Hamilton goes a long way toward explaining this bond. It lies in common ideals of freedom, self-control, fairness and true democracy. In the second book she shows the gradual decline in this firm set of principles that started in the fourth century B.C. She writes of Plato and Aristotle, Demosthenes, Alexander the Great, the Stoics and Plutarch, against that changing world.

•

On the lighter side, but still breathing of the blue Attic sky and the wine-colored sea, is **MERMAID SINGING**, by ***Charmian Clift*** (Bobbs-Merrill). This is the actual present-day adventure of a young English couple, both writers, who threw up all the accouterments of their London life, boarded a plane with their two children, and took off for an island of Greece. There they lived for over a year, all four of them adjusted, happy, busy, healthy. Life may not have been entirely idyllic as they met their first problems head on, but looking back—and from the reader's vantage—it was a dream come true.

COLLIER'S



"Someone with a little imagination could do wonders with this place."

JOURNAL *readers will not want to miss* **QUEEN OF THE GOLDEN AGE**, *by* ***Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*** *(McGraw-Hill)—that unforgettable re-creation of a gaudy era which ran last year as The Vanderbilt Feud in this magazine.*

Nor will they, remembering those revealing letters of hers, originally published in the JOURNAL, be likely to pass up COLLECTED POEMS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. This is a large volume, edited by her sister, *Norma Millay* (Harper), and containing practically everything she wrote except her plays.

There was a road ran past our house
Too lovely to explore.
I asked my mother once—she said
That if you followed where it led
It brought you to the milk-man's door.
(That's why I have not travelled more.)

THE UNEXPLORER.



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YOU GET WASHES SO WHITE, THEY DAZZLE YOUR EYES... colors so bright, they look gayer than new. But FAB gives you something more, too—a deodorizing action that leaves everything you wash fresher-than-ever and clean clear through!

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For The Whole Family Wash
... And Dishes, Of Course!



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I was a Jigsaw Puzzle in my

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IT BURNS ME UP

MY MOTHER IS IN THERE!

To Journal Readers: I know she's in there. I see her every day. Yesterday I saw her in so many places I couldn't eat my dinner. Not because your mother's so unpleasant—she's forgetful and rather querulous, but she's not unpleasant. It's the foul holes you let her live in.

I'm a visiting nurse. I try to keep clean, reasonably healthy and contented many of the old folks sitting out the bleak years of their lives in boarding homes. We have twelve million people over sixty-five in our country, or about eight in every hundred persons. The county where I work contains three times the national average.

Now I'm not blaming you for keeping your mother in a boarding home. Not many people put their families there just to get them out of the way. Modern architects, however, are designing homes only for pixies, so there's no room for mother. Our corporations are also sending their bright young minds all over the country; and mother wants to stay where her roots are deep. Or she may look forward to living in her church home, but be No. 423 on the waiting list.

Here are a few of your mothers I've met:

There is Mrs. Alderson, who lives in a "guest home" which seems strikingly superior at first glance. (It should, at $75 weekly.) No smell of cabbage or unwashed human flesh, no wrangling voices greet the nurse at the front door. A bright couch and gay pillows contrast with wall-to-wall broadloom. Only later does the nurse discover that the divan keeps its shape because no one is allowed to sit on it, that there is no noise because there is a rule that all doors must be shut tight. People as deaf as Mrs. Alderson are not allowed to turn up their radios to hearing range.

Or take Mrs. Ames. I found her lying in a pool of urine on a plastic mattress cover, weakly trying to pull her torn cotton gown over her buttocks. The radiator in her room had been turned off. When I asked the landlady for bedclothes, she wouldn't have your mother "messing my good sheets and blankets." Since I wasn't allowed near the kitchen stove for hot water, I sponged your mother off as best I could with cold water from the filthy sink in the hall—and begged a dry gown from another tenant. I left her cleaner but no warmer.

Mrs. Williams is cold too. Since she tears and hides her clothes, the management has stopped giving her any. She sits on a rubber sheet smiling foolishly, when she isn't crawling around the floor. One of the three other elderly women crowded into that attic room begged me to see that Mrs. Williams was taken somewhere for proper care. When the fire inspectors come, she is taken downstairs for the day. Shall we let your mother burn to cinders? It would solve a lot of problems.

And what shall we do with Mrs. Graves? What is the sense of washing her once a week when we have to put her back into garments stiff with foulness? The landlady is too busy running a bazaar for her church to have time for Mrs. Graves' laundry. I try to persuade Mrs. Graves to stay in bed and let the nurse wash her undergarments, but she won't hear of it. Someone would steal them while they were drying.

Mrs. Schwartz's rooming house isn't bad. The surroundings are clean and the owner brings up her meals. But the landlady likes money very much indeed. The house has a legal number of fire exits, but the rooms are so jammed with beds that anyone escaping from a fire would have quite an obstacle course. The owner likes all kinds of people too—even people who need a different kind of care than she is qualified to give. She was exploding about it yesterday: "That Mrs. Heinz will drive me crazy! She had another fit and fell

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

all-new Angel Face has "Stay-Fresh" Color!



Ordinary dry pressed powder "soaks up" moisture from your skin and changes color—just as it "soaks up" these water drops—and discolors.

New "Stay-Fresh" Angel Face won't "soak up" moisture and darken because Angel Face is triple creamed—*proofed* against moisture discoloration!

New! Won't change color... won't streak from skin moisture

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Triple creamed powder and foundation in-one!

So radiantly *fresh!* Hours after you apply new triple creamed Angel Face, your complexion still has a smooth, delicate, almost *pore-less* look. There's no dry caking. No discoloring in the "damp pore" areas of your face. In just 5 seconds, Angel Face gives you a complete "Stay-Fresh" make-up. Perfect to carry because—unlike loose powder, *Angel Face can't spill.*

New "Date" Case—New "Stay-Fresh" Shades!

The very feminine new *pink* compact with mirror and puff and your choice of 8 *new* soft, muted "Stay-Fresh" complexion shades, just 79¢ plus tax

"The fall of France seemed something so unbelievable as to be almost surely unreal, and if not unreal then quite unmeasurably catastrophic."



PHIL BURCHMAN

Meeting of the Supreme War Council in France, 1940.
M. Guy la Chambre, Lord Halifax, M. Daladier, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Oliver Stanley and Sir Kingsley Wood.

CHURCHILL WOKE HIM WITH TELEPHONE CALLS

The last chance to avoid World War II . . . The truth about Munich . . .

Mr. Churchill's monosyllables

By LORD Halifax

III Anthony Eden resigned the Foreign Secretaryship in February, 1938, and I was appointed to succeed him. Accidents of various kinds had, however, already been connecting me with foreign affairs, and I had indeed very nearly found myself Foreign Secretary some years earlier. It had happened like this:

I had returned from India in April, 1931, and through the summer had been enjoying a complete holiday from work and from responsibility. I was therefore in no way concerned, any more than any casual pedestrian in Piccadilly, with the autumn crisis of 1931 which was to be the occasion of the disappearance of the Labour Government and, after a brief emergency arrangement, of the formation of the National Government in its place.

At this stage I received one morning a request that I should call to see Baldwin. This I did and there learned the reason for my summons. Ramsay MacDonald had had to go off to Scotland and had commissioned Baldwin to invite me to be Foreign Secretary. I told Baldwin that I thought there were particular reasons why my appointment at that moment would be from his point of view ill judged. I had just returned from India and was much like the proverbial red rag to many of the more right-wing Conservatives. It would be the duty of the Foreign Secretary to do his best to carry the country in favor of some plan of disarmament, and for any such talk, difficult as it must anyhow be, I should inevitably start with an unfavorable handicap. Baldwin listened to all this and then said, "I'm not sure you may not be right. I will have a word with Bobby Monsell and tell you at luncheon, where we are to meet." And when we did meet, he said that he had made his inquiry and the result was to support my view. So the appointment to the Foreign Office went elsewhere and I continued to enjoy my holiday till the late summer of 1932, when I joined Ramsay MacDonald's Government as Minister of Education. Three years later Baldwin took over and appointed me to the War Office.

In the few months that I was there I was able for the first time to get the army picture of our weakness in armament, which was substantially reproduced in both the other services. A word must be intruded as to how this had arisen. After the 1914 war had ended with the total disarmament of Germany, there had been established with cabinet authority, for the guidance of service departments in framing policy and estimates, a conventional condition that there would be no major war for ten years. In the early years after the war this was not unreasonable, and in those years economy was not incompatible with security. But during Baldwin's first Government, when Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer, a much wider and more dangerous extension of the rule's meaning was adopted, by which the ten years were no longer to be reckoned from one fixed date, but from a date perpetually moving forward without time limit.

This rule—or rather this interpretation of the rule—coincided with the mood into which British people always lapse after a war, of thinking that there will never be any more war and that therefore they can safely cut down on their armaments. The advent of Hitler to power in 1933 had coincided with a high tide of wholly irrational pacifist sentiment in Britain, which caused profound damage both at home and abroad. At home it immensely aggravated the difficulty, great in any case as it was bound to be, of bringing the British people to appreciate and face up to the new situation which Hitler was creating; abroad it doubtless served to tempt him and others to suppose that in shaping their policies this country need not be too seriously regarded.

Apart from these political consequences I do not think, when I went to the War Office, that anyone outside the official world realized how great had been the damage wrought by the double operation of interpretation and mood upon our armament industry and our consequent capacity for war. And this was 1935, two years after Hitler had attained full power in Germany.

After the election of that year, I moved from the War Office to be Lord Privy Seal, which post I held through the unhappy events of the winter, involving Hoare's resignation from the Foreign Office, and through King Edward VIII's abdication up to the time that Baldwin, with the King's approval, handed over the Prime Ministership to Neville Chamberlain. I saw Baldwin regularly through those gloomy days and learned at close quarters how much King and country and commonwealth were indebted to him for the steadiness with which he held in so true a balance his responsibilities to each. When he resigned after the Coronation in the following year, I wrote to wish him officially good-by and had this letter back, which gives a glimpse of the romantic, almost mystical, streak in his composition:

69, Eaton Square, S. W.
8th June 1937

My dear Edward: I shall value your letter as long as I live. Our

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

© 1957 by Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, 1st Earl of Halifax. This is an excerpt from the book Fullness of Days, soon to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.



because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling...to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor ...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)



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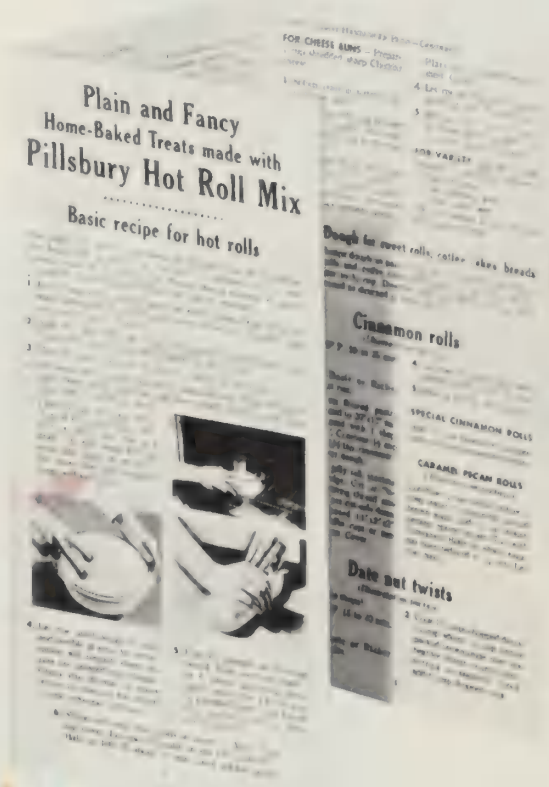
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when you put on airs



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thrifty one-dish meal



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make any meal better

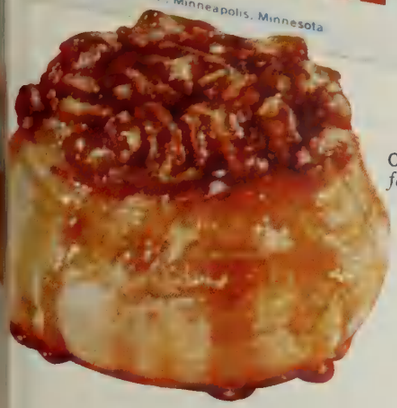


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CARAMEL PECAN ROLLS
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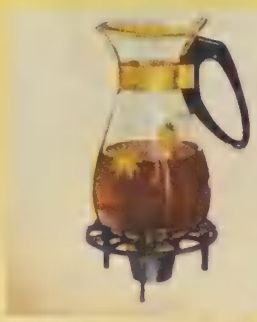
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

friendship has been a very real thing to me and a real influence which I treasure.

This last ten days have been a strange time: a time that comes only once and cannot recur.

All hearts seem open for the moment: most will close again, some perhaps be kept ajar, but it is very wonderful. I feel tired, happy and at peace: and mighty humble. I wish my dear Dickens hadn't destroyed what is really a very beautiful word: but you will know all I mean by it.

I still have that sense of wonder that the Blessed Damozel shewed in her face as she leaned over the gold bar of Heaven. It wore off: so will mine. But it leaves something good, I hope, behind.

I hope indeed we may see something of each other: it will be a joy to me.

I won't say more: I am sitting among stacks of letters, but they are diminishing: but may all good be with you for long years.

Ever yours,
S.B.

When Neville Chamberlain formed his Government, I became Lord President of the Council, and there remained till I went to the Foreign Office on Eden's resignation in February, 1938. Occupying an office that was not burdened with any of the day-to-day work of a department, I was untrammeled by any immediate administrative duty, and therefore able to do any other work with which the Prime Minister might wish me to help.

In this way I came to be a good deal associated with what Eden was doing at the Foreign Office, and was free to sit in with him at some of the international meetings which, as now, claimed so large a portion of the Foreign Secretary's time. Nothing then or since gave me any reason to think that such help as I might have been able to give was other than congenial to him. There was never the shadow of friction between us, and I came greatly to respect his many qualities of head and heart.

Certainly there was, so far as I am aware, no foundation in his thought or in mine for the legend that whispering mischief-makers were concerned from time to time to propagate about such collaboration being a means devised by Baldwin, or later Chamberlain, to keep control over the Foreign Secretary. The relationship that we established was one of complete trust and mutual confidence, and not one to lend itself to any other purpose.

Eden resigned in February, 1938, and his doing so was both cause of profound regret to his friends in the government, and a severe blow to Chamberlain's administration. I have repeatedly gone back over the ground, looking for the real reason that prompted his decision, but I have never felt quite satisfied that I had discovered the whole answer.

It certainly was not the case that his relationship with the Prime Minister had been uneasy and strained from the beginning, for I recall how he felt when Chamberlain was taking over from Baldwin in the previous year. Eden had frequently been tried by Baldwin's reluctance to involve himself in the discussion of the foreign business that he brought up, and thought, I expect, that this imposed upon him an unfair burden; and when the changeover was taking place, Eden spoke to me of what a great relief it would be to have a Prime Minister who would take some interest in the foreign side.

No doubt, as in most cases of the sort, resignation was a single consequence of a good many rather complex causes. There was almost certainly an element of irritation at what seemed to him Chamberlain's rather amateur intrusions into the Italian field through the medium of Lady Chamberlain's friendship with Mussolini, dating from Locarno days; a reluctance to pretend to any confidence, that he would be quite unable to feel, in any promises Mussolini might make; a sense of alienation from Chamberlain, who in his simplicity appeared to Eden to suppose that a self-respecting British policy could conceivably be built of material so flimsy; and lastly, I fancy, no small continuing resentment at what he had judged the cavalier treatment by Chamberlain of a *démarché* made somewhat earlier by President Roosevelt, while Eden was having a short holiday abroad.

It has frequently been asserted that Chamberlain's reply to the President's tentative suggestion of calling an international conference amounted to a rebuff which had grave consequences for the world, and, supported as it has been by Churchill, this legend is in danger of passing into history. For legend I am convinced it is. Lord Templewood has given the full story of this episode, based on all the relevant papers and material, with reference both to the acknowledged limitations of United States policy at that date as well as to the actual effect produced upon the mind of the President, and on that of Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State.

I am satisfied that on neither count is it possible to maintain the argument that has been advanced, in support of the conclusion either that the President felt resentment at the reception accorded to his initiative, or that his initiative, if differently handled, might have had the effect of preventing war. Here indeed, if the matter had a share in making the breach between Chamberlain and Eden, the latter was more royalist than the King, in that there is no evidence to suggest that Eden's irritation was shared by the individual principally concerned.

In reinforcement of such a judgment, I was to get a curious echo of this business, as it happened, from the President himself two or three years later in the United States. Eden was coming over for the first time, and I had gone to see Roosevelt about the visit. The President had never met Eden, and asked me a lot of questions about him. These I answered and then dilated a little upon my own regard for Eden, upon how closely we had worked together, and in how public-spirited a fashion he had behaved in relation to myself after his own resignation.

Other people's harvests are always the best harvests, but one's children are always the best children. MENCIUS

By way of giving what I said a somewhat personal point for the President, I told him that one of the reasons which had been quite powerful in influencing Eden's resignation from Chamberlain's Government had been the fact that he thought Chamberlain had handled badly a proposal put forward by the President while he, Eden, had been away on holiday.

To all this the President listened, much as one does when one is waiting for the other person to stop in order to say something more interesting oneself. When I did stop, the President said to me, "Did you ever see the telegram I sent to Chamberlain at the time of Munich?" I said I supposed I had seen it, but would he refresh my mind? "The shortest telegram I ever sent," said the President—"two words: 'Good man.'" All of which throws a different and a good deal less dramatic light on the President's feeling about Chamberlain than that which has been sometimes ascribed to him.

It was with the greatest reluctance that I agreed to accept the post left vacant by Eden's resignation. Up to the last two or three years I had never had any special contact with Foreign Office work, but these years had given me ample opportunity of seeing how thankless in present circumstances the work of any Foreign Secretary was bound to be. The annexation of Austria, which greeted me very soon after I had taken over in March, 1938, came as an unpleasant reminder of the way the Nazi Government of Germany was likely to handle other European questions, and through the summer the German chorus of denunciation of Czechoslovakian misdeeds steadily swelled.

I have no wish to rewrite the history of events that culminated in Munich. No one who had the misfortune to preside over the Foreign Office at that time could ever for one moment of the twenty-four hours of each day forget that he had little or nothing in his hands with which to support his diplomatic efforts. The British people had through years of wishful thinking come to believe that because they so clearly recognized war to be a bad plan, everybody else must recognize it for such too.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Services and industry alike had been hampered by the formula writing down the risk of war, and thus the Foreign Secretary was like a player invited to stake, when he knew that if the fortune of the game turned against him he had nothing with which to redeem his pledge. Almost every day I would receive unsolicited advice to take some action, of which the plain consequence, if the bluff did not succeed, was to make it rather more likely that the issue must be war. Under such pressure one was tempted to remember the advice that one used to be given when one began to take an independent line fox hunting: never to jump into a field unless you have a pretty good idea where you can jump out.

The criticism excited by Munich never caused me the least surprise. I should very possibly, indeed, have been among the critics myself, if I had not happened to be in a position of responsibility. But there were two or three considerations to which those same critics ought to have had regard. One was that in criticizing the settlement of Munich, they were criticizing the wrong thing and the wrong date. They ought to have criticized the failure of successive governments, and of all parties, to foresee the necessity of rearming in the light of what was going on in Germany; and the right date on which criticism ought to have fastened was 1936, which had seen the German reoccupation of the Rhineland in defiance of treaty provisions.

I have little doubt that if we had then told Hitler bluntly to go back, his power for future and larger mischief would have been broken. But, leaving entirely aside the French, there was no section of British public opinion that would not have been directly opposed to such action in 1936. To go to war with Germany for walking into their own back yard, which was how the British people saw it—at a time, moreover, when you were actually discussing with them the dates and conditions of their right to resume occupation—was not the sort of thing people could understand. So that moment which, I would guess, offered the last effective chance of securing peace without war went by.

The other element that gave fuel to the fires of criticism was the unhappy phrases which Neville Chamberlain under the stress of great emotion allowed himself to use. "Peace with honor"; "Peace for our time"—such phrases grated harshly on the ear and thought of even those closest to him. And almost immediately afterward, as his biographer reminds us, he was begging the House of Commons not to read too much into words used under conditions of strain so exhausting and so profound.

But when all has been said, one fact remains dominant and unchallengeable. When war did come a year later it found a country and commonwealth wholly united within itself, convinced to the foundations of soul and conscience that every conceivable effort had been made to find the way of sparing Europe the ordeal of war, and that no alternative remained. And that was the big thing that Chamberlain did.

In this connection Churchill did Chamberlain less than justice in his war history. He says:

"Chamberlain returned to England. . . . He waved the joint declaration which he had got Hitler to sign. . . . As his car drove through cheering crowds . . . he said to Halifax . . . 'All this will be over in three months'; *but* from the windows of Downing Street he waved his piece of paper again and used these words . . . 'I believe it is peace for our time.'"

The implication of that sentence can har- be other than that Chamberlain was concern to mislead the public into the acceptance o belief which he did not himself share; wher of course in fact his two remarks referred two totally different things. I was the o person with him when he made the first servation and was instrumental in giving information to Professor Feiling, from wh biography Churchill has quoted the word am therefore in the best position to know w Chamberlain meant by it. When he said " this will be over in three months," he was ferring to the popular enthusiasm of the ment; when he spoke about "peace for time," he was concerned with the spirit which he believed Hitler to have signed declaration and which at that moment he disposed to trust. Chamberlain no doubt his faults, and the words that he used ab Hitler as he spoke to the crowd in Down Street were soon to be roughly denied by event. But no one could fairly charge him lack of frankness.

One other fragment of conversation th had with him on that drive from Hesto perhaps worth recording. It was not easy talk at all, for flowers were being thrown the car, people w jumping on the ning board, seizing hand and patting on the back. But lull I remember sa to him that there two things whi wished to leave ir mind before we into London. One that he would t find people who w urge him very stro to have an immed election, which t advisers would rec mend as being gre in the interest of Conservative Part told him that I thou he ought to resist counsel, for he wa longer only a p leader: for better worse, what he just done had n him a national le and he must act accordingly. From that deed followed the second thing I wante say—which was that by the time he met House of Commons on Monday (in three time) he ought to have reconstituted his ernment, bringing in Labour if they w join, and Churchill and Eden.

He seemed surprised, but said he w think it over. Nothing, however, happe and I have often wondered whether or hov course of history might have been chang he had acted in the sense that I sugge Labour leaders would have been no doub luctant to join him, as he was for them a cult personality, but in the particular cir stances of the moment it is possible that feeling would have had to yield.

The case, indeed, for a Government of tional Unity, if such could have been cre received early reinforcement. Very soon sky became overcast, as the tone of Hi public speaking became noticeably and gressively more sharp, and in December, we received a mysterious communication Berlin which was to acquire an added int in the light of subsequent events and of knowledge.

One of the Embassy staff was invited secrecy to meet a German staff officer, whom he was friendly, after dark in the garten, the Hyde Park of Berlin. This h cordingly did. The German officer then him that Hitler had given orders for preparation of plans for an all-out air a on England, for use in certain eventual such plans to be ready by the middle of M If and when further order was to be give this attack to be made, the German o proposed to communicate by a home code of sending to his Embassy friend a



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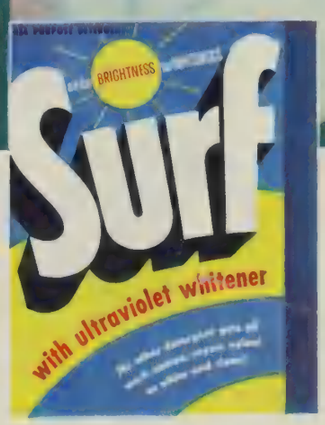
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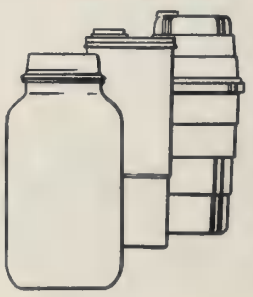
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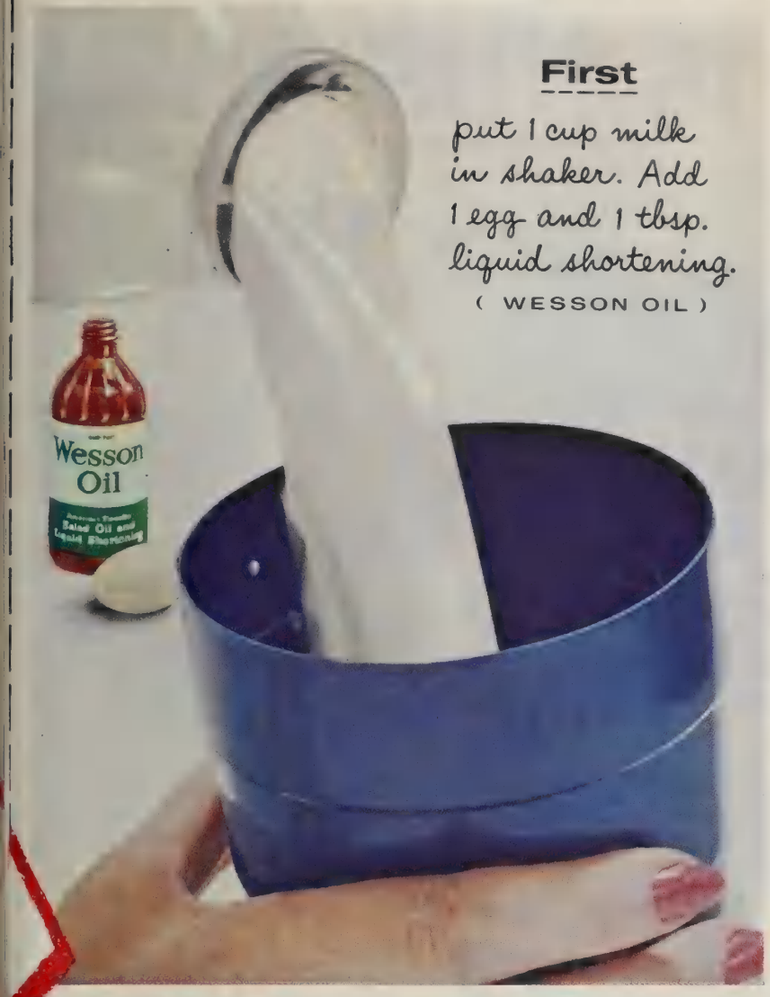
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First

put 1 cup milk in shaker. Add 1 egg and 1 tbsp. liquid shortening.
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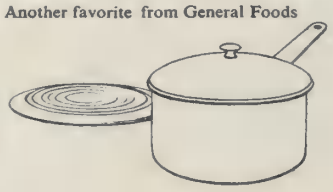
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

t page of the Berlin telephone book. On re-ipt of this information steps were at once ken to accelerate production, and the events March, though not accompanied by the ge of the telephone book, left little doubt of hat was shaping in Hitler's mind and marked urning point in Chamberlain's thought.

As to the true purpose of the Soviet Gov-nment during those months before the war, inion will no doubt continue to differ. Those o are disposed to be critical of everything amberlain did will feel that by refusal to ree with it on points arising in the negotia-ns concerning the Baltic states or Poland Romania, he confirmed it in its mistrust British policy, and thus pushed it into the er alternative of reaching an accommoda-n with Hitler.

I never believed in 1939 that this was a cor-t diagnosis, nor has anything that has ppened since given me cause to change my w. I thought that Russian policy then, as w, was entirely inspired by what Stalin, or oever decided Soviet policy, judged to be Russia's interest, and that in this assess-nt of interest there were two principal ments. One was the strong desire to see the covery by Russia of territories lost after the st war, so that the dictator of Russia's licy would appear to his people as the Peter Great of the twentieth century. The other mpelling thought in the mind of the Kremlin 1939 must surely have been the imperative cessity of buying time; this to complete the viet five-year plan, restore the army, develop lustry and so on, against the evil day which s probably bound to me, but which might be t off till conditions were s unfavorable.

Every argument that is d against Chamberlain regard to British and nch unpreparedness and nsequent incapacity to e fighting reality to the lish guaranties was ely in Soviet thought, d from the Soviet point of view there must ve seemed to be singularly little to set ainst the very real danger of exposing them-ves at that moment to German attack. For se reasons I gravely doubt whether any-ng that we or the French could have said done in 1939 would have had the smallest ect in leading Russia to accept a position culated to invite sharp and early reaction m the German side. Nor would anything the later development of the Soviet attitude world problems, admittedly under different t for them vastly more favorable condi-ns, suggest that Soviet policy was likely n any more than now to have been greatly ected by quixotic impulse or considerations high international principle.

n August 21st, a cryptic message was re-ved from Germany suggesting that Goering uld come over to London, provided he uld be assured that he would be able to see Prime Minister. After discussion it was cided to send an affirmative answer to this rious suggestion, and arrangements were cordingly set in hand for Goering to come er secretly on Wednesday, August 23rd. e idea was that he should land at some used airdrome, be picked up in a car and ken direct to Chequers. There the regular usehold was to be given *congé* for two or ree days and the telephone was to be dis-nnected while the visit took place. No an-er, however, came till Thursday, August th, when a message was received to the ef-t that Hitler did not think it would be mediately useful. Nothing further there-re happened, and except that it was ob-usly wrong to neglect any chance, however promising, I think we all felt it resembled ge melodrama rather than even the fever-diplomacy that immediately precedes the tastrophe of war.

Thus the days crept heavily on to Septem-r 1st, when the news came of the German vasion of Poland, and His Majesty's overnment at once intimated to the German overnment that unless all aggression against Poland was suspended and German troops withdrawn from Polish territory, His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom would at once fulfill their obligations to Poland.

Throughout that Friday (September 1st) and Saturday, we had considerable difficulty with the French Government over the timing of the ultimatum to Germany, which we wished to synchronize with them, but they, for reasons connected with mobilization, wanted to delay. This was responsible both for the postponement of the advertised time for making the statement on Saturday evening in both Houses and also for the lack of mention in it of any definite time limit, on which we said that we were in consultation with the French. This statement went all right in the House of Lords, but very badly in the House of Commons, where mischief-makers were quick to suggest that the reason both for the delay which had preceded the statement and for the lack of mention of a specific time limit for the expiry of the ultimatum was that the two governments were planning another surrender.

The evening of that day, September 2nd, was of all evenings that I can remember the most miserable. I had just got back from the House of Lords and was going out to get some dinner with Dorothy at 8:30 when the Prime Minister rang up on the telephone to ask me to go down to Downing Street at once. The statement, he said, had gone very badly in the House of Commons, people misinterpreting the inability to give a time limit to be the result of halfheartedness and hesitation on our part, and concluding with a very unpleasant scene in which much feeling had been shown. I had never known Chamberlain so disturbed.

I accordingly went straight off to No. 10, where he gave me dinner. He told me that the statement had infuriated the House and that he did not believe, unless we could clear the position, that the government would be able to maintain itself when it met Parliament the next day. We got hold of Alec Cadogan, the permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, who had eaten half his own dinner at home, and was given the other half to eat at No. 10, and after dinner we asked M. Corbin, the French ambassador, to join us. Then followed an hour of frantic telephoning to the French Government, Daladier and Bonnet, and to our ambassador in Paris, Sir Eric Phipps, with the object of getting an agreement to give the Germans as short a time limit as possible.

Finally the cabinet met at 11:30, continuing till about 1:30 A.M. Sunday morning, by which time everybody's nerves were rather frayed. So far as I was concerned, the last straw was when I went across to the Foreign Office after the cabinet, to send a final instruction to the ambassador in Berlin, and met a prominent member of the Labour Party coming out of the building. As we passed in the passage, he, still in the House of Commons atmosphere, said to me, "Foreign Secretary, can you give me any hope?" to which I replied, "If you mean hope of a war I think I can promise you a certainty for tomorrow"; to which in turn he replied, "Thank God."

So we passed into the war of which all the outward circumstances through that first winter of 1939–40 were so different from what everybody had expected. For most people the blackout was the consequence most directly felt, since the number of troops going across to France in that first winter was comparatively small; there was little outward activity by land or in the air, and the anxieties that must have been always present in the minds of the Admiralty were not for some time to be matter of daily concern to the general public.

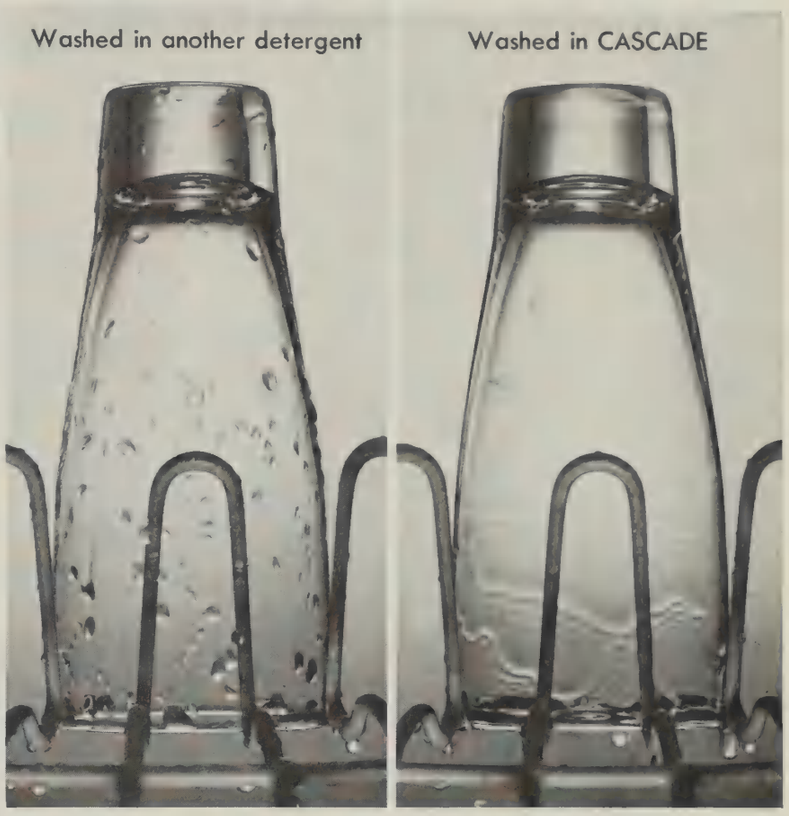
I imagine that it is commonly thought—I remember indeed once thinking so myself—that the outbreak of hostilities automatically terminates or restricts the activities of the Foreign Office, as the diplomatic efforts of peace have to yield to the arbitrament of war. But this is by no means the case. There is of

While the word is yet unspoken, you are master of it; when once it is spoken, it is master of you.

ARAB PROVERB

NEW! FOR AUTOMATIC DISHWASHERS

Cascade eliminates drops that spot!



Cascade has an exclusive ingredient to change drops of water into cleansing, clear-rinsing "sheets." That's why General Electric puts Cascade in its "Mobile-Maid"!

These two glasses show why Cascade stops spotting as no other detergent can. Cascade's exclusive ingredient changes water *drops* into free-flowing *sheets*. And Cascade's unique formula cleans *cleaner* than any other dishwasher product... leaves everything so slippery-clean, rinse water slides right off. Result: no water drops to dry in ugly spots. Cascade gets even glasses spotless . . . *close-up clean*. Yet it's *safe* for delicate china patterns.



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"TOGETHER WE GOT RID OF 77½ POUNDS AND LOVED IT"

Sisters Lillian Lang and Aida Krause of New York tell how they improved their figures with the famous Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan



"Here we are before we discovered the famous Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan."



"Today we like ourselves much better, and so do our husbands and children."

Read their own story

"We used to look at each other and joke about our figures. But, honestly, we hated being overweight, and several times we tried various ways to reduce. We love good food, and we just couldn't stick very long to those monotonous diets. Other reducing gadgets didn't help much, either.

"A friend told us about the Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan, and skeptically we started in. Well, after only three weeks of it, one was down 14 pounds, the other 11. But, best of all, we found it actually was fun. The Knox Choice-of-Foods Chart let us pick and choose most of the foods we like best. Three good meals a day, even desserts, and between-meal snacks, too.

"We used lots of recipes in the Eat-and-Reduce book and followed the easy rules. Our husbands loved these meals, too. We did our housework and took care of our children as usual, and each week we seemed to have more pep—weren't all tired out by nighttime as we had been before. The doctor weighed and measured us as we went along, and the news was wonderful. Today one of us is 42½ pounds lighter, the other 35 pounds lighter. Today, one's hips are 8¼ inches less around, the other's waist is 5½ inches less. Our friends can hardly believe it, and now, at least a dozen of *them* are on the Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan. As for us, we never felt better in our lives."

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Don't think you can't enjoy the Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan as Mrs. Krause and Mrs. Lang did. If you love good food and are overweight because of too many calories you, too, may bring down your weight without hunger, discomfort or loss of energy. Whether you'd like to lose 10 pounds or 50 pounds, this famous Plan, which *hundreds of thousands have followed*, is well worth trying. Enjoy most of the foods you like. The Knox Plan is the safe, practical, *natural* way to reduce. Send for that free book described below.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND KNOX, the *real*, unflavored gelatine, made with exacting pharmaceutical care. It is all gelatine, all protein, no sugar, unlike ready-flavored jell desserts which are about 85% sugar.



At your grocer's in the 4-envelope family size or the 32-envelope economy size



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Its 36 pages, plus the generous *Choice-of-Foods Chart*, do away with calorie-counting; give menu suggestions, 74 recipes and variations; your own weight-and-measurement chart; and complete, detailed advice on safe, *natural*, enjoyable reducing. Do not let another day go by. *Mail this coupon* and see the pounds melt away week after week.

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Mail me my free copy of the latest edition of the Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan Book with Choice-of-Foods Chart.

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.....

course little to be done by the Foreign Office in the way of direct contact with enemy governments, beyond the regulation of routine business consequent upon the rupture of relations. The necessary exchanges with Allied powers, in so far as these are outside the scope of service departments, continue, of course, to fall to the Foreign Office, but it is with powers that are still neutral that the principal business has to be done. And with many of these it is greatly increased, for at almost every point war is bound to disturb the normal life of any nation whose conduct by the nature of its commercial business, or by cause of its geographical position, vitally affects one or other of the belligerents. Agreements have to be made; conventions established; the right blend of persuasion and threat has to be found, for every case differs from every other; efforts must be made to win support, or at least stave off active alignment with the enemy: all of which takes much time, so that the Foreign Secretary is seldom idle.

Of the passage of public events during the first months of the war I have little or nothing to tell that has not been well told already. The personal setting of our own life was, however, shifted in that, after hostilities had been in progress a little while, we were persuaded by Victor Cazalet to move from our house in Eaton Square, which by size and lack of staff had become quite unmanageable, to the Dorchester Hotel. There, accordingly, by the kindness of the owners of the hotel, we established ourselves, in a flat with a good deal of our own furniture and some of our own pictures, and under conditions which made it the more easy to see something of the several members of our family as they drifted into or out of or through London. Our two elder sons, Charles and Peter, went off in the early months of 1940 with their regiments to Palestine. Richard, our youngest son, had gone to Rome in February, 1940, through the kindness of Sir Percy Loraine, while Italy was still neutral, to work in some honorary capacity in the Embassy, until the time came for him to begin his military service.

At first it was the practice for the cabinet to meet daily, to hear such reports as there might be, and deal with any business arising. It gradually came to be felt, though, that, apart from the inconvenience involved in taking ministers away for an hour or two every day from their offices, this was not the way to get the best out of the human machine, and later it became usual for ministers of the cabinet to take three or four days off every few weeks by turn.

One such interlude early in June, 1940, is forever graven into my memory. It was just after the fall of France, an event which at the time it happened seemed something so unbelievable as to be almost surely unreal, and if not unreal then quite immeasurably catastrophic. Dorothy and I had spent a lovely summer evening walking over the Wolds, and on our way home sat in the sun for half an hour at a point looking across the plain of York. All the landscape of the nearer foreground was familiar—its sights, its sounds, its smells; hardly a field that did not call up some half-forgotten bit of association; the red-roofed village and nearby hamlets, gathered as it were for company round the old gray-stone church, where men and women like ourselves, now long dead and gone, had once knelt in worship and prayer.

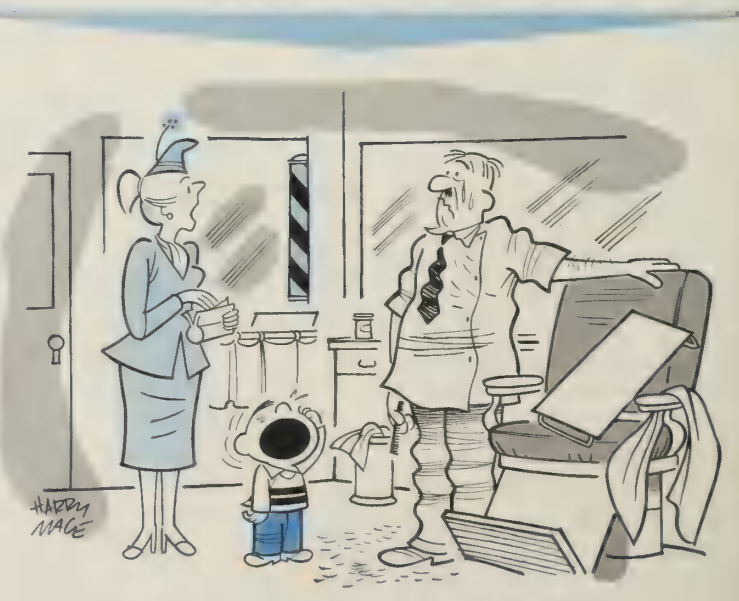
Here in Yorkshire was a true fragment of the undying England, like the white cliffs of Dover, or any other part of our land that Englishmen have loved. Then the question came, is it possible that the Prussian jack boot will force its way into this countryside to tread and trample over it at will? The very thought seemed an insult and an outrage; much as if anyone were to be condemned to watch his mother, wife or daughter being raped.

Nor was it a thought that could be easily dismissed. All through this summer of 1940 time moved with agonizing slowness, as one by one we ticked off the days to the equinoctial gales of September, which for the British people became the accepted goal of comparative safety from invasion. For whatever may have been the best informed view at the time, and whatever we have since learned from German records, there was no shadow of doubt about the fact of the public expectation of invasion. In the light of what had happened in Holland, much thought, both official and unofficial, was given to the question of enemy airborne and parachute attempts. Local sportsmen came forward with suggestions of organizing themselves into parties to ride round lonely areas at dawn; obstacles were erected on main roads and open spaces to deny them as potential landing grounds for aircraft; signposts were taken down; church bells were silenced, to ring only in case of invasion alarm. I remember the King telling me that he intended always to carry a rifle in his car and that he proposed himself to do rifle practice in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. I ventured to remind His Majesty that he had graciously given me permission to walk through the gardens of the palace on my way to the Foreign Office and it would therefore be of great help if I might know what was likely to be His Majesty's shooting timetable.

September 7th was the day of the first large night attack on London, and we watched the beginning of this air battle on the operations board at the headquarters of Fighter Command. In the evening some friends had come to dinner and I am not likely to forget with what feelings we all gazed from the hotel roof upon a sky aflame with the glow of much of London burning.

It was a week later, on September 15th, that there took place what Churchill has described as one of the decisive battles of the war, of which his narrative can even today make the drama live again. But although the German all-out bid for air supremacy might have failed, they continued for a long time to deal death, or at least discomfort. It was, however, remarkable how little people in London allowed

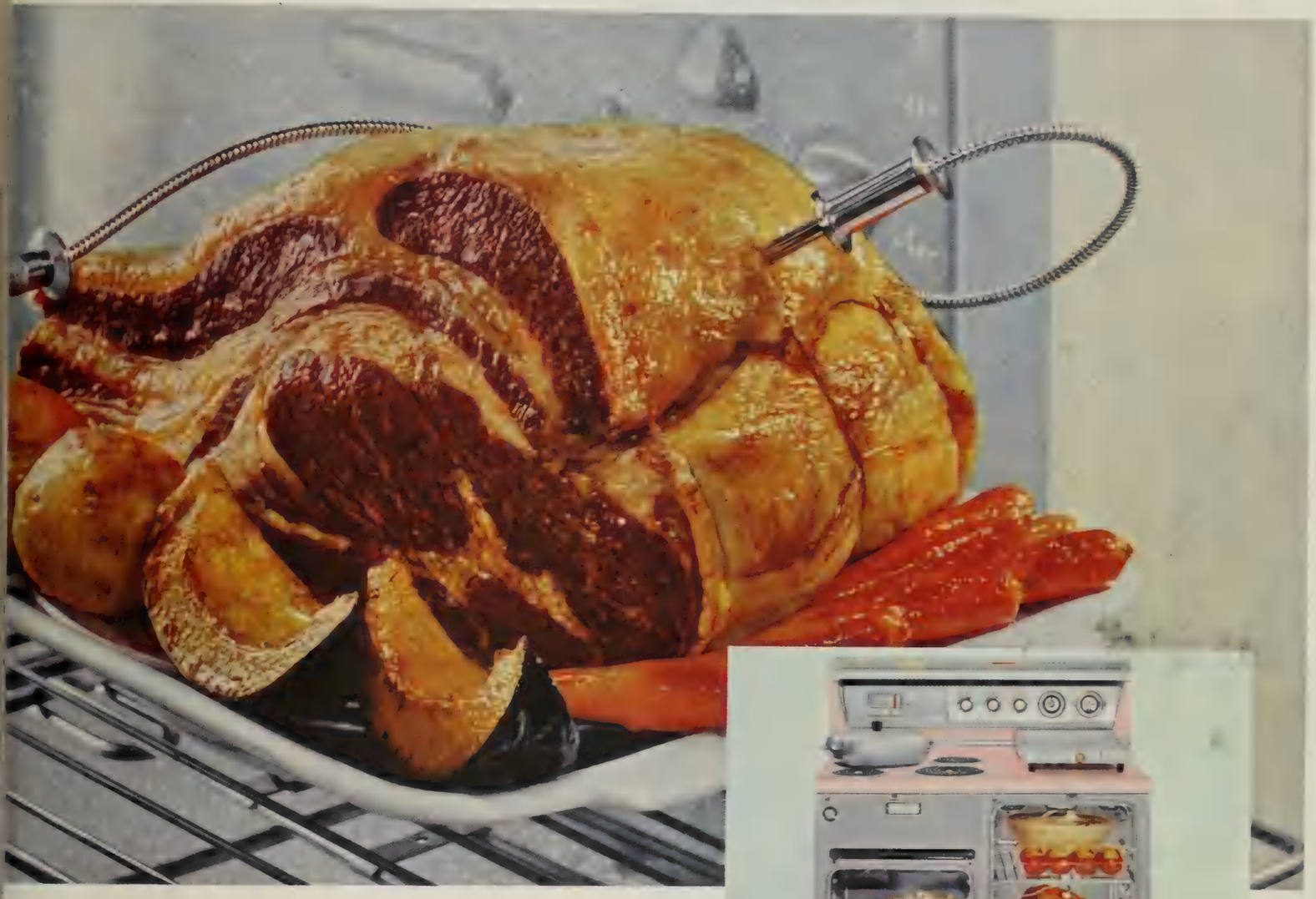
CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



"A dollar! A dollar for cutting a little child's hair?"

It's new! It's practical! It's fun!

SEE THE HOTPOINT RANGE THAT CALLS YOU WITH MUSIC WHEN THE ROAST IS DONE





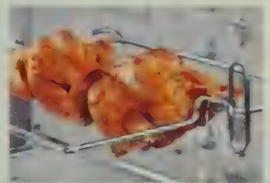
Hotpoint's deluxe 2-oven pushbutton electric range comes in 5 new colors and white

The lilting strains of "Tenderly" automatically tell you when your meats are cooked—the way you want them—tenderly!

A musical dinner call—how practical! And, of course, it's another Hotpoint exclusive.

The automatic Meat Thermometer guards the cooking of your roast—triggers the tuneful signal when it's rare, medium, well-done, as you prefer. But that's only *one* of the amazing automatic features that make this Hotpoint the most automatic range ever designed.

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Self-basting Rota-Grill. Ribs, chicken, juicy shish kebab are so simple on the revolving rotisserie barbecue. Gives foods that wonderful outdoor flavor, without fuss or muss.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

the air warfare to dislocate their ordinary life. The sirens would start every evening with great regularity between seven and eight and Dorothy, anxious for a bath before dinner, was always haunted by the story of the bomb which peeled off the outside wall, leaving the bathroom open to the world, to the great discomfiture of its lady occupant. But luckily she never had to suffer so humiliating a fate and life's routine proceeded.

I remember, too, an American friend dining with us and being deeply impressed by Mrs. Arthur James, who had also been one of our party and could not have been a day under seventy, preparing to walk home to Grafton Street, complete with tin hat, in total disregard of the air raid that was going on. She announced that she had no intention of allowing Hitler or anybody else to stop her seeing her friends or sleeping in her own bed. I fancy there were many like her.

Soon after the attack on London had started, Dorothy went down to the air-raid shelter of the hotel (I must, I think, have been kept at the Foreign Office) and there found a motley assortment of hotel residents, among them Doctor Weismann reading the Old Testament, and some foreign ambassador who, seeing the Foreign Secretary's wife, albeit in a dressing gown, thought it his duty to present to her some members of his junior staff.

Later, when the night attack was more severe, the hotel management encouraged us to sleep in a room underground, where little noise penetrated and which we were led to suppose was fairly bombproof. A select sleeping colony was gradually established, as in many other corners and recesses at the lower levels of the hotel. Our own company consisted of ourselves, Duff Cooper and his wife, Sir George Clerk, at one time ambassador in Paris, and one or two others. We all had beds behind screens; by polite fiction we ignored one another's existence, and quickly became acclimatized to one another's snores. It was quite comfortable and we all slept soundly.

My only trouble was that Churchill would occasionally through the hotel porter call me to the telephone, waking me out of my beauty sleep, to ask some question that I felt I should have answered with greater wisdom and certainly with better temper in the morning. As we woke, we clad ourselves in dressing gowns, picked up the bag of personal effects which always accompanied us in case we were bombed in the night, made our way to the lift, and so back to civilization.

On the domestic front, the first main landmark of the war was the replacement of Chamberlain's Government by that of Churchill in May, 1940. The debate on the lamentable passage of events in Norway had left large numbers of the government's supporters in the House of Commons in sullen mood, which was reflected in the final division on May 8th.

When I saw Chamberlain the next morning, he told me that he did not think the situation could be left as it was, and that it was essential somehow to restore confidence in the government. This he opined could only be achieved by having all parties in it, which with him I also judged to be essential. We then discussed the possibility of Labour being willing to serve under him and agreed that the chances were negligible. He said he would like to have a talk with Churchill and myself together in the afternoon.

We accordingly met at No. 10 at 4:30, David Margesson being also present. The Prime Minister recapitulated the position, saying he had made up his mind that he must go, and that either Churchill or I must take his place. He would serve under either. It would therefore be necessary to see the Labour people before they went to Bournemouth, where they were about to hold a party conference, and ask them whether they would, on principle, be prepared to join the government (a) under the present Prime Minister, or (b) under some other Prime Minister.

David Margesson said that unity was essential and that he did not think this could be secured under Chamberlain. He did not at that moment pronounce definitely between Churchill and myself.

I then said that I thought for the reasons given the Prime Minister must probably go, but that I had no doubt at all in my own mind that for me to succeed him would create a quite impossible situation. Apart altogether from Churchill's qualities as compared with my own at this particular juncture, what would in fact be my position? Churchill would be running defense, and in this connection one could not but remember how rapidly the relationship between Asquith and Lloyd George had broken down in the first war, and I should have no access to the House of Commons. The inevitable result would be that, outside both these points of vital contact, I should speedily become a more or less honorary Prime Minister, living in a kind of twilight just outside the things that really mattered.

I might if necessary have prayed in aid the experience of Lord Rosebery as Prime Minister with Sir William Harcourt leading the House of Commons, but Churchill, with suitable expressions of regard and humility having said he could not but feel the force of my words, the Prime Minister reluctantly and Churchill evidently with much less reluctance finished by accepting my view.

So there we left it for the time being, Churchill and I having a cup of tea in the garden while the Prime Minister kept some other appointment, before we also saw Attlee and Greenwood together at 6:15 P.M. When we met, Chamberlain put the position to them, and it was finally agreed that they should consult their executive on the following day upon the two points as to whether the Labour Party would join the Government either under Chamberlain or under somebody else.

S S S S S

Every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

MARCUS AURELIUS

S S S S S

At six o'clock the following morning (May 9th) the Belgian and Dutch ambassadors presented themselves at my rooms in the Dorchester Hotel to report the invasion of their countries, and these new developments left Chamberlain for a short time to feel that reconstruction of the government must stand over till the war situation was more stable. But this was plainly impossible, and the Labour Party having replied that they would not serve under him but would join in under somebody else, Chamberlain went to the King to resign his office and to advise sending for Churchill. A day later I received Churchill's invitation to carry on at the Foreign Office couched in terms of characteristic generosity and resolution.

Admiralty,
Whitehall,
10.5.40.

My dear Edward: Now that I have taken up this task, I write to thank you for the chivalry and kindness with which you have treated me. The task I have assumed is one of sombre and dire consequence. No one knows better than you what weaknesses lie undisclosed, and we both have a full realisation of the dangers which crowd in upon us, and their problems, from every side. However, with your help and Neville's I do not shrink from the ordeal.

It gives me so much pleasure to feel that we shall be fighting this business through together to the end. I feel sure your conduct of Foreign Affairs is an essential element in our war strength. I am so grateful to you for being willing to continue your work in this great office of which you are at once the slave and the master, and that you will of course lead the H. of L.

I am assuming that I may count on this, and that no formal invitation is required from

Your sincere friend,
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

I thus continued at the Foreign Office and as member of the war cabinet, though I persuaded the Prime Minister to relieve me of the leadership of the House of Lords, which I had given up when I first went to the Foreign

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Thelma Ray's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

You can SEE the difference!
This unretouched photo was taken — so you can see for yourself how well Jergens Lotion cares for hands.

447 women took this test*
They soaked both hands in a detergent three times a day. They applied Jergens to their *right* hands only. In a few days, their untreated left hands were rough and red. Their right hands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion similarly tested proved so effective.

Penetrates deep down!
Jergens Lotion doesn't just "glove" hands with a greasy film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. Stops chapping, weather damage, too!

Creamy — never sticky
Jergens Lotion feels luxurious on the skin . . . is instantly absorbed. No wonder more people use it than any other hand care in the world! And it's still only 10¢ to $1.



*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for a summary of test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

3 sunshine-bright dessert ideas from the

WINTER CARNIVAL

of golden Cling Peaches from California

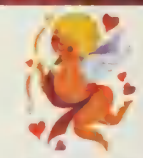
For making winter desserts brilliant as summer sunshine — take showy cling peaches! Tender, juicy-sweet, sun-ripened peaches. Golden and tempting. Altogether luscious to bake in a pie, to fill and top a shortcake, to set off a wedge of delicate cake — or to serve plain and gorgeous as they come from the can. Next time you shop for peaches, look for the word "cling"—it's printed right on each label to guide you.





WINTER CARNIVAL PEACH SHORTCAKE with sliced cling peaches, Reddi-wip*, Bisquick*. Old-fashioned, golden shortcake, tender, rich, delicious! Make the biscuits from Bisquick. Then split, fill and top with cling peach slices. At serving time, fluff on Reddi-wip.





WINTER CARNIVAL PEACH ANGEL with cling peach halves, Betty Crocker* Angel Food Mix, Reddi-wip. Bake a Betty Crocker Angel Food Mix cake. At serving time fluff Reddi-wip on each slice, and nestle cling peach halves alongside. Only cling peaches are so luscious and brilliant, so perfect for show-off desserts!

Cling Peach Advisory Board



WINTER CARNIVAL PEACH PIE with sliced cling peaches, Betty Crocker* Homogenized Pie Crust Mix. Sunny cling peaches inside a flaky crust! Betty Crocker guarantees you a perfect crust every time. And sweet, tender cling peaches keep their shape through baking, make your pie look every bit as good as it tastes!

*Registered Trade names



CANNED
Cling Peaches
FROM CALIFORNIA

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



We still shovel snow and thaw the water bucket, but the yeast of growing things is unmistakable in February's air.

Here in New England, we view February in somewhat the same manner as troops storming a redoubt. We have endured the dark rains of late autumn, the deep snows of December, the killing cold of January.

Now we tighten our belts and face this season of most erratic weather. We get a deal of pleasure out of it. For when the weather bureau promises a blizzard, we are likely to get the February thaw. Skies look bland. Sun shines. Snow melts. We walk out with light jackets on and begin to feel spring will be early this year.

I look thoughtfully at the storm windows, thinking we might take them off this week. Jill begins to draw garden plans.

Sometimes I think this is like a shot in the arm, just to get us through what the rest of February and March will bring.

But it is lovely while it lasts. We walk for the mail, and the ditches at the edge of the old gray stone walls are running with chilly water. In the meadows, the pale purple of the blackberry vines is visible above the snow.

I almost watch for the red-winged blackbirds to light once more in the sugar maples. I know they cannot come until March, but I watch.

This season, I think, is like some people I know. Under the austere surface beats the warm strong heart. Some people are summer people, and they are easy to know. But they also are casual as summer. February people are deep and true, once you penetrate to the secret warmth. For the yeast of growing things is in the air, even while we shovel the snow and thaw the water bucket.

Country people go into February with a proud sense of having weathered so much of winter. A few more weeks, they say. Six weeks, seven weeks, no matter.

"I'm trying a new hybrid corn this time," says one.

"I plan to plow the upper field early," says another. "Put it into alfalfa for a change."

I remember when I was growing up in Wisconsin how endless winter seemed. Father put up with it during December, and controlled himself during January, but by February he was through.

And almost the only thing father could not control was the climate. He would stamp in, covered with snow, and fiercely accuse mamma of doing something wrong. Her cooking was flawless, but he found something to object to. The house was too hot. Or the house was too cold. Why didn't she watch the furnace when he was at college?

And why wasn't I at home studying my Latin instead of going off in all this cold to some high-school affair? And he didn't like that boy anyway.

Mamma would say serenely, "Rufus, winter won't last forever. It never does."

But father was not a patient man. He took bad weather as a personal insult. I have never known anyone else who felt a drop to thirty below was especially aimed at him.

In those days, cars were delicate. Ours was always refusing to start on bleak February mornings. Father would be due at an eight-o'clock, and he would snatch a kettle of boiling water from the gas stove and fling it on the engine.

"That will show her," he said.

If the car still refused to start, he took off for his class at a dead run, hampered by his fur-lined coat, which he never buttoned. That meant he sailed against the wind, for the coat flaps billowed out.

Father was New England born and bred, but it wasn't in him to be a typical anything. I often think of him when I go to the store on a bleak February day and see the villagers comfortably filling their carriages with vegetables and grapefruit.

We are so calm, I think with surprise as one farmer says, "Yup, pump froze last night."

And another says, "Milk almost froze before I got through milking."

Now that the lettuce is the pale store variety, we like to make Gretchen Maring's 2-4-6 salad. It is easy and good.

It calls for 2 onions, 4 dill pickles, 6 crisp eating apples. These are cut into

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167



TRY THIS TEST--PASTE IS BEST

FIRST . . . sprinkle stained copper with any ordinary copper cleaning powder. See how powder spills and spots—how hard you scour no matter how much you use.

THEN . . . spread on creamy TWINKLE! See how easily, how fast stains disappear—and how evenly TWINKLE shines copper bright as new.

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Bake it Better with Gold Medal

THE "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR

MOTHER TAKES OVER THE CLASS ... Plainedge, New York



SETH MIDDLETON

While teacher is away, Mrs. Peggy O'Sullivan, mother of five, steps in to help third-graders with arithmetic problems. The parent-substitute plan has enabled Long Island schools to work more efficiently.

Parents as Teachers

By MARGARET HICKEY

More than 11,000 housewives (plus a few husbands) on more than 100 college campuses have gone back to school to prepare for a career in teaching. Especially geared to train mature graduates in a minimum period of time, these college programs are helping provide a few of the 750,000 new teachers needed in the nation's classrooms during the next three years. That is the report from Mrs. Alice Leopold, assistant to the Secretary of Labor for women's affairs, and one of the chief supporters of the new, concentrated courses.

Many of the new parent-teachers are being recruited by citizen groups. In Kansas, for example, when in 1951 and 1952 the state Department of Instruction and other education groups organized a series of 28 recruitment meetings throughout the state, local P.T.A.'s rounded up scores of parents to attend. At each meeting, recruitment teams signed up applicants who could qualify for a standard certificate by September, 1952. About 400 new teachers were added to Kansas classrooms.

The American Association of University Women is another organization active in teacher recruitment. In Wilmington, Delaware, last year the unit's education chairman recruited herself, along with 24 other housewives, to take the University of Delaware's special refresher course. And in Pendleton, Oregon, A.A.U.W. education committee members conferred with the city school superintendent, the assistant state superintendent and the president of nearby Eastern Oregon College of Education about the teacher shortage. The outcome was that the state Department of Education organized a two-term course of study to prepare 20 men and women (with bachelor degrees) for emergency teaching certificates, good for five years. In Whittier, California, the A.A.U.W. education committee canvassed the entire membership by telephone, and reports that seven women are now working toward teaching credentials.

In Prince Georges County, Maryland, school principals scoured their neighborhoods for parents who had trained for teaching or who held college degrees. After careful screening, they invited the best qualified to take a short, concentrated refresher course to become substitute or emergency teachers. Over the past six years, this program has added more than 110 new teachers to the county rolls. END

The phone rang. It was only 7 A.M., but Peggy O'Sullivan moved fast. As soon as she hung up she dashed to turn off the washer, put the laundry back in the hamper, breakfasted the five small O'Sullivans, aged 9, 8, 6, 4 and 2, and deposited Margaret and Eileen, the youngest, with a neighbor.

A few minutes after 8 o'clock she was telling a roomful of Plainedge, Long Island, third-graders, "Your regular teacher, Miss Myers, is away, but I will take her place. We will do the work she planned for you, and if we finish in time perhaps we can play a game."

Six months ago the same class had been bedlam without a substitute teacher. Youngsters ran up and down aisles and balanced precariously on window sills. Erasers flew. A little girl, sash dragging, screamed as she was pushed off a bookcase. A boy who had retired shyly behind a book was on the point of tears from his classmates' teasing. A half hour after classwork was to have started the school nurse restored order and marched the children off to a room which they shared with fourth-graders for the rest of the day.

Today the basic situation was the same, but there was no rioting as Peggy O'Sullivan smoothly took over, thoroughly familiar with classroom routine, one of several dozen enthusiastic young parents who have become an accepted part of the Plainedge district school system.

Only Lonnie Gertz indicated anything was different from an ordinary day. He raised his hand. "Mrs. O'Sullivan, did you teach my brother's class in fifth grade last week?"

Peggy consulted the seating chart. "Why, yes, Lonnie, I did."

Lonnie grinned and whispered, "She's swell—throws just like my dad."

A year ago Plainedge had only 6 regularly qualified substitutes for 197 full-time teachers, and when more than 6 "regulars" were out classes had to be thrown together on an emergency basis. Rooms had to be rearranged, work plans disrupted, busy principals took over classwork—even school-office personnel were called in to keep order. Sometimes this happened several times a month, since each teacher is allowed 14 days' leave during the school year for illness, personal or business reasons. More time was lost when teachers returned and had to make up work missed.

Children brought home lively (and, to their parents, troubling) reports of upsets and disorder. Moreover, most classes were on split shifts, and overcrowded. School property taxes had quadrupled since 1950.

Most parents realized that there were enormous problems in a school district that had materialized from a desolate flatland of potato farms to a bustling commuters' community in five years—still, they wondered, "With the high taxes we pay, shouldn't our children be getting better-run schools?"

It was in a wary spirit of "What are they up to now?" as much as helpful interest that they reacted to a notice sent home with every school child in the district:

Are you interested in substitute teaching? If you are—and if you have a college degree or comparable training—please contact your school principal. A meeting will be called.

Almost 100 turned out, including Peggy O'Sullivan, who had received the notice in triplicate from Elizabeth, Robert and Maureen. The first thing they got was a picture of *why* the schools were in trouble.

Taxes are high, they were told, because four new elementary schools and a junior high had to be built in five years. School enrollment had increased more than 2500 per cent—with the peak not expected for several years. Before they were through, elementary-school facilities would have to be expanded still more, additional teachers hired and a new senior high built.

Plainedge could count itself lucky that it had no shortage of full-time teachers, who are easily attracted to a new, still-formative school system. But substitute teachers were another story in this community made up almost exclusively of young parents tied to home and jobs. And yet, if substitutes could not be found the whole school program



Not the old way: no more tissue-burning antiseptics that make children resist first aid.



But the new way: gentle Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream doesn't sting, speeds healing.

Mother...stop hurting your child with old-fashioned, harsh antiseptics!

Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream fights infection, relieves pain, speeds healing...yet does not sting!

This new cream antiseptic promotes faster healing of minor skin injuries because it does not burn or irritate tissue. Gentle Johnson & Johnson First Aid Cream combines effective ingredients to kill germs and fight infection while it relieves pain. Soothes the hurt ... never stings. As a cream, it penetrates deeper and gives longer protection. Stainless, greaseless.



For cuts, burns, abrasions— no other antiseptic is so effective, yet so safe!

Johnson & Johnson

would have to be revised drastically. What about it—could the parents help?

Peggy O'Sullivan considered. As a Hunter College graduate, she had taught in Croton, New York, schools for two years while husband Tom was overseas. After Tom came back and a year's time out to have Elizabeth she had taught for two more years in physical education at Hunter while Tom finished school. When Robert came along she had retired (if five babies is retirement!), but she had always thought she would like to go back to teaching sometime when the children were older. Perhaps if she could arrange for their care she could go back now on a part-time basis.

Many who came to the meeting had no teaching experience. Shirley Kass had been a chemistry major, Sylvia Gertz studied law at New York University. Frances Weinstein worked as a field representative for the Bureau of Labor Statistics after her graduation from Ohio State. But they had been den mothers, camp counselors, playground supervisors, Sunday-school teachers—working with children in groups not unlike school.

The only man there was blond, tanned George Jacobsen, a pilot for Pan American Airlines who had just got back from the New York-San Juan, Puerto Rico, run. He and pretty Alice Jacobsen had worried about teaching methods as they saw them through 10-year-old George, Jr. They wanted to know, should so much time be spent on drill books—is there enough homework? Are children being taught to *think?* The opening fact-sheet statement answered some of their questions. Now as George listened further he thought: a pilot's schedule often leaves him with several days' free time during the week. If he *could*, wouldn't it be a good idea to help out with this program?

There was still the problem—how to take care of the children while the parents were in school. A lucky few had sitters they could call on. Others paired off in a co-operative you-sit-for-me-and-I'll-return-the-favor arrangement. Some who could not qualify themselves offered to baby-sit for others. Margaret McMorrow's husband, Joe, a New York City policeman who works nights, said he could watch the children whenever Margaret was needed at school.

They were warned against any notion that substitute teaching is easy—in some ways it is more difficult than regular teaching, especially in discipline. A teacher who will be around only one day is regarded as fair game by lively youngsters.

But applications continued to come in—more than 200, which to supervising principal Charles Johnson meant that "people were not just out to criticize us but wanting to get in on our side."

Opposition came from teachers and regular substitutes incensed at the idea of letting in "outsiders" without academic degrees in education. They said it would dangerously lower teaching standards; one called it "dragging people in off the streets."

School-board president Tilford Gaines took a firm stand in favor of "the first fresh idea we've had"; but the board's vice-president, Edward Miller, Sr., was "dismayed" that they might be "just high-priced baby sitters."

Parents worried that "people in the community" would see reading charts and I.Q. records. "But shouldn't teachers *be* 'people in the community'?" asked Peggy O'Sullivan. "Shouldn't we be able to trust them the way we would a doctor or a lawyer?"

School officials explained that parents were sought not as an improvement over present teachers but as emergency help without which they could hardly carry on. They would not see confidential records or teach their own children. Regular substitutes would get first call on jobs. Candidates would be rigorously screened and take a year's school-methods course under principal Rita Duffy before any classroom work. After these explanations, hostility simmered down and classes began every Thursday night for adults, including several men who follow George Jacobsen's lead.

They learned how to present courses, ke order, carry out routine work and handle t occasionally difficult situation of meeti visiting parents to discuss problems. (M Duffy recalls startled faces: "They thoug it was a *parents'* problem!")

Six weeks later a cold rain sent muddy t rents down some of the district's still-unpav streets. More than a dozen teachers te phoned to say they were down with the f A number of others were attending a meeti in a neighboring district or were off on "vi tations" to observe other schools. Tho teachers who reported braced themselves f a day when classes would have to double and school offices be emptied while perso nel from superintendents on down took ov classroom duty—unless something were do Something, specifically, which was not sche uled to happen for months yet: the teach parent substitute program.

Mrs. Duffy watched classrooms filling and thought of her Thursday parents, eag bright, with a quick sensitivity for teachi problems and techniques. It was "the w you'd feel with a railroad ticket in yo pocket and having to stand in the stati while your train pulled out." She got on t phone with Doctor Johnson, who called d trict superintendent John Chisholm. Th decided to send in some parents on a t basis.

Margaret McMorrow was feeding 2-ye old Patrice and urging orange juice i Linda, 6, and Robert, when she heard the r and thought at first it v Joe, due home from job on the police for By the time she figur out it was the telepho Joe was walking in t door, but she hardly n ticed until she hung and told him, "They wa me at school!" Sudden she wondered, "What will I do if they p bubble gum on my chair? Or all decide to to the bathroom at once? Or throw things Then Joe took over with Patrice, who w bewailing her interrupted meal, and Marg ret raced upstairs to get ready. After that s was too busy to worry.

> **Happiness is worth more than all the brilliant things, true and false, that are said every evening in Paris.** BALZAC

Similar qualms unsteadied a half doz other housewives in the district—amo them Peggy O'Sullivan. But it didn't sh on their friendly faces at school.

A boy in one room filled a balloon wi water and pricked it. The substitute told hi to get a sponge and mop it up, and when finished classwork resumed. Another sang rock-and-roll number, beating on his de during the spelling lesson until convinc with quiet but unquestionable authority th he would have to write twenty-five times ea vocabulary word he missed.

A mother whose casserole recipes a neighborhood collector's items but wh sewing was limited to taking up hems figur out with a home-economics class how read pattern directions and cut out a simp circular skirt. ("I'm going to make so clothes myself!" she decided.)

Margaret McMorrow, who majored college chemistry because she thought teac ing was "the very last thing I wanted to do had "a wonderful class. They seemed know I wanted to help them, and help *me*." Peggy O'Sullivan was stopped brief when she was playing baseball with fourt graders at recess and the bell rang. "It's on the *first* bell," they told her—but when t minutes passed without another bell s herded them back in from the empty pla ground.

At the end of the day the work was co ered with no more incidents than occurred a normal school day.

George Jacobsen took over an afterno session, the object of special respect fro boys and girls who daily watched jet fight planes crackle overhead from nearby Repu lic and Grumman plants. He could tell the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

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Pans get twice the shine in half the time—because only New Brillo Soap Pads contain special soap with jeweler's polish! New, stronger, tighter-knit Brillo cleans faster. Whisks away scorch, grease and stains like lightning! Nothing shines aluminum like New Brillo Soap Pads. *Only Brillo guarantees results!* You get a new utensil free if New Brillo Soap Pads fail to clean!



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What to do during the
MOST IMPORTANT HOUR
of his cold



Give him this first day relief
proved by 41 million mothers

Mother, how satisfying it is to know you can give your child safe, sure relief from suffering in the most important hour of his cold! The hour you first discover the cold coming on.

Everything you do for him then—at that critical hour—is especially important. That's the hour to use dependable Vicks VapoRub®. Rub it on his chest, throat and back, and see that he rests.

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So, at the most important hour of a cold—do as 41 million mothers do—give your child fast relief with proved Vicks VapoRub.



World's Most Trusted Colds-Medication

What is the best time for toilet training?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DR. SPOCK.

"Even if your baby has seemed to be well trained for several months, don't be surprised if he suddenly seems to forget what it's all about. This kind of resistance is very common. I don't think babies forget that easily; they just get wiser and more independent."



ABBOT MILLS

"Generally speaking, babies themselves gradually gain control as they grow. The most that parents can do is guide them a little."

I want to discuss again the topic of bowel training, which I last tackled two years ago. In order to make clearer some of the attitudes that have been expressed in recent years, I think it's helpful to take a historical view.

In the first part of this century there was a lot of enthusiasm on the part of doctors and parents for early and vigorous training. The germ theory of disease had been developed in the last part of the nineteenth century and everybody was very conscious of bacteria.

It was known that the intestinal tract is "alive" with bacteria which play a part in the processes of fermentation, putrefaction and digestion. It was natural that doctors should consider the possibility of "autointoxication" from the absorption of materials from such an unpleasant part of the body. One scientist developed the theory that life could be greatly prolonged for all human beings if they would regularly consume acidophilus bacilli to supplant the putrefactive bacteria already living in their intestines. Many doctors believed that the first step in treating an infectious disease was to clean out the intestines. I, like most children then, was given castor oil routinely at such times. One of our professors in medical school taught us in the late 1920's that the main reason why a child would fall ill with a disease like tonsillitis or a cold was that he had been too hurried after breakfast that morning to have his bowel movement. The professor advised us to teach parents to say to their children, "No stool, no school."

As more experience was gained in testing these theories, it was gradually realized that the kind of bacteria living in the intestines and the regularity of the bowel movements don't have this much importance in health or disease. But I think you can see why in the early part of this century there was so much enthusiasm for early rigorous toilet training. It was naturally assumed that if regularity of the movement was the cornerstone of health, then the earlier a baby was trained to move his bowels on the potty right after breakfast, the better.

Meanwhile Freud and his followers, from their studies of certain patients, were realizing that if a parent had put severe pressure on a baby or small child in bowel training, confining him on the pot for long periods against his wishes, shaming him deeply for accidents, it might warp his outlook on life, making him either excessively balky or else worrisome, overly meticulous and much too preoccupied with his bowels.

Pediatricians like myself who saw all the overemphasis on training in the 1920's and 1930's and who had learned about the possible dangers, from psychoanalysts, were groping for the right kind of advice to give parents. In my first few years of practice I emphasized, of course, the importance of the baby's co-operation and the mother's agreeableness. Having little else to go by, I suggested one year as a reasonable age to start. But after a few years of experience, I became somewhat disillusioned about the perfection of this line of advice. To be sure, it worked well for a majority of parents. But there were some who ran smack into trouble in that fourteen-to-eighteen-month period when so many children suddenly become possessive about their movements, refusing any longer to have them when and where their mothers wish, but preferring to let them go anywhere else.

Meanwhile we pediatricians were hearing the following story occasionally, from a mother who was consulting us for the first time. She would say, "With my first two children I knocked myself out trying to train them. I started early, stuck with it, ran into strong rebellion and angry feelings on both sides. I ended up with children who weren't finally trained till three years or so. With my third I was too tired and discouraged to get started. Then to my amazement at about two years of age he suddenly decided he wanted to use the toilet like his older brothers. He proudly trained himself for bowels and urine within twenty-four hours and has been no trouble since." Then she might add, "Why don't you doctors tell us that it can be that easy?"

That sounded good, to us who were interested in this problem, and for several years I recommended that mothers wait for their children to practically train themselves through signals or imitation.

But again time proved that this was not a universal solution. It worked well for a majority of the mothers who were willing to wait until somewhere near two years of age. But there were still a few who ran into trouble: an occasional child would show no inclination to give signals or to imitate his older brother's trips to the toilet. Sometimes if the mother began putting him on the seat at two he might balk right away. If she became impatient, it would only make him more resistant.

I realized that there are some children who are unusually sensitive to training efforts, easily becoming balky or alarmed in the second year almost as if they thought the mother was trying to take away a part of their body. I also realized that in our kind of civilization, which for so long has expected children to be trained early, it's unfair to expect some mothers to be able to wait agreeably for two years. It seemed, in some of the cases which failed, that the kind of strict training that the mother herself had had as a small child was probably the thing that was making her impatient, despite her efforts to be casual, and that this crossness was getting through to her child and making him resistant or fearful.

When I wrote my book I tried to take into account the more casual parents and the more concerned ones. I said that many children will become grown up enough in the second year to signal or to imitate, with only a little encouragement from the parent. But I suggested that if the parents were not inclined to wait that long they might well start getting the baby accustomed to using the seat in the latter part of the first year—if his movements were regular—well in advance of the balky age.

The JOURNAL article two years ago was written in response to letters from a number of distressed or disgusted mothers who had started training efforts at various age periods and had got nowhere. I quoted from several letters to show how strongly many parents feel, and said that some who think ahead of time that they don't care find out that they care a lot.

In the two years since then I have talked with some more parents who have had no success either with training efforts or with waiting for self-training. I have talked with child psychiatrists who have dealt with many training problems. I have talked to and corresponded with pediatricians who are interested in this question. And I've come to the conclusion that my previous advice was somewhat

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47



HINTS COLLECTED
BY **Mrs. Dan Gerber**
MOTHER OF 5

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ONVERSATION PIECE

A day for justifiable pride — the day when baby's first real word tumbles from that rosebud mouth. The day your toddler turns talker is a good time for you to turn teacher. A few ways to guide your orator-in-the-making:

1. *At first baby will learn by imitation, with little idea of word meaning. It helps to talk directly to him and repeat often.*
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If your toddler likes to linger in the big tub, you might combine business with the pleasure of watching the splasher by using this time to rinse out a few hand-washables in the basin. Or what better time to indulge yourself in a facial—do a stint of hair-brushing—or give yourself a manicure.





RECIPE OF THE MONTH

FRUIT SAUCE

½ cup of any Gerber Junior Fruit
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon sugar

Combine and heat until sugar is dissolved. Use hot or cold as a sauce on custard, ice cream, gingerbread, etc. For free copy of "Recipes for Toddlers" write me, Mrs. Dan Gerber, at Dept. 82-7, Fremont, Michigan.

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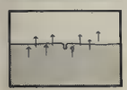
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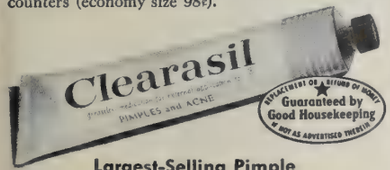


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'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS with penetrating medical action that softens and loosens them from underneath. Blackheads 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

one-sided and that it occasionally led parents astray.

In writing my book I was so concerned with the balkiness of the second year and with the ill effects of a training battle that I gave too much emphasis, I think, to the negative aspects. I started the chapter with warnings and I ended up with the overly definite sentence: "Practically all the children who regularly go on soiling after two are those whose mothers have made a big issue about it and those who have become frightened by painful movements." I was trying so hard to keep the scrappy parents from doing battle that I probably worried and inhibited two other kinds of parents: those who because of their upbringing would be somewhat tense about training anyway, and those who lack confidence in their own judgment and conscientiously follow the advice of a supposed expert to the letter. They may have been so impressed by the warnings that they leaned over backward to keep from ever showing the child in the first place what they would like him to do. Or if they had started training and run into resistance, they felt that they must make no further reference to it at all.

I have learned from child psychiatrists who have worked with many cases of resistance the importance of continued *positive* suggestions to the child. Each day when he soils, the mother can say, "Tomorrow you can tell me when you need to go and you can sit on the seat the way other big boys and girls do. Then you won't have to get dirty and uncomfortable and I won't have to clean you up," or words to that effect.

There is no doubt that women have more courage than men. It takes courage just to be a woman.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

This gives her the opportunity she needs to *do something* and it reminds the child that training is an achievement about which he and his mother will someday be proud.

You may be interested to hear of the experience of some other pediatricians especially interested in toilet training who have written to me. They find that a good number of parents start training—and make a success of it—at each of the three main age periods: 6–12 months ("catching"); 12–18 months (the child becoming more aware but the parent taking the responsibility); 18–24 months (when a majority of children give signals, but some have to be given the idea). Few parents wait for imitation toward the very end of the second year. These doctors say that in their experience quite a few mothers who start putting the child on the seat before twelve months soon give up because he is not regular enough to catch consistently.

The doctors agree that a proportion of the babies who have previously been accustomed to the seat go through a period of rebellion, but some doctors find that proportion is as small as 10 per cent and others put it as high as 50 per cent. They believe that a great majority of the rebels can be eased back into using the toilet, sooner or later, by a combination of patience and encouragement.

To sum it up, they agree that training can be accomplished successfully at various ages, but that temporary difficulties may arise in any period.

I think that there are two things which are most important for parents to keep in mind. The first is that a child does have feelings about his bowels, which change at successive ages. Before a year he takes little interest. His bowels move because they are full or because they have been "conditioned" to the feel of the toilet seat. He is not consciously co-operative.

In the first part of the second year he becomes gradually aware of himself, his bodily

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



Today he's . . .

Bold as Robin Hood!

He's the lord of Sherwood Forest—until tomorrow, when *another* hero captures his imagination! But his Carter's underwear inspires lasting loyalty. Freedom and comfort are his in Carter's—the cotton knit underwear that's flexible and fitting, no matter how active he may be! No-bind, no-sag mean trim wear always. (Mothers take note: no-iron, too.)



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MAKING
MARRIAGE
WORK

WHY REPEAT MISTAKES?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

In one of every five marriages taking place today, the bride or groom or both have been married before. The same factors that determine the success or failure of first marriage—the emotional maturity of the couple, their suitability as mates for each other, and their preparation for the responsibilities of marriage—will largely determine the degree of happiness that previously married individuals find in remarriage.

But if the first marriage was unhappy, remarriage poses special problems. Unfortunately, people don't always learn from experience. The faulty attitudes and character traits, whatever they were, that contributed to the first failure may not have been corrected; indeed, they are very often aggravated and intensified. The individual's whole personality may be weakened by the bitterness and hostility arising from the divorce and settlement. That is the principal reason why the breakup rate of second marriages is at least 50 per cent greater than that of first marriages.

It is unsound for the once unhappily married individual to assume, as many do, that his second marriage stands a better chance of success than his first, simply because of his experience. Unless he (or she) has genuinely learned from previous mistakes, the reverse is true. If he has learned, he will take time to be sure—sure that he is now truly ready for marriage, and that he has found a suitable mate. These remarks were brought to mind by the story of a young man who recently appealed to me for help.

Tony introduced himself by a telephone call from Chicago. He was driving from the Coast to visit his parents in the East, and wanted to stop to consult me about a decision confronting him. He felt an outsider's viewpoint would be more helpful than that of family or friends.

Tony proved to be a personable fellow of thirty-four, a sales executive for a West Coast firm. He'd interrupted college to serve in the Army, then returned to finish. Right after graduation he married a girl he'd met in classes, "very attractive, and popular with the boys." His wife went to work in an advertising firm while he got on his feet. Her work was interesting, well paid, and she didn't mind the long hours. Often she stayed downtown for dinner, and gradually started drinking and going out with the men she met in business.

Finally she drifted into at least one affair, to Tony's certain knowledge, and he suspects there were others. Finally, three years ago, they agreed to call it quits and were divorced. She remarried, and has been divorced again. Tony has now lost track of her.

"After that I wasn't interested in women, or marriage, and I settled down to work and save my money. Then, about a year ago, at a party with some business friends, I met a woman I liked. She was four years older than I, but lively, good company and easygoing. I enjoyed myself more than I had for a long time. The next few months I took her out casually maybe once or twice a week, usually winding up at a bar or cocktail party. She's good fun in a crowd, and I liked having her along when I entertained customers. Our friends started asking us places together, and the next thing I knew she seemed to think we were engaged.

"I still like to be with her, and I'm fond of her. Maybe I love her. She's been married before, too, and has a daughter fourteen and a son sixteen, but their father supports them and they take care of themselves when they're not in school.

"I don't suppose I want to live alone the rest of my life, and maybe this is the time to get married. But I'm pretty confused and I thought I ought to get an outsider's opinion before going ahead."

As we talked, other facts emerged. This woman leads a life of complete idleness or pleasure seeking, since her alimony (which will be reduced if she remarries) provides for a servant. She drinks regularly, seldom to intoxication, but often to indiscretion, and her behavior in public when she is "high" has several times embarrassed Tony. At parties, she is inclined to flirt with other men, which also humiliates him. However, he thinks she will stop flirting, and control her drinking, when and if they marry.

With the aid of our marriage tests, we helped Tony to recognize his needs and wants in marriage, and to assess his own assets and liabilities. He needs a wife who is stable, affectionate, more interested in him and their home than in party-going, who is accustomed to and will provide for him a tranquil, well-regulated life. As he visualized in positive terms the kind of woman he does need, he soon saw without suggestion on my part that he had not yet found her, and that he needed a greater measure of stability himself before undertaking another marriage. Too, he realized that the woman he was considering as his second wife displayed many of the traits which had distressed him in his first. (Unfortunately, this tendency to repeat is a common phenomenon.)

Tony decided then and there not to go ahead with the marriage, or to risk drifting along in the present nebulous relationship. Instead, he will remain in the East and find another job. As this is written, he has telephoned his fiancée of his decision, explaining that he felt they both had personal problems which should be solved before they considered marriage.

Naturally, she was aggrieved and resentful, and her reproaches were not easy for Tony to accept. But he stood firm, and I believe that she as well as he will be better off for his action in the long run. Perhaps this disappointment will provide the incentive she needs to try to make herself a better prospect as a wife for some other man, if not for Tony.

For—though I have never talked to her—it is almost certain that Tony is little better qualified to be her husband than she is to be his wife. The simple truth is that neither is ready for remarriage, and neither has found the right mate.

Here are some questions that may help the man or woman who has endured an unhappy marriage to evaluate the prospects of happiness in a second marriage. You will observe that they concern the individual's own qualifications, as well as those of the possible mate.

Do you question its wisdom? Whatever the reason (and it may be based as much upon hunch or feeling as upon tangible facts), if you aren't sure that the marriage is a wise venture, resolve your doubts before going ahead.

Is your previous marriage "finished"? It is just as important that you no longer be bitter toward your former mate as it is that the love you once felt be completely gone. Until the scars of the past have healed and been adjusted to, you are not ready to marry again.

Are you a better marriage risk now? Undoubtedly you made mistakes in your first marriage, and were partly responsible for its failure. Unless you accept this fact, recognize *how* and *where* you fell down, and now know ways to prevent reoccurrence, your remarriage is not going to succeed.

Is the mate a good risk? If he or she has been divorced, then his or her limitations must be examined in respect to the two previous questions. Again, unless the answers are favorable, it simply means that the mistakes of the past will be repeated.

Are there related problems? Included in such problems are any financial obligations to a previous marriage, future relationships to any children involved, social adjustment if you two live in the same community where a previous spouse resides, in-law resistance, friends' attitudes, and so on. The time to resolve issues of this kind is *before*, not after remarriage.

Are you two well matched? Do you share many interests in common, similar standards, values and goals in life? Do you come from similar backgrounds in respect to religion, education and social position? Are you attracted to the same people? Differences in matters like these, important as they are in the first marriage, are likely to be even more critical in a second marriage.

There is no valid reason for marriage unless you believe in it as the happiest, most productive and most rewarding way of life. If you believe in marriage, you want yours to succeed. Think of the marriage you are contemplating as your *only* future marriage, whether it be your first or second. And take time to be sure that you two can make this marriage work.

ASK YOURSELF:

What Faults Has My Husband?

No husband is perfect, neither is any wife. In the list below, check only those faults that you feel have adversely affected your love for your husband or the satisfaction of your marriage.

Does Your Husband:

1. **Smoke excessively?**
2. **Use extreme, unforgivable profanity?**
3. **Gamble, or take serious financial risks?**
4. **Blame you for everything that goes wrong?**
5. **Try to prevent you from having friends?**
6. **Keep you upset and uneasy much of the time?**
7. **Have an ungovernable temper?**
8. **Ridicule your standards and ideals?**
9. **Lack acceptable table manners?**
10. **Belittle you in public?**
11. **Compare you unfavorably with other wives?**
12. **Spend too much money on himself?**
13. **Have crude or vulgar habits?**
14. **Treat you rudely and disrespectfully?**

About a fourth of wives complain of three or more of these faults, half report one or two, and the remaining fourth none. Needless to say, those who mention none or at most one are happiest in marriage. Items one through seven usually reflect traits present *before* marriage, but the others may express his rebellion against some aspect of his relationship with his wife. If he appears jealous or lacking in self-confidence, more affection and attention to his needs may bring positive results. With three or more checks, professional counsel is probably needed.

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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"It would help me so much, Harry, if you just wouldn't help me so much."

Why do the women seem to mature more gracefully than the men? Every time we go back to the state university our feminine classmates are more modish, the men a little seedier. (Maybe the girls care more?)

We're expecting Junior home on overseas furlough before he flies to Japan, a navigator-bombardier with new wings. I won't even ask him to shovel snow or rake leaves. (But I'll bet he helps his mother wash the dishes!)

Maybe it's the 1957 strain, but a 1957 cook gets as fatigued ovening frozen chicken breasts for dinner as her grandma did catching the hen, axing it, cleaning the insides and picking the feathers. (I, too, get tired, changing an electric bulb.)

"How can we remind our children," muses Betty Comfort, making a cooky valentine for an old beau, "that we're only twenty-five years older than *they* are, and never lived in medieval times?"

I never expected to see the day when middle-aged people delayed their annual trip to Florida to see a local high-school basketball game, or hurried home not to miss the state basketball tournament.

I sympathize with the middle child of a neighbor, a boy who had an adorable older sister to cope with, then collided with a wee enchanting baby sister who monopolized most of pa's and mom's affection. No wonder he became a stubborn individualist at fifteen.

My intuitive wife urges me to send a nice valentine to any of my old flames who might still remember me, but nothing more sentimental than a two-pound box of candy.

At the bridge table our wives agree that a man can have ten to twenty serious faults and still be a wonderful husband if he's considerate.

I'm peddling among our friends the new French idea that if you're neurotic your handwriting gets worse, and if you improve your handwriting you begin to cure your neuroses. This theory I urge ardently on people who write letters in longhand.

At our cafeteria round table downtown we argued at lunch whether Lincoln or Washington would have dominated a dinner for eight. Most of us chose Lincoln; G. W. seems to have been the type who couldn't remember a funny story.

My neighbor the learned lawyer is reluctantly discarding his illusion that by lecturing his son he can save him from pitfalls. "I'm shocked to discover," he says, "how much my boy loves his pitfalls."

One of the more docile husbands in our block thinks the American Legion or VFW could quadruple their membership and maybe double their weekly attendance if they'd emphasize an ex-warrior's right to one night out a week.

A lady expert from Boston told our town's teachers they ought to bear down harder on their pupils and instill some discipline. As nearly as I can discern, the teachers did a double take as if to say "Who, me?" Referred to the next P.T.A. meeting.

A few of our town's barbers shave you with a safety razor or an electric, if you're bold enough to ask for a shave. Some of 'em decline to shave anybody, except maybe some celebrity whose blemishes they'd like to study.

Our beloved young ones study English with pain, as if it were a foreign language. But they bring a natural and eager talent to their corridor courses in Beginning Scorn and Advanced Sarcasm.

Our town's deeper thinkers wonder if we shouldn't show one another more candidly our affection. Our young matrons hug a book called Love or Perish; so the cousinly kiss of hello, the pat on the cheek, the caress of the lapel grow fashionable again.

Maybe our well-to-do are a little more brazen than they were. Our neighbors who used to apologize for going south in the wintertime now apologize if they don't go.

Among us parents in our town it's an open secret that we all love teenagers, even envy 'em. Our problem: How can we reveal this without letting 'em put a ring through our noses?

Don't tell us the reason for Elvis Presley, let us guess: Youth is in revolt, and Elvis is its symbol. But may we whisper that you can't wear Lincolns and Cadillacs like roller skates merely by wriggling and pouting and wearing long sideburns unless you play a guitar?

A few determined men in our town have vowed to look admiringly each day at two or three homely girls on the main street, to improve local morale. (At pretty girls, just deadpan?) Wives can't frown on this!

A girl in our town, a slim lovely blonde who bakes the best homemade bread in the state, plunged into politics up to her lovely neck last fall. I hope she's begun to bake homemade bread again.

I have grave doubts that any woman will ever be elected President of these United States so long as any woman is ever seen wearing toeless or heelless shoes in slushy weather.

Alas, the soda fountain vanishes from more of our drugstores, driven out by the two-hour Coke and the druggist's ambition to own a bazaar. Now you see the aging cherry-phosphate drinkers of yore wangling a penicillin pill or a swig of cough sirup.

I'd just told the girl on my right at a dinner that a room without a book is a cave, when the girl on my left said their neighbor in Moonlit Acres was strange, he keeps reading books. "Antisocial!" she describes him.

I'm inspired to congratulate my Dream Girl on the improved quality of the leftovers I find in the refrigerator at midnight. But I don't kid myself; it's due to pressure from our young, not mine; and I dasn't look at the grocery bill.

I'm a low fellow: after the last "fun night" at my son's school I concluded our town's P.T.A. spark plugs yearn to feed people good cookies and meat loaf, above their passion for pupils who'll read good books.

. . . When I find myself bragging about my son-in-law's brains,

. . . Or our youngest, enchanted by a guest who's a Pulitzer-prize winner, writes his semester literature essay about him,

. . . And Junior seems destined to be flying over the China Sea when his bride brings their six-week-old cherub across the Pacific,

. . . Or my Lady Love, after two lessons in handwriting analysis, discovers a certain secretiveness in my script,

Then I wonder why timid souls ever fear marriage may be dull.



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Journal

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

Pinafores, jumpers, saucy bolero jackets and pancake sailors heaped with plumage, roses and ribbons were the rage in February, 1907. The first tenor lifted his voice to The Road to Mandalay; School Days was written; and the first quick-lunch counters appeared in America.

"Electric bulbs cost seven times as much to use as incandescent gas," relates the February, 1907, JOURNAL in an article on lighting the home.

"In answer to mothers who ask what to do for their daughters, I say let them alone," maintains A Plain Country Woman. "Some of the most miserable women I have known were those who as girls were held superior to their environments."

"How a Mother of Five Regulates Her Day: Baby brother is nursed at 6 a.m., 8 a.m., 10 a.m., bottle feeding at noon. Nursed at 2 p.m., 4 p.m., 6 p.m., 8 p.m., 10 p.m., and 2 a.m."

Dating after business hours: "On Tuesday nights I read a good novel with one of my men friends," writes a business girl. "I generally do my week's mending while he reads. Sometimes we sing duets."

"Make your wash dresses early in the season except for the sleeves, which can be added later when the new style books appear," advises Mrs. Rorer.

Beauty: "A bran bag is put into the bath and thoroughly soaked and squeezed until the water is brown and full of bubbles. This has a very softening effect upon the skin and is known in Sweden as the Bride Bath."

"What gift can a young woman give a man?" a reader wants to know. "Something of her own handiwork, provided it is worth having, which I might add, in the young man's interest, is rarely the case," answers Mrs. Kingsland.

"Heat your clothespins in the oven to keep your fingers comfortable on a cold winter's day."

"Girl Student Life in Paris: Evil is less disguised in Paris. The student must guard herself with care. She must be the same honest, pure-minded, faithful, reverent girl in Paris that she is in her American home."

"Veils are a great nuisance to a young baby—they get wet and cold and often chafe the little chin. On windy days (when most mothers put veils on their children) keep baby indoors."

ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York



Looking like the gingerbread house in Hansel and Gretel, homes like this are common along the streets in Moscow. Here Mrs. Gould tries one for size.

On her trip behind the Iron Curtain (see page 58) *Mrs. Gould* was enchanted with the little log houses frequently seen in Moscow, traditional in the villages nearby. Small and low (Mrs. Gould was photographed beside one to give the scale), they are often chocolate brown with a sort of wooden lace (sometimes tin) edging windows and roof lines, the lace in chalk blue or pastel pink—looking for all the world like a fairy-tale house from which three bears or even an ogre might emerge.

As soon as the curtain rang down on The Loud Red Patrick, with ***David Wayne*** as a whimsical Irishman, ***Ruth Imler*** rushed backstage to see if he was as



Ruth Imler and the serious leprechaun, David Wayne.

leprechaunlike in real life as he was in the play, as he was in Finian's Rainbow, or even as he was as Ensign Pulver in Mister Roberts. "Why, I consider myself a fairly serious-minded human being," David declared, to Ruth's disappointment—until he added, "Though I'm always happier in a light gay part. I feel a great exchange of joy with the audience. In fact," he told Ruth, "now you mention it, it works that way offstage too."

***Richard Pratt* was telling *Margaret Hickey* about the evening at dinner on the Twentieth Century Limited out of Chicago some years ago when he introduced *Henry Kaiser* to *Mortimer Adler*, who was then professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago, and how Mr. K. had immediately popped a real Kaiser question. "Tell me, professor," he asked, "just what is philosophy?" Seems that before the fascinating answer came to an end the three men were back in the great industrialist's bedroom and the train was pulling into Cleveland. Which reminded Miss Hickey that someone had once asked an even more cosmic question of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "What is civilization?" But in this case the answer was only four words long, and right down our alley. "The power of women," was the great philosopher's reply.**

*At the Otis Air Force Base on Cape Cod while **Joe Di Pietro** was photographing this month's How America Lives story, **Lt. Col. Daniel (Chappie) James**, commanding the 60th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron, and the hero of our story, invited Joe for a ride in his Starfire jet plane—"even though," as Joe remarked, "I've never enjoyed flying." Joe said the only noise inside the plane was the crackle of the radio. They were so high, it was like standing still. "I'll show you how fast we're going," said Chappie, and dived to within fifty feet of the Cape Cod coast line, where he flopped the plane on its side so Joe could see the ground slide underneath them at 600 miles an hour. "Never tell a jet pilot it's like standing still up there," said Joe, still jittery. . . . Chappie is just about the biggest jet pilot in the world—6' 4", 230 pounds. Can't buy a ready-made uniform—has to have them tailored.*

Jittery Joe Di Pietro and the huge Chappie James.



When ***Audrey***, our assistant, came in the other morning and said that right outside her apartment she'd found herself suddenly face to face with a kangaroo in a jeep at the curb, rabbit-eared and limpid-eyed, and asked if she



ABBOT MILLS

Bobo gets interviewed along with Ruth and Doug.

and ***Abbot*** could return for a story, we said, why, of course. Eventually the two showed up here again at the Workshop. The kangaroo, whose name is Scooter, belongs to ***Ruth Manecke*** and ***Douglas Gruber***, Audrey reported, and appears on the Captain Kangaroo television show. "He's molting, so we didn't take his picture. Besides, we liked Bobo better." Bobo is the orangutan who also belongs to Ruth and Doug, who at their place in the country keep all kinds of animals which they rent out to entertainment and advertising people—monkeys, foxes, a horned owl, a crow, a coati, a honey bear, and all sorts of poultry and ordinary pets. "Bobo immediately devoured my eraser," said Audrey, who had obviously found the ape enchanting. "If you scold him he cries, screams and pounds the floor. He sucks his fingers, and if he hasn't got his own little blanket, he won't go to sleep." But what about the kangaroo? we asked. "Oh, he can only jump. I guess he'd leap right across Fifty-second Street if they'd let him."



ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DE MERS

CONSIDER THE LILIES

There was a message
ewhere in those waxen blooms—
a message
and a danger signal.

By ELIZABETH CADELL

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1957 by Elizabeth Cadell
CONSIDER THE LILIES will soon be published in book form by William Morrow & Co., Inc.

Only one passenger—a girl, tall, pretty and about twenty-five—got off the bus at the halt named Downsview. She stood waiting, looking at the wide, pleasant view and sensing the peace that filled her each time she came from London on a visit.

There was a prolonged hoot heralding the arrival of the station wagon—a long wail of contrition which Kathryn's voice took up as she drew the car to a stop beside her sister. "Carol!" she exclaimed. "I'm terribly sorry! I didn't ——"

"I know, I know," said Caroline. "You said it all to me at Christmas, when you arrived hours late and had to dig me out of the snow." She bent and kissed her. "Hello, Katie."

Kathryn's upturned face showed all her pleasure at the meeting. As pretty a blonde as Caroline was a brunette, her short, fair curls, wide blue eyes and childish figure gave strangers an enchanting impression of youth and innocence, so that her eight years of marriage, stalwart husband and two children came upon them as a succession of severe shocks.

"Look, Carol," she said, "you must be dying for your tea, but I've just got to ——"

"—— tour the village doing this and that. Tell me, and see if I'm surprised," invited Caroline, and put her head in the car window to greet her niece and nephew. "Hello, you two."

"Nice Aunt Carol," said Delfine, who at three years of age had a small but telling vocabulary. "Easter eggs."

"Not so fast," said Caroline. "Easter isn't yet—this is only Tuesday. Hot cross buns on Friday, Easter eggs on Sunday—so patience! Dandy," she went on, addressing her nephew, "what's the fancy dress?"

"I'm a postman," said six-year-old Daniel, with pride.

His aunt withdrew her head and faced her sister accusingly. "What became of the space suit that I gave him for Christmas?" she asked.

Kathryn looked slightly ashamed. "He didn't seem to enjoy space rides. All he wants to be is a postman."

"Then I'll take the space suit back and ask for a refund. Well ——" She lifted her suitcases and, after some rearrangement, found room for them in the car. She climbed in beside her sister. "How's Guy?" she asked.

"He's fine; he sent his love."

"Plenty of sick cows, I trust?"

"Heaps," said Kathryn, with the satisfaction of one whose husband was the only veterinary surgeon in a wide dairy-farming district. "But he's terribly overworked."

"As long as he stops long enough to send out the bills," said Caroline philosophically. "They —— Well, what, Dandy?" she inquired, in response to prods.

"You got any letters for me to d'liver?"

"Not at the moment. I'll write some the minute we get home."

Kathryn stopped at the largest of the three shops. "Here we are. Pass me that list, Carol, will you?"

Caroline passed it. "A whole page long," she remarked. "I only had a scrap breakfast, and I couldn't afford lunch, but don't you hurry on my account; you just take all the time you need."

Kathryn, with a grin that made her small face look like an impertinent schoolboy's, got out of the car; Dandy followed her, and Delfine, an opportunist, directed her aunt's attention to the Easter eggs in the shopwindow.

Kathryn climbed into the car. "Some biscuits for you," she said, handing the packet to Caroline. "Just to take the edge off—but don't spoil your tea. We'll be home in about ten minutes and then ——" She paused. A short, stout, gray-haired woman had hurried out of the shop and was coming toward the car, waving a delaying arm.

"Mrs. Heywood! Mrs. Heywood!"

Kathryn, with a sigh, prepared to listen; the vicar's sister always had a great deal to say, and took a long time to say it. "Hello, Miss Burnley."

Miss Burnley's fat, round face was flushed with exertion. She tried to bring her head close to Kathryn's, but was prevented by the tall feather in her hat; undaunted, she put up a hand and lowered the obstacle, and it came down like the funnel of a steamer about to pass under a bridge. "Oh, Caroline, my dear! I was so full of my own concerns that I didn't notice you were there. Are you down for Easter?"

"She's here for as long as we can make her stay," said Kathryn.

"That's splendid. I like to have you here. Do you know that you and your sister are the only two people in Downsview that I can talk to *naturally?* It's such a blessed, blessed relief not to have to choose my words! I can't think why God made me a vicar's sister; if He couldn't help it, why couldn't He have created a nice, suitable wife for the vicar? But wait now; Mrs. Heywood, didn't you say in the shop that Dandy was leaving a letter at Crossways House?"

"Yes," said Kathryn. With a glance toward the children, she lowered her voice and spoke appealingly. "But goodness, Miss Burnley, please don't ask me to go in and see Mrs. Lauder. She ——"

"Do you think for a moment that I would if it weren't really important? My dear, I know what a dreadful old woman she is—and *you* don't know what a relief it is to be able to say so out loud, without any Christian charity! But if you could just go and see her and make an appeal for us. . . . You know what I'm after, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. Lilies." Kathryn's tone was resigned. "Year after year, we ask her; year after year, she refuses. Why should you expect her to have a change of heart after all these years?"

"*I* don't expect it, but the vicar says that you have to ask her, to give her the chance of doing good. But you know, we do really need the lilies desperately this year; you see, Stokes has always gone round collecting the flowers in previous years, but he's been laid up, as you know. He'll be up tomorrow, but he won't feel like making as wide a circuit as usual. I would have gone round collecting myself, but having him ill meant that we didn't only

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

You're mad," he informed her.
t're certifiable; insane.
Even a half-wit would have known
t whoever was hiding
in that stable was homicidal.
It scream saved your life."

Bill's great-aunt was old and fragile and helpless. Candy soon realized, however, that she was about as helpless as the Royal Canadian Navy.

By ELIZABETH DUNN

"I simply do not understand her," she thought. "Why is she undermining Miss Gabbett? What is she up to, anyway?"

A shattering crash from the kitchen caused Candy's coffee to leap out of its cup. At the other end of the breakfast table, Bill shuddered. From above, Sarah's voice rose in a jungle roar:

"Mummy—*mummy!* David's got my pinjamas! Make him give me back my pinjamas!"

David's bellowed. "I just want to count her measle spots!"

"They're *my* measle spots! *Stop* it, David!"

The telephone screamed.

"Peace, it's wonderful," said Bill feebly.

Candy said through her teeth. "I'm going to tear that thing out by the roots!"

He grinned at her. "You know you love a telephone as much as Alexander Graham Bell."

Candy stuck out her tongue at him as she passed. When she came back, quiet had been restored and Bill was reading a letter.

"Thank goodness the children are out of quarantine today." Candy sighed. "That was Clover Tuckwell. She doesn't sound right at all."

Bill looked up. "Clover? What's the matter with her?"

"Well, *really*, darling!" Candy expostulated. "A premature baby—a month in the hospital ——"

"If I had a month in the hospital, I'd be a giant refreshed." Bill remarked. "Clover ought to be well by now, oughtn't she?"

Candy shook her head broodingly. "I must get over there as soon as I can."

Bill put down his letter. "Now, look, sweet, just don't take the cares of the world on your shoulders, will you? You've had two cases of measles to look after ——" As Candy pushed back her chair he added quickly, "Have you got a minute?"

"*Now*, darling?" Candy gazed at him pleadingly.

"Well—I just want to talk to you about this convention in Baltimore next week."

Candy said briskly, "You go right along to Baltimore. I can manage perfectly well without you."

"I don't doubt it—but can I manage without you? You see—well, wives are specially invited and ——"

"Bill, darling, you aren't seriously asking me to go to Baltimore—to a convention—*now?* With the children—and now Clover ——"

"As for the children," Bill cut in, "this letter is from Great-aunt Harriet Howe. She's—er—she's coming here on Friday."

"*Here!* On Friday! Great-aunt ——" Candy stopped herself.

Great-aunt Harriet Howe was almost a legendary figure in Bill's family: *Bill's* family. That was the point. For Bill had always welcomed as a visitor every member of *her* family, from her mother, whom he adored, all the way down to Cousin Rita, whom nobody adored.

"I'm sorry, sweet," he said unhappily. "This was posted, airmail, from Guatemala City. She's on her way home. But I thought, maybe, since she'd be here to look after things ——"

"Leave a guest as a baby sitter?"

Bill smiled at her. "Aunt Harriet would love it. I used to visit her and Uncle Henry when I was little. She was remarkable. She learned to fence and taught Jake, their cowman, so she could practice every morning before breakfast, in the barn."

"She sounds delightful," Candy said politely. *I can just see her*, she thought, *striding around in a mashed felt hat, roaring about the decadent South and why do you have all this smelly Spanish moss on the trees? Oh dear, oh dear. Families never come singly.*

"—— so you see," Bill was saying, "we could leave with perfect safety."

Candy shook her head. "Darling, it's absolutely out of the ——" A renewed uproar from above drowned her words. She raised her eyebrows at him ("You *see*?") and fled.

The day was a difficult one. The children were in that postconvalescent mood which is guaranteed to turn mothers into chronic invalids; and Luella, the indispensable, had developed an ominously martyred air. Late in the afternoon Candy, powdering her nose hastily at the bathroom mirror, reflected that men were unimaginative, unrealistic ——

Then she eyed her reflection sternly. *You're being unfair. You ought to be glad he wants you to go with him. . . . This powder is too dark. . . .*

As she ran across Indigo Gate, she clung with determination to her mild gratitude at being wanted, ignoring with equal determination her rather stronger sense of relief at the sheer impossibility of leaving her household in charge of an elderly stranger.

She opened the Tuckwells' front door and announced her presence with the fluting whistle which had become a signal between the two families. Almost at once a pallid, oblong face, crowned with a nurse's cap, peered distrustfully over the banisters. Candy, halfway up the stairs, found herself looking into a pair of small pale eyes like affronted grapes.

"Miss Gabbett?" she asked sunnily. "How do you do? I'm Candace Stewart. Mrs. Tuckwell asked me to drop in this afternoon."

Miss Gabbett drew back, blinking. "Oh. How do you do, I'm sure." She turned and crackled down the hall. Candy followed her. Outside Clover's door, Miss Gabbett turned and eyed Candy. Her upper lip wore six vertical lines, like fine shirring. "We mustn't forget," she murmured, "that we have been through an Ordeal." Then she opened the door.

Clover, tucked up on her chaise longue, looked rather pale, but her gray eyes were shining. She gave a little scream of delight and Candy flew to her. After the first few moments of chatter, Candy asked eagerly, "When am I going to see Thomas?"

Clover said, "Oh, yes, bring Tommy in, Miss Gabbett, will you please?"

Miss Gabbett shirred her lips. Then, majestically, she left the room.

Clover met Candy's eyes. Her fingers pleated the blanket over her knees. She said apologetically, "She just *looks* sort of—sort of man-eating."

"She looks to me," said Candy thoughtfully, "like a sheep in a paper hat." Then she added hastily, "But I'm sure she's a splendid nurse."

"Oh, she is!" Clover leaned back. The sparkle in her eyes had died. "She doesn't believe in having flowers in your room, or kissing babies much, or more

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ILLUSTRATED BY CORT MAITWOOD


oked so old
She was,
Here comes Aunt Harriet



The Goulds before Cathedral of St. Basil, adjoining the Kremlin. In exact center of Moscow, the fortresslike Kremlin, architecturally magnificent, groups churches, former palaces, now offices of U.S.S.R.

We saw how Russians Live



"Uniforms are everywhere." Brightly painted domes of St. Basil's illustrate Byzantine past. Cathedral-museum was painted and restored recently.

Just after their return from four weeks in Russia, Bruce and Beatrice Gould shared their experiences with the JOURNAL *editorial staff. They were not primarily interested in Kremlin officials, because they felt those officials would express only the current party line. They were interested in people, especially in observing how the people were reacting to the current party line, how the whole regime affects the thoughts and the lives of ordinary citizens. The Goulds were fortunate to have traveling with them a young American graduate student specializing in Russian history, politics and language, who was a free, fluent and colloquial interpreter. With his help they were able to talk with housewives, students, children, taxi drivers, teachers, minor bureaucrats and workers in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, Simferopol, and the health resort, Sochi, on the Black Sea. Readers are invited to listen in on this informal editorial conference, which was caught by tape recorder and here set down.*

MR. GOULD: I'd like to begin by saying how much we owe to our young interpreter. Unless one speaks Russian, or is fortunate enough to find a few students who speak English, the average tourist has no ready access to the thoughts of the ordinary Russian. Cutting him off from all true contact is the party-trained, official Intourist interpreter assigned to show him around.

MRS. GOULD: Often such a guide is the child of long-standing party members, often a Young Communist himself.

MR. GOULD: Your guide not only motors you along the best streets, but he won't let the driver (usually a safe Party man also) take you into the back alleys.

MRS. GOULD: They show you the façade and flatly deny that the other side exists, even though you can see it.

MR. GOULD: Theoretically, things have opened up to the tourist. You hear the phrase constantly (of course only from party members), "This is a free country. You can go anywhere you like." If the people say it, they say it ironically. However—and it's a big however—your Intourist guides are skilled in presenting to you just what they want you to see. If you request a view of anything else, you have to get "special permission." It has to be "arranged." Days of delay follow. The visitor becomes discouraged. So he gets the usual tour: first stop, university; second stop, subway (it's clean, well aired and efficient); third, or sometimes first, mausoleum of Lenin and Stalin in front of the Kremlin, facing Red Square.

MRS. GOULD: People still line up hours and hours in long queues, in bitter cold and wind, to see these two communist leaders.

MR. GOULD: But Intourist cars whisk foreign visitors to the head of the queue at the entrance to the catafalque. It's a very class-conscious society, Russia—more so, I think, than any other European country today except perhaps Spain. If you're a big shot you really rate, with people getting out of your way in a hurry. There are five classes of tourists, from third class up to de luxe. Or as we heard a waiter say, once, trying to hurry our lunch from the kitchen, "You are keeping them waiting and they are tourists of the first category!"

MRS. GOULD: Let me give an example of the way Intourist guides block you from seeing. I was determined to get inside some of the new five-story workers' apartment houses in Moscow and find out how the people actually live. I spent my first four or five days in Moscow tirelessly asking our guides and the officials how to do this. They said, "Oh, we couldn't just go up to somebody's door and knock on it. That would be an intrusion." In Russia it probably would be. If an official Intourist guide knocked on the door, no one would *dare* refuse.

So I said, "Well, couldn't we go to the door and just explain that I am a foreign visitor who would like to look in because I am interested in how ordinary Russians live? If it is inconvenient now, we will come back another time."

"No," they said, "we couldn't."

"Let's just stop the car and try it once here at this little log house."

"Oh, no. Go on, driver!"

So I asked, "Can I go to a factory where there are women workers and talk to a group? Can I say that I have seen their work and am interested in the women who are doing these difficult things?" (Women do much of the hardest, heaviest work in Russia.) "I want to know how they fit such work in with their homemaking tasks."

"No, no," I was told. It would be impossible to arrange such a thing. I hoped our Intourist guide might take the hint and ask me to her house. She never did.

We finally gave up the official approach and, in Leningrad, tried it our own way. I'll tell you about this later. But our official guides everywhere did their best to prevent us from this simple knowledge—they didn't want us to find out how the ordinary Russian family lives.

SIDE LIGHTS

Some of the most beautiful, old, golden-domed churches in the world are in Russia. Interiors are richly frescoed in jewel tones and gold. A dozen Greek Orthodox churches are kept open in Moscow for the faithful. They are packed every Sunday, mostly by middle-aged or elderly people (who no longer hope for advancement from the regime), or by families baptizing young babies. Anti-religious museums devised to show the faults of organized religion attract few visitors, despite their central location.

★

Bookstores are plentiful and as crowded as subways. People are buying, not just looking. Technical and other informational books are the big sellers.

★

The best food in Russia is caviar. The American tourist usually eats so much of it he never wants to see any again—just as well, since one pays $5.00 here for a portion costing a few rubles in Moscow.

★

Visitors to Russia are not allowed to bring in rubles, which can be bought in New York 8 or 9 for $1.00, in Berlin 12 for $1.00, because the official rate in Russia for the ruble is 4 for $1.00. In the shadow of the Kremlin rubles can be bought on the street for 11 or 12 to the dollar, even cheaper, from young black marketeers.

★

At peasant markets, where farmers can sell for their own profit products raised in their small private gardens, a pomegranate costs five rubles—a peach or an apple, one to two rubles apiece, depending on size and quality. If you figure the 25-cent ruble, that's pretty high. Even at the 10-cent ruble, it's not cheap.

★

Even smaller Russian cities like Kiev, Odessa and Sochi have their own ballet and opera companies. The theaters are handsome, dating usually from czarist days, often done in white and gold and red velvet, with lovely crystal chandeliers. Tickets: $2.00 to $8.50 (at 25-cent rubles). Dancing is technically good, but the conception of ballet—choreography, setting, theme—has remained static since the revolution.

★

Moscow has a magnificent puppet theater, with witty, polished productions. Circuses are popular, usually one ring, with skillful animal and juggling acts and clowns whose comedy is universal.

★

We left Moscow for Prague in Russia's newest civilian jet airliner TU-104. It performed excellently, had attractive, courteous stewardesses, rare on Russian planes. Flight took less than half normal time.

★

Stainless-steel teeth are often used instead of gold in Russia. The idea was imported from Germany, where steel was first used for false teeth. Frequently you see workers, men or women, with whole mouthfuls of stainless-steel teeth.

★

When you see the finest chemical laboratories in the world side by side with 1900 bathroom plumbing; little wrapping paper, or toilet paper, or string, but the latest in jet airliners; dingy, overcrowded apartment houses beside beautifully reconstructed palaces and regilded churches, you realize Russia is a nation of priorities—the government decides what comes first.

Question: Can we get back to your very first impression?

MR. GOULD: My over-all impression of the Russian people is of a group of grim, busy, determined, stolid people, engaged in an enormous enterprise. It is as though in the liquidation of the aristocracy after the revolution most of the people with elegance, grace and charm had disappeared—either dead or fled. Or if they survived, they hid those qualities which would mark them as part of the old regime. And of course prior to the revolution there was hardly a middle class in our American sense, which embraces most of our country. The mass of people, peasants and workers, were so poor, so oppressed they had no opportunity to develop the polish of life. Moreover, many of the powerful leaders, like Stalin, were uncouth and poorly educated. Perhaps to please them, some Russians developed almost consciously bad manners. Also, it's a society under pressure. The only opportunity to live—to have full stomachs—is to fulfill a worker's norm. If they don't do this, they cannot eat. They would have no place to sleep, since the government is the universal landlord. They would have no future. The government controls everything. All these things I myself found it hard to contemplate or to accept, even seeing them with my own eyes.

MRS. GOULD: It is hard to describe the average Russian in terms an American can understand. We're not used to seeing driven people. They know they must obey—of course one sees soldiers everywhere.

MR. GOULD: Driven people tend to lose individual sensitivity. But there is a force about all this that cannot be ignored. Everybody in Russia knows what it means not to do what the government tells you. As people say over there, "Almost every family has had at some time one member taken away to the labor camps in Siberia for not conforming."

MRS. GOULD: Many of those imprisoned people—those who lived—are coming back now. But no one is sure what the "new freedom" means, how far they can trust it, and whether the Terror may return. We know of Russians now refusing to see relatives returning as American tourists, lest they might be persecuted for associating with foreigners if Stalin-like oppression returned.

★

Question: Do the Russian people seem to have much freedom in their daily lives?

MR. GOULD: They have as much freedom as a good work horse does. A farmer takes care of his work horses. The Russian government does the same. It feeds and takes care of the people enough so they will deliver a maximum amount of work. Beyond that, Russians have little freedom as to jobs, travel or where they will live, and of course no political freedom whatsoever—except Party members who have a minor influence, within carefully restricted limits, on Party leaders.



Nursery-school toddlers, out for airing, are taught to cling to rope held by teacher in front, another behind. Mrs. Gould (left) found this "sensible for safety but touching example of regimentation even for babies."

★

Question: Mrs. Gould, what was your most vivid impression?

MRS. GOULD: My most vivid impression—the thing that was with me constantly—was this discovery that it is possible to cut off a whole society—200,000,000 people—from news and information about the world outside. I began to be fond of some of the people we talked and worked with. I liked them and I found myself thinking, "You are too intelligent a person to believe all this. The only reason you believe it is that you don't know the truth about the rigid oppression your government practices in the satellites—the mass murder by which they

Intourist guides denied that "Flea Market" exists. But here are shown Russians gathered by thousands to sell and buy articles not available in stores—clocks, shoes, furniture, lamps. At Flea Market you may buy "anything from an atomic bomb to bird's milk."



GEORGE HOLTON



"Regimes come and go, but the people will always be here." These four are four generations. Usually in Russia a woman of 45 looks 60 by U. S. standards. Baby's swaddling is an ancient custom.



GEORGE HOLTON

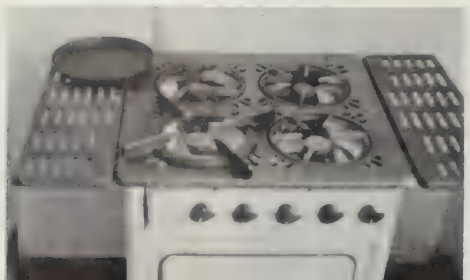
Picks and shovels are women's tools. They excavate, carry heavy loads, build roads as well as keep streets clean (by sweeping). If women pictured have small children, they are in government-supported nurseries.

WOMEN IN RUSSIA

The women carry bricks and mortar, do much of the hardest work. Where roads are being built, you see men leaning against the machines while women shovel the hot, heavy tar. A truck going along the street will be driven by a man. In the back is a woman wearing a quilted cotton coat, lying on sacks of cement or wood or whatever the load is. She has loaded that truck and when it reaches its destination she will unload it.

However, if women are educated they may become doctors, physicists, airplane designers. Around 60 per cent of the doctors in Russia are women.

This four-burner gas stove is standard equipment for kitchens shared by three or four families in Moscow's new apartments. Each family has one room. Said housewife, "We bump behinds all the time."



suppress the rights of the people—while professing lies about a "People's Democracy."

★

Question: Do the Russians realize how little access they have to the facts?

MR. GOULD: The Russians do know, indeed, that they are not getting the whole truth. But they don't know how contrary the truth is to what they have been told.

MRS. GOULD: The blackout on "outside" news is almost complete. Voice of America, Radio Liberation, and BBC news broadcasts are partially or wholly jammed, depending on their subject, and the state of mind of leaders at that moment. Music programs come through. In Moscow we of course could get news from American foreign correspondents, and from our own embassy. The first word we had of the revolt in Poland was a cable received by an N.B.C. correspondent from his New York office. Nothing had been told to the Russian people at all—it was days before the "official" version of the uprising was printed in Pravda.

When we were outside Moscow we had nothing but Pravda. Our young American interpreter read it daily trying to glean something about the rest of the world. Pravda would print in full Shepilov's speech at UN about the Egyptian situation, for instance, but never a word of what anyone said in reply.

MR. GOULD: You have all seen newspaper reports from Moscow in which Khrushchev and Bulganin have said that fascists started the revolution in Hungary. That is all the Russians will hear except by rumor.

MRS. GOULD: In Kiev we asked our Intourist guide if they had magazines there from the United States and England. She said that they did, that they were in the local library. We said we would like to see them. We found that some outside magazines do exist. There was one old issue of Life—I think because it contained a semiscientific article. There were a couple of copies of National Geographic. And there were innumerable up-to-date, carefully filed issues of chemical, physical, scientific and technical publications—in English.

MR. GOULD: But there were no periodicals which deal with contemporary life in America, England or France. There was a complete blackout of newspapers which might give accurate news, or of magazines like the Post or Time or Journal, which reflect how people live in this country or what our politics are like.

MRS. GOULD: In university English courses they study J. Fenimore Cooper.

MR. GOULD: A Russian collection of English poetry, a book we bought in Leningrad,

JOKES HEARD IN RUSSIA

Among the Russian people there have always been some pretty bitter jokes about their leaders told furtively. Today you can hear them repeated more openly. In such stories Nikita S. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Communist Party, is always called "Nicky" as in the following:

At the Twentieth Party Congress Nicky made a speech, promising that consumer goods of every kind and in abundance would soon be available to the Russian people. Comrade Abramovitch, a delegate to the congress, stood up to ask, "In what store will there be meat, Comrade Khrushchev?"

Nicky, annoyed: "In every store, of course."

Next day Steinberg, Abramovitch's friend, arose in the meeting. Before he could even ask to be heard Khrushchev saw him and said, "Well, Comrade, I suppose you want to ask where there will be shoes or something?"

"No," said Steinberg. "But where is Abramovitch?"

•

Two Russians were riding in a train compartment with an MVD officer. The officer fell asleep and, to play a joke on him, the others began imitating a Voice of America broadcast.

Not quite awake, the MVD man jumped to his feet and began to jam the broadcast vocally.

■

QUESTION: Why is life in Russia like an airplane?

ANSWER: Because it offers wide prospects, it is sickening, and it is impossible to get out.

•

To repeat an oft-heard joke:

"Granny, what kind of a man is Khrushchev?"

"We don't know yet, dear. We won't know until he's dead."

■

Whether downgraded Stalin should still lie beside Lenin in the magnificent mausoleum on Red Square is a problem embarrassing to officials.

This has led to the anonymous quotation: "Well, there's one solution that would be popular. Remove Stalin and put Khrushchev in his place."

These children are learning fast-stepping Russian folk dance in nursery schoo
They get good care and three or four meals daily. If mothers wor
they pay only one third of nursery cost. Children may sleep at school if mothers work at nigh
In such schools large, smiling portraits of Stalin and Lenin can still be see



contained almost entirely poems about slavery or oppression of workers—mostly written fifty to a hundred years ago.

MRS. GOULD: However, Russia is returning to a sense of pride in its own culture. Onion domes of ancient cathedrals are being recovered with gold leaf. Enchanting seventeenth- and eighteenth-century palaces of Peter and Catherine the Great are being restored and refitted with beautiful original furniture, Dresden china and paintings.

MR. GOULD: The Hermitage Museum in Leningrad, beautifully situated on the Neva River, is the former czarist winter palace, two city blocks square. It is a treasure house of furniture, historical mementos and world-wide art—the Russians always collected art. Daily it is filled with soldiers, housewives, workers, school children, singly and in groups. We'd heard the Hermitage had some good French Impressionists, but we weren't prepared for what we saw. There were whole rooms of Gauguin, of Matisse, fine Picassos, Renoirs, Van Goghs, Monet and Manet. Many of these the world has never seen.

MRS. GOULD: Several Moscow merchants brought them from Paris in the early 1900's.

MR. GOULD: We went into the Treasure Room, opened by special permission. Russian crown jewels from Ivan the Terrible and Catherine the Great down to the last czars were of Arabian Nights splendor.

MRS. GOULD: Diamonds, rubies, emeralds by the handful, big as pigeons' eggs. The whole thing is priceless. No craftsmen exist today to make toilet sets of such exquisite workmanship, brooches, snuffboxes, diamond-headed canes, sparkling saddle cloths, flower clusters with jewels as big as your thumb.

★

Question: Isn't it amazing these weren't dispersed during the revolution?

MR. GOULD: I suppose some were scattered. But enough remains.

MRS. GOULD: We told our guide in Leningrad we loved to walk—which I always do in a strange city. So after a trip with the guide we said we wouldn't need her any more; we could walk back to the hotel. We walked, and when we came to a big apartment building which we had previously noticed, we went through a small archway into the courtyard. Outside, women with picks and shovels were repairing a streetcar track.

The building, probably eighteen to twenty years old, faced directly on the street, its front divided into small dress or food shops. Grandmothers were sitting on benches in the bleak, littered courtyard, watching young children at play. Other women scurried back and forth with shopping baskets, carrying wood or laundry.

Finally we found one woman alone at a doorway and our young American interpreter asked her a few questions in Russian: this seemed a pleasant building—did she live here? Were there all the conveniences—even hot running water? We told her that we were American tourists and we would love to see how some Russian people lived.

Finally she said she would take us up to her apartment. She was short, about forty-five (looking about sixty by our standards), with the usual somber heavy coat, cloth boots, wool shawl over her head. She took us up two flights of iron stairs. The building inside and out had the run-down, shabby look of our old apartment houses on the side streets around 116th to 125th Street in New York. A little, square foyer about four by seven was filled with potatoes, overcoats, marketing baskets, washboard, buckets, coats, shovel, brooms and the smell that pursues you everywhere in Russia—a smell of old coats, never cleaned because each

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

Report on Russian Youth

Among American visitors to Russia late in 1956 was Robert Griscom, a college graduate who spoke Russian fluently, had a gift for observation and for acquiring information in sidewalk discussions. In Moscow, Leningrad, Odessa, Kiev, Stalingrad, Rostov and other cities, as well as in villages and farming areas, this young man talked freely with Russians—most of them young men and women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight. He found young Russians avidly interested in American jazz, curious about every phase of life in the U.S.A., restless and often contemptuous of the totalitarian restrictions under which they live, frank about their sex life, and always aware that "the Terror" of Stalinism may suddenly return. Usually Griscom did not need to explain that he is an American, because he wore a raincoat. ("A raincoat is a dead giveaway to a Russian; they're too expensive for them.")

Here, from his diary, are excerpts of these conversations and observations:

You see people in greater numbers on the streets of Moscow than I've seen anywhere else in Russia. Many young people—men and girls—shabbily dressed in something resembling Western style, stroll rather jauntily in groups of two or four. Many of the five- or six-story buildings lining the main streets look badly decayed. There is fantastic shoving in the lines at subway stations and a good deal of sneaking into and out of place. Militiamen were polite and everywhere in evidence. People everywhere were making a fuss over their small children.

★

My Intourist guide today was a serious and rather shifty fellow who was very displeased when I declined to visit the standard tourist attractions in Moscow. He showed an ill-concealed interest in my three-color pen, although when I kidded him lightly about it he made a big show of disinterest and launched into a discussion with our driver. He would not get off the Party line on any political subject. He claimed there is a public reading room in Moscow where anyone may read such U.S. periodicals as Life, Look and the New York Times. He said there is also a room in the Lenin Library where these publications may be read, although they are reserved for students.

★

Spent the entire evening until 1:30 strolling the streets, meeting some amazing young people and having my first taste of what it is like to live in a closed society. The first approach was on Kuznetsky Most [a street in Moscow just below the Kremlin]. I asked a man where American books are for sale and was directed to a bookstore up the street. As I started off I noticed that a young passer-by had turned around and was following me, so I stopped in front of a photographer's shop to look at the photographs in the window. He came up and helpfully identified the ballerinas in the photographs. Then he asked shyly if the quality of American photography isn't better than these Soviet examples.

All of a sudden there were eight or ten kids around me, half of them girls, all between seventeen and twenty-five years old. All of them said they are members of the Komsomol. They were alert, friendly and full of questions about life in the United States. They showed great interest in our sports—the girls as well as the boys. They asked about salaries, my personal history, films and books. They wanted to know what Soviet films and authors I knew and were glad to hear we can read Soviet publications in the U. S.

They all confirmed that Komsomol members do not believe in God and cannot go to church, according to the rules of the organization. They admitted that they had heard BBC [British Broadcasting Company] broadcasts, the Voice of America, and sometimes Radio Liberation and Radio Turkey. They conceded that these foreign broadcasts often give them news which is not available domestically. In general they didn't want to talk politics, although the boys were less reticent than the girls.

Around 11:45 the girls headed for home and, with a few of the boys, I walked to the corner of Gorky Street and met a new group of boys. Immediately I noticed a different attitude—open criticism of the regime. They were quick to ask if I knew "how things are here." They wanted to know the price of the suit I was wearing, my fountain pen, nylon shirt and tie. One boy said he had been able to buy Stan Kenton and Louis Armstrong records from a "friend," as well as a book by Irwin Shaw. They asked eagerly if I had any U. S. books. Their ideas of U. S. prices were more favorable than, in fact, is correct and later it became clear that, in their general hatred of their own life, they have built up an overglamorized picture of life outside the Soviet Union. These boys said that they despise the police. One knew enough English to call them "our bureau of investigation."

When I asked about the public reading room for foreign periodicals, they told me this is a Party lie. I asked who might go to such a reading room, if not the public. They pointed to the Kremlin and said with a sneer, "Only they!"

There was much complaining about their internal passport system, especially the *propiska* section in which the passport holder's address must be stated, the number of people living there, and other personal information. They are required to register every year or so and if anyone fails to do

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



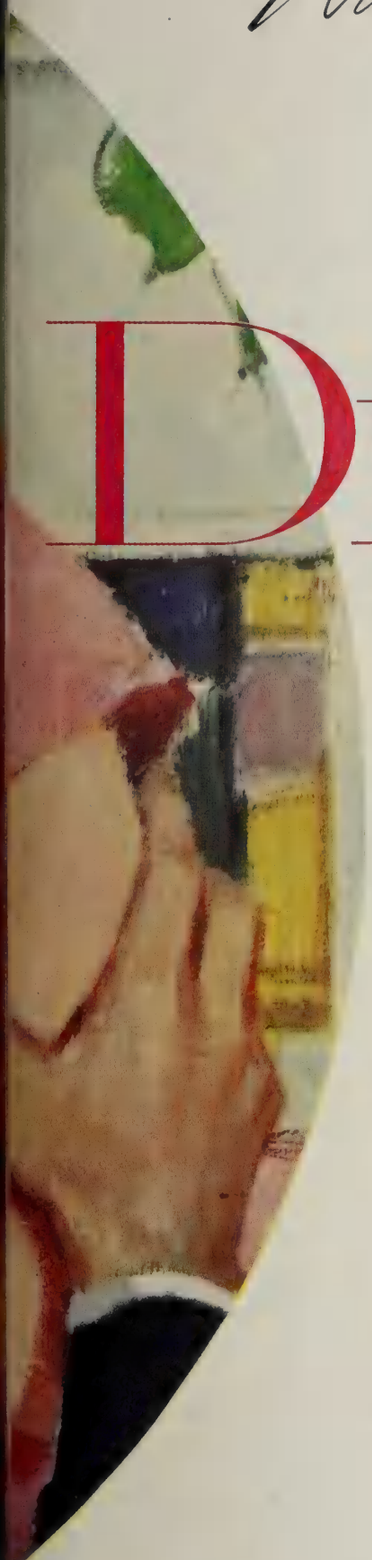
"I can't believe it,"
she said, dry-lipped.
"I can't believe she'd do this to us."

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

With everything in readiness, she was afraid to declare her love.

THE DECEPTION

By ETHEL EDISON GORDON



There wasn't much work being done in the office anyway, since tonight was New Year's Eve, and so Kate simply took her coat under her arm and slipped out; she crossed the street to the parking lot and drove out to Idlewild to meet Nick.

It was a gray day with a thick, mottled sky that said snow, but a snowy New Year's Eve went companionably with fires in fireplaces in snug houses in the country, it went fine with home-comings. Nick had missed Christmas home this year: he'd had a bad break and couldn't see someone until the thirtieth; and after all, she could hardly expect him to fly home and then have to fly right back to Marseille, just in order to spare her a lonely Christmas. So it had been a lonely Christmas, almost as bad as the two wartime Christmases they had been apart, but now he was coming home, and last night she had driven out to Eastport with Hilda and had helped open the house and polish it to a luster—it was three before she had gone to bed!—and today Hilda was baking a cake just to give the house the right smell for a holiday, a home-coming. Home-coming! Anyone would think he'd been gone for a year instead of five weeks, anyone would think they were newlyweds, instead of having celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary!

She watched Nick's plane circling high over the field for a landing, and suddenly she had a picture of herself and Nick as they might seem to some hypothetical stranger. With the hypothetical stranger she peered into the plane to see Nick, sitting there with his air of steady, quiet competence, with his nice brown eyes and straight brown hair. He'd be craning his head as if he could see down to the field where she'd be waiting, and the hypothetical stranger might turn from him to her, thinking, *That's a lucky girl this man is anxious to see: what's she like? Tallish, chic*—well, maybe a little too much of her to be truly chic; Size 14 these days was almost huge in a world overrun by subdeb sizes, but pretty, especially now with her cheeks pink with anticipation. *Looks very happy*, the observer would think, *no wonder, waiting to kiss and be kissed by that nice man. Rich? Well, she's wearing an expensively sleek brown seal* (wholesale, one advantage of working for Marcel Avante, paid for out of Nick's and her bonus checks) *and he's flying on one of those de luxe flights* (expense account, paid for by French and Allied Importers) *and there's the house in Eastport, ancestral, maybe*, he might think, noting its fine old lines and well-preserved age, and acreage (two), but he'd be wrong there—there were thirteen years to go before the house in Eastport would be paid off. They had bought it only two years ago because it was about time they put down roots. You needed roots when your husband went abroad twice a year, when you also occasionally skipped to Paris or London or Madrid for the showings, when you had nothing tangible to show for ten years of marriage, nothing except a boundless love, and that wasn't actually a tangible.

Sometimes it was. The plane was in, steps were wheeled up, the stewardess came out, the first passenger, and then Nick, his eyes searching for her. She waved frantically, and met him at the door. "How was it?" they both said at once, and then, together, "Too bad about Christmas," and then they burst out laughing, only there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Kate," he said. "It just couldn't be helped."

"I've forgotten all about that," she said, brushing her eyes. "I'm just happy you're home."

"Wait here. I'll be through in a minute." She waited in the corridor until he came out of the Customs shed, and then he took her arm. "Want some coffee?"

"I can wait until we get home."

"Eastport?" he said. "You opened the house?"

"It's a surprise. You're glad, aren't you?"

He grinned. "It's what the doctor ordered."

He took her keys and when they had settled smoothly into the moving line of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Jim is obstetrician-gynecologist at St. Vincent's Hospital and assistant professor at U.S.C. medical school. Ann is currently in M-G-M's "Slander." Maureen and Timmie take first place in free time.

ANN BLYTH AND JIM McNULTY

Young Hollywood at home

The McNultys, of Toluca Lake, merge careers—

his as doctor, hers as actress—

in a thriving and hospitable home.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND and EILEEN SHARPE



HAROLD FOWLER



In den, Jim does most of his work and Ann studies. Red wallpaper, maple breakfast furniture give the room glow. One wall, all windowed, faces on back play yard.

The comfortable McNulty house in Toluca Lake is often animated with party plans. Soft lamplight, fresh flowers and appetizing sizzle from the kitchen create the kind of atmosphere Jim and Ann enjoy most. Mrs. McNulty, a part-time gardener when not before the cameras as screen star Ann Blyth, arranges roses on the hall table. Dr. Jim, working on case notes, stops in the nursery to check on two-year-old Timmie and redheaded baby Maureen as white-starched Teresa puts them to bed.

When Jim is not at work at St. Vincent's Hospital and Ann is free of dramatic roles and such extras as singing in Las Vegas, the household invites in its friends, relatives and neighbors. "We're part of a clan," says Jim, "when it comes to family." His own sister and four brothers, including tenor Dennis Day, all live nearby, and Timmie and Maureen have twenty cousins to invite to birthday parties. Ann's own uncle and aunt live just eight blocks away and are frequent callers at the house on the quiet green street. To younger members of her neighborhood, Ann is known simply as "Timmie's mother." To the parents in the other big houses that line the road, the McNultys are both star inhabitants and good neighbors asked over for dips in the pool because so far they haven't built one themselves, "postponing it till we're past the toddler stage." Instead, the broad green lawns behind the McNulty home are intersected by a patio where guests gather on an afternoon, a barbecue where Jim presides over steak and baked potatoes on a weekend. ("My specialty," he says of the potatoes; "done to a turn and served with butter, chives and sour cream.") There is a badminton court, and scattered on the lawn are whole sets of water-shedding canvas chairs. On a Wednesday afternoon off, Jim can sprawl in California sun undismayed by his son's favorite game of playing



)LD FOWLER

Tables Ann rents are placed in living room while other furniture goes against walls. A silver vase (not shown) is a loving cup the hostess won as "most popular actress . . . 1955." When McNultys bought house it was close to Ann's work; meanwhile she switched to studio an hour away, drives to and from work along the freeway.

lash" by turning the hose on him. "We bought house," says Jim, "because it was a family sort place."

The big home with its off-white exterior, cocoa-ored shingled roof and wide bay windows es the world congenially under shady oak and gnolia trees. The curving front driveway ac-nmodates the six or eight cars parked on an eve-g when the McNultys are entertaining, one of n's favorite occupations. In the kitchen a ca-er who comes by the day works with the cook a menu of roast beef with crab apples, golden-zed ham, salads and vegetables and relishes to followed by a creamily frosted cake.

"We have a system for entertaining now," says n. "We hire a firm that rents tables and chairs, ing our two couches from the fireplace and ainst the wall, and have room for twenty or re people." To the round dining tables made tive with pink linen cloths, silver, crystal and ndle-and-carnation centerpieces, the guests carry tes from a buffet assortment on the dining-om table. ("The dining room is too formal for kind of evening we enjoy—it would hold us down to having six guests at a time," Jim says.) Moving to the Early American den after dinner, guests and the McNultys catch up on news of one another's work and families.

In the two-career household, the children are the center of any free hours. On most evenings Ann, who leaves the cameras at six, is home at seven, about the time her husband arrives. Since the cook will have dinner ready at eight, there's always time for a nursery hour of storytelling and toy tinkering.

"Vacations haven't been too easy to manage, though," Jim has found when their careers conflict—his weeks between hospital duties have to jibe with Ann's between pictures—"and so far we haven't been away together for more than seven days at a time." Conscientious Jim, his wife will tell you, is a "twenty-four-hour-a-day doctor." A telephone call from a patient has more than once interrupted a trip, meal or night's sleep. "With lives at stake you learn to say good-by to your husband on short notice."

The fact that she and Jim ever met to say hello still surprises her. CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

JOHN ENGSTEAD



Among guests is Jim's brother, singer Dennis Day. Ann began her own career as singer at age 5 on New York radio, went on to opera, then drama.



A hatful of pink roses, by Irene of New York, lovely fashion for a dark silk.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

The white felt cloche by Emme with crushed crown is a charming revival of a famous type of hat adored by many women for years. Tweed costume by Mattie Talmack; lily-of-the-valley pin, Victoria Stone.

LOOK AHEAD TO



Brimmed felt by Lilly Dache, wreathed with roses, mauve suit by Monte Sano and Pruzan.

The beautiful big puff of silk rose petals by Sally Victor. Wear it with gray, black, shades of violet.





Pillbox with new height and texture—rough white straw, a Sally V., worn with a knitted cape dress by Nettie Rosenstein.



HAL REIFF

Shirred white organdy hat and white organdy cape dress by James Galanos emphasize the trend for white organdy, capes and picture hats.

The freshest hat of spring is white straw, white lilacs and green leaves by Hattie Carnegie, young and charming with almost everything.

SPRING

The first spring hats will come early this year, like roses in the snow, and will be worn early. The most important silhouette is the cloche with a draped crown, worn jauntily a little to the side. White is the great fashion, in felt for immediate wear, later in organdy and straw. And everyone will want a flower hat—from gay little field-flower helmets to big puffs of rose petals. Veils have tremendous glamour, unexpected and lovely on a wide-brimmed pink felt or a rough straw.

Jewelry is chosen for color as a nosegay might be, reflecting the blues, pinks, mauves of fashion. Delicate heels, pointed toes and a great diversity of bows indicate still more feminine shoes. ▪ By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal



LOOK AHEAD TO

SPRING



HAL REIFF

The fashion of the brimmed rough straw hat with a veil—this one with a white piqué band by Emme worn with a flecked wool suit in a neutral shade. The white doeskin gloves are piqué sewn.



Rough straw—bright red. A beret by Elizabeth Marks to wear later in the season with gray or beige.



TOM YEE

Harmonious browns and beiges of fashion. One shoe in suède, one in calfskin. The bag by Gucci.

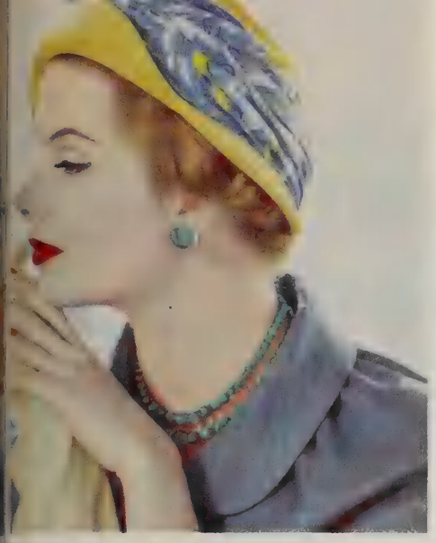


Bows of all colors go on patent leather. Self bow and Louis heel important.



HAL REIFF

Spring print in a silk afternoon slipper. The suède pump has a jeweled bow. The bag is silk.



Golden straw in a softly crushed cloche wound with blue Paisley silk, by Emme, goes equally well with silk or tweed.



Sandal and pump in patent leather, casual tie in buckskin. Patent-leather bag by Nettie Rosenstein.



Neutral blue kidskin pump, satin scarf. Moonstone pin, Seaman Schepps.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Spring-green organza turban by Irene of New York is lovely with flower prints, pale gloves, crystal jewelry. Silk suit by Ben Reig.



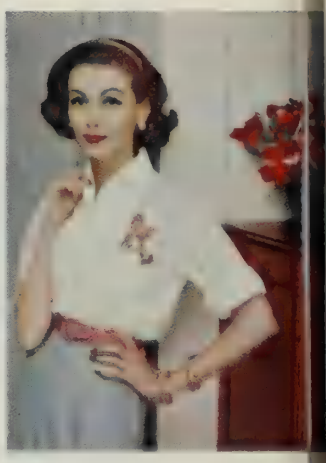
The pleasing beiges—a moccasin-type calfskin pump, a plaid linen slipper, and a stocking in a lacy weave. Suède bag by Richard Koret.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

The Journal's

Gem of a wardrobe

Spring is the season for delectable colors, beautiful silk prints and featherweight woolens. We planned our Gem of a Wardrobe around a lovely periwinkle-blue coating. The design, though simple, has a custom-made touch in the hand stitching on the collar, cuffs and pockets. Our suit is a chiffon-weight pale gray flannel with an exceptionally well-cut eight-gore skirt—the kind of skirt you will like to wear separately with a pretty white shirt. A silk-shantung shirtwaist dress is a "gem" in every wardrobe and is everlastingly gay. Ours, in cherry red, goes handsomely under the blue coat. The twin print (silk organza over a matching printed silk shantung) does double duty inasmuch as you can wear them separately or together. The sheer has a simple bodice with a delightfully full skirt with a ten-yard sweep. The shantung has a less full skirt and a strapless bodice. Clothes such as these, with beautiful "dressmaker" details, are yours for the making at a fraction of what they would cost ready-made.



By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*

A "gem" of a coat must go easily over all the other clothes in your wardrobe; the color should blend and the line should be becoming. Ours has a comfortable sleeve that goes easily over suits and has hand-stitched details. Vogue Design No. 9080, 10 to 20. Flower hat by Adolfo for Emme.



A bright silk-shantung shirtwaist dress gives a lift to any wardrobe. This one has a skirt with soft unpressed pleats and an easy bodice with a slightly away-from-the-neckline collar. Vogue Design No. 9083, 10 to 18. Nettie Rosenstein gold medallion.



To match the "slip" of our dinner dress, we have shortened an Orlon sweater to bolero length and faced it with grosgrain. Then we appliquéd several flowers from the fabric.

This lovely lightweight flannel suit is a true gem. It has a simple jacket and an eight-gore skirt which we find is becoming to most figures. We also show the skirt with a classic Dacron-and-cotton monogrammed shirt (a transfer design is included in your pattern). Suit is Vogue Design No. 9078, 10 to 40. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 9075, 10 to 20.



OMBRUNO - BODI

© VOGUE



A printed sheer dinner dress is one of the most feminine fashions. This lovely dress whose skirt has a ten-yard sweep is made of flowered silk organza with a white ground. The "slip," made of a matching print on silk shantung, is strapless and can be worn separately as shown above. Add a two-color cummerbund and Ben King's giant sparkle pin. Vogue Design No. 9079, 10 to 18.

For back and other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns, see page 174.

y Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check ■ money or-
.* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

Basis for Spring in:

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Closer now to forecasts of "fair and warmer," we find Barbara J. concentrating on the first of a season's purchases. She feels this costume is one of those very extra-special ones—foretelling bright skies and sunny days to come. Common sense and fashion sense tell her it should be a true basic to be worn under her winter coat on chilly days . . . or on sunny ones to stand on its very own. She mentally takes count of what she already has in her wardrobe and carefully shops the stores on a Saturday. Perhaps we can diagnose it as spring fever, but Barbara wants to "be really in love" with this first spring outfit!

On that first wonderfully warm day, Barbara sees—and succumbs completely to—one wonderful dress with its own matching jacket. It is in a heavenly shade of blue, a sheer soft wool. The lightness has the touch of spring, the color foretells brighter things to come. *But*—Barbara still has count of her fashion $'s (and in this case we should truly say pennies!). The price, $22.95, is really two investments in one: a suit to wear everywhere, a classic of a dress loving any and all appearances. Some she will practice now—others she will hold in abeyance to wield on a special date or a surprise occasion. By BET HART



Barbara wears THE SUIT . . . shown here with exactly the same accessories as she had last fall. (We admit to different flowers, but there's a new beau!) Barbara's additions to this:

White collar and cuffs in piqué or linen—or her satin ones for an evening. A pin on the pocket to accent this special detail.

A wide matching cummerbund to emphasize a tiny waistline and silhouette the pretty outline of the jacket. (For the young in heart, try it in a bright clear lemon yellow.)

A bow, either in organza or in a surah polka dot, to wear with or without the collar and cuffs.

The neckline worn open, filled with a scarf, pearls or flowers (real or those that just look so).



THE DRESS—absolutely basic, loving to be worn alone or accepting one outspoken detail. Here a wide cummerbund, a cluster of spring violets in a heavenly shade. Barbara also sees:

A lovely ribbon to soften the neckline! She thinks of this in terms of pinks or blues.

A 1" white piqué bias around the neckline and sleeves. Wear with or without narrow leather belt. A perfect basic for the office.

A narrow matching ribbon completely encircling a high midriff—a different look from a different emphasis.

Or she can choose . . . her turquoise cummerbund, a scarf tied loosely around the neckline fastened with her sparkle pin; or for a completely different costume, her white sweater from last month.



Barbara J.'s Fashion $'s for Spring

January...Silk polka-dot dress and sweater	$23.00
February..Blue wool suit-dress	22.95
TOTAL	$45.95



PHOTO BY PRIGENT
DRAWINGS BY MARIBETH



Dottie Robinson helps Barbara put up permanent. As you see, there is no complicated sectioning off of hair. Only the ends of hair are being permanented to achieve a soft, natural look.



Barbara combs out the permanent. She could have worn it this way, prettily, without further ado. However, she found it slightly too curly and thought—rightly—that a shampoo and set would loosen the curls and give a softer effect.

PETER BASCH



Barbara is pictured immediately after the shampoo and set. A lift of curl at the temples—soft waves and curls at the sides and ends. Very pretty—but will it last?

The diary of a Home permanent

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN

Beauty Editor of the Journal



Yes! Here's Barbara six weeks later. This picture was taken four days after her last shampoo. The only pin-ups required—three fat curls on each side. Operation Permanent considered a success!

Pretty Barbara Shook, of the JOURNAL staff, has thick, sparkly dark brown hair. "But it doesn't have a speck of natural curl," said Barbara. "I have to put it up every night, and even so, if it's damp or raining the next day, I arrive at the office with my hair hanging in straggles. Oh, for a permanent that would give me just the softest curl on the ends of my hair, that would last *despite* the weather, and eliminate the need of fussing with it every night."

We told Barbara we felt sure we could give her the kind of permanent she wanted. "First," we suggested, "have your hair cut about an inch and a half and have it thinned and shaped so that we will begin the permanent on fresh, even lengths of hair." Then we asked, "In return for our favor, how about keeping a diary of the way your hair behaves in the six weeks following your permanent?"

Barbara was thrilled at the prospect, thought it would be fun to keep a diary. So here is her own account of how it feels to be a girl with a curl!

FIRST WEEK

Monday. Dottie Robinson and I started the permanent at 10:00 A.M., finished in one hour. This is what we did: Following the directions of the permanent we had decided on, I dampened my hair and parted it in the center as I ordinarily do. Dottie started the curls in the back (an all-thumbs girl *needs* a helping hand) and worked toward the sides and front. I did those little top curls at the forehead. For each curl, Dottie saturated a section of hair (about 1¾" wide) with the waving lotion, and then combed through the section several times to make sure it was thoroughly saturated. With this type of permanent, the waving lotion is used only at the time you put up the curls (no resaturating necessary) so it is doubly important to see that each section of hair is soaked with it. Then Dottie folded the end paper over the section of hair, slid it down to the ends, and wound the curl, firmly but not tightly, under toward the scalp. When the curl was wound, we then wiped off any excess lotion. We used approximately 24 curlers in all. Three of the curlers were small, to take care of my hair at the bottom back which is shortest and which (poor me) grows very *low* on my neck. The rest of the curlers were large.

At the end of the hour, I was on my own. With this permanent the hair must dry naturally, no hair dryers allowed. To be on the safe side, we decided I should leave mine up all night. Of course I *did* have to wear a bandanna over my head for the rest of the day at work. There were lots of double-takes from JOURNAL editors as well as JOURNAL visitors. (I explained: "It's a beauty secret!")

Tuesday. Had my "unveiling" this morning. Pretty start! My hair was immediately easy to comb—no snarls—and, happy day, no signs of frizziness. After a quick shampoo and set, my hair was combed out and I was pleased as I could be. Soft curls at the ends. Soft waves at the sides. "It's a success!" I announced. "Looks very pretty," the beauty department

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

Other girls ask,

"Why doesn't such a permanent work as well for me?"

WE FIND:

Permanents work best, quite naturally, on hair such as Barbara's—healthy, strong and with a good amount of natural oil.

Brittle and/or dry hair is sometimes apt to frizz at the ends, or to curl too much, or, if the hair is *under* curled, in the hope of avoiding frizz, it barely curls at all! Regular hot-oil treatments, as many as one each week for six weeks in advance of your permanent, should get your hair in better condition by reducing the dryness. The massaging of hair creams or oils into your scalp will help stimulate your own natural oils. Be sure to shampoo your hair two or three days *in advance* of your permanent, and brush it often so that some natural oil will be distributed through to the ends. *All* remnants of an old permanent should be trimmed off *before* you begin again. When your permanent is finished, give yourself a cream rinse to soften ends. The rinse makes setting easier too. Be sure to select a permanent which has been especially formulated for your type of hair.

If your hair is exceptionally fine in addition to being dry, follow instructions above and *be sure* you do not wind curls too tight. Put up your curls using fairly large sections of hair on large curling rods. Wind them with *gentle firmness* toward the scalp. Small rods and too-tight winding will produce shapeless frizz.

Bleached or dyed hair, or hair that has been color-treated in any way, should have several test curls *before* you proceed with the permanent, to make sure the permanent will take and that it will not cause damage. Rod-curl permanents are generally advised for your type of hair. (If the color has made your hair dry or "fuzzy," see suggestions above.)

If your hair persists in looking hangdog and dull, despite the conscientious care you give it, check up on your physical condition. Lifeless-looking hair is sometimes a sign of impaired health.

THE S



A PEGOAT

by DAPHNE du MAURIER

Every word he spoke committed him more deeply.
Every act involved him more completely in their lives.
There was no way out.

IV I sat down on the chair beside the bed. The gap between us lessened, and I was someone on her level, not just an adult talking to a child. "The watch was really an excuse," I said. "I didn't want to shoot tomorrow. I didn't know how to get out of it, and then, standing by the bonfire, the idea came to me to burn my hand. It was stupid, and it hurt more than I intended."

She listened calmly. "May I see the watch again?" I felt in my pocket and gave it to her. "Poor thing," she said; "he's black, and he has no glass. Everyone was wondering at lunch why you should take so much trouble to rescue him. I kept my secret to myself. I did not tell them you had thrown him into the fire. It was rather a shame to make the watch suffer. Didn't you think about that?"

"Not exactly," I said. "I was a bit muddled in my mind. I was thinking about someone who had been shot, murdered, a long time ago, and in a flash I'd thrown the watch in the fire and burned my hand pulling it out again. It was as quick as that."

She nodded. "I suppose you were thinking about Monsieur Duval," she said.

I stared at her, surprised. "What do you know about Monsieur Duval?"

"He was master at the *verrerie*," she said, "and according to Germaine some say he was a patriot and some say he was a traitor. But he had a horrid death and I'm forbidden to talk about it." She handed me back the watch.

"Who told you not to talk about it?" I asked.

"*Gran'mie*," she said. "Ages ago, when I first heard the story from Germaine. I was telling it to *gran'mie* and she said, 'Shut up. Never repeat servants' gossip. It's a string of lies.' She was very angry. Tell me, papa, why don't you want to shoot tomorrow?"

Here was the question, and I did not know how to answer it.

"I just don't," I said. "I have no reason."

"You must have a reason," she insisted. "Is it because you don't want to kill?"

I should have told her instantly no, that my reason for not wanting to shoot was that I was afraid of shooting badly, but instead I hesitated, seeking a loophole for escape. "Perhaps," I said at last.

As soon as I had spoken I realized my mistake. I had not deliberately lied to her before. Now I was doing so. I was building for her a false image of Jean de Gué, giving her what she asked for so that I might be spared from truth myself.

She knelt up in bed and, careful not to touch my bandaged hand, put her arms round my neck. "I think you've shown great courage," she said. "It's just like in St. Matthew: 'Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out.' I'm glad it wasn't your eye; that would have been much more difficult. As it is, your hand will heal; but still, it was the intention that matters, or so Aunt Blanche always says. It's a pity we can't tell her, though I'd rather we kept it as a secret between us both."

"Listen," I told her, "there's no need to make a great mystery of this business. I burned my hand, I can't shoot, I don't want to shoot, and there's an end to it. Now forget it."

She smiled, and bent down and kissed my bandaged hand. "I promise I won't mention it," she said, "but you can't prevent me from thinking about it. If you see me looking at you tomorrow in a very particular way, it will mean I am thinking of your great act of humiliation. Papa, Aunt Blanche would like me to be a nun. She says I shall never find happiness in this world, and I believe she is right. I think so more especially now I am reading about the Little Flower. What do you think?"

I looked at her. She was standing up now, small and serious in her white nightgown, her hands crossed.

"I don't know," I said. "I think you're a bit young to decide. Just because Aunt Blanche hasn't found happiness in the world, it doesn't mean you won't. It all depends what you mean by happiness. Ask Monsieur le Curé, don't ask me."

"I have. He says that if I pray hard enough, one of these days God will show me the answer." She sighed and settled herself in bed. "Life is a great problem."

"I agree."

"Do you think it would be easier to be somebody else?" she asked.

"That's what I'd like to find out," I told her.

"I wouldn't mind being another child if I could be sure of getting you as my father," she said.

"You're wrong," I told her. "The whole thing is an illusion. Good night."

Oddly, her devotion depressed me. I turned out her light and went downstairs to the dressing room and the camp bed.

I slept restlessly for a few hours, and was wakened by Gaston throwing back the shutters to a gray damp morning with a thin drizzle. Instantly the whole day loomed before me—the shoot, the guests, the ritual of the hours to come—and it seemed to me desperately important that I should let none of the family down. I was aware of footsteps in the corridor and voices on the stairs, and the church bell began to ring for Mass. I thanked heaven I had shaved, and had only to struggle into the dark suit laid out for me—and there was a tap on the door and Marie-Noël came in and was able to help me.

"Why are you so late?" she asked. "Is your hand worse?"

"No," I said. "I'd forgotten the time."

Together we went into the bedroom to wish Françoise good morning, and then downstairs and onto the terrace. We could see the little family party going on ahead—Paul and Renée and Blanche, and on Blanche's arm, huge, massive and bent, a black figure that I did not recognize. I was about to question the child when it suddenly dawned upon me that there was the *comtesse* herself, whom I had seen only seated or in bed.

We caught up to them and I offered the mother my other arm so that she could lean upon both Blanche and myself. I saw that she was even taller than I had thought: we were of equal height, but her massive frame made her seem taller still.

"What's all this about you burning yourself?" she asked.

We had reached the timbered entrance of the church as I finished my story and the bell ceased ringing.

"I don't believe it," she said. "No one but an imbecile would have done such a thing. Or have you suddenly become one?"

A little knot of village people standing in the porch drew back to let us pass, and as we went through and up

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"Maman's locket," said Marie-Noël. "The locket that came last week from Paris."

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Understanding of the difficulties in a marriage is certainly necessary for its improvement; but action is even more necessary. At the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles we concentrate on the need not merely of acquiring insight but of doing something about it. As a result of action in the right direction, husband and wife quickly gain more insight, more understanding of the origin of their troubles; but meanwhile the troubles themselves are disappearing. In this case Nils and Patsy, serious though their problems undoubtedly were, did not require months of introspection and meditation on their childhood misfortunes. Three interviews were enough for that purpose. What they needed was to go to work on the marriage; to shape new patterns, create new habits more favorable to their happiness. When they thus acted, better understanding followed automatically. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Pearl Schumann.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *Director*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

HE: ***"Hugging and kissing are for kids. I just can't see myself holding hands with a woman I'm married to. The mere idea makes me feel—well—uncomfortable, foolish. I never saw my father kiss my mother."***

SHE: ***"Nils' selfishness, his lack of consideration, his coldness have worn my love for him to a shadow. He shows me no appreciation whatever. Weeks go by when he doesn't kiss me. Sex is all that interests him, and sex without tenderness has very little appeal to me."***

PATSY TELLS HER SIDE:

"When Nils bought one one-way ticket to California I was tempted to stay in Baltimore and put an end to our marriage right there," said thirty-four-year-old Patsy. Eastern born and bred, the young woman was burned the brown of a pecan by the Los Angeles sun. "At that time—this happened nearly five years ago—Nils and I hadn't adopted our little boy. We had no responsibilities to hold us together. My husband was as baffling and infuriating to me then as he is today.

"But suppose I fill you in on the details of that move of ours. I suspected Nils was bored with living in the Baltimore neighborhood where my entire family lives—he has no more feeling for his own kinfolk than a fish—but it was only a suspicion. Both he and I were holding good jobs, and after an interminable search we had landed in a dandy apartment. Nils didn't hint he was dissatisfied with the East and was feeling restless. No, that isn't his style.

"I can well remember the afternoon I learned of his intentions. I stopped by the place where he then worked so we could ride home together. His office building was a few doors from an airline ticket office and I saw him turn in there. By the time I followed him inside, he was already at a counter paying for that single passage.

"Nils didn't turn a hair when I stepped up. It seems he'd expected to take me to dinner at our favorite restaurant. At dinner he planned to announce that he personally was all set to fly away and begin a brand-new life. Nils had already quit his job. He had it figured out I could quit mine—I'm a trained nurse—sell our furniture, dispose of our lease, travel three thousand miles across the continent and join him as soon as he found work and another place for us to live.

"It just didn't enter my husband's head that *his* plans should have been regarded as *our* plans, that I was entitled to a voice in such an important matter. I had never been separated by more than a hundred miles from my mother and father, my sister and my three brothers, as he was well aware. I was so enraged by his callousness I was so hurt, that I burst into tears. Nils' sole concern, as I recall, was to get me to dry my eyes and to spare him embarrassment in a public place.

"I guess I knew in my heart that if I let him go kiting off by himself it was unlikely the two of us would ever get together again. Anyhow, I spent that night at my parents' home. Nils treats them abominably—he treats his own father even worse—but my mother and dad are thoroughly sold on marriage and they both stand up for him. Everybody in my family agreed a wife's place was at her husband's side. I'm the oldest of the children and pretty much accustomed to getting my own way, but I couldn't hold out against the whole crowd.

"Next morning I bought myself a ticket and a few days later Nils and I flew west on the same plane. He wasn't overly pleased. If anything, he was provoked.

"I resigned my hospital job, I sacrificed the companionship of my family and lifelong friends because I loved Nils. No other reason. To this day I dislike California heartily. Nils and I have done well financially since our move, I'll admit. A year ago we made the down payment on an attractive, two-bathroom house. Our prosperity has brought no joy to me. I'm deeply grateful for our little son—we adopted Kyle three and a half years ago—but even with a child in the house there are many times I'm almost crazed with homesickness and with loneliness.

"Nils' selfishness, his lack of consideration, his coldness have worn my love for him to a shadow. He shows me no appreciation whatever. I regularly did private nursing out here—private nursing is highly paid but involves backbreaking labor—until he could establish himself in the kind of work he enjoys. Nils has yet to say thank you. He is now one of the top credit managers for a big finance company. Nine people work under him. His earnings average ten thousand dollars a year. However, I am still obliged to take occasional nursing cases so we can pay for luxuries—his luxuries.

"Nils glowers if I mail a birthday gift to my mother or send a pair of socks to one of my brothers. But last month he ordered six ten-dollar neckties—six, mind you—and three monogrammed shirts. I returned the neckties, but the shirts couldn't be returned. When Nils first went to work for his present employers, he needed a suit of clothes. One suit. He bought four suits; two were tailor-made. At the time they were delivered I was going barelegged on the street to save money for the white stockings I had to wear at work.

"If Nils had been brought up in luxury it might be easier for me to accept his silly, selfish buying habits. His father was harder hit by the depression than mine and there were twelve children in that family to feed and clothe. Last summer I took our son back east so he could meet his grandparents on both sides. My parents, my sister and my brothers showered Kyle with gifts and love exactly as though he had been born to us. Nils' mother had died a few months earlier. His father just grunted at our child and I forgave because he seemed sad and lonesome.

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"I saw him turn into an airline office. By the time I followed him inside, he was already at a counter paying for that single passage."



DON ORNITZ



STUART

The dieter's delight—a chilled strawberry pie in a meringue, rather than pastry, shell.

The Low-Fat Diet

By EVELYN S. STEAD and GLORIA K. WARREN

Delectable desserts, pies, pancakes, meats and salad dressings can be low in fat if you know how to make substitutions.

Twenty recipes are followed by one week's menus.

Many doctors believe that, on the contemporary American scene, more illness is caused by excessive *intake* of calories and fat than is caused by diets deficient in essential food substances.

The present article is designed primarily for well people who wish to eat less fat, either in the belief that they will be less susceptible to arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) or to control weight.

"A low-fat diet is one of the most practical methods for controlling weight and thus your best insurance for a long life and a healthy one," say the two medical experts, Eugene A. Stead, Jr., M.D., and James V. Warren, M.D.,* of Duke University School of Medicine.

Reduction of fat content in food can result in a way of eating, pleasurable eating, for the rest of your life. Since an ounce of fat supplies more than twice as many calories as an equal amount of carbohydrates or protein, limiting the consumption of fat helps to reduce weight, and low-fat cooking can be practiced for years, not just taken up briefly.

This article is written on the theory that cooking with less fat can be painless and even pleasant. Such a diet, approached with imagination, can turn out to be a treat, not a trial. It can include delicious pies, meringues and ices. We even recommend that you forget the word "diet" and enjoy the eating! In cutting down the fat

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*LOW-FAT COOKERY, by Evelyn S. Stead and Gloria K. Warren, published as a book by Blakiston, McGraw-Hill, 1956, contains detailed and technical information as well as 124 pages of recipes which meet the health requirements of those people required to be on a low-fat diet. This article is based on the research and information of these two dietary experts in association with Eugene A. Stead, Jr., M.D., and James V. Warren, M.D., of the School of Medicine at Duke University.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE PIE

Beat until frothy 3 egg whites. ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar and a pinch of salt. Gradually add ⅔ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat until the meringue stands in stiff peaks. Line a buttered 9″ pie plate with the meringue, covering the bottom and sides evenly, being sure the meringue does not overlap the lip of the plate. Build up an edge about ¼″–½″ above the plate. Bake in a slow oven, 275° F., for 1 hour and 15 to 20 minutes. Cool. Fill with frozen strawberry filling (recipe below). Garnish with strawberries and mint.

Frozen-Strawberry Filling: Combine 1 package frozen strawberries with ¼ cup sugar. Heat until the sugar is dissolved. Cool and add ⅓ cup frozen lemonade concentrate (½ can). Pour 1½ cups liquid dry skim milk into a freezing tray and freeze until the edges are mushy. Pour into a cold bowl and beat until the consistency of whipped cream. Add a few drops of red coloring, if desired. Beat 1 egg white until frothy. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, slowly, beating well after each addition. Fold into whipped milk. Add strawberry mixture. Pour into 3 freezing trays and freeze partially. Place in a chilled bowl and beat again. Return to the freezer and continue freezing overnight. The next day, rebeat until the consistency of ice cream. Freeze until set. Scoop out into pie shell.

BLUEBERRY PANCAKES

Beat 1 egg and add 1 cup buttermilk. Sift together ¾ cup flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking soda. Combine with the liquids. Fold in 1 cup fresh or frozen blueberries. Lightly grease griddle. Wipe well with paper toweling. Drop spoonfuls of batter on griddle. Cook until golden brown on one side and flip to finish cooking. Pancakes are ready to turn when they bubble in the center. Makes eight 4″ pancakes.

SPECIAL MAYONNAISE

Add ½ teaspoon unflavored gelatin to ¼ cup liquid dry skim milk. Scald 1¼ cups liquid dry skim milk. (Evaporated skim milk may be used if available in your market.) Mix together 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard and 1 teaspoon salt. Add a little hot milk to the egg-yolk mixture and mix well. Then add all the rest, including the gelatin, and pour into the top of a double boiler, keeping water in bottom of double boiler just simmering during cooking. Cook, stirring constantly, for 10 minutes or until slightly thickened. Do not overcook. Remove from the heat, add ¼ cup vinegar, slowly, stirring constantly, and then chill well. It thickens as it cools. Makes 1½ cups.

BAKED STUFFED FLOUNDER

Combine ½ package stuffing mix with 1 chicken-bouillon cube dissolved in ½ cup water. Add ¾ cup diced cooked shrimp. Place a 1-pound fillet of flounder on a sheet of aluminum foil laid on a baking sheet. Rub with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Place the stuffing on the fillet and top with another 1-pound fillet of flounder which has been rubbed with lemon juice and sprinkled with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Wrap well in the foil and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 40 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

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STUART-FOWL



The silver gleams in the candlelight, the big party dish is a luscious beef, bean and sausage casserole.

Beans to excite the imagination—
to make eating an adventure—
to prove that flavor has nothing to do with price!

Best Beans I Ever Ate!



Ten supremely delicious bean dishes—
lentils combining with savory lamb; Lima beans with tangy sausage, or spareribs;
chili con carne and frijoles—each one could become a family favorite.

You couldn't find a better time of year for beans—this February, when one expects hearty, succulent food from the winter's hospitable casseroles and soup pots. Bring in the big blue-and-white tureen of golden beans, juicy with morsels of tender beef, rosy with tomatoes, fragrant with herbs and spicy sausage chunks that melt on the tongue. Call in family and friends—you'll butter the crisp, thick sticks of toast from the breadbasket, help yourself to the green salad, jeweled with bright radishes and tossed in a dressing spiked with tarragon and mustard. You'll spear spiced crab apples and rings of pickled watermelon to eat with the savory beans, and you'll feast!

"How exquisite is the bean!"—small, snowy marrow beans, baked in the classic New England fashion for a serene eight hours, with a crusty-brown piece of salt pork, and a liberal spooning of molasses to give the whole thing personality. Served with brown bread and creamy coleslaw, of course. Thoughts of lentil or split-pea soup make one long for the day when the ham will be "finished," and the ham bone can lend its sweetness to a pot of thick, delicious soup. Heat up some French bread, toss a salad of lettuce and raw cauliflowerets (buy a pot of chives and snip some into the dressing), and a soup like this becomes a meal. And the taste of dried baby Limas, cooked in the simplest way, simmered to a mealy softness, and liberally buttered and salt-and-peppered, is a lovely thing. Try them instead of potatoes, for a change, with your next roast of lamb.

BEEF, BEAN AND SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

Wash and pick over a 1-pound package of dried white marrow, sometimes called "great northern," beans. In a deep bowl, cover the beans generously with cold water and soak them overnight. Drain and measure the liquid. Add enough water to make 4 cups. (There may be enough anyway.) Pour beans and water plus 2 cans undiluted consommé into a heavy 4-quart kettle. Cover tightly and cook over medium heat while preparing and adding CONTINUED ON PAGE 113



The Senate's navy-bean soup, rich in ham morsels—hearty cold-weather fare. (serves 6 for $1.15!)



Lentils are the heart of this wonderful casserole; tongue and raisins give it character and charm.



Tiny rosebud cakes encircle a nosegay nested in a sherbet glass.

Cake COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

from the Journal Kitchen

February Takes the Cakes There are gossamer cakes, artfully frosted, and sumptuous tortes that linger long in the memory. For each there is a special occasion when the charm of a cake makes the celebration complete. It may be a hearthside reunion over teacups or a salute to George Washington. To honor our first President, bake a velvety smooth and creamy cheesecake, crested with a glistening cherry glaze.

CHERRY CHEESECAKE: Roll or grind a 6-ounce package of zwieback. Mix the crumbs with 4 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons sugar. If you favor cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon may be added. Pat the crumb mixture into the bottom and up the sides of a 10″ spring form pan 2½″ deep. Blend 1 cup cream into 1 pound cream cheese. Add 1 cup sugar thoroughly mixed with 2 tablespoons flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Separate 3 eggs. Beat the yolks until light and thick. Fold them in carefully and flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¾ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Beat the 3 egg whites to a stiff foam and fold in last as gingerly as you would handle your Aunt Eliza's best bone china. Pour the mixture into the crumb crust and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., about 1 hour or until firm and lightly browned. Leave in the oven an hour with the heat off. Cool thoroughly.

CHERRY TOPPING: Drain 1 No. 2 can (1 pound 5 ounces) pitted red sour cherries packed in heavy sirup. Measure out ¾ cup of the sirup. Mix 2 tablespoons cornstarch with ⅓ cup sugar in a small saucepan. Gradually add the cherry sirup and ⅛ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Heat, and stir constantly until thick. Continue cooking over low heat about 15 minutes. Add the drained cherries. Cool a little. Pour on top of the cooled cheesecake. Spread the cherries to ½″ from the edge. Cool before cutting.

When the flag's aloft for Abraham Lincoln, cut slices of a handsome chocolate roll mantled with whipped cream and shaved chocolate.

CHOCOLATE ROLL: Sift together 3 times: 6 tablespoons cake flour, 6 tablespoons cocoa, ¼ teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon baking powder. Separate 4 eggs. Beat whites until they form soft peaks. Fold ¾ cup sugar into the egg whites gradually, a tablespoon at a time exactly as if you were making meringue kisses. Beat the 4 egg yolks until very thick and lemon-colored. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in the egg-white-and-sugar meringue. Then fold in the sifted dry ingredients carefully. Grease a shallow jelly-roll pan, 10″x15″. Line with waxed paper and grease again. Pour in the batter and spread out evenly. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 12–15 minutes. Quickly cut off the crisp edges of the cake. Turn out on a cloth sprinkled with confectioners' sugar and tear off the paper. Roll up, rolling the cloth in at one end. Cool on a rack. Unroll. Spread with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with rum extract. Roll up again and frost with more whipped cream. Chill in the refrigerator 1 to 2 hours. Sprinkle with shaved chocolate before serving.



Say it with hearts and flowers: a Valentine cake lace-edged with coconut—pink and red, red roses which speak of love.

To a Queen's Taste Mrs. Helen M. Harris, of Massachusetts, sent us the recipe for Queen Elizabeth's Favorite Cake. A friend had brought it to her from a bazaar in England to which the queen had contributed several of these cakes along with the recipe.

FAVORITE CAKE: Pour 1 cup boiling water over 1 cup chopped, pitted dates and 1 teaspoon soda. Allow to stand while mixing the cake batter: Cream ⅓ cup softened butter with 1 cup sugar until very smooth and creamy. Add 1 egg and 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat well. Sift together 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Mix until well blended with the creamed mixture. Stir in ½ cup chopped walnuts and the date mixture. Pour into a greased and floured 13″x 9″x2″ cake pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 35 minutes. Cool. Frost as desired.

VALENTINE CAKE

Here's a real sweetheart of a dessert for that sentimental day. Bake two 9″ layers of white cake. Cool. Make a two-egg-white batch of 7-minute frosting. Save ¾ cup and tint the rest soft pink. Use the pink frosting to fill and cover cake. In the center of the top of cake trace a heart with a toothpick. Outline with a piping of the ¾ cup of white frosting. Fill heart with softened red jelly and drift coconut over the rest of the cake.

Men Vote for Chocolate Most men, including Dwight D. Eisenhower, will say "chocolate" if polled on their favorite cake—rich, moist and dark of chocolate, with plenty of icing. Though we have printed dozens that fit this description, the latest to be shared with you comes from Mrs. Emerson Payne, of Quebec, Canada.

ALL-CHOCOLATE CAKE: Into a small bowl pour ½ cup boiling coffee or water over 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, stirring well until chocolate has melted. Cream together ½ cup butter and 2 cups brown sugar until light and fluffy. Add 2 large eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together 2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda and ½ teaspoon salt. Add to sugar mixture alternately with ½ cup sour milk. Then add chocolate mixture and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix well. Pour into an 8″-square baking pan lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 1 hour.

CHOCOLATE-MARSHMALLOW ICING: In the top of a double boiler place 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, ⅔ cup bite-sized marshmallows, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla and a pinch of salt. Stir together for a few minutes until the marshmallows are melted and the icing is combined. Then fold in another ⅔ cup bite-sized marshmallows and spread on the top of the cake.

Beauty Treatments for Cakes

BRAZIL-NUT CURLS: For paper-thin curls, use a vegetable peeler. Slice along the length of the shelled Brazil nut, using quick, short strokes, so that the pieces curl as you slice. Nuts should be at room temperature for best results.

EASY ORNAMENTAL FROSTING: Make your best boiled frosting—not 7-minute in this case. Frost layer cake or tea cakes, but set aside 1 cup of frosting. Into this fold ¼ cup butter that has been creamed until very soft. Tint as desired with food coloring, using pink and green to duplicate our rosebud cakes. Chill for about ½ hour, or until the consistency of a butter frosting. Then pipe flowers or other designs on cake through a pastry tube. This is two frostings in one!

VALENTINE'S DAY

An old-fashioned greeting fares on its way
Full of old-fashioned love for Valentine's Day,
With an old-fashioned wish that each day in the year
Will bring you its portion of gladness and cheer.

4 ways to make a Souper Stew!





Creole Chicken Stew. Bubbling, fragrant stew — whiffs of tomato and okra and chicken simmering to tender perfection! Thaw 2 pkgs. Swanson Frozen Chicken Parts; dust with 1/4 cup flour; brown in 1/4 cup shortening. Stir in 1 can Chicken Gumbo Soup, 1/2 soup can water, 2 tbsp. ketchup. Cover; simmer about 45 min. 6 to 8 servings.





Veal Stew and Noodles. Dust 1 1/2 lbs. veal cubes with 1/4 cup flour, 1/2 tsp. salt, dash black pepper; brown with 1 minced clove garlic in 1/4 cup shortening. Blend in 1 can Beef Broth (Bouillon) and 1/2 soup can water. Cover; simmer 30 min. Add 6 medium carrots, halved; cook, covered, 30 min. Serve over 3 cups cooked noodles. 6 servings.





Beef Stew with Dumplings. Yesterday's roast makes today's good dinner! Brown 1/4 cup chopped onion in shortening. Add 1 can Vegetable Soup, 1/2 soup can water, 1 cup diced cooked beef; heat. Blend 1 cup biscuit mix, 1/3 cup milk, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley. Drop dough from spoon into simmering stew; cover and cook 15 min. 4 servings.





Lamb Stew. Spring fresh dinner with tomato tang! Coat 1 lb. lamb cubes with 2 tbsp. flour; brown in 2 tbsp. shortening. Stir in 1 can Tomato Soup, 1 soup can water, 1 tsp. salt, dash black pepper, 1 minced clove garlic. Cover; simmer 1 hour. Add 3 medium potatoes, quartered and 1/2 medium cabbage, cut in wedges. Cover; cook for 30 min. 4 servings.



Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*



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from "soap in the eyes"

Won't burn or irritate eyes!

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Leaves hair silky-soft!

Extra-clean and shining, easier to comb and manage. Ideal for all the family. **59¢** and **98¢**



THE SCAPEGOAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

to our places, the *comtesse* still leaning upon Blanche and myself, I thought how incongruous it was that the family of De Gué came here to pray and ask forgiveness of their sins, when two members of it had not spoken to each other for fifteen years.

I had thought that once inside the church and taking part in Mass, I might forget the masquerade and become the seigneur of St. Gilles indeed. Instead, a latent sense of guilt rose to confuse me. Never had an office seemed so long, so pregnant with inner meaning, yet heard with such lack of grace. When it was over and we shuffled down the aisle, the *comtesse* leaning heavily on my arm, the first words she muttered were, "I suppose that fool Renée is going to doll herself up like a parrot because Françoise is in bed. I've a good mind to stay downstairs and spoil her fun."

Blanche came to take her other arm, and the three of us went slowly down the hill back to the château. So we entered the *domaine*, brother and sister mute on either side of the mother, who professed herself delighted to see the rain, for the day would be a failure. "And so," she said, squeezing my arm, "you'll have the laugh of them after all."

We were on the terrace by half past ten, standing in mizzling rain as the first cars drove through the gateway. Poor Renée was hidden from view by the massive figure of her mother-in-law, who, leaning on a stick, a great shawl covering her shoulders, stood in the place of honor, regally offering a word of welcome to each as he arrived. Because her appearance was so unexpected, even the burned hand of the seigneur was passed off as a small mishap. Madame la Comtesse was "receiving"; nothing else counted.

The transformation was complete. I could hardly believe that the woman who stood here in command, holding court, was the one I had seen crouching in her chair upstairs or lying gray and exhausted in the great double bed. Every remark she made held in its tail a sting about the day's proceedings. "Better pick chestnuts and leave your gun behind," to one; and to another, "If you want some exercise, take my terriers for a walk. They'll give you more sport in ten minutes than Paul will in five hours."

I stood apart, not wishing to be involved in her malice. Paul, nervy and harassed, was looking at his watch, anxious to be off, his time schedule already behindhand, when I felt someone touch my elbow. It was the man in overalls who lived in the cottage by the garage, and he had César by his side.

"Here is César, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "You had forgotten to loose him before church."

"I'm not shooting today," I said. "Take him to Monsieur Paul."

The dog, excited to be loose, roamed round searching for his master, took no notice when Paul called him to heel. In his bewilderment he charged a rival, a well-trained retriever, and immediately there was an uproar. The gardener Joseph and I hurled ourselves upon the unfortunate César, but I could do little with one hand. Somehow we controlled the dog at last, and had him leashed, everyone laughing at the ridiculous affair except the owner of the dog, and Paul, who as he passed me said, "Another of your jokes, I suppose? It amuses you to start the whole day wrong by letting your half-trained dog run wild."

There was nothing I could do. César's total disregard of me did not look like disobedience on his part, but amused and cynical indifference on mine.

They began to move off in scattered groups. As they disappeared I turned to the *comtesse* and said, "All right. You set out to ruin the day for Paul and Renée, and you've done it. I hope you're proud of yourself."

She stared at me without comprehension. "What do you mean?" she asked. "I don't understand you."

"You understand me very well," I said. "Here was the one chance for Paul and Renée to show some authority, and you deliberately stood in their way, making a mockery of the whole thing."

Her face turned suddenly gray, whether from shock or anger I could not tell. I had thought we were alone, but Charlotte was waiting for her just inside the hall, and she came forward now and took her arm, and the pair of them turned and began to climb the stairs without a word. There was no sign of Renée, no sign of Blanche; only the child remained as second witness to the scene.

Marie-Noël stood first on one foot and then on the other. "Is your hand hurting?"

"No."

"I thought it must be, and that was why you didn't bother much with the guests. *Gran'mie* will be ill now. She'll have one of her bad turns. Why were you so cross with her? She only did it for you."

It was no good. All our motives were false. I had tried to do the right thing in the wrong way, or the wrong thing in the right way—I did not know which. My plan had not worked, and neither had the mother's.

"Where's your Aunt Renée?" I asked the child.

"She went upstairs. Her hair was getting spoiled. She also looked as if she was going to cry."

"Tell her Gaston shall take us all in the car to join the chasseurs."

Her face brightened and she ran off.

I asked Gaston to bring round the car, and saw, to my relief, that he was putting a case of wine into the back. The best solution for the day, so far as everybody was concerned, seemed to be refuge in drink. I looked across the drive, and Renée and the child were walking toward us, and with them César.

"We don't want the dog," I called.

They stopped, surprised. "You'll want César for the birds, papa," cried Marie-Noël.

"No," I said. "Since I'm not shooting, there's no need to bring him. I can't manage him with one hand."

"You don't have to," the child said. "He always obeys your command. Come on, César."

"Hasn't he a lead?" said Renée. "Where's his lead?"

I gave in. I could not argue; the day was out of my control. I climbed into the back of the Renault, with the dog on one side of me and the child on the other, Renée in the front and Gaston driving. As we jolted over a rough cart track to the woods and I swayed against César, a mutter rose in his throat.

"What's wrong with César?" asked Renée, looking over her shoulder.

"Papa's teasing him," said the child; "aren't you, papa?"

"No, I'm not," I said. "But somebody's got to see that he's kept on his lead."

Suddenly the car stopped, and we found ourselves quite near to the chasseurs, who were spread out in a thin line along the ride. We

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NEXT MONTH

Rosalie kissed him and said, "Darling, I know how terrible this may be for you. All my heart goes with you."

● But, at that moment, neither Stephen nor Rosalie could know what the implications of Stephen's meeting with Jim Peale would be: how it would threaten their life, their children's lives, and even their love itself.

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By HOWARD SWIGGETT

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

nbed out of the car, and I knew instinc-ly that it was a mistake for me to have ne at all, for I hadn't the faintest notion at I ought to do next. Worse still, I saw t my instructions about César had not n followed. He was loose, roaming around he had done in the drive, in a vain search his master.

'Come here, César," I called.

The dog took no notice. He was running ng the line, his progress accompanied by gry shouts of, "Cateh that dog!"

Renée made a click of disapproval. "Really, n, you ought to control him better."

'I knew it was a mistake to bring him," I d. "Marie-Noël, run and fetch him."

he was about to do so when there came uts from within the wood, a whirring nd of flight, and the birds were over our ds. Suddenly the air was filled with the nging of guns, and the bodies of birds came keting down. César, forgetting all he had r been taught, dashed forward unbidden retrieve the nearest bird, which surely, so dog mind must have told him, would be absent master's prey. As he did so, he ran dlong into his enemy of the terrace, the l-trained retriever belonging to the chas-r on my right, whose bird it presumably s. Before the strangled summons "César!" ld rise in my throat, the hideous battle be-en them started once again. The retriever's ster screamed at me, purple in the face, all off your dog!" and the three of us, née, Marie-Noël and I, flung ourselves into melee of infuriated animals. The chasseur irled away from us fire at a couple of -comers that now nged their way ve us, but in his d emotion he ssed them both. He turned to us, e with fury. "What we invited here ?" he yelled. "To made fun of? That's second time you've set your dog on mine. going home."

César, secured at last, was dragged from the ne of action by Renée and the child, and v the other chasseurs came flocking round see what had occurred. Paul, anxious, ar-d in time to see his guest, his gun under his n and his dog limping behind, stalk off de-minedly along the ride toward the road.

'What's wrong with the marquis?" called ul. "I placed him there on purpose; it's the ition he likes best. Wasn't he pleased?"

Out of the sea of faces I saw one I recog-ed. It was the fellow I had seen driving a near the station in Le Mans, the first to take my identity. He was grinning.

'It was Jean playing the fool," he said. "I uldn't think the marquis will ever speak to ner of you again."

'aul turned to me, his face white. "What's idea?" he asked. "Is it because you can't e any fun yourself that you want to ruin day for everyone else?"

Renée, mistakenly, spoke in my defense. "on't be so unfair," she stormed. "Of course n was not playing the fool. His hand was ting him—he nearly fainted."

The guests drifted away discreetly. Nobody hed to listen in to a family row.

I think we had better go home," I said to née, but her face fell, and so did the child's.

We've only watched one drive," said née. "Surely you're not going to take any ice of Paul?"

You both stay," I said. "I've had enough. e, give me the dog."

I seized poor César's leash, and the dog, are of disgrace yet scenting heaven knows at wounded prey that had dragged itself o the woods to die, leaped forward in a den bound, nearly tearing my arm out of socket. We went off together through the od until, breathless and exhausted, we col-sed together upon a heap of cones.

I lit a cigarette with a sigh and, leaning back inst a tree, wondered how far we were m St. Gilles. There was no sound of man or or bird, nothing but the light and dismal patter of the rain. Presently, damp and stiff, my bandaged hand starting to throb, I dragged myself to my feet, and with my hellhound in tow started off once more through the wood.

I could not tell whether we walked north or south, east or west, and César was no help to me. Still leashed, he trotted at my side as docile as a poodle. Suddenly he stiffened and, almost under my feet, a pheasant rose and flew in alarm into the undergrowth ahead. As we scrambled through a belt of narrowing trees another bird took off, and yet another. In the distance I could hear shouts and then a shot, but away to the left of me, and the startled birds were swerving to my right.

Then I saw, some little way ahead, that the trees were clearing. We were coming to another of those broad rides traversing the woods which I had hoped to find before. We stumbled onto it, wet, bedraggled. And I perceived, not twenty yards away, Paul and Robert staring at me, while posted down the ride, like sentinels on guard, the line of chasseurs waited in ignorance for the birds I had prematurely scattered.

Gaston appeared from nowhere with the car. He also had the flask, last seen in the hotel bedroom at Le Mans and now refilled with cognac, which I swallowed, humped on the back seat of the Renault. Through the misty windscreen I watched the disconsolate figures of the sportsmen, balked of their prey, turn and disappear once more through the belt of trees in hopeful quest of more attainable quarry. Gaston, devoted, anxious, suggested that Doctor Lebrun should be summoned to attend me, but he read my symptoms wrongly. My hand was not hurting me, nor was I in a high fever; the flask of cognac was the solace that I needed.

The temptation to perform his duty was always strong; and if the duty were a particularly disagreeable one, the temptation became ungovernable.
JOHN T. MORSE, JR.
Writing of John Quincy Adams

After a while we jolted once again over ruts and muddied ridges. I recollect a low farm building, the trackway beside it already filled with cars, and waiting to welcome me at the doorway the tenant of the farm, immense, red-faced, and his chattering shrimp of a wife. They led me into a huge barn, and I barely had time to huddle in the far corner before the chasseurs entered, thirsty, tired and steamy wet. Servants from the château hastened round with the wine which Gaston had brought. I remember Renée on one side of me and the man from Le Mans upon the other, and Renée telling him in great detail the story of the bonfire. The man started chattering about high finance, coups on the Bourse. My head reeled. Here was the one man who might have helped me—surely he must be the one Béla had spoken of?—and I didn't even know his business or his name.

"I'm flying to London late tonight," he said. "The usual monthly trip. If there's anything I can do for you there, you know where to find me."

In my haze of alcohol, I thought for one crazy instant that he had plumbed my secret. I stared at him, shaken, then said, "What do you mean?"

"Exchange of pounds," he replied briefly. "If you have any English friends, I know how to work it. Easiest thing in the world."

"Friends?" I asked. "Indeed I have English friends," smiling foolishly, knowing myself secure. "I have a very good friend in London who lives near the British Museum. He'd exchange pounds for francs any day of the week, if he could get them." And because I was speaking of the self who sat beside him, and the joke seemed to me exquisitely funny, I added, "Give me a piece of paper and a pen."

He handed me his pocket diary and I wrote my own name and address and gave the diary back to him in drunken solemnity, saying, "Any assistance you give this chap you'll be giving to me; we're closer than brothers." Then I burst out laughing, thinking him extremely stupid not to see the point.

Next I was aware of someone touching my elbow. It was Marie-Noël, and she was saying, "Uncle Paul wants to know if you are going to

How well do you know YOUR HEART?

ALTHOUGH heart disease is our nation's greatest health problem, we can face it today with increasing hope and confidence. Through research, a vast amount of knowledge about the heart and its functions has been accumulated.

As studies continue, there is every justification to anticipate further advances in diagnosis, treatment . . . and perhaps even prevention . . . of various diseases affecting the heart and blood vessels.

While heart disease is a challenge to medical research, it is also a challenge to you. If you are informed about the heart, you can help protect your own and the hearts of your relatives and friends. The following questions and answers may help you to know your heart better . . . and give it the care it deserves.

- **Is the heart strong and durable?**
Yes . . . the healthy heart is one of the strongest organs in the body and it has remarkable reserves of strength. Despite its immense task, a healthy heart can be nearly as efficient as the years advance as it is at age 20. Even at the older ages, a healthy heart is fully capable of meeting the body's needs.

- **Can you do anything to keep your heart in good shape?**
Yes . . . you can protect your heart by avoiding sudden or prolonged exertion, watching your diet, avoiding overweight, and by getting the sleep and rest you need. You should also have a medical examination every year. Then if heart trouble is found, prompt treatment may control it and make possible a long and nearly normal way of life.

- **Are all heart attacks serious?**
Not necessarily . . . because some are mild and the heart can repair itself with care and treatment. In these cases, a person may usually resume normal activities. Even when there are serious complications, patients can often recover if the heart is helped to heal itself. In fact, four out of five of those who withstand their first coronary attack recover and continue to work full time for many years.

- **Is there such a thing as "imaginary heart trouble"?**
Yes . . . many people think they have heart trouble because of rapid or irregular heart beat, chest pain, and shortness of breath. None of these necessarily means heart disease, but naturally you should consult your doctor about such symptoms. If his examination shows your heart is all right you can forget about the symptoms.

- **Are overweight and emotional tension bad for the heart?**
Yes . . . overweight taxes the heart and blood vessels, according to many scientific studies. So, try to keep your weight about equal to what you should have weighed between ages 25 and 30. Emotional upsets can make your heart beat faster and your blood pressure go up.

- **Can people with heart disease lighten the heart's work?**
Yes . . . if they learn how to care for an impaired heart. Plenty of rest, protection against infection, proper diet, and avoidance of hurry, worry and strenuous activities can all help the affected heart to carry on. Of course, treatment given by your doctor is important, but the patient himself can do most to safeguard the heart.

- **Is heart disease more prevalent now?**
No . . . not when you consider these facts: (1) more people are living longer and reaching ages when the heart's endurance naturally ebbs; (2) heart ailments are diagnosed now with greater accuracy, whereas in the past many deaths actually caused by heart disease were blamed on other causes.



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say a few words, or shall he?" Before I could answer the financier was clapping vigorously, and suddenly the whole company was banging and stamping, and the financier was patting me on the shoulder, saying, "Go on, Jean, make a speech." In a haze of alcohol I thought, *This is where I make my mark as a seigneur of St. Gilles; I may have ruined the sport this morning, but now I am in form.*

"*Mesdames et messieurs*," I began, "once again it is my pride and pleasure to welcome you upon this happy occasion, and although an accident has prevented me from taking an active part in the proceedings, I am consoled by the fact that my brother has deputized so well. It is not an easy thing to do, to take another's place, as I am perfectly aware. The truth of this was forced upon me only yesterday morning when I was down at the *verrerie* looking through the accounts." I pulled myself up. What was I saying? The two identities were merging into one. "Be that as it may," I floundered, "I am not here to talk about the *verrerie*, but about shooting ——"

I felt someone jogging my elbow—it was the financier, scarlet in the face. "Have you gone crazy, you idiot?" In front of me were other faces, puzzled, uneasy, and it dawned upon me that my speech was not entirely a success, and that it would be best to finish it speedily with some jocular remark.

"In conclusion," I said, lifting my glass, "I will only add this—that my damaged hand today surely prevented disaster. The marquis was wise to go home when he did. If I had carried a gun"—and here I paused for emphasis—"some of you present might never have survived." I stopped, oddly relieved to have uttered my own truth, but I could not understand why nobody clapped. Instead there was a shuffling of feet, and everybody began to move away as though the barn had suddenly become unbearably warm and they longed for the open air. My words had been lamentably few, but I could not see how they had in any way been offensive.

Renée was with me again, and Doctor Lebrun. "I think you must have a touch of fever," he said. "It would be wise to get back to the château as soon as possible."

I was in no condition to argue. I allowed myself to be led by Gaston to the car, and as we turned out of the farmyard I could see the straggling line of sportsmen moving off to their afternoon objective. It was still raining, and I did not envy them.

"My speech didn't seem to go down very well," I said to Gaston at my side.

He did not answer for a moment. Then the corner of his mouth twitched. "Monsieur le Comte," he said, "you had a little too much to drink, that was all."

"Was it so noticeable?" I said.

I felt rather than saw the shrug. "People are sensitive," he said, "especially about the past. It doesn't do to mix up war and peace and make a joke of it."

"But I didn't do anything of the sort," I said. "I was speaking of something quite different."

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "I misunderstood you. So did they."

We drove the few miles back in silence. As I got out of the car, and he stood waiting for further orders, it struck me suddenly that possibly not all the guests would be returning for refreshment later. I put the point to Gaston.

"It is one of those things, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "that are best left to the discretion of those concerned. In any case, if few turn up to drink in the dining room, I can promise you that the kitchen quarters of the château will be completely filled."

I went upstairs and crept softly into the dressing room so as not to disturb Françoise. Throwing myself down on to the bed, I slept instantly. I was wakened by someone whispering in my ear. A figure stood by the bed. It was Germaine, the little *femme de chambre*.

"Come quickly, Monsieur le Comte," she was saying. "Madame la Comtesse is unwell. She is asking for you."

I sat up, switching on the light. Germaine looked frightened. "Where's Charlotte?" I said. "Has she sent you for me?"

"Charlotte is downstairs, Monsieur le Comte," she whispered. "There is a great crowd in the kitchen eating and drinking. Charlotte told me to stay with Madame la Comtesse because she wanted to join the others below. She said Madame la Comtesse was sleeping and would give no trouble."

I was up now, and struggling into my jacket. At least I was sober again.

"What's the matter with Madame la Comtesse?" I asked.

"I don't know, Monsieur le Comte. She was sleeping, and then she started to groan and to ask for Charlotte, but Charlotte had told me not to go down for her, so I asked if there was anything I could do. I told a lie, I said I could not find Charlotte. Then she asked for you, and said to come at once, no matter what you were doing. I was frightened, she looked so ill."

She followed me out of the dressing room and up the stairs. When we came to the bedroom door I paused, something telling me I should go in alone, and asked Germaine to wait outside. The room was dark. Only a feeble glow from the stove enabled me to distinguish the shape of the furniture, of the bed, and because I did not want to disturb the *comtesse* by turning on the light, I went to the window and eased the shutter so that a streak of pallor might at least fall upon the carpet and make the darkness gray.

Her voice came to me, faint and strangely guttural, from the depths of the vast bed. "Who is it?"

"It's I, Jean." I moved away from the window and went to her.

"I'm ill," she said. "Why didn't you come before?"

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

She moved restlessly. "You know perfectly what I want you to do," she said.

There were medicines on the table beside the bed, and I glanced toward them, perplexed, but she shook her head.

"Charlotte keeps it next door," she said, "in the dressing room, in the drawer of the cupboard there. Surely you remember where it is?"

I got up, went into the dressing room, and switched on the light. There was only one cupboard in the room, with a single drawer, and this I opened. Inside were two boxes, one of them still half wrapped in paper which I recognized. It was the gift which I had given into Charlotte's hands that first evening in the château. I took the wrapping off and opened the box. It was full of little ampoules packed one upon the other in layers of cotton wool. They contained liquid, and a label upon each, with the single word "morphine." I opened the other box. It held a hypodermic syringe.

As I stood there, staring, I heard her calling from the bedroom, "Jean, why don't you come?" Slowly I took the syringe out of its box, and one of the ampoules, and laid them on the table below. There was cotton wool on the table, and a bottle containing spirit. I understood at last what it was that Jean de Gué had brought his mother from Paris.

I went back into the bedroom and turned on a light which I found concealed in the hangings of the bed. The woman lying there was not the one who had stood beside me on the terrace that morning, regal and commanding. She kept turning her head from side to side on the pillow in a movement that was horrible and inhuman, like something long imprisoned without food or light or water.

"What are you waiting for?" she said. "Why are you so long?"

I knelt beside her. I put both my hands behind her, and turned her head toward me so that she was forced to look at me and be still.

"I don't want to give it to you," I said.

"Why?"

The staring eyes searched mine and the massive face seemed to crumple, becoming twisted and distorted like a paper mask.

"Why?"

Once again she spoke, this time in anguish, and she pulled herself up in bed and held my shoulders. The mask became a face, and the face hers and mine and Marie-Noël's.

I got up and went into the bathroom. Breaking the neck of the ampoule, I filled the syringe, and came back and prepared her arm with the spirit. Then I drove the needle into her arm and held the syringe and waited, and she leaned back on her pillows and waited too. Her eyelids flickered, and for a moment, before closing them, she looked at me and smiled.

I took the syringe back to the dressing room, washed it and replaced it in the box, and put the empty ampoule in my pocket. Then I shut the door and went and stood by the bedside once again. The anguish had gone from the face, and the likeness too. She was neither Marie-Noël, nor myself, nor the mother of Jean de Gué; she was something sleeping, unconscious, unaware of pain.

I went into the corridor and found Germaine still standing there, waiting. I said to her, "It's all right now. Madame la Comtesse is sleeping. You had better sit by the stove until Charlotte comes up."

I went along the corridor, through the swing door and on to the other landing, and the sound of laughter and music came floating up toward me once again from the back regions of the château. I could hear voices, too, coming from the salon—evidently the guests had not yet gone—and as I walked onto the terrace the door of the salon opened, and Marie-Noël came out.

"Where are you going?" she said.

She had changed into a blue silk frock, white socks and pointed shoes. She wore a little gold cross round her neck, and round her cropped fair hair was a blue velvet band. Her face was flushed with excitement.

"I don't know," I said. "I might not come back."

She knew at once what I meant, because the color went from her face and she made a movement as though to rush at me and seize my hands. Then she remembered my bandaged hand and stood still.

"Is it because of what happened at the shoot?" she asked.

"No," I said, "it has nothing to do with the shoot."

She went on looking at me, her hands clasped, and then she said, "Take me with you."

"How can I?" I asked. "I don't know where I'm going."

It was raining hard, falling onto her thin shoulders in the blue silk party frock. "Will you walk?" she said. "You can't drive because of your hand."

The simplicity of her remark brought me to the full realization that I was without thought or plan. How, indeed, did I intend to get away?

The voices sounded loud again from within the salon. Marie-Noël looked over her shoulder. "They are beginning to say good-by," she said. "You will have to make up your mind what you're going to do."

A footstep sounded in the hall, and someone came and stood in the entrance. It was Blanche.

"You'll catch cold," she said. "Come in out of the rain." She did not see me standing there, she saw only the child, and I realized that, believing herself to be alone with Marie-Noël, her voice had changed. It was gentle and affectionate, the hard, abrupt quality gone. She might have been a different person. "Everybody is going in a moment," she said. "You only have to be polite a few minutes longer. Then I'll come upstairs and read to you, if papa is still sleeping." She turned and went indoors.

The child looked at me. "Go on in," I said. "do what she says. I won't leave you." She smiled. Oddly, the smile reminded me of something. Then I remembered—it was release from pain. I had seen the same smile not ten minutes ago in the room upstairs. Marie-Noël ran back into the château after Blanche.

I heard the sound of a car coming down from the village and passing through the gateway. As it turned to the archway the headlights must have picked me up, for it stopped and Gaston got out. It was the Renault, and he came across the drive toward me. He looked flushed, a little awkward.

"I had not realized Monsieur le Comte was below," he said. "Forgive me, but it was raining hard, and I took Madame Yves and one or two other older people back to the *verrerie*. I did not ask permission. I did not want to disturb you."

"That's all right," I said. "I'm glad you took them home."

He came nearer and peered up at my face. "You look upset, Monsieur le Comte. Is anything wrong? Are you still feeling ill?"

"No," I told him. "It's just . . . a combination of circumstances." I gestured with my hand toward the château. It did not matter to me what he thought. I was not sure what I thought myself.

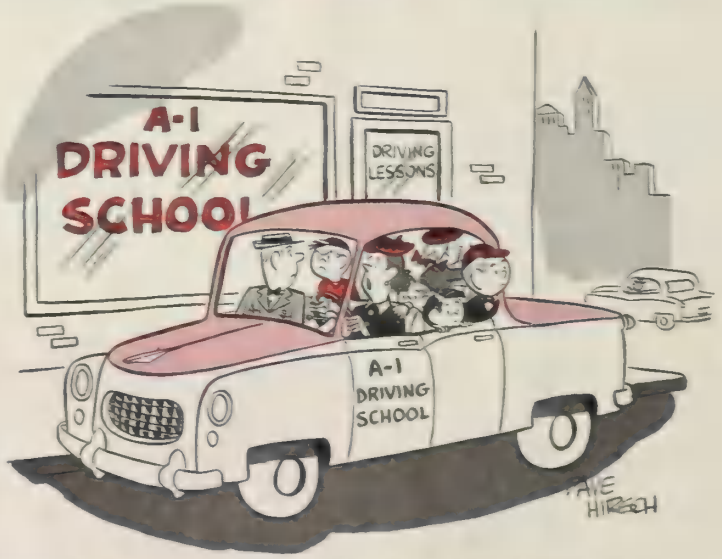
"Excuse me," he said, his manner diffident, yet somehow reassuring, gentle. "I don't wish to be indiscreet, but would Monsieur le Comte perhaps like me to drive him to Villars?"

I kept silent, not understanding.

"You have had a hard day, Monsieur le Comte," he went on. "At the château here everyone believes you to be in bed. If I drove you to Villars you could spend several hours there in comfort, without anxiety, and I could come back for you early in the morning. I only suggest it because at the present moment Monsieur le Comte cannot drive himself."

He glanced away from me, apologetic, tactful, and I knew that what he suggested was so profoundly the answer to my turmoil of mind and body and spirit that he expected no comment even, no word of affirmation. He went to the car and brought it back to the driveway below the terrace. He opened the door for me and I got in, and as he drove along the pitch-dark lanes to Villars, it seemed to me that there was nothing left now of that former self who had changed identity in the hotel bedroom at Le Mans. Every one of my actions, instincts, weaknesses, all had merged with those of Jean de Gué.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88



"This is how it will be, so I might as well learn from the start."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

I thought for a moment it was the rain pouring from the gargoyle mouth, bearing away the silt and debris of the years, and the gargoyle himself, with flattened, evil ears, was cracking at the base, the stonework crumbling, so that he, too, would molder and soften with the flood. Then the horror of the dream departed and it was day, and the sound was Béla's bath water running. The darkness had gone and the rain with it, and the early morning sun was turning the rooftops gold.

I could hear her throwing open the shutters in the room across the passage, talking to the budgereegahs, putting their cages out on the balcony, their twittering chatter a variation of the running water. Presently I called to her and she came from the other room, dressed in wrapper and slippers.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her, and it was a delight to feel her arms and her shoulders bare under the loose flowing sleeves, and to be aware of skin smelling of apricots.

"I'll make you coffee directly," she said, "and as soon as Vincent comes I'll send him for *croissants* from the baker up the street. Your hand doesn't hurt you? Good. I'll dress it before you leave."

Then she was gone, and I gave myself up once more to lassitude and peace.

She had a quality of being surprised by nothing. Last night, when Gaston had deposited me outside the *porte de ville* and drove away, and I crossed the canal by the footbridge and tapped at the shuttered window, she had opened it instantly, without any startled query. Noticing at once my bandaged hand and general appearance of weariness and strain, she gestured to the deep chair where I had sat before and fetched me a drink. She did not ask one question, and it was I who broke the silence first by feeling in my pocket for the broken phial and tossing it into the wastepaper basket beyond the chair.

"Did I ever tell you my mother took morphine?" I asked her.

"No," she answered, "but I suspected it." Her voice was practical and cool, warning me that she accepted without praise or condemnation whatever Jean de Gué should choose to tell her, reserving her opinion for herself.

"Would it disgust you," I asked, "if you learned that I supplied her with morphine, bringing it with me from Paris as a gift, just as I brought you the bottle of Femme?"

"Nothing disgusts me, Jean," she said. "I know you too well to be repelled now by anything you choose to do."

She looked at me steadily. I leaned forward and took a cigarette from the box on the table beside me.

"This morning she came downstairs and went with us all to Mass," I said, "and then received about fifty guests on the terrace of the château. She looked magnificent. She did it, of course, from spite, to spoil Renée's day, who wanted to play hostess. This evening the little *femme de chambre*, Germaine, called me and I went up and found her"—I broke off, because it was vividly with me once again—"I found her wanting me to give her that." I looked at the wastepaper basket where I had thrown the empty phial.

"And you did so?"

"Yes."

She said nothing. She went on looking at me.

"That's why I've come to you," I said, "in self-pity and self-disgust."

"Those are things you must deal with in your own way," she said. "I can't act as a purge and rid you of them."

"You have before," I told her.

"Yes?"

Perhaps it was my imagination. Was her manner harder, more abrupt than it had been that afternoon two days ago? Or merely without interest, unmoved?

"I wonder how many times in the past," I said, "I've come here to this house, to you, knowing what was going on at home in the château, wanting to forget, and succeeding in forgetting because of what I found here?"

"If you don't remember," she said, "let it alone. It doesn't help the present. Anyway, you told me on Friday that your problems were likely to be easier in the future, that you were going to tackle them in a different way. Hasn't the new Jean de Gué been successful after all?"

Now she was smiling, and the faint mockery in her voice made me realize that she had no faith in him and never would have.

"He's failed," I said, "in precisely the same way that he's failed before. He gives his family what they ask for, through cowardice, through evasion, not only his mother but his daughter too. The only difference is that once it was done with gaiety and possibly charm. Now it's done with reluctance and distaste."

"That would be an advance," she said. "It depends on the point of view." And then the smile faded with the mockery in her voice. She came over to me, and took my hand and said, "So you didn't shoot today. Do you want me to do anything about this? I hear you burned yourself."

"Who told you?" I asked.

"One of the chasseurs."

She went out of the room, and came back with new dressings, as efficient as Blanche had been, and as she knelt beside me and dressed my hand I said, "I burned myself on purpose. I did not want to shoot."

"Why?" she said. "Were you afraid of shooting badly?"

The truth, coming from her, was such a shock that I did not answer. I waited for her to finish tying the bandage and then withdrew my hand, discomfited.

LINES TO ELIZABETH

By JEAN GUNTERT

When Elizabeth fell in love,
Pale hands penned a sonnet.
But *I* kiss a tear-wet chin and
Put a plaster on it.

Immortal lines on love are hers.
My lines are hung with diapers.

As she rose to her feet she tapped my shoulder in a gesture half mocking, half affectionate. "Go on," she said, "sit back and finish your cigarette. I understand you had more to drink than to eat at midday, so possibly you can manage an omelet now."

She must know, then, about the speech as well, the lack of applause, the melting away of the guests. Disgrace was well established.

I followed her through to the small kitchen and watched her prepare the omelet. "At any rate," I said to her, "I broke my rule, and did not minister to the greed of the guests—on this occasion the greed for flattery and the meaningless banalities one gets on these occasions. I was only trying to be honest. I had no idea it would upset them so much."

"The truth is always embarrassing," she said, "even in the confessional. You of all people might have learned that by now. At a picnic lunch it happens to be misplaced."

"I can't help it," I went on, "if my truth happened to be theirs as well. I only told them that if I had a gun some of them might not have been alive by the end of the day."

She was busy beating the eggs with a fork. "Coming from a onetime Resistance leader," she said, "to a group of well-known collaborators, it must have sounded curious."

I stared at her blankly. "But that's not what I meant," I said. "That's not what I meant at all."

"That's what they understood," she said, and the laughter behind her eyes was the same as the twitch at the corner of Gaston's mouth. She neither applauded nor condemned.

She poured the eggs into the pan. "If your new-found sense of responsibility wants to get things straight," she said, "surely there's only one person who can do that for you—your sister Blanche."

She stared at me a moment, and then turned to the omelet. And the years that were gone, that I had no business to intrude upon, seemed merged into a single entity, like the eggs and the butter and the herbs. They could never be separated now, or examined one by one. I was responsible for the present, not the past.

She had the omelet on a plate, and the plate on a tray, and the tray in an instant on the table beside the chair in the small salon.

"So this new Jean," she said, "is not possessed by his family any more?"

"He never was."

"That's where you're wrong," she said. "The bond isn't easily broken. Wait till tomorrow."

And tomorrow had already come. As I drank my coffee, dressed and ready to depart, I saw that Gaston, faithful to his word, was sitting in the car outside the *porte de ville*.

The journey to St. Gilles was as silent as the outward one, except for his brief word of assurance that all in the château believed me to be in my room. "I let it be known," he said, his eyes straight on the road ahead of him, "that Monsieur le Comte did not wish to be disturbed. I even took the liberty of locking both doors into the dressing room." He handed me the keys.

"Thank you, Gaston," I said.

We were coming out of the line of trees and approaching the valley. Below us were the village, the river and the bridge.

"How many times, Gaston," I asked, "have you pulled me out of a scrape of my own making?"

He swerved left to the lime avenue, disclosing at the farther end of it the still-shuttered façade of St. Gilles.

"I have never counted, monsieur," he said. "It is just something I look upon as part of my duty to Monsieur le Comte, and to his family also."

He did not take the car through the gateway and onto the drive, but circled the enclosing walls of the moat and so through to the garage outbuildings by a side approach.

I crossed the terrace and went into the dark, cold hall. I crept up to the first floor and along the corridor to the dressing room, and turned the key in the lock. As I opened the door I stepped on a piece of paper that had been thrust underneath it. It was pink, with a sprig of flowers in one corner, the kind of paper given to children on birthdays or at Christmas. It said, in round, unformed letters:

"My papa, you told me you would not go away, and I believe you. But you never came to say good night, and your door is locked. The *Sainte Vierge* tells me you are suffering now for what wrong you did in the past, so I am going to pray that all your sins may be visited upon me, who, being young and strong, can bear them better. Sleep well, and have faith in Marie-Noël, who loves you dearly."

I put the paper in my pocket and sat down in a chair by the open window. I wished now that I had never left the château, never had those hours of release in Villars.

I went on sitting by the window, waiting for the customary time when Gaston would bring my tray. It must have been a little before eight when I heard the hurrying footsteps along the corridor, the knocking on the bedroom door—Françoise's, not mine—and the confused babble of voices, exclamations, cries. Then, on the bathroom door, which I had not yet unlocked, there came a sudden knocking and the voice of Françoise, urgent, shrill, "Jean, Jean, are you awake?"

I leaped from my chair and opened the door. She was standing there in her nightgown, wan and pale, and behind her Germaine, and beyond, in the bedroom, the gaunt, accusing figure of Blanche.

I put out my hand to steady Françoise. "It's all right," I said. "You don't have to tell me. It's *maman*, isn't it?"

Her eyes swept me, incredulous. "*Maman?*" she said. "Of course not. It's the child. She's disappeared. Germaine has just been to call her, and the bed hasn't been slept in. She never even undressed. If she hasn't been with you, then she's nowhere in the château—she's vanished, gone."

Their faces were turned to mine. I could see Paul, half dressed, at the bedroom door with Renée beside him. Françoise, shivering without a wrapper, was my first concern.

"Get back into bed," I said; "we'll soon find her."

Blanche led her, crying, protesting, back to bed.

"She's probably in the park, or in the woods," I said. "It's not so unusual for a child to get up early. Who was the last to see her? What time did she go to bed?"

"She was with Blanche," said Françoise. "Blanche was reading to her, weren't you, Blanche? She sent her to bed about half past nine."

I glanced at Blanche. Her face was set and strained. She did not look at me. "It's always the same," she said to Françoise. "Her father upsets her, works on her feelings, and she is capable of any foolishness after that."

"But Marie-Noël didn't see Jean all evening!" interrupted Renée. "Jean was asleep in his room."

Françoise, with swimming eyes, turned to me. "Did you drink so much?" she said. "What in the world will people think?"

Germaine, goggle-eyed, watched us from her corner.

"Go and tell Gaston to start searching the grounds," I said to her. "Tell him to get hold of Joseph, and anyone else who's about. Monsieur Paul and I will be down directly."

"If you want to know what I think," said Paul, "the child has run away because Jean made an exhibition of himself in public. She was ashamed. So were we all."

"Marie-Noël was not ashamed," said Renée. "I heard her telling everyone that Jean was the most courageous man in the world and nobody but herself knew why."

"Courageous? What did she mean by courageous?" asked Françoise.

"It did take courage of a sort," said Paul, "deliberately to wreck the day for those who had taken infinite time and trouble to try and make it a success. It was a curious thing that, out of about fifty people invited here after the shoot was over, only twenty or so turned up. It's not the personal slight I mind, but the slight on the family."

The bickering was interrupted by a knock on the door. We all turned, in hope and expectation, but it was only Charlotte.

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte, and you, too, Madame Jean," she said. "I have just heard about the child. I think I was the last to see her. When I went upstairs last night she was kneeling outside the dressing-room door. She wanted to say *bon soir* to her papa. She could not make you hear, Monsieur le Comte."

"That's not surprising," said Paul.

"Why didn't she try my door, then?" asked Françoise. "I was not asleep."

"That was my fault, Madame Jean," said Charlotte. "I told the child on no account to disturb her papa, or to disturb you, madame, who need sleep so badly with the little one soon to be born. A little playmate, I told her, sent from paradise, whom she must learn to love and cherish."

The small button eyes flickered toward me and fell. She looked from one to the other of us with a half-smile, servile, obsequious, upon her pinched mauve lips.

"Well," I asked, "what happened next?"

"She seemed a little upset, Monsieur le Comte. She said, 'My papa needs me, and nobody else.' Then she came with me as far as the service door, and on to her own staircase, and I went above to Madame la Comtesse. Is it possible, mademoiselle," suggested Charlotte, turning to Blanche, "that the little one has run down to the church? After all"—she hesitated, watching me—"if she has anything on her mind of which she is ashamed, she would surely go to Monsieur le Curé and ask to make her confession?"

"No," said Blanche, "she would come first to me."

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "It would be more to the point if we all got dressed, wouldn't it?" he asked. "Blanche can go down to the curé, and Jean and I search the grounds with Gaston. That is," he added, throwing me a glance, "if you're sufficiently recovered from yesterday."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

JEANNE CRAIN starring in "THE TATTERED DRESS"

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE · IN CINEMASCOPE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Without answering, I turned and went back into the dressing room and, crossing to the window, looked down into the moat. There was nothing in it but the tangled grass, the ivy and the weeds. It was only in imagination that I saw the small body in the blue dress lying in the ditch, broken and useless.

It was Gaston who came to tell me that the dog was missing. Joseph had gone to feed him, and had found the kennel empty. This news brought an odd sense of relief. If Marie-Noël had taken César with her, he would act as protector, at least from this world's dangers. Nor would a child bent on self-destruction take a dog with her.

Once outside the château, Paul and the men and I divided the ground to be searched, and my territory took me toward the scene of yesterday's encounter with the marquis. The woods were soggy with the rain of the day and the night, the fallen leaves like paper under my feet, the brushwood soft and rotten.

I knew, tramping the long rides, climbing the ditches in the wood, that she would not be there. It was only an exercise I set myself because there was nowhere else to search, and the shouts and the halloos of the rest of them, closer to the château grounds, could not reach me here, with their irritating, useless frequency. If the child wanted to be found, she would be found, not there, not here, but waiting, hidden, before her own symbolic shrine.

When I broke finally from the forest and emerged into fields once more, I saw that my walk had brought me in a half circle. There, a couple of fields away, were the foundry sheds, half obscured by a fence enclosing their plot of ground, and the chimney itself, a pencil against the sky.

I climbed under the wire surrounding the wood, crossed the fields and, opening a small gate, came to the apple orchard behind the master's house. The windows, facing west, were blank and dim, but the tangled garden glistened like the raindrops in the wood. The house slept, yet was not desolate. The creeping vine protected the windows and the walls, and the teeming garden and orchard seemed an echo and a promise from a past still unfulfilled—a past that became suddenly blended with the present because of a half-open window. As I watched, I saw someone come to the window and look out at me and I walked over the wet earth and the fallen apples. When I stood beside the window I saw the figure was Julie, and she had her finger to her lips for silence.

"You came quickly," she whispered. "I only sent word to the château ten minutes ago. I could get no reply by telephone."

Her words had no meaning for me. Yet I was afraid. "I had no message," I said. "I came by chance."

I climbed through the window into the room. It was the same that I had entered Friday morning, where the furniture was stored, the onetime salon of the master's house. A shaft of sunlight fell upon the child, white and still under a heap of blankets, and upon the dog, his muzzle between his paws, stretched at her feet. It was what my fancy had conjured, yet, strangely, more poignant still. Not dripping from a pool, not torn or mangled, merely alone, a speck in isolation.

"One of the workmen found her because of César," said Julie. "The dog was standing guard beside the well. She must have climbed down the ladder to the bottom and lain there, amongst the glass and rubble, all the night. She was asleep when he brought her up, and she was sleeping still when he carried her into the house and called to me."

Asleep. I had thought her dead. I turned to Julie, but the wrinkled face was puzzled and awed, not stricken. Still whispering, she said, "It was Madame la Comtesse who walked in her sleep in old days. It is perhaps part of the little one's inheritance, Monsieur Jean. No doubt she had something on her mind."

I felt in my pocket for the scrap of paper. It belonged to Jean de Gué, yet it was also mine.

The small face against the dark bla... looked like something carved from ston... angel's head, remote, intangible, lost in a ... cloister.

"Poor little one," said Julie, "it is alwa... this age they take fancies into their heads ... myself, it was a boy in the village. I follo... him everywhere. My sister had a passio... her teacher. This one is religious, like M... moiselle Blanche. It will pass."

She patted the blanket, her hand brown ... strong and wrinkled like her face. The ... in my pocket, which had seemed precio... key to unlock a door, became sudden... scrap without meaning.

"You know what it is," said Julie. "... house full of women like yours, it is ... someone prepared her for what is to co... She is growing fast. They are like yo... plants at this stage; they shoot quic... Ernest, who lives next door to me and ... found her and carried her up, is fathe... three daughters. The first thing he asked ... was her age. Not eleven yet, I told h... 'That's nothing,' he said. His youngest ... ten when she matured. It can be frighten... you understand, Monsieur Jean, when a c... becomes a young girl and still knows noth... It would not surprise me if it happened so..."

I wished I possessed Julie's common se... her tenderness, her perception. I wished I ... the knowledge of Ernest, who lived next ... and had three daughters.

"I don't know what to tell her," I said ... don't know what to do."

Julie stared at me in pity. "These things ... never difficult for us," she said, "but for ... people at the château ... is full of complicati... Sometimes I wonder ... you live at all."

The child stirred in ... sleep, but did not wake. ... blankets, rough and ha... brushed her chin.

"It's odd," I said to Ju... "When they told me at ... château that she had ... appeared, I kept thinking of her as be... drowned."

"Drowned?" she said, puzzled. "There ... nowhere here to drown. You know there ... been no water in the well for fifteen year...

She turned and met my eyes, and I sa... feeling suddenly that I could keep the tr... to myself no longer, "I didn't know. I do... know anything. I'm a stranger here."

Surely she understood? Her honesty wo... not be fooled; she must recognize me ... what I was, an intruder and a fraud.

"Monsieur le Comte was always a stran... at the *verrerie*," she said. "That was ... trouble, wasn't it? You neglected your ... heritance and family, and allowed anot... man to take your place and bear your resp... sibilities."

She patted my shoulder, and I knew that ... was speaking of the past and I the pres... We were two people in two different wor...

"Tell me how to live," I said. "You're pr... tical and wise."

Her eyes crinkled in a smile. "You would ... listen to me, Monsieur Jean. You never ha... not even when I put you across my knees a... smacked your little bottom as a child. Y... made your own decisions always. If life is ... good to you now, it's because you went ... what was exciting, what was amusing—ne... for what was lasting, what endured. A... now you're nearly forty, and it's too late ... change. You can't bring back your you... days any more than you can bring back po... Monsieur Duval, whose only crime was tryi... to preserve the *verrerie* while you were abse... for which you and your little group of p... triots called him a collaborator, and shot h... and let him die there in the well."

She looked at me with pity, as she had do... before, and I realized that her words we... neither accusation nor condemnation. S... knew, his family knew, the whole countrys... knew that Jean de Gué had killed Mauri... Duval. Only I, the substitute, had not be... sure.

"Julie," I said, "where were you the nig... he was shot?"

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HHHHHHHHH

An extravagance is anything you buy that is of no earthly use to your wife.
FRANKLIN P. JONES

HHHHHHHHH

The Picture of Health for February



by MAXINE DAVIS

If you are one of the millions of us who can't even dream of a February holiday you slog along, low in spirits, low in energy, burdened with overshoes and heavy coats, and all the worries of the bottom of winter.

It's not the gloomy weather alone that gets you down. You don't get out-ors much. You eat too many starches and desserts and not ough really fresh vegetables and fruits.

SO—I'll tell you something I've discovered: you can get a cation feeling of bounce and well-being with vitamins. Good ulti-vitamins won't give you an out-of-season tan but if you ed them and add them to your foods, they can make you wake each morning thinking, "What a *lovely* day!"

BEXEL vitamin-mineral capsules are the best I've found cause they supply the nutritional elements that make the fference between feeling just so-so, and feeling really well.

BEXEL is a first-class ticket to sunshine in the household you provide it for the entire family as part of breakfast. nirteen-year-old Pete can have a grown-up capsule just like s Dad's. The twins can have gay red ones, child-sized, there-re lower-priced; or else have it in a pleasant-tasting syrup nich they can take any way they like—in their milk or even read on their toast. The baby gets hers in her formula.

With BEXEL watching over the family's health it's much sier to deal with transient troubles. For instance:—

Teen-agers are tense about mid-term examinations. They also dulge more than usual in those super-colossal concoctions of e cream on bananas covered with an ominous fall-out of nuts, ocolate goo, and what not! Result:—their skins break out th pimples or acne, and their morale breaks down.

There is no one treatment for acne but if you can do some-ing constructive about it, that helps its victims stop worrying. nat's one reason why UTOL gets results. It's an ointment, imarily antiseptic and antibiotic (tyrothricin). Equally im-rtant, it helps relieve minor irritation and itching. As it's a eam, I suggest UTOL as a foundation for make-up for girls; ey can do their faces, look pretty, and stop brooding. Boys n apply it, and forget it. Then the whole condition improves.

We face other difficulties that come with snow and sleet:—our husband has a rough irritated throat on the very orning he's to have a conference for which he's been preparing r weeks. "I'm coming down with something. I won't get out ree words," he croaks morosely. "The whole program will 'll through."

While he's still regarding his tie as if it were a bunch of es on his chest, you bring him his orange juice and a con-iner of NEO-AQUA-DRIN lozenges.

You can tell he's not sick. If you suspected something ious such as a strep throat you'd call the doctor. Under essure he always sits, as he did last night, chain-smoking in s stuffy den, rechecking details until the small hours, and en opens both bedroom windows wide to let in the clear—d damp bitter—air. His resulting hoarse throat is no surprise.

It's a common complaint due to these or similar causes. O-AQUA-DRIN'S soothing local anesthetic action takes care of and its additional antibiotic guards against secondary infec-n. Thanks to NEO-AQUA-DRIN he'll be OK.

You know everything was a success because he bursts in that ening and gives newly arrived Aunt Amy—not his favorite ative—an exuberant hug.

She moans, pulls away. She's driven with the car window en and now she's suffering agony from her arthritic shoulder.

"I've got just the thing for you," your husband offers nfidently. "It's SURIN. You put a moist warm towel where ur shoulder aches and then when the area is warm massage e ointment in. It's not a cure for your arthritis; there isn't y. But SURIN gets right to the spot and alleviates the pain."

You keep it on hand because it provides hospital-tested ief for the misery of such afflictions as rheumatism, arthritis, sore aching muscles. You get it for Aunt Amy while your sband is saying:

"Try it, and then doll up. This is a big night. With SURIN u'll be able to enjoy the celebration."

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The trim figure of health!



McKesson offers a new Beauty Plan... *The Kessamin Plan*... designed to help you lose 5 to 15 pounds, pleasantly, safely!

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It's guaranteed! If you are not pleased, and happy with what the Kessamin Plan and Kessamin #14, do for you—if you don't gain a beauty figure for spring — if you don't lose weight, and feel better—your money back!

Ask your physician about reducing. Consult your druggist about the Kessamin Plan. Your druggist will tell you it is based on natural, normal, healthful processes. Your druggist will trust your confidence in wanting to lose weight. Along with your doctor, he is the man most concerned with your, and your family's health. As with other fine McKesson products, Kessamin is one more example of how McKesson "makes it better —so it's better for you."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

"In my lodge by the gates," she answered. "I saw nothing. I heard everything. It was not my business then, or now."

Her hand was still on my shoulder as we heard a lorry turn into the gates of the *verrerie*.

"Julie," I asked, "did you like Maurice Duval?"

"We all liked him," she said. "No one could help it. He had all the qualities you lacked. That was why Monsieur le Comte your father made Maurice Duval master of the *verrerie*. I'm sorry, Monsieur Jean, but it's true."

I could hear footsteps coming toward the house, and voices too. Julie turned her head.

"They've got my message," she said. "Someone has come from the château. Perhaps you can carry the child to the car and back to her bed, and she will never know that she walked here to the *verrerie* in her sleep."

"She didn't walk in her sleep," I said. "She came deliberately."

My lie to Marie-Noël about my burned hand, my behavior at the shoot, my evasion of the preceding night had all combined to make her think her father penitent. She had atoned for his deed in her own way, by acting the part of the victim. Only by doing this could she bring him absolution. I felt for the letter in my pocket and read it once again. It wasn't a scrap of paper after all: it was a testament of faith.

Someone was entering the house by the office: Julie went to the door, her fingers raised to her lips for silence.

"Quietly," she whispered. "The child is still asleep."

I thought it would be Gaston or Paul. It was neither. It was Blanche. She went straight to Marie-Noël and knelt beside her, gently turning the blanket, and I saw that the child had on a coat over her blue frock, and thick stockings and shoes that she had not worn the night before. To have dressed herself thus sleep was surely impossible. The garmen were marked with lime and dust, and torn several places.

Blanche, still kneeling, turned to Juli "Where did you find her?"

Julie, for the first time strained, nonpluse threw me a questioning glance as though doubt for an answer.

"It was Ernest who discovered her, mad moiselle," she said, "here, inside the hous Didn't he tell you?"

"He told me inside a shed," she answere "but the sheds are always locked at nigh She has been lying amongst broken gla and lime."

Inside the house or inside the shed, bo were lies. Why did Ernest and Julie lie Blanche? Julie had not lied to me.

"Her pockets are full of glass," said Blanch "Did you know that?"

Julie did not answer. Once again she look at me as if for help, and Blanche, feeling the child's coat pocket, drew out a handful minuscule objects: a jug no larger than thumbnail, a vase, a flacon, all miniature perfectly formed, and among them a repli of the château of St. Gilles, diminutive yet u mistakable, two towers smashed.

"These have not been made since befo the war," said Blanche. "I ought to kno since I helped design them."

For the first time she looked about the roo and away from the child—at the tables a the chairs and the bookshelves and the trunk all of them stored there. And in a flash comprehension I realized that what she w looking at had once been part of her life. Th dusty salon in the master's house was to ha been a place possessed by two people w loved each other well, both faithful to the pa and to tradition, both looking to a future th might, when war was finished, prove stab and secure. But something had gone amis sorrow had turned inward, the cross she kne before in her bedroom was not a Saviour bu her own hope crucified.

On impulse, I took the letter out of m pocket and gave it to her. As she read it, knew that what had happened on a dark nig nearly fifteen years ago had not come abou by chance, but was something planned an done deliberately by a man without heart feeling.

"The little one has blood on her hands," said Julie suddenly. "I did not notice it whe I covered her with the blankets."

Blanche gave me back the letter without word, and together we knelt beside the chil Taking the small clenched fists, Blanch opened one hand and I the other. In the ho low of each palm was the red weal of a recen cut, but the cut now dry, not bleeding. Th hands were clean—there was no dust, n glass. I said nothing, nor did Blanche. The slowly she raised her eyes.

"Julie," she said, "I want you to te Jacques to telephone to Monsieur le Curé an ask him to come here at once. Then look the directory for the number of the conver of the Sacré-Coeur at Lauray, and find out it would be possible for the mother superi to speak to Mademoiselle de Gué."

Julie, bewildered, looked from Blanch to me.

"Are you mad?" I said to Blanche. "Don you realize she did it on purpose, that she di it for me, because I burned my hand i the fire?"

"Julie," said Blanche, "do what I tell you."

I went and stood by the door, my back against it. Julie, distressed, looked fron Blanche to me. "There is no need for Mon sieur le Curé," she said. "The child has no come to any harm. She has only cut hersel with glass. It is full of glass at the bottom o the well."

"The well?" said Blanche. "She climbe into the well?"

Julie realized her mistake too late. "Why yes, mademoiselle," she said. "What if she did climb into the well and lie there in th depths of it all night? It has been dry fo fifteen years. What if she walked here to th *verrerie* asleep or awake, for both your sakes or for her own, poor little one, because she has too much imagination? Why doesn'

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meone in the château look after her prop-ly, and love her for herself? It isn't the gmata on her hands you want to look for, it what will be happening to her soon, in r own body."

Blanche turned white. Emotion, long con-olled, fought for release. "How dare you aspheme, how dare you?" she said, her oice outraged, passionate. "I've watched er the child since she was born. I've loved r, trained her, brought her up as if she were y own, because her mother was a fool and r father a devil. I won't let her suffer in this orld as I have suffered."

The tenderness had gone, the pathos too. he Blanche who had come looking for the st child was another woman, fanatical, bit-r, seeking a victim in the one she wished save.

"The Seigneur does not act in that way, ademoiselle," said Julie. "If He wants to ll the child to Himself, He will do so in His vn good time, and not because Monsieur le omte killed the man you loved. The little one ill suffer in this world only because of what ou do to her; yes, you, and her father, and r grandmother, and everybody up at the hâteau. Now, look—you have woken her o, the damage is done."

Yet it was Julie herself whose voice, loud nd indignant, had caused César to bark and e bark to startle the child. Marie-Noël, her es suddenly open and alive with curiosity, ared at us from the heap of blankets. She t up instantly. "I've had the most atrocious ream," she said.

Blanche bent over her at once, her arms und her in protection. "It's all right, my érie," she said. "You're safe, you're with e. I'm going to take you where they will nderstand you and look after you. It will ver happen again, the horror and the fear the well."

Marie-Noël looked at her calmly. "It was ot horrible, nor was I frightened," she re-ied. "Germaine said it was haunted, but I ver saw a ghost. The *verrerie* is a happy ace. It's the château that is full of ghosts."

César, reassured by the sound of her voice, settled himself at her feet. Marie-Noël patted his head. "He's hungry, and so am I. Can we go across to the cottage with Madame Yves and get some bread?"

The telephone started ringing from the office. Julie moved automatically to the door. I opened it, and Blanche rose slowly to her feet. Faced with the living present, the three of us acted instinctively. Only the child looked troubled.

"I hope that's not the beginning of it," she said.

"The beginning of what?" I asked.

"The beginning of my ferocious dream," she said, and pushing aside the blankets, she stood up. "The *Sainte Vierge* is anxious about all of us," she said. "She told me *gran'mie* wanted *maman* to die. In the dream I wanted her to die too. So did you. We were all guilty. It was very wicked. Isn't there something you can do to prevent it coming true?"

Jacques must have gone into the office, for the ringing ceased, and through the open door I heard his low voice speaking. Julie passed me and went to the kitchen, and after a moment Jacques' voice ceased, and then Julie reappeared. I left Marie-Noël and went to her.

"It was Charlotte asking for Monsieur Paul," she said. "I told her you were here with Mademoiselle Blanche. She said would you both go back at once to the château. There has been an accident. She said not to take the child."

Blanche said never a word to me, nor I to her, as the workman called Ernest drove us back in the lorry; the evil that encompassed us both was like a cloud impossible to penetrate.

The château was deserted. Everyone was out, still searching for the child. Only Charlotte was left, babbling and hysterical, the woman who milked the cows, and the cook, whom I had never seen before but whom I knew to be Gaston's wife. As we entered the château she came from the kitchen and said, "They brought the ambulance from Villars. I did not know where else to telephone."

The woman who milked the cows turned first to me and then to Blanche, and her voice, unintelligible and shrill, repeated again and again the only words I understood, "I saw her fall . . . I saw her fall." The upturned eyes, the sudden sweeping gesture of her hand as she mimed the falling body, was terrible and vivid, the drama of a witch, and Charlotte, plucking at Blanche's sleeve and babbling, "She was still breathing, mademoiselle, I put a mirror to her lips," became her partner in the dreadful play.

The nightmare ride began again. Out of the drive, through the gateway, up the avenue and onto the road to Villars, in the wake of the ambulance that could have preceded us by only some twenty-five minutes.

Things seem to be going fairly well, now that a spirit of pessimism prevails in all the departments.

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Villars was full of dust and noise. Men were drilling a side road, cars were parked one behind the other, and the hospital building, which I had not noticed when Marie-Noël and I had walked the market place, now seemed prominent and large and ugly because of my own fears.

It was Blanche who entered first, Blanche who spoke rapidly to someone white-coated, young, standing in the passage, and Blanche who pushed me into the waiting room while she disappeared through a door beyond. The sister who returned with her was calm, impassive.

"I can't tell you the extent of the injuries. The doctor is examining her now," she said as she led us from the waiting room to a smaller private one.

Blanche did not sit down, although the sister drew forward a chair. She went and stood by the window, with her back to me. I think she was praying. Her head was bent, her hands clasped in front of her. I stared at a map of the region that was framed on the wall.

"Monsieur le Comte?" The man who entered, big, burly, would surely have given confidence to a waiting relative, but I had seen too many doctors' expressions in the war not to recognize finality. "I am Doctor Moutier. I want to tell you that everything we can possibly do is being done. The injuries are extensive, and it would be wrong of me to express any great hope. The *comtesse* is, of course, unconscious. I understand neither of you was present when the accident occurred."

Once again Blanche was the spokesman and the useless story repeated. "The windows are large," said Blanche. "She had been unwell. She must have gone to the window, feeling faint, and opened it too wide, and leaning out ——" She did not finish the sentence.

The doctor's brief "Naturally, naturally" was mechanical. He added, "The *comtesse* was dressed. She was not in night clothes. Presumably she was going to join you in the search for the child."

I glanced at Blanche, but her eyes were fixed on the doctor. "She was not dressed when the rest of us left the château. She was in bed. None of us dreamed for a moment that she would get up."

"Mademoiselle, it is always the unforeseen that produces accidents. Excuse me." He turned to speak to the sister outside the door. The low, rapid conversation was inaudible to us inside the room, but I thought I caught the words "transfusion" and "Le Mans," and I could see from Blanche's face that she had heard them too.

"They are going to give a transfusion," she said. "I heard him say they were sending the blood from Le Mans."

She was watching the door, and I wondered if she realized that these were the first words she had spoken to her brother for fifteen years.



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They came too late. He was not there to hear them.

The doctor turned to us again. "You will excuse me, monsieur, and you, mademoiselle. I will let you know as soon as there is anything definite to tell you."

Blanche caught at his sleeve. "Forgive me, doctor. I could not help overhearing something of what you were saying to the sister. You have sent to Le Mans for blood?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"Are you sure it wouldn't save time if my brother gave his blood? Both he and my brother Paul belong to blood-group O, which I understand can be given to anyone without danger."

For a moment the doctor hesitated, glancing at me. Appalled at what might happen, at the inevitable worsening of disaster, I said swiftly, "I'm not a universal-donor O. I only wish to God I were."

Blanche looked at me, dumfounded. "That's not true. You are both universal donors, you and Paul. I remember Paul telling me only a few months ago."

I shook my head. "No," I said, "you're mistaken. Paul, perhaps, not me. I belong to group A."

The doctor gestured. "Please don't distress yourselves," he said. "It is preferable to use the blood straight from the laboratory. There will be very little delay. Everything necessary is on its way now to Villars from Le Mans." He went out of the room.

For a few moments Blanche s nothing. Then oddly, terribly, seemed to me, her expression of c cern and anguish changed. Slowly, though she could not believe her o words, she said, "You don't want save her. You're hoping she will di

I stared at her, aghast. Then turned her back on me. She went stood by the window once aga There was nothing I could say, no ing I could do.

We went on waiting. Sometim there were voices in the passage a sometimes footsteps passed. No o came in. The midday Angelus sounde I looked at the map once more a saw that it was forty-four kilomet from Le Mans to Villars. The distan could be covered in forty minut Could forty minutes make all the d ference between life and death? I d not know.

I went out into the passage, hopi that if I stood there somebody mig come. But it was empty, save for woman with a mop cleaning the flo

At one o'clock Paul and Renée a peared at the hospital entrance. pointed to the room where Blanc was waiting. I did not want to talk them. Renée went straight in, b Paul, after a second's hesitation, ca to me.

"Ernest is still outside with t lorry. Shall I tell him to go?" he aske

For his mother's tombstone Thomas Gray, the English poet, penned the following simple inscription: "She was the mother of many children, only one of whom had the misfortune to survive her."

"I will," I replied.

He paused. "How is she?"

I shook my head and I went o into the street and told Ernest that h had better return to the *verreri* When he had climbed into the lor and driven away, it was as though m contact with solidity and safety ha gone.

I went out across the *place* and b gan walking without thought, wit out intention; yet, half consciously suppose, I knew where I must go. found myself before the closed do of "L'Antiquaire du Pont." The gla was shuttered and there was a noti in the window saying, "*Fermé lundi.*" I turned and retraced my ste through the *porte de ville*, and ba to the hospital.

Paul was standing by the entranc He said, "We've been looking f you."

I knew then it had happened. H took my arm, an odd, half-protecti gesture, and we walked togeth along the passage to the small roon Doctor Moutier was there wit Blanche and Renée, and the sist who had received us. He came to m at once, and his voice was alread changed.

He said, "It's all over. I'm so ver sorry."

They were all looking at me excep Blanche, who turned away.

Doctor Moutier added, "She neve recovered consciousness. She was i no pain. I can assure you of that."

I said, "The blood transfusion—i was no good, then?"

"No," he said. "There was just faint chance, but . . . she had sustaine too great a shock." He gestured wit his hands.

"It came too late," I asked, "th blood from Le Mans?"

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"Ah, no," he said, "it was here in half an hour. We gave the transfusion at once. Everything that it was possible to do was done. Your wife did not die from any sort of neglect, Monsieur le Comte, please believe me. But alas, our efforts were in vain. We could not save her."

The sister said, "You would like to see her," her words a plain statement of fact, not an interrogation, and she led me down the passage and into a small room. We stood together beside the bed, looking down on Françoise de Gué. There was no sign of injury. She might have been sleeping. She did not look like a person dead.

The sister said, "I always think the real personality appears on the face during the first hour after death. Sometimes it is a consolation to believe this."

I was not sure. The Françoise lying dead looked peaceful, younger, happier than the Françoise who had hammered on the dressing-room door that morning. The Françoise of the morning had been haggard, anxious, querulous; if this, the dead one, was true and the other false, then living had accomplished nothing; it had been a waste of time.

"It is very hard for you to have lost them both," said the sister.

Both? I thought for one moment that she meant Marie-Noël, that she had heard the story of the missing child. Then I remembered.

"There's a daughter," I said, "eleven years old."

"Doctor Moutier told me you would have had a son," she went on.

She withdrew to the door and stood there, her eyes lowered, believing, I supposed, that I wanted to be alone, to pray. I did not pray, but I tried to think if I had said anything to Françoise in the week that had been deliberately unkind. I could not remember. I was glad I had given her the miniature my first evening. She had been happy then, and pleased. There was nothing else, unless it was waiting on her on Thursday night. I wished I had done more. I turned and went back to the others.

Paul said to me, "You had better get home to St. Gilles. I've telephoned to Gaston to bring the Citroën. Blanche and I will stay here to make arrangements, and Gaston can drive you and Renée in the Renault."

I could tell, by their faces, that they had been discussing what must be done. There was a certain quiet formality of tone and gesture that went with the aftermath of death.

When Gaston came I sensed relief. They wanted me out of the way. Renée silently pushed me into the front seat, herself got into the back, and we drove away.

Gaston's face was shocked and drawn. He had not said anything to me when I had climbed into the car, but silently, gently he had put a rug over my knees, a touching gesture of sympathy for sorrow. I wondered, as he took the familiar road again, whether he thought, as I did, of the morning's drive and that of the preceding night, hours so remote that they seemed never to have happened.

The closed shutters of the château were the first sign of mourning, and I supposed that Gaston had given orders for this to be done.

Gaston had also given orders for a meal to be laid in the dining room, for none of us had touched any food. More to satisfy him, I think, than ourselves, we sat down and ate mechanically.

Renée, subdued and gentle, revealing another facet of herself, told me how she and Paul had driven to every farm during the morning within a radius of ten kilometers, inquiring for the child, and had only returned to St. Gilles at half past twelve. It was strange, I thought, how sudden death, like war, brings instant sympathy. The challenging, sensual Renée of the past week was now natural, kindly, anxious to help us all.

Presently she went upstairs and I continued sitting in the dining room, thinking. After a while I got up and went to the desk in the library. I found a piece of paper and a pen and wrote to Julie, telling her Françoise was dead and that I wanted her to break the news to Marie-Noël. I asked her to keep the child with her until the evening. Then I called Gaston and gave him the letter to take to the *verrerie*.

"Monsieur le Curé is upstairs with Madame la Comtesse," he said after a moment's hesitation. "Does Monsieur le Comte wish to see him now, or presently?"

"How long has he been here?" I asked.

"Madame la Comtesse sent for him as soon as Charlotte told her of the accident."

"When was that?"

"I don't know, Monsieur le Comte. Monsieur Paul and I could get no sense out of any of the women here when we returned and heard what had happened. They were too upset to explain anything clearly."

"I'll see Monsieur le Curé directly," I said. "Meanwhile ask Germaine to come to me."

"Very good, Monsieur le Comte."

Germaine was in tears as she entered the room, and at sight of me her face crumpled afresh. It was a moment or two before she could control herself.

"That's enough," I said. "You only make it harder for all of us if you give way. There is something I want to ask you. Did you know Madame Jean had got up and dressed this morning before the accident?"

"No, Monsieur le Comte. I took her breakfast at nine, and she was still in bed. She said nothing to me about getting up. Mademoiselle Blanche sent me to make inquiries in the village about the child, and when I came back I went straight to the kitchen. I never saw Madame Jean again."

The tears were welling into her eyes once more, and I had nothing else to ask her. I told her to send Charlotte to me.

It was a moment or two before Charlotte appeared, and when she did I saw at once that the hysteria of the morning was now over. She was watchful, self-possessed. I did not waste any time. I said, "When we all went out this morning to look for the child, did you go back to talk to Madame Jean?"

There was a momentary hesitation and then she said, "Yes, Monsieur le Comte. I just

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

ipped in to say a word or two of comfort hile she was having breakfast."

"What did you say to her?"

"There was nothing much I could say, Monsieur le Comte. She was worried that the hild might have turned against her. 'She is oo fond of her papa,' she said, 'and of Mademoiselle Blanche; she does not come to er mother as she should.' Those were her xact words."

"How did you answer that?"

"I told her the truth, Monsieur le Comte. I aid that when a father idolizes his daughter s Monsieur le Comte idolizes Marie-Noël, is always difficult for the mother. I had an unt who experienced the same trouble."

"Did you tell her that by way of comfort?"

"I told her because I was sympathetic, Monsieur le Comte. I knew that Madame ean was often lonely."

I wondered just how much damage Charotte had done, now and in the past, in the hâteau of St. Gilles. "Did you know Madame ean meant to get up?" I asked.

Again the flicker of hesitation. "She said othing definite," Charlotte answered. "She old me she did not like staying there all alone, ot knowing what was happening. She asked Madame la Comtesse was awake upstairs. said not yet. She said she might have some deas about the child. Then I took her tray nd went downstairs. That was the last time saw Madame Jean." She shook her head lowly as she said this, and sighed, but there vas nothing genuine about the gesture, like he flowing tears of Germaine.

"At what time did Madame la Comtesse vake?" I said.

Charlotte thought or a moment. "I'm ot sure, Monsieur le Comte. I think it was bout ten. She rang or me, but she did ot want anything to at. I told her about he child. She just hrugged her shoulders; she wasn't interested. She sat in her hair, and I made her ed, and presently, eeing that she did ot need me, I went elow again."

She lowered her eyes and her voice and bent er head. I told her curtly she could go, and s she was leaving the room I said, "When ou broke the news of the accident to Madame a Comtesse, what did she say?"

Charlotte paused, her hand on the door. She was horrified, Monsieur le Comte, tunned. Because of that I sent at once for Monsieur le Curé. I could not give her anyhing; it would not have been wise. You nderstand me?"

"I understand you."

When she had gone, I went upstairs to the dressing room and through the bathroom to he bedroom. Someone had closed the shutters here as elsewhere, and the window too. The bed had not been made, only the sheet nd blankets pulled back. I went to the window and opened it, and the shutters too. The base of the window came to my hip. It was possible to sit on the sill, lean out and lean oo far. Possible, but not probable. Yet it had happened. I closed the window and the shutters once again. I looked around the bedroom hat gave no clue to what had passed, and hen went out and shut the door behind me. I walked along the corridor, up the stairs, nd so to the room in the tower at the ar end.

I did not knock. I opened the door and went straight in. The dogs had been banished, nd the only sound was the low murmur of he curé, praying, and the echoing response rom the opposite chair. Both had their rosaries n their hands; the curé was kneeling, head bowed, the mother sat huddled in her chair, shoulders hunched, chin touching her chest.

I did not kneel—I listened and waited. The murmur of the curé ran on, monotonous, soothing, and my senses and my nerves, which had been strained, ready to snap, became gradually numbed, tuning themselves to the atmosphere and tempo of this room without life.

When the last Gloria was said, and the last amen, there was a pause before the world took charge once more. The curé, rising to his feet, came to me and took my hand.

"My son," he said, "we have been praying so hard for you, your mother and I, and we have asked that you may be given courage and support in this terrible moment of affliction."

I thanked him, and he continued standing, holding my hand and patting it, his face troubled for my sake, yet serene.

"The child," he said; "would you like me to tell her?"

I told him no, I had asked Julie to tell her, but that presently both Paul and Blanche would be home, and perhaps he would arrange with them the many things that must be done.

"You know," he said, "that now, tomorrow and always I am at your disposal, ready to do all in my power for you, and Madame la Comtesse and the child, and everyone at the château."

He blessed us both, took his books and left the room. We were alone. I said nothing. Nor did she. I did not look at her. Then suddenly, on impulse, I crossed to the window and pulled back the heavy curtains. I opened the windows wide and the shutters, too, flinging them back against the wall, and air came into the room, and light. Then I stood beside her chair, and the sun of late afternoon shone down on her so that nothing was hidden; neither the gray pallor of her face, nor the hooded eyes, nor the raddled cheeks. As she raised her hand to shield her eyes from the sun, the sleeve of her black wool coat fell back, showing the puncture marks between wrist and forearm.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to blind me?" she said. Her rosary fell to the floor, and her missal, too, and I picked them up and gave them back to her, and then stood between her and the sun.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Happened?" She repeated the question after me, raising her head and staring. "How do I know what happened, imprisoned here as I am, useless, nobody even answering a bell?" She paused a moment, then she added, "Close the shutters and draw the curtains. You know I hate the light."

"No," I said.

She grimaced, and shrugged her shoulders. "As you wish. It's a strange moment to open them, that's all. I gave orders for Gaston to close the château. I presume he has done what he was told." She settled herself back in her chair. "Now the curé has gone," she said, "I could tell Charlotte to bring back the dogs. Why do you keep standing? Why don't you draw up the chair and sit down?"

I did not sit down. I knelt on one knee beside her chair, my hand on the arm of it. She watched me, her face a mask.

"What did you say to her?" I asked.

"What did I say to whom?"

"To Françoise."

Nothing happened, except that she sat more still. Her left hand ceased to play with the fringe of her shawl.

"When?" she asked. "I did not see her after she became unwell and went to bed. I had not seen her for several days."

"You're lying," I said. "You saw her this morning."

My reply was sudden. I saw her whole body stiffen in her chair.

"Who says so?" she demanded. "Who's been talking?"

"I say so," I answered, "and nobody's been talking."

"Did she recover consciousness? Did she say anything to you in the hospital before she died?" The question was sharp, abrupt.

"No," I said. "She said nothing to me, or to anyone."

"Then what does it matter? Why do you want to know? Suppose she did come here this morning, how can it help you now?"

"I want to know how and why she died," I answered.

She gestured. "What's the use? None of us can know. She became giddy and fell. Berthe saw her, didn't she, as she was crossing into the park with the cows? That was what Charlotte told me. Weren't you told the same story?"

"Yes," I said, "I was told the same story I don't believe it, that's all."

"What do you believe?"

I stared at the face that told me nothing. "I believe she killed herself," I said, "and so do you."

I expected a denial, or an outburst. Instead, unbelievably, she shrugged her shoulders, and then she smiled and said indifferently, "And if she did ——"

This answer, cold, inhuman, struck at me with stunning force. For whatever reason—

Women are supposed to be very calm generally, but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a constraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to knitting stockings, playing the piano and embroidering bags.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË
Jane Eyre



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South Seas* (top and opposite page) is daring, different. A striking new idea in silverware design.

(Left to right, above:)

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COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

jealousy, possessiveness, malice, greed—the mother had wanted Françoise's death; and she believed that her son had wanted it too. It roused no pity in her that Françoise, unhappy, ill, neglected, had perhaps given up the unequal battle to live. The birth of a son, or Françoise's death—either meant release from poverty; and her husband's mother felt only relief that matters had resolved themselves in the way that brought the greatest advantage to them all.

She leaned forward in her chair. "It's too late to develop a conscience," she said. "I told you that the other evening. And if you thought that Françoise would survive the birth of the child, what made you gamble on her death?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The day after you returned from Paris you telephoned Carvalet," she said. "Charlotte told me—she listened on the extension in Blanche's room, as she always does if there's anything being said below worth listening to, and then reports to me. When I heard what you had said to the firm, the nonsensical agreement to their demands, I knew at once that it was a gamble. You were counting on the fortune that might come. No wonder you had qualms the next morning, and went off to Villars to the bank, and down to the safe to look through the marriage settlement. You could have spared yourself the trouble. There are duplicates of everything in the library, if you had only taken the trouble to search for them."

The pattern of events was plain and could not be denied. My motives, misconstrued and twisted, were unimportant now.

"Françoise knew about the contract," I said. "I didn't keep it from her. I told her the truth."

"The truth?" The eyes that looked into mine were cynical and hard. "We all of us tell the truth when it happens to suit us," she said. "Françoise told me the truth this morning, when she came in here. Oh yes, you're right. I did see her. I was probably the last to do so. She came up dressed, ready to search for the child. 'What's upset Marie-Noël?' she asked. 'Why has she run away?' 'What's upset her?' I answered. 'She's afraid of being supplanted, that's all. None of us like to be deposed. She wants you out of the way, and the baby too.'

"That started it. She told me she'd never been happy here and it was my fault because I'd been against her from the start. 'Jean was never in love with me,' she said. I agreed. 'Even now he only wants the money,' she went on. 'Naturally,' I replied. 'Does he want me to die so that he can marry someone else?' she asked at last. I told her I did not know. 'Jean makes love to everyone. He has made love to Renée, even, here in the château, and he has a mistress in Villars,' I said. She told me she had suspected both these things, and that your kindness to her the last few days had been a blind, to make her believe otherwise. 'So the child isn't the only one to want me out of the way,' she said. 'Jean does, too, and so do you, and Renée, and the woman at Villars.'

"I didn't answer her. I told her to stop being hysterical, and to take herself downstairs. That was all. She asked for the truth and got it. Whether she threw herself out of the window or fell because she was giddy is beside the point. The result is the same. You've got what you wanted, haven't you?"

"No," I shouted, "no!"

I pushed her back in the chair, and her expression changed. She looked bewildered, frightened, and the sudden switch from cynicism to apprehension at the sound of my voice, roused in anger against her, as she believed, and not against myself, made me realize the hopelessness of explanation. Whatever she had said to Françoise, however harsh, had been said for her son's sake. I could not accuse her.

I got up and went to the window, and stood there staring out across the park to the trees. *Dear God*, I thought, *there must be an answer to this, there must be a way out*—not for me, the impostor, but for them, for the mother, for the child, for Blanche and Paul and Renée. If Jean de Gué had fostered jealousy, dissension, animosity, he had the excuse of the past. I had no such pretext.

I turned away from the window, and looked back at the woman sitting in the chair. I said to her, "You've got to help me."

"Help you? How?" she asked.

I knelt beside her chair and took her hand. Whatever wrongs there had been in the years that were gone, they could not be righted by a stranger. I could only build the present. But not alone.

"You told me just now that I had got what I wanted," I said. "Did you mean the money? For the glass foundry, for all of us, for St. Gilles?"

"What else?" she asked. "You'll be a rich man; you can do what you like and you'll be free. That's all that matters to you, isn't it?"

"No," I said, "you matter to me. I want you to be the head of my house, as you used to be. And you can't as long as you take morphine."

Something fell apart, the layer upon layer of defense protecting every individual from assault so that no challenge can be heard, no signal seen. I felt, in the hand that tightened on mine, the loneliness of years, the numbed

AND SAY WE ARE NOT LOST

By BARBARA SHOOK

Let not our love winter-die;
Hopes that once sailed treetop high,
Turn back to April's looking glass,
And tell me that the cold will pass.

Turn back the clock to tender things,
Tendrils gently curled toward spring,
Fern fronds lacing through the frost,
And say, oh say, we are not lost!

senses, the mocking mind, the empty heart. Then she withdrew her hand.

"I'm tired and old and useless," she said. "Why should you grudge me something that makes me forget?"

"You're not tired or old or useless," I said. "To yourself, perhaps, but not to me. Yesterday you came downstairs and stood on the terrace, receiving the guests. You wanted to stand beside me, as you stood beside my father; you wanted to be the person you were once, long ago. But it was also an attempt to prove to yourself that it could be done, that you were not dependent on the box of ampoules in there, and the syringe, and Charlotte. You could defeat them, and you did. You would have gone on defeating them but for me."

She looked up at me, watchful, guarded. "What do you mean?"

"What did you think about," I asked, "yesterday morning, after all the guests had gone?"

"I thought about you," she said, "about the past. What does it matter what I thought? I began to suffer, that's all. When I suffer I have to have morphine."

"I made you suffer," I said. "I was the cause."

"What if you were?" she said. "All mothers suffer for their sons. We don't blame you for it."

"It's not part of a son's life," I said. "They can't stand pain. I'm a coward and always have been. That's why I want your help, now and in the future, much more so than in the past."

I rose and went into the dressing room ne door. The box of ampoules was still in t cupboard, and the syringe. I took them o and brought them into the bedroom a showed them to her.

"I'm going to take them away," I sa "Perhaps it's dangerous to do so—I do know. You told me I gambled on winning fortune when I made that new contract w Carvalet. This is another gamble, a differe kind."

I saw her hands tighten on the chair, a for a moment a look of terror, of despa came into her eyes.

"I can't do it, Jean," she said. "You do understand. I can't deprive myself sudden like this. It's too late."

"It's not too late." I put the box down the table. "Give me your hands," I said.

She put her hands in mine and I pulled h up from the chair. As she stood beside m she steadied herself, clutching my bandage hand, and I felt the searing pain shoot fro my fingers to my elbow, turning me sick. S went on holding me, not realizing, and I kne that if I took my hand away something wou be lost to her, some confidence, some strengt that for the moment was part of her and ga her courage.

"Now come downstairs," I said.

She stood between me and the windo massive, huge, trembling a moment as s gained her balance. "Downstairs?" she r peated. "What for?"

"Because I need you," I said. "And future you'll come down every day."

For a long time she held onto me, ne once relaxing her grip upon my hand. Th she released me and moved slowly to the do majestic, dignified. She did not take my a in the corridor but went forward, ahead me, and opened the door of another roo At once the terriers rushed at her, barkin jumping.

She turned to me, exultant. "Just as thought," she said. "These dogs are not take out. Charlotte lies to me. Charlotte is su posed to take them in the park every afte noon. The trouble is there is no supervision the château, no sort of order."

The dogs, released, ran to the stairs, an as we followed she said, "Did I hear you te the curé that Blanche and Paul were to mak the arrangements for the funeral?"

"Yes."

"They don't understand these things," sh said. "There hasn't been a funeral in th château since your father died. It must b done properly. Françoise was a person of im portance—she should have every respect pa to her. After all, she was your wife. She wa the Comtesse de Gué."

She waited at the head of the stairs while put the boxes in the dressing room. As w entered the salon we heard voices. Paul w standing by the fireplace, the curé beside hi Renée was in her usual place on the sof Blanche on another chair. They stared at u disconcerted, and even the curé, startled, can forward, solicitous. But she waved him asi and went straight to the chair beside the fir the chair where Françoise always sat. Blanch rose at once and went to her.

"You ought to be in bed," she said. "Cha lotte told me you were very shaken, ver exhausted."

"Charlotte's a liar," was the answer, "an you can mind your own business." She fum bled on her dress for the pair of spectacle that were hanging from a chain round he neck beside the crucifix. She put them on an looked at each one of us in turn. "This is house of mourning," she said, "not a nursin home. My daughter-in-law has died. I inten to see that everything is done to honor he that should be done. Paul, get me a pencil an some sheets of paper. Blanche, in the desk i my room, in the top drawer, you will find dossier containing all the names of the peopl who came to your father's funeral. Most o them are dead, but they have relatives. Renée fetch me the telephone directory from th cloakroom. Monsieur le Curé, I should b obliged if you will come and sit beside me; may have to refer to you for matters concern ing the actual burial itself. Jean"—she looke

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



(Above) **South Seas,*** original new idea in silverware design. See opposite page for other patterns in the Community collection.

Only fine Silverware keeps its beauty through the years

The longer you own beautiful Community silverplate, the surer you become that no "make-do" tableware can completely satisfy. The reason is silver itself—for only in silver is it possible to achieve such jewel-like design perfection, and *hold* this warmth and beauty year after year. This is the essence of Community* quality—the reason nothing takes the place of fine silverware. With elegance the most significant revival in today's living, why not express your own fine taste by choosing a pattern in world-famous Community? The Community pattern collection is created in the Design Studios of Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths. Choose the pattern for your future —and for your family's pride—at your jeweler's or silverware department.

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THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y. ©1957, ONEIDA LTD.

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up at me, and paused—"I don't expect any help from you for the moment. You had better take a walk; the air will do you good. But before you go," she added, "change into a dark suit. The Comte de Gué does not stroll about in a sports jacket when he has lost his wife."

I left them in the salon, and I went upstairs and changed. Then I called for Gaston and asked him to bring the car round to the drive.

"I want you to take me to the *verrerie*," I said. "I'm going to fetch the child."

"Very good, Monsieur le Comte."

As we drove out of the village and up the hill toward the forest he said, "My wife and I, Monsieur le Comte, and indeed everyone in the château, wish to express our deepest sympathy to you in this moment of stress."

"Thank you, Gaston," I said.

"If there is anything any of us can do, you have only to say so, Monsieur le Comte."

I thanked him again. There was nothing anybody could do to ease things, except myself; and I had started off by depriving an addict of morphine, which might lead to a tragedy worse than the first. I did not know. All I knew was that I had become a gambler, like Jean de Gué.

Gaston stopped the car outside the foundry gates. No one was about. The men must have stopped work for the day out of respect for Françoise.

I got out of the car and went into the deserted grounds. Julie was not in her lodge. She must be in her son's cottage, and Marie-Noël with her. I told Gaston to wait, and walked toward the master's house, but the door was locked. I crossed the worn paving in front of the windows, and went and looked down into the well. I suppose it was about twenty feet in depth. The rickety ladder, with gaps here and there where the rungs were missing, was rotting away. The sides of the well were slimy, green with mold. Far below, at the base, I could see broken glass, and sand, and mud. That a child of eleven could climb down into it, at night, without fear, coming to no harm, was unbelievable. Yet it was true.

I turned away from the well and looked through the dusty windows of the master's house. The blankets were still heaped on the floor where Marie-Noël had lain. I went round to the orchard at the back, and the window through which I had climbed that morning was now closed. I passed through to the front once more, by the sheds. Gaston must have told them at the cottage that I was here, for Marie-Noël was coming across the ground toward me.

Suddenly I did not know what to say to her. I had thought I should see Julie first. Julie would have told me how she had taken the news.

"Don't laugh," she called to me.

Laugh? I had never felt less like laughing in my life. I stood still, baffled, not knowing what she meant.

"I'm wearing Pierre's clothes," she said. "This is his jersey, and his black overall. Madame Yves made me change out of my blue frock because it was damp."

I realized then that she was indeed wearing things that didn't fit. They were too short, making her legs longer and thinner than ever, and she had borrowed a pair of sabots, too, which were much too large, so that when she walked she had to shuffle her feet to keep them on.

"Look," she said, "I'm taller than Pierre, and he's twelve."

I stood awkwardly, looking down at her. *Surely*, I thought, *there must be something that a father does or says at a time of tragedy like this?* He would not just stand as I was doing.

"I couldn't fetch you before ——" I began, but she did not wait for me to finish. She took my hand and said, "I'm glad you didn't. Come and see what we've been making, Pierre and I," and led me over to a mound of rubble beside a heap of waste glass. "There is the château," she said, pointing to the small glass model which had been in her pocket that morning, "and these other pieces are the houses in St. Gilles. That big block is the church. Look, Pierre has scooped up gravel to make roads. We've been playing this all afternoon."

Julie couldn't have told her, then. She didn't know. I looked over my shoulder for Julie or Gaston, but I couldn't see either of them.

"Where's Madame Yves?" I asked.

"In the cottage," she said, "talking to Gaston and André. Pierre has gone to the farm for milk. I drank all theirs this morning; they only had a little in a jug. Do you know"—she lowered her voice—"it's very sad, but Pierre's mother doesn't live with them any more. She ran away to Le Mans some weeks ago, and that's why Madame Yves goes in and cooks for André and Pierre. It's such a shocking thing, for a boy to be without his mother and a husband without his wife."

I hadn't given Julie enough time. That had been it. Gaston had brought the letter less than an hour ago. She had not yet found the right moment to break the news. But I was wrong.

"Our situation is very similar," she said. "You have even burned yourself as André did, but his burn will last for a lifetime, and yours only for a few days. Also, we shall have the consolation of knowing that *maman* is well cared for. After all, as Madame Yves explained, it is better to be with Jesus Christ in paradise than with a mechanic in Le Mans." She stood up, brushing the sand from her knees. "When Ernest came back and said that *maman* had been taken to hospital, I knew what would happen," she went on. "My dreams have a habit of coming true. But at least this was an accident. In my dream we were trying to kill her on purpose. How did *maman* come to fall from the window?"

"I don't know," I said. "Nobody knows."

"I shall find out," she said. "It will console *maman* in paradise if we know."

Then she picked up the glass château and put it in her pocket, and took my hand and we walked over to the lodge. Julie was coming in at the gate with Gaston.

"The things are dry now," she called. "You had better change. You can't go back to the château dressed like that. Quickly, then."

She bustled Marie-Noël into the lodge and turned to me. "She has been very courageous," she said. "You can be proud of her."

"It's happened too suddenly," I said. "She hasn't felt it yet."

Julie looked at me with pity, as she had done that morning. "Do you know so little about children, Monsieur Jean," she asked, "that you imagine, because they don't cry, therefore they feel nothing? If so, you're much mistaken." She spoke quickly, as though she were trying to defend the child against some accusation. Then she recovered herself. "Excuse me, the truth is, the child won all our hearts today. My condolences, Monsieur le Comte, in your great loss."

The proprieties were restored between us. The concierge of the glass foundry was speaking to the seigneur of St. Gilles. I bowed my head and thanked her. Then I turned to her again as a friend.

"You have done a lot for us today, Julie," I said. "I believed it better for you to break the news than anyone else. And I was right."

"She needed no telling," Julie answered. "It was she who told us. The dream had warned her, she said. For my part, I have never believed in dreams, Monsieur Jean. Only that children, like animals, are close to God." She looked over the waste ground toward the master's house and the well. "I suppose," she said, "there will be a public inquiry? You will not be bringing Madame Jean back to the chateau until it is over?"

I had been too dazed at the hospital, and too distressed, to consider such a thing as an inquest. But Julie was right, of course.

"I'm not sure what the arrangements are, Julie," I said. "I left it all to Monsieur Paul and to Mademoiselle Blanche."

Marie-Noël came out of the lodge, changed back into her frock and coat. She kissed Julie and we said good-by, and Gaston drove us back to St. Gilles. As we passed through the gateway I saw there were four other cars in the drive.

"There's Doctor Lebrun's car," said Marie-Noël, "and Monsieur Talbert's too. I don't know about the others."

Talbert—he was the lawyer who had written the letter which I had found in the safe. No doubt he looked after the family affairs. Then, as we drew up behind them and got out, we saw a man in a policeman's uniform seated behind the wheel of the first car.

"It's the *commissaire de police's* car," Gaston murmured. "He must have come with Monsieur Talbert and the doctors."

"Why do they all have to come?" asked Marie-Noël. "They aren't going to arrest anyone, surely?"

"They always come," I said, "if there's been an accident. I shall have to see them. Will you go and find Germaine and ask her to read to you?"

She went up the terrace and in through the door, and I turned to Gaston.

"The *commissaire* will probably have to question your wife," I said. "She was here at the time of the accident."

"Yes, Monsieur le Comte."

He looked anxious. I was anxious too. The nightmare of the day was not yet over. I entered the château and heard voices coming from the salon. They ceased as I opened the door, and everyone turned and looked at me. I recognized Doctor Lebrun, and Doctor Moutier from the hospital. The third was small, thick-set, with graying hair. This was presumably the lawyer, Talbert. The fourth, who had a more official air, must be the *commissaire de police*.

My first thought was for the *comtesse*. I looked across the room and saw that she was still sitting in the chair beside the fireplace, commanding, indomitable. She showed no sign of fatigue.

"Here is my son, monsieur," she said to the *commissaire*. And then turning to me, "Monsieur Lemotte has been so good as to come himself from Villars to ask the necesssa questions."

The three men approached me, anxious show their sympathy. Then, the courtesi over, the *commissaire* turned to me.

"Both Doctor Lebrun and Doctor Mouti have informed me, monsieur, that your wi was expecting a child within a few weeks, a I understand there was some increase nervousness lately," he said. "Would yo agree?"

"Yes," I replied. "That's quite correct."

"She was, perhaps, unduly apprehensiv about the birth?"

"I think she was."

"Excuse me, monsieur," interrupted Ta bert, the lawyer. "Monsieur le Comte w forgive the explanation, but the birth wa eagerly awaited both by him and by Madam Jean de Gué. They hoped for a son."

"Naturally," said the *commissaire*, "all pa ents are the same."

"But especially in this case," said the law yer, "because under the terms of her marriag settlement the birth of a son meant an in mediate increase of income, above all st Monsieur le Comte. I know, from what sh said to me, that Madame Jean de Gué dreade disappointing her husband, and indeed th whole family. This would, I think, accoun for more nervousness than usual."

"'Dread' is surely a strong word, Maître Talbert." They turned to the speaker in he armchair by the fireplace. "My daughter-in law had no need to dread any one of us. W are not so dependent on the terms of a ma riage settlement that we cannot exist withou its help. My late husband's family has been i possession here for three hundred years."

The lawyer flushed. "I was not suggestin, madame, that Madame Jean de Gué was i any way intimidated by her situation. It wa just that the birth of a son would have ease the financial difficulties considerably. She wa aware of that."

The *commissaire* looked at Doctor Lebrun who hesitated, glancing at the countess and then at me. "Madame Jean was certainly anxious for a son," he said. "In fact, she stressed the point when I attended her las week. No doubt this anxiety added to he nervous state."

"In short," said the *commissaire*, "Madame Jean de Gué was inclined to hysteria. Forgive me, monsieur, I only wish to establish that your wife was particularly agitated at the time of the accident, and therefore, in her condition, more liable to attacks of giddiness. You would agree, *docteur?*"

"Of course, of course."

"And you, monsieur?"

"I suppose so," I replied. "She was also anxious about her little girl. You have been told what happened?"

"Monsieur Paul de Gué and Mademoiselle Blanche have given me their account of it. Also a *femme de chambre*. I am glad the little one was found eventually. The last time you saw Madame Jean de Gué was this morning before you went to look for the child?"

"That is so, yes."

"You left her in bed, presumably to await your return with news of the child's safety?"

"Yes."

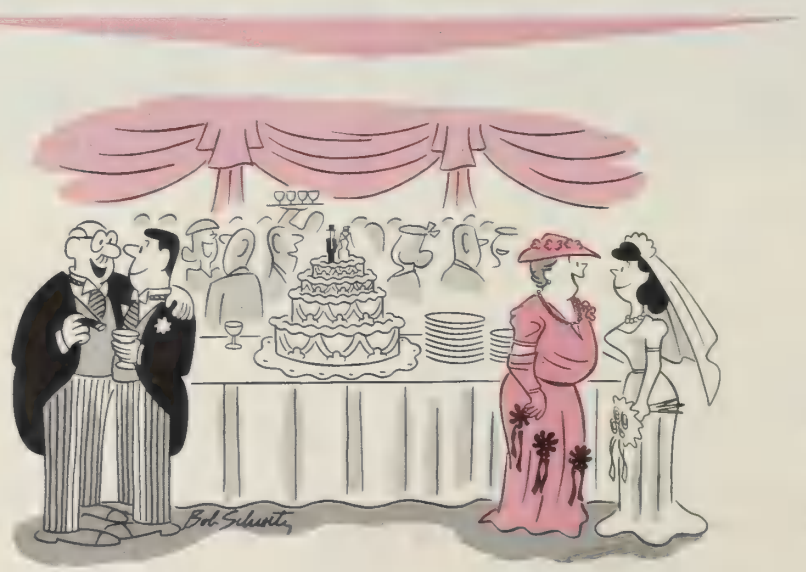
"Everybody, then, seems to have left the house, with the exception of the two *femmes de chambre*—Germaine and Charlotte; the cook, who was below; and of course Madame la Comtesse, who was in her room upstairs. I have examined the spot where your wife fell," he added to me. "I propose going to the bedroom directly, with your approval."

"Of course," I said.

"I have already questioned Berthe, monsieur. She saw your wife leaning from the window, as though reaching out—so she described it—and then she grasped at the air, as it seemed, and fell. Berthe screamed for help, and was heard by the cook and Charlotte, who went instantly to the moat. The cook telephoned for the ambulance from Villars, and Doctor Moutier has told you the rest. I should like to establish the fact that nobody else went to the bedroom after Germaine, the *femme de chambre*, took up her breakfast."

"Charlotte might have done," said Renée.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103



"The trick is to let her think she's boss."

"The trick is to let him think he's boss."

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PEACH SHORTCAKE—SPICE CREAM TOPPING

- 1 pkg. cake mix (spice, burnt sugar, butterscotch or gingerbread)
- 1 can (1 lb. 13 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Sliced Peaches, drained
- 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 3 tablespoons white or light brown sugar
- ¼ teaspoon each, nutmeg and cinnamon
- ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves

ake cake as package directs, in square or round 8 or 9 in. layers. Cool. pping: Soften gelatin in cold water; dissolve over hot water. Remove from eat; cool 5 min. Whip cream. Mix sugar and spices; fold into cream along th gelatin. Spread on layers; top with drained peaches. Put layers together. ill 1 hr. Serves 8-10.

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Photographed in the kitchen of Kenmore, Fredericksburg, Virginia

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SPECIAL DROMEDARY TREAT

Cut gingerbread into squares. Then cut squares into equal layers. Place sliced bananas and whipped cream on lower layer. Replace upper layer and top with more sliced bananas and whipped cream.



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Dromedary received the rights to this recipe in return for its contributions to the Washington-Lewis Chapter, D. A. R., and the Kenmore Association, Inc.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Perhaps you would ring for her, monsieur?" suggested the *commissaire*.

"Charlotte is my personal maid; I will ring for her," said the *comtesse*. A hand went out from the armchair to the bell rope. "You won't learn much from her. Servants always have their heads in a disaster."

When Gaston answered the bell she told him the *commissaire* wished to speak to Charlotte.

"I don't quite follow," said Paul, "why it matters what Charlotte or Germaine said to my sister-in-law. It has no bearing on the fact that she became giddy and fell from the window."

"I am sorry, monsieur," said the *commissaire*. "I quite understand the distress all this must cause to the family. It is just that I wish to ascertain to my own satisfaction that the cause of the fall was accidental. As I have already said, in my view the cause is more likely to have been a sudden attack of giddiness. But I have to make quite sure."

"Do you mean," asked Blanche, "that my sister-in-law may have fallen from the window purposely?"

"It is possible, madame. Not probable." There was a sudden silence, a silence filled, it seemed to me as I looked from one to another of their troubled faces, with swift, unspoken denial, born of their inner guilt, that each one of them might have contributed to Françoise's death. None of them was free from a measure of responsibility for the state of mind which had perhaps led Françoise to her death.

The tension was broken when Charlotte came into the room. "You sent for me, madame la Comtesse?"

"Monsieur Lemotte has some questions to ask you, Charlotte," replied the Countess.

"I want to know," said the *commissaire*, "whether you had any conversation this morning with Madame Jean de Gué."

Charlotte flashed an angry look at me, and realized that she believed he was asking her this question because of some remark or complaint of mine.

"I only saw Madame Jean for a few minutes," she said. "I spread no gossip, made no mischief. If Monsieur le Comte thinks I have been causing trouble, he is wrong. I said nothing to Madame Jean about the telephone conversation."

"Telephone conversation?" said the *commissaire*. "What telephone conversation?"

Charlotte must have realized that she had made a mistake. She looked resentfully at her mistress, and then at me. Anxiety to cover her last actions had led to her own betrayal. "I beg your pardon," she said. "I thought Monsieur le Comte wanted to find fault with me. It happened to overhear a long-distance call from his to Paris, but I never mentioned this to Madame Jean. It wasn't for me to add to her worries."

Everyone turned in my direction. It was the Comtesse who broke silence first.

"My son's telephone call was a business one," she said. "It can have no possible bearing on the present situation."

The *commissaire* coughed apologetically. "I have no desire to probe into Monsieur Jean de Gué's financial affairs, madame," he said, "but anything that might have increased his wife's anxiety is of interest." He turned to me. "Did she know about this telephone conversation?" he asked.

"She did," I said. "It referred to a contract I had negotiated in Paris."

The *commissaire* turned to Charlotte. "Why did you think the telephone call to Paris might have added to Madame Jean de Gué's worries?" he asked. His tone was not unkindly, merely abrupt.

Charlotte, already hostile, took it as further reproof. Once again she looked at me spitefully. "That is for Monsieur le Comte to say, not me," she replied.

Paul intervened. "This is quite ridiculous," he said. "My brother had renewed a contract with the firm of Carvalet in Paris. We were delighted he had done so. Failure would have necessitated closing down the *verrerie*. As it is, we have renewed on terms which will enable us to carry on, at any rate for a further six months. My sister-in-law was as pleased as the rest of us."

Talbert stepped forward, looking puzzled. "I don't want to contradict you, monsieur," he said to Paul, "but your facts are surely wrong? Carvalet sent me a copy of the new contract only this morning. It is substantially different from the last, and the terms most decidedly to your disadvantage. I was amazed when I read it."

Paul stared at the lawyer. "What do you mean?" he said. "How can the contract be to our disadvantage? The terms are most favorable."

"No," I said.

I saw the *commissaire* glance surreptitiously at his watch. The tangled finances of the De Gués were not his concern.

"I can explain to my brother later about the contract," I said quickly. "I can assure you now that my wife was not in the least concerned about it. I took her into my confidence, and she appreciated it. There is nothing more I can say. Now, are you ready to go upstairs and inspect her room?"

"Thank you, monsieur." He turned to Charlotte for his last question. "Apart from natural anxiety over the little girl, you found Madame Jean de Gué her usual self?"

Charlotte shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose so," she said sullenly. "I don't know. Madame Jean was easily discouraged and depressed. She told me this last upset of hers had come about because some favorite pieces of porcelain had been broken. She set great store by her possessions. She even dusted them herself, and would let no one touch them. 'At least they're mine,' she used to say. 'They're not part of St. Gilles.'"

The venomous parting stroke embraced us all. The château stood condemned. I wondered if the *commissaire* saw Françoise as I saw her, an isolated figure clinging to the treasures of the home she had left, lonely, neglected, sought after solely for the sake of her fortune.

The *commissaire* asked whether he might now see the bedroom, and I took him upstairs, the others remaining in the salon. As we went along the corridor he said to me, "I must again express regret, monsieur, for all this inconvenience, and for adding to your distress at such a time."

"Please don't apologize," I said. "You have been very considerate."

I opened the door of the bedroom, and as we entered I saw that the shutters were no longer closed, as I had left them, but were flung wide, and the windows, too, thrust back against the wall. The child's legs still touched the floor, but her body was across the sill, one hand grasping the window frame, the other, with her head and shoulders, out of sight. I heard the *commissaire* catch his breath. I put my hand on his arm. To dash forward was the impulse of us both, yet to do so might have startled her, causing her to lose the hold she already had.

For the eternity of perhaps ten seconds we waited, immobile. Then the child's hand shifted its grip, the feet touched the floor more firmly, the body wriggled back across the sill, and the whole of her emerged from the wide space between the windows. She slipped back into the room to face us, her eyes shining, her hair disheveled.

"I've got it," she said. "It was caught on the ledge."

The *commissaire* found his voice before I did. I could not speak. I could only stare at Marie-Noël, who was safe and unaware of the danger to which she had been exposed. She seemed to be holding what looked like a duster in her hand.

"What have you got, my child?" he asked gently.

"*Maman's* locket," she said. "The locket papa brought her last week from Paris. She must have been shaking her duster out of the window, as she always did, and the locket was caught in it. They were lying together on the ledge below. I leaned out and saw them." She came toward us. "Look," she said, "the pin of the locket is sticking into the duster. Unless I had climbed out as far as I did I couldn't have reached them. If *maman* had only rung her bell, Gaston or someone would have rescued them for her. But she was impatient. She thought she could reach them herself." She looked at the *commissaire*. "Are you religious?" she asked.

"I hope so, mademoiselle," he said, taken aback.

"Papa is not. He is a skeptic. But finding the locket and the duster was an answer to prayer. I said to the *Sainte Vierge*, 'I did little for *maman* when she was alive. Let me do something for her now she is dead.' The *Sainte Vierge* told me to lean out of the window. I did not want to do it but I found the locket. I still don't know why that should help *maman*, unless it is that to her, in paradise, it seems better for her daughter to wear the locket than to let it lie sadly forgotten on a ledge."

(To be Concluded)

X X X X X

I will believe in the right of one man to govern a nation despotically when I find a man born into the world with boots and spurs and a nation born with saddles on their backs.

ALGERNON SIDNEY

X X X X X

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YOUNG HOLLYWOOD AT HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

"When we were practically children we worked at the same place—N.B.C. in New York—and never knew each other." Ann was a child singer, Jim a page boy at the studio. They were introduced 3000 miles later. Meantime, Jim had gone on to medical school, served as Navy doctor with the marines in the Pacific, and moved west with his family when his brother was offered a part on the Jack Benny radio show. Ann's career had led her to the San Carlos Opera Company in New York where she sang for three seasons, then to Broadway to star as daughter in the play Watch on the Rhine, and later to tour with the play to California, where she was offered a movie contract. Just as success was growing after the prize-winning film, Mildred Pierce, a toboggan accident broke her back and crippled her for fourteen months, and there was another blow to be faced in the loss of her mother shortly afterward. An uncle and aunt moved from Connecticut to substitute as parents. It was at the home Ann shared with them that she met Jim, who was brought to call by friends of the family, and they were married on June 27, 1953. Every month since then the McNultys have celebrated the twenty-seventh, usually with some sort of small gift hidden in the big house. It may be shaving lotion, socks, compact or perfume—"something the other has mentioned needing." Occasionally it will be a portable radio or amethyst ring, "but we usually talk over the bigger things and budget for them."

Timmie imitates the budgeting by dropping his own funds, pennies left over from supermarket change, in a favorite pig bank that tips its hat. Since rolling a cart down a grocery aisle is his own high spot in life, on a Saturday morning one or another parent takes him shopping. Ann enjoys choosing her own party supplies, is no stranger to her kitchen where a big freezer now gives more chance to experiment. "I've had good luck making pizza dough in advance—even in freezing spaghetti." She is expert, too, at curry dishes, but often cooks the man-sized roasts her husband likes best. To the despair of plump colleagues, 98-pound Ann diets to gain weight—hoping to rise to 100 pounds—and eats a hearty breakfast of orange juice, cereal with bananas, toast, eggs and coffee, a healthy lunch, and a steak-and-apple-pie dinner without adding to a 22″ waist. All holidays—from Valentine's Day to Halloween to New Year's—are "good excuses for parties" in the McNulty house. When baby Maureen was due, in December, Ann made a point of trimming a tree early in the month to come home to a prefestive setting.

In the busy household, she wishes only that she had time for oil painting, a hobby for which she bought a complete artist's set several years ago. So far it hasn't been opened, but is stored on the unfinished second floor along with the box that holds her lavish satin-and-lace wedding dress ("for Maureen to be married in—if she likes it"), other cartons holding Jim's yearbooks, more holding curios and souvenirs and family snapshots. Ann is a saver by nature—"It's a real comfort to have an attic." Someday the upper story will hold extra workrooms—"We're beginning to need them"—but in the McNulty household there'll always be generous space left for sentiment.



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THE WHITE SOFA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

people in the same or affiliated businesses or professions.

Now, a man who has worked for many years in a business or industry has reached "retirement age." The firm gives him a dinner. The president rises and pays him a fulsome tribute and presents him with a gold watch. His colleagues slap him on the back and congratulate him. "Lucky dog, no more having to get in by nine o'clock." He himself is, for the moment, elated. It's going to be swell to get up when one feels like it, relax, have a vacation for the rest of one's life, do all the things one has dreamed about!

But after a few weeks he realizes that he is on the shelf—permanently. He calls up the fellows he used to lunch with, but they have other "business" engagements. He has an idea for the business, as he often has had before, but there's no one to communicate it to. Nobody cares.

On that day when he got the gold watch he felt swell. He's made sixty-five with no serious disorders of health. He has been accustomed to have people say, "You don't look a day over fifty." Now he feels as old as time. Nobody wants his accumulated experience. Nobody cares for his advice. Perhaps he's only been a shipping clerk, but what he didn't know about a shipping room nobody ever would. One day he meets an old colleague from the firm and asks, "Who heads the shipping room now?"

"They've got a young fellow in, and between us, it's a mess. Wish you were back." And he thinks to himself, *Why did I have to quit?*

The people at the top don't quit—men of seventy and even eighty sit on boards of directors. United States senators don't retire at sixty-five. Self-employed professional men don't either. They work as long as they feel like it, which is usually until the day they die, delegating responsibilities, taking longer vacations, but becoming "deans" of their professions. Most Presidents of the United States have left office at an age over the retirement limit for hired employees, and retired "overage" generals become counselors of corporations.

Industrial pension systems begin to operate against employees, long before they reach the arbitrary retirement age. A man of fifty, looking for a job, is up against it, no matter what his competence, experience and vitality. In fifteen years the firm is going to have to retire him and pay him a pension, and they'd rather have someone who will be with them a longer time.

The automatic operation of retiring people at sixty-five would be arguable if there were a surplus of labor. But, except for a few industries, there is no surplus. Our economy is tight. Industries need and seek competent employees, but throw out still-vigorous men and women for the purely arbitrary reason of age. Yet age is not measured by years. Nature does not equally distribute energy. Some people, it seems to me, are born old and tired, while others are going strong at seventy.

Many widowed people marry again after sixty, and it's the most sensible thing they could do. Theirs are not marriages of romantic love, but usually contracted between old and affectionate friends, for comfort and companionship.

But in any case, men and women who retain vital contacts with the world of work are less lonely than they would otherwise be. If they lunch with their fellow workers, they can more easily endure dinners alone. If they leave their lonely dwellings every morning, they can enjoy their quiet in the evening.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.
CHARLES DICKENS

It is a great deal easier to retire with a companion at your side. Then you don't go home to park on the children! But the Social Security system militates even against such marriages. The widow who inherits, as a dependent, her husband's Social Security loses it if she remarries, though her new husband may also be dependent on Social Security.

Under the Social Security system, if a person is under seventy-two he loses one month's benefit check for each $80 he earns in excess of $1200 per year, so in hundreds of thousands of cases, to continue to work after sixty-five means to suffer a financial loss. Yet if an elderly person has an income of $100,000 a year from investments or inheritance, he can draw his full Social Security at sixty-five, and add it to his other income. Or continue to work and forget the deferred benefits. Social Security penalizes only *work*.

The twenties and thirties saw a revolt of youth. The fifties should, I think, see a revolt of age.

Age needs an FEPC. Age should demand, first, that pension and Social Security payments due at sixty-five or inherited should not be made dependent upon subsequent earnings and should not be revocable by remarriage.

Age should make organized protest against being put on the shelf for no other reason than an arbitrary date. Many a man or woman who can no longer carry the burden of an accustomed job can perform with high efficiency during shorter hours or at lighter tasks. Industries can and should create openings for such persons who do not want to retire. But the older members of our society should resist being automatically pushed over the cliff.

Then we won't end up while still able-bodied and able-minded living with a white sofa, and being pests. END

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Bob likes to relax after work with a cup of tea and a pipe; sometimes he and Eleanor talk far into the night.

Chuck likes to do his homework at the desk counter where mother is nearby to help with tricky questions.

DI PIETRO

At the sunny window side meals are served, and the wheeled table from beside the sink rolls up at serving time. The curved counter doesn't block traffic and it's fitted with nooks for pencils and pads. On shelves above: toaster, cookbooks and clock-faced radio to help bus catchers.

The Plight of the Old

A kitchen story with a happy ending.

It all happened

when a good cook moved into an old house.

I was once a depressing sight—I'll admit it. Of all the dark and shabby rooms in the Victorian house Bob and Eleanor Faherty bought two years ago, I was the darkest and shabbiest. Imagine a kitchen with chocolate-colored woodwork and mustard-colored walls and a plasterboard ceiling that sagged in the middle! Imagine trying to bake a feather-light cake in such heavyhearted surroundings! No wonder Eleanor threw up her hands in horror the first time she saw me.

As soon as they moved in, all the Fahertys—Bob and Eleanor and sons Chuck and Bobby—rolled up their sleeves and started scrubbing, painting, plastering and sewing. Room after room was miraculously transformed; gradually the house took on a fresh, charming look. But what about me? After all, I was an important room. Set practically at the center of the house, I was the center of daily living, too; since the dining room had been converted to a bedroom, the Fahertys ate all their meals at the porcelain-topped table in the middle of my floor. The floor (only partially covered by a strip of ancient linoleum) was badly warped.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 181

STUART



Kitchen

by Margaret Davidson

Homemaking Editor of the Journal

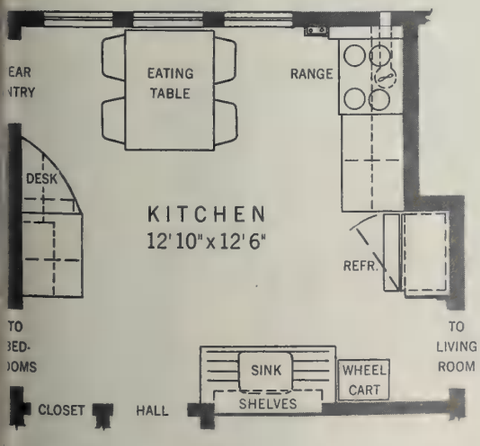


ew 30"-wide electric range installed uring remodeling delights Eleanor, r now big sheets of gingersnaps or unchy oatmeal cookies have no rned corners. Green plastic counter nd new steel cabinets handy to both nge and refrigerator make up the ain mixing center. Trivets collected ne by one look like lace design, Bob ys. The old sagging ceiling is hidden sound-absorbing tile that is washable.



Boylike, Bobby and Chuck are always hungry. When Eleanor is away, Bobby turns a hand at cooking. Although his fried eggs were served scrambled, Chuck was ready and willing to eat.

Room, about 12½' square, has five doors, and one wall was almost all taken up by windows—but plan shows how space was used to cut crisscross walking.





Extra shelves were created by using depth of wall. Facing was removed and exposed uprights faced with plywood. On 9" shelves (which extend but 4") pitchers and platters show gaily behind sliding glass doors.

HERE COMES AUNT HARRIET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

than one visitor at a time—not even Toby. She says husbands are exhausting. And she gives me herb tea. It tastes like stewed hay, but it's *very* strengthening."

Candy said gently, "How about getting out-of-doors? Couldn't Toby take you for a little drive?"

Clover flushed suddenly. "I'm afraid not yet, Candy. You see"—she drew a sharp breath—"Toby—thinks I could get up—if I wanted to. He told me last night that—that *I* was the baby."

Candy was shocked into impulsive protest. "But, Clover, you've been very ill! Surely Toby realizes that?"

Two tears rolled down Clover's cheeks. She wiped them hastily away. "He doesn't seem to. He—oh, Candy, couldn't *you* say something to him? Couldn't you make him understand?"

Candy hesitated unhappily. "Hasn't Miss Gabbett explained?"

"He wouldn't listen," Clover whispered. "He *detests* her! He's—I never thought Toby would be so —— Oh, Candy, I thought it was going to be such fun to get the baby home and—and—but it isn't! It's *miserable!* If you won't help me ——" Steps sounded along the hall.

"I'll see what I can do," Candy promised quickly; and Miss Gabbett marched into the room bearing six pounds of handsome rose-colored masculinity, devoid of hair.

Clover put up her arms, and in her small, pale face was an expression Candy knew she could never forget: a look compounded of hunger, pride and pure, unalloyed delight.

Miss Gabbett said, "Just five minutes, mommy. We mustn't get overexcited, must we? And manikins don't like to be handled, you know ——"

Half an hour later, Candy walked up her own front path, so deep in thought that she nearly ran into the stocky figure of Toby Tuckwell, himself. Normally, Toby resembled a well-fed ten-year-old; now his rosy face and round blue eyes looked strained.

"Hello, Candy," he said tautly. "I thought I'd drop in and see you for a minute. That is, if you're not busy?"

Candy's heart sank; but she forced a note of cordiality into her voice. "Not a bit, Toby. You're just the person I want to see."

Toby dropped into a chair. "I'll come right to the point. You've seen Clover, haven't you?"

Candy said carefully, "Yes. I didn't think she seemed awfully . . . well."

Toby glanced at her quickly. "No. And I wonder why not."

"Do you?" Candy asked coolly. "After what she's been through?"

"It's been almost six weeks," Toby pointed out. "Other girls have premature babies ——"

"Other girls," Candy pointed out crisply, "aren't Clover."

"Clover," Toby countered, "isn't being Clover. At the moment."

"It's hardly her fault ——" Candy began.

Toby cut in sharply: "It isn't her fault at all! It's that nurse. She's a thoroughgoing menace. She's turning Clover into a complete hypochondriac."

Candy stared at him, disconcerted. This was not the lighthearted Toby Tuckwell she had grown to know so well; this was a new, embattled and rather overwhelming Toby. "Well, of course Miss Gabbett is old-maidish and fussy ——" she began.

"And full of ridiculous ideas." Toby bit off the words. "She's a dangerous woman, and she's going to be asked politely to leave."

Candy gasped. "But you *can't*, Toby! Clover isn't nearly well enough to ——"

"No," Toby interrupted, "she isn't. Which in my opinion is entirely Gabbett's doing."

Candy sat quite still, her thoughts skittering madly about in her head: Was it possible that Toby was right? Or was this simple, husbandly jealousy?

"The doctor says Gabbett is a first-rate nurse," Toby was saying. "He thinks it's Clover herself. I don't agree. After all, I know Clover, and she's very . . . well, suggestible; but she's not a neurotic. Anyway, he claims there isn't another nurse available in town. Not even a practical one."

Candy said bluntly, "What do you want me to do?"

Toby looked worried. "Well, I know it's a lot to ask of you, Candy, but obviously I can't let Gabbett go until there's someone to take her place. Someone normal and healthy and sensible. Someone who will let Clover stop being an invalid. I can't telephone from the house and I haven't privacy at the office. If *you* could try?"

"I see," Candy said slowly. "You want a competent nurse ——"

"I want," said Toby tensely, "a wife. And I wouldn't mind including a son." He stood up. "I know you think I'm being pretty tough, Candy, but if you'll help ——"

Candy said helplessly, "Well, of course, Toby—I'll try, but ——"

"Thanks," said Toby briefly.

After he had left, Candy went slowly upstairs, her thoughts whirling. She had promised to help Clover by "speaking to" Toby; that had certainly been a failure. And now she found that she had promised to help Toby by acting behind Clover's back. If only she could discuss the whole situation with Bill! But Bill had already shown rather clearly his lack of interest in any problems but his own. She sighed and went into the nursery.

While she gave David and Sarah their supper, while she acted as referee for several rather drastic differences in opinion, even while she read Mary Poppins aloud, her mind was busy, twisting and turning—and coming to no conclusion. The nursery door opened a Bill's face peered in. Candy paused at the e of a sentence.

"Coming down soon?" he inquired. (*doesn't even ask how the children are.*)

"Hi, daddy," said David cordially.

"Hi," said Bill.

Sarah eyed him levelly. "Run away now she ordered. "Don't be a newsomes. We streamly busy."

"Sarah, that's not the way ——" Candy gan on a stern note. "I'll be down soo Bill. As soon as I finish this chapter."

"And another," added Sarah cozily.

"No," said Candy.

"Yes," said Sarah, on a rising inflection.

Bill vanished.

At supper, Candy said, "I saw Clover day. I don't think she's very well. Toby is termined to fire her trained nurse."

"He better look out," Bill said. "I bet woman knows some pretty fast judo."

Candy said thoughtfully, "Bill—do think Toby is a *cruel* man?"

"Sure," Bill said promptly. "Got a bru face and decadent instincts." Candy push back her chair. "Where are you going?"

"If you're not going to be serious, I'm go upstairs to look at the children ——"

"They haven't left home," said Bill.

"—— and," Candy added coldly, "to te phone. I've got to find another nurse for Tuckwells. And, also, I want to . . . think."

"Candy"—Bill was quite serious now "could you do something for me?"

"I'd love to, darling," she told him tiently. "In about twenty minutes."

But it was more than an hour later wh she came downstairs again, and Bill had go up to bed and was asleep over his book.

It was a busy week, a good deal of which w spent on the telephone. Between fruitless cal Candy dealt singly and collectively wi

Give your electric ware the best



, Sarah and Luella; her technique was the same for all three and could best be bed as the iron hand in the iron glove.

n it was Friday.

took his lunch hour to drive Great-aunt et home from the airport. Candy went to ont door—and stood rooted to the spot. e little old lady trotting up the path to- her was as pretty as porcelain and not bigger than David. Her long, silvery- ress was thirty years out-of-date, and on iffy, white-of-egg hair perched a Queen turban constructed of mauve violets. *ear, she's so fragile!* Candy thought in ed dismay. *She's going to need rest and nd endless attention.*

eat-aunt Harriet smiled up at her; and y's convictions wavered. For the smile xtraordinarily vivid, the faded blue eyes t frighteningly keen.

andace, my dear, this is truly good of Great-aunt Harriet turned and greeted aiting children. Sarah stared solemnly at her; but David broke into a sudden, oothed grin. "What a delightful family," Great-aunt Harriet matter-of-factly. nk you, William. I know you have to get to your office. Do these two take naps? I shall take one too."

ndy said, "When you get up, Great-aunt et, would you like to go to tea with a l of mine?"

ove to," said Great-aunt Harriet ptly. "And do drop the 'Great,' my "

ndy smiled. Then, impelled by some mys- s instinct, she said, "Her name is Clover well. She's been quite ill with her first and—well, it's rather a problem."

hat a charming room," said Aunt Har- with one all-inclusive glance. "I shall be mfortable! In what way a problem, my "

ndy frowned. "Well, she has a nurse, oby—her husband—doesn't like her. Of e she's an old maid, but ——"

nt Harriet lifted the mauve violets from her head. "I presume," she said mildly, "that it is not Clover who is unmarried? No. And this—er—Toby likes his wife but not his wife's nurse? Yes. Interesting. At four? I shall be ready."

Candy was aware of a keen if inexplicable sense of anticipation as she took Aunt Harriet across Indigo Gate.

Miss Gabbett did not at first appear. Aunt Harriet, in answer to a question of Clover's, launched into a spirited description of her private war with Central America which reduced both Candy and Clover to helplessness. Then Miss Gabbett entered the room with Thomas Tuckwell; to Candy's bewilderment, Aunt Harriet's sparkle faded before their eyes to a pastel fragility. Aunt Harriet was visibly impressed by Miss Gabbett's starched authority. She listened quietly while Miss Gabbett advised Clover not to get our little manikin overexcited, not to eat any of Bertha's chocolate cookies ("We mustn't spoil our appetite for supper, must we?") and on no account to consider taking a brisk walk on the following day with Mrs. Howe.

"We mustn't overdo, must we?" said Miss Gabbett.

"Indeed we mustn't," Aunt Harriet cooed unexpectedly. "And neither," she added earnestly, "must our Miss Gabbett—must she?"

Miss Gabbett shirred her lips, unshirred them, smiled uncertainly, and then bridled in a small, economical way.

With a little difficulty, Aunt Harriet managed to get to her feet, looking elderly.

"Will you come again, Mrs. Howe?" Clover asked eagerly.

"My dear, I should love to"—Aunt Harriet turned deferentially—"if Miss Gabbett thinks it advisable?"

Miss Gabbett, seeing them off, was almost gracious. At the front door, Aunt Harriet put out one small, apologetic hand. "You'll forgive an old lady for saying that you look—well, rather *worn*, my dear? You mustn't forget *yourself*, you know. Next time," she quavered from the porch, "I shall hope to see you looking a *great* deal better, dear Miss Gabble."

The door closed behind them slowly.

They were halfway home when Aunt Harriet remarked meditatively that she never trusted a woman who wore no lipstick. At Candy's startled look, she added impatiently, "Means she doesn't *feel* like a woman. Which is dangerous."

Candy, thoroughly bewildered, said, "Then—don't you like her?"

MARY'S LAMB

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Mary had a little lamb;
For two 'twas scarcely ample.
And that was the night her spouse brought home
Two old school cronies, a customer from Dubuque, the boss, a taxi driver, and an unidentified man with bifocals and hiccups, to give them of Mary's cooking an impromptu sample!

"Oh, she's mean enough to steal acorns from a hog," Aunt Harriet remarked cheerfully. "Clover is a sweet child. She shouldn't have that woman near her. As a matter of fact, she probably doesn't need a nurse at all."

"Oh, but Aunt Harriet ——"

"I had six. Eight miles from town. In my own bed. Without any nurse. Your Uncle Harry was a seven-month baby—weighed four pounds and looked like a lavender rat."

Candy seized her temper by the coattails. "Well, of course, you're remarkable, Aunt Harriet. Most girls don't feel so spritely."

"I felt awful," said Aunt Harriet flatly. "I couldn't lift a finger—until one day your Great-uncle Henry threw my copper-luster teapot out the spare-room window."

"Oh!" said Candy.

"He *said* it was an accident!" Aunt Harriet's eyes grew misty. "Wonderful man. I loved him for forty years. When Henry lost his temper, the lightning rods fell off the barns all over the county. . . . So I got up."

"Oh," said Candy.

"Who's that on the front step?" inquired Aunt Harriet sharply.

"That," said Candy, "is Toby Tuckwell. He ought to be at home."

"Why, dear?" Aunt Harriet inquired interestedly.

And then they were at the front door.

Bill was waiting for them. Candy went upstairs to see the children. *If she begins to tell me*, Candy thought crossly, *why I ought to go to that convention with Bill, I'll scream. We're not all superhuman.*

As she came downstairs half an hour later, a burst of laughter met her ears. In the living room, Bill and Toby were leaning eagerly toward Aunt Harriet, cozily ensconced on the sofa. Aunt Harriet held up a tiny glass.

"Sherry, my dear!" she called brightly. "Medicinal, of course. I always carry it with me. Come and have some. I've been hearing about this convention of William's ——"

I knew it! Candy thought, pouring a glass of sherry for herself.

"—— and I've made a suggestion."

Candy turned toward them; her sweater felt hot and prickly.

"I'm going along with Bill!" Toby said. "The bank has some business in Baltimore and Clover doesn't need me anyway. How's that for an idea?"

Candy choked on the sherry. "Splendid," she said weakly, when she could speak.

"Have we got enough dinner to feed Toby?" Bill asked.

Candy managed a genuine smile. "Of course we have. That is, if he really wants to stay here."

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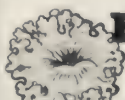


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Toby beamed rosily upon Aunt Harriet. "I certainly do! Thanks a lot. I'll just call up Clover."

It was a very gay meal.

Aunt Harriet took her usual brisk walk the next afternoon, firmly declining all companionship. At dinner that night, she told Candy and Bill that she had stopped in to see that dear little Clover Tuckwell again. She smiled gently.

"I told that nurse of hers, I said, 'Miss Babbit, you sensitive, selfless people push yourselves to the limit and then—psst, like that!—you're *gone*.' I said, 'You don't look right to me at *all* ——' Did you swallow a bone, Candace?"

Candy looked at Bill; his face was entirely expressionless. Suddenly she felt unreasonably tired. She took a book upstairs and got into bed.

But the words blurred on the page. *I simply do not understand her*, she thought. *Why is she undermining Miss Gabbett? What is she up to, anyway? Could it be* —— Candy stared before her, unseeing. Could it be that Great-aunt Harriet was a very subtle and most effective troublemaker? An elderly busybody, who had to have a finger in everyone's pie?

The telephone rang. Wearily, Candy answered it and heard the small thin voice of Western Union: A telegram for Mrs. Henry Howe. Candy wrote down the message ("Delighted. Joyce."). Then she got out of bed and padded to Aunt Harriet's door. Aunt Harriet glanced at the slip of paper and said:

"Thank you, my dear. I must explain. Queenstown is so delightful that I wired a friend of mine this morning—a Miss Woodhall—telling her to come at once. She'll be staying at the hotel, of course, so you needn't give her a thought. She will arrive on Wednesday."

Candy said bravely, "Of course we'll think about her, Aunt Harriet. Ask her to come to supper on Wednesday evening, won't you?"

Aunt Harriet's smile was warm. "Thank you, my dear. Wednesday—yes, Wednesday will be perfect. Good night," and she shut her door softly.

Candy went slowly back to bed. Aunt Harriet was not only a managing busybody; she was mysterious too.

The next three days, however, were surprisingly pleasant. Queenstown took Mrs. Henry Howe to its hospitable bosom; Bill brightened at her approach; the children christened her Aunt Poppins; even Luella began to send out a watery gleam from behind the clouds. From Candy's point of view, no one could have been a more delightful guest. And yet ——

The blow fell on Tuesday evening. Toby Tuckwell telephoned with the news that Miss Gabbett had announced her imminent departure.

"The old guinea hen says she exhausted," Toby growled. "Though how on earth she could be —— Anyway, she's leaving on Friday. Goodness knows I'm glad to see the last of her—but there isn't anyone to take her place. Will you tell Bill I can't possibly go to Baltimore with him? . . . Yes, I'm disappointed, too, but I'm going to stay and look after Clover and Tommy, of course."

As she reported this conversation, Candy watched Aunt Harriet narrowly; no sign of guilt, not a suspicion of alarm clouded those pale clear blue eyes. Aunt Harriet merely nodded and glanced at Bill, whose face told nothing.

The next afternoon, Candy came back late from a P.T.A. meeting. As she opened the front door, she heard the sound of voices in the living room: Aunt Harriet's, Bill's—and another, a soft, stranger's voice. Wednesday! Miss Woodhall had arrived. Candy dropped her coat, arranged a welcoming smile and walked into the room.

"How do you . . . do?" she said.

Miss Woodhall had got up. Miss Woodhall was, Candy thought, one of the prettiest girls she had ever seen. Aunt Harriet said:

"Candace, dear, I've had really quite a good idea. Joyce is a nurse, the best I know. She says she wouldn't in the least mind looking after Clover."

"I'd love to," Miss Woodhall agreed in a soft, rather deep voice.

Candy frankly stared. Joyce Woodhall had shining brown curls, shining gray-blue eyes, pink cheeks and a small, aristocratic yet impertinent nose. Candy thought, *She's the most-washed-looking thing I ever saw!*

Bill was beaming. "It solves everything, doesn't it?"

"It—yes," said Candy, "it certainly does." *Why didn't I see it? Why didn't I put two and two* —— An idea seized her. "Bill ——" she began.

The doorbell rang, a whistle fluted in the hall, and Toby Tuckwell walked into the living room.

Bill said, "Joyce, this is Mr. Tuckwell. I told him about you, but if you two would like to have a talk ——"

So Bill knew all about it! Candy thought with a little pang. *And they never told me.* But a small voice in her mind spoke quietly: *You were busy, my girl—very busy indeed.*

Toby grinned. "Talk—what about? All I want to ask Miss Woodhall is when she can start."

Joyce gave him her shining smile. "Well, I just got in an hour ago, Mr. Tuckwell. Would after supper be soon enough?"

Toby emitted a sort of Rebel yell.

Joyce said quickly, "But, Mr. Tuckwell, I ought to tell you—I can stay for only two weeks. You see, my fiancé is on a Canadian carrier and he'll put into Queenstown on the fifteenth. I promised him I'd be here."

Toby lifted a glass of Aunt Harriet's medicinal sherry. "To the Royal Canadian Navy," he said, "and Great-aunt Harriet!"

"Say, Toby," Bill said, "you'll be able to go to Baltimore with me after all."

"Bill ——" Candy began.

Toby shook his head. "I'm sorry, Bill—I've decided to stay with Clover and Tommy. In spite of Miss Woodhall, I think maybe Clover does need me."

Bill nodded; but for just a moment there was an odd expression in his eyes: was it—could it have been *wistfulness?*

"Bill!" said Candy loudly. "Would you take me instead? I'd love to go—now that Aunt Harriet's here."

She was rewarded by the look in Bill's eyes. "I think that could be arranged," he said, and grinned at her.

Aunt Harriet folded a dress meticulously. Candy, bent over her suitcase, said, "You know, Aunt Harriet, being old doesn't seem to *sadden* you."

Aunt Harriet said dryly, "Unfortunately, I've always loved minding other people's business—and that's about the only thing old people *can* do. Of course it's different when you're young. One good husband takes up all a woman's free time. *You* know that."

"Er—yes," said Candy.

Aunt Harriet went on matter-of-factly: "If an old lady gets a chance to help somebody out of a pickle, she's lucky. The only unlucky thing that ever happened to me was to—to lose Henry." She went over to the window, where she stood with her back to the room for a moment. Then, unexpectedly, she laughed. "Come quick! Look at this!"

Candy peered out over Aunt Harriet's small gray silk shoulders. There, crossing Indigo Gate, was Clover Tuckwell, walking very slowly, and carrying a small, blue-blanketed bundle in her arms. Joyce Woodhall walked close beside her. They were both laughing.

"Hey, Candy!" Bill bellowed from the front hall. "Hurry up—we've only got forty minutes to get to the airport!"

Candy turned from the window. "I'm coming!" she shrieked, and flung herself upon the suitcase. "Oh, this is so exciting!" she babbled. "When you have children and responsibilities, you don't get much chance to travel. If it weren't for you, Aunt Harriet, I couldn't go now."

Great-aunt Harriet smiled. END

It takes patience to appreciate domestic bliss; volatile spirits prefer unhappiness. GEORGE SANTAYANA



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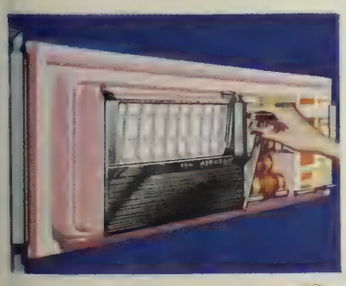
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BEST BEANS I EVER ATE!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

the remaining ingredients. In a skillet, sauté 1 large Bermuda onion, chopped (2 cups), in 3 tablespoons butter. When golden, add to the simmering beans along with 1 tablespoon salt, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon thyme, ½ teaspoon pepper and ½ teaspoon marjoram. Re-cover pot and simmer over low heat. Then sauté in the same skillet you used for the onions 1 pound large pork sausages (approximately 6) which have been cut into 1" pieces. When nicely browned, add to the beans. Drain off all but about 2 tablespoons sausage drippings from the skillet and add 1 pound beef chuck, cut into 1" cubes and dusted lightly with flour. Brown on all sides and add to beans. Now transfer to a large casserole. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., uncovered, for about 1½ hours. Add 2½ cups canned tomatoes and continue baking until the beans are tender, about a half hour more. Stir occasionally while baking. Approximate cost, $1.85 for 6 servings.

There's an old saying, "Full of beans and benevolence," and when you sample these spicy, delectable, south-of-the-border beans, you'll understand. This meal-in-itself dish needs a crisp, cold, plain green salad, and a refreshing dessert—cold apples with Camembert would be ideal.

CHILE CON CARNE CON FRIJOLES

Wash and pick over 2 cups (1 package) dried pinto or kidney beans. In a deep bowl, cover beans generously with cold water and soak overnight. Drain. Cover and simmer beans in a deep, heavy, 4-quart kettle with 1 quart fresh water and 1 tablespoon salt, for approximately 1½ hours. (To save cooking and soaking time, you might use 3 cans red kidney beans, if you wish.) Sauté three or four slices of bacon in a skillet. Drain on paper toweling. Brown 1 pound ground beef in two tablespoons of the bacon drippings. Add this along with two cloves of garlic, crushed, 1½ cups tomato purée, a can of undiluted consommé, 4 teaspoons chili powder, ½ teaspoon *orégano*, ¼ teaspoon sage and ¼ teaspoon cumin seed to the simmering beans. Re-cover and continue simmering. Then sauté in two tablespoons butter two cups chopped onion and ½ cup diced green pepper. When the onion and pepper are tender, add to the beans. Continue to simmer, covered, for 2½–3 hours or until the beans are tender. If you use canned beans, just cook until the onion and pepper are tender and flavors are well blended. Season to taste with additional salt and pepper if necessary. Stir occasionally during cooking, but gently; don't break up the beans too much. Pour into a serving dish. Garnish generously with crumbled bacon. Approximate cost: $1.25 for 6 servings.

Here's hearty fare for a cold February night—our golden, luscious bean-and-spareribb casserole (if ever there was companionship among foods, this is it); with a vegetable salad, made with cooked peas, chopped raw celery and carrots, tomato wedges and lettuce. Tossed in mayonnaise dressing thinned with a little lemon juice. A compote of frozen pineapple and fresh oranges for dessert. Sound good?

BEAN-AND-SPARERIB CASSEROLE

Wash and pick over 2 cups (about 1 package) dried pinto beans. In a deep bowl, cover beans generously with cold water and soak overnight. Drain. Simmer beans in a saucepan, covered, with 1 quart fresh water about 1 hour, or until tender. Drain, reserving 2 cups bean liquid. Have 3 pounds of spareribs cut into serving-size pieces. Sprinkle your spareribs liberally with salt and pepper. In a large kettle or Dutch oven, brown spareribs on both sides in ¼ cup hot shortening or salad oil. Remove spareribs from kettle and drain well on paper toweling. Remove all drippings from kettle. Return spareribs to kettle and cover with water. Cover and simmer gently for about 1 hour or until meat is soft and tender. Remove from your kettle and drain. Meanwhile, sauté ■ cup, more or less, of onion in 3 tablespoons butter until golden brown. Mix together in a 4-quart casserole the spareribs, beans and onion. Season with 2½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, ½ teaspoon garlic salt, a generous pinch of thyme and one of marjoram and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Pour in bean liquid. Cover. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. Makes 6 servings, for approximately $2.35.

The navy-bean soup of the Senate Restaurant in Washington has been a mouth-watering tradition for many years, and not only among senators. We are giving you the classic version, and suggesting that you substitute for the ham hocks in the recipe below a two- to three-pound ham butt, if you want a meatier soup, one that could be served as a main dish.

SENATE NAVY-BEAN SOUP

Wash and pick over 1½ pounds (1½ packages) dried pea beans (sometimes called navy beans). In ■ deep bowl, cover beans generously with cold water and soak overnight. Drain. In a large kettle, pour 2½ quarts boiling water over the beans. Then add 2 pounds of smoked ham hocks, or a good meaty ham bone, or a 2–3-pound ham butt, depending on how hearty you want your soup to be. Simmer slowly for about 2½ hours altogether until beans are tender and meat is cooked. Sauté one cup chopped onion in ¼ cup butter until golden. Add to soup after about 1½ hours' cooking. When soup is cooked, remove meat plus bone, and slice meat into delicious pink slivers. Skim excess fat from the broth and crush beans slightly with a fork. Put meat in the kettle with broth and beans. Heat slowly. Season to taste with salt and pepper, right before serving. Seasoning depends upon the type of ham used. (For ham hocks, 1 tablespoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper were used.) Add more water if your soup is too thick. Serve garnished with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

COOKING TIPS ON BEANS

In each bean dish, we've suggested that you soak the beans overnight before you get your recipe under way. But if you are short of time, or forgot to put them to soak (this can happen), follow this procedure:

Cover with water, bring the beans to a boil, simmer for two minutes, remove from heat, and allow to stand an hour, tightly covered. Then proceed with the recipe, just as if you had soaked them.

All these recipes will freeze well. If you are planning to freeze one of our bean dishes, remove it from heat about twenty minutes before it would normally be ready; cool to room temperature and transfer to freezing containers. When ready to use, thaw, place beans in a casserole in a moderate oven, or in a saucepan over low heat, till bubbling hot.

When adding tomatoes or vinegar to a bean dish, wait till the last hour of cooking, at least, before including them, as the acid will delay the softening of the beans.

Many beans are interchangeable in these recipes. So experiment—try the lentil, tongue and raisin casserole, substituting red kidney beans. And try the classic Senate navy-bean-soup recipe, substituting lentils, or Limas. And so on.

PARTY TIP:

When guests arrive, have refreshments ready to roll!



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

ed parsley. Makes 6 servings, for ap-
nately $1.15.

ed beans are an ancient American pas-
as anyone aware of our history knows.
these with coleslaw and "brown bread,
as day, and butter, fragrant as the dew
ay."

CLASSIC BAKED BEANS

l pound pea or marrow beans overnight
d water. Next day, add more water to
and boil until the skins crack. Remove
rom ¾ pound fat salt pork. Gash and
to 2 pieces. Put about half of the beans
pot, then a piece of the pork, the rest of
eans and the other piece of the pork on
f that. Mix ¼ cup molasses, 1½ tea-
s salt, a cup of boiling water and 1
oon dry mustard. Pour over beans. Add
oth beans were cooked in, so that beans
overed. Cover with the lid and bake
, 250° F., 7–8 hours. Add water from
to time if the beans cook dry. When
beans are about done, remove lid and
baking. Approximate cost: 63 cents:
s six extremely hungry people. (And re-
ber that canned Boston-style beans are
too! Particularly if you add your own
native touch. Put them in a casserole
ace them with bits of crumbled bacon, a
maple sirup and prepared mustard.)

eans are a warm cloak against economic
" it's said. Here is a bean main dish that is
ingly inexpensive—with a salad of water
and Roquefort dressing, and hot English
ns rubbed with garlic and buttered, it be-
s a delicious meal which will grace any-
table.

BARBECUED LIMA BEANS

Soak 1 pound dried Lima beans in water to cover. Drain. Save soaking water and add enough additional water to make 6 cups. Add beans and 2 teaspoons salt. Cook with 1 clove garlic, crushed, until beans are almost tender. Then add 2 strips cooked bacon cut into small pieces, ¼ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, ¼ cup chopped onion, ¼ cup chili sauce, a pinch of mace, a pinch of basil, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, one 8-ounce can tomato sauce and 1 can cocktail frankfurters. Add 1 cup more water. Reseason to taste and bake uncovered in moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour or until beans are tender. Serves 8, for about 79 cents. Surprised?

"West Indian beans"—the name excites the imagination before you've even tasted it. Here the kidney bean becomes an adjunct to a meal—these exotically flavored beans, pungent with grated lemon rind, *orégano* and bay leaf, would be the best thing we could think of to serve with a juicy steak, or roast beef—and we're thinking along the lines of a crisp salad of lettuce and endive, and a hot fruit compote for dessert. Canned apricots and pears, heated with a generous dusting of cinnamon, would be good.

WEST INDIAN BEANS

Soak 1 pound red kidney beans overnight in water to cover. Drain and cook until tender in 6 cups boiling water, adding 1 tablespoon salt. Drain. (Here again you may use 3 cans red kidney beans if you wish.) Cut 4 slices of bacon into small pieces. Sauté in a skillet with two cloves garlic, crushed, ¼ cup chopped onion. Add 3 cups canned tomatoes and 1 green pepper cut into strips. Season with two teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 bay leaf, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a good pinch of *orégano*. Add the sauce to the beans. Simmer over low heat until sauce thickens. Six servings for about 78 cents.

TONGUE-LENTIL-RAISIN CASSEROLE

In a large kettle, cover a 3–4 pound smoked beef tongue with cold water. Bring to a boil, turn down heat, and simmer 2–2½ hours until tongue is tender. Let cool in broth. Pull off the skin and trim off the root end. Cut into ½" cubes (you will have about 1 quart of cubes). Chill overnight in refrigerator. Wash and pick over 2½ cups lentils (1 package). In a deep bowl, cover the lentils generously with cold water and soak overnight. Drain. Simmer lentils in a saucepan, covered with 1 quart water, until tender, about ½ hour. Sauté in ¼ cup butter 2 cups chopped onion, 2 cups chopped green pepper and 3 cloves garlic, crushed, until onion and pepper are tender. Add 1½ cups (one 12-ounce can) tomato purée and 1 can chicken broth. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon rosemary, 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon pepper. Add 1 cup plump white raisins. (To "plump" raisins, place in boiling water for about 5 minutes. Drain.) Layer lentils, then tongue, then tomato mixture into a 4-quart casserole, ending with a layer of sauce. Cover. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 2 hours. Makes 6 servings, approximately $3.10.

KIDNEY BEANS MEXICAINE

Is your spirit of adventure handy? This bean recipe has unsweetened chocolate for an unusual touch. You can hardly detect it as chocolate in the finished product, it's just that special "something." Wash and pick over 2½ cups (1 package) dried red kidney beans. In a deep bowl, cover the beans generously with cold water and soak overnight. Drain. Measure the liquid and add enough water to make 6 cups (you can, if you want, start here with the contents of 3 cans kidney beans). Add 1 cup tomato sauce (one 8-ounce can), 1 cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and 1 tablespoon grated unsweetened chocolate. And the beans, of course. Season with 2½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon powdered rosemary, 2 teaspoons chili powder, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate and 6 drops hot red pepper sauce. Simmer, covered, 2½ hours or until the beans are tender and the sauce is well blended. If you use canned beans, bake only about one hour. Surprise ending here. Makes 6 servings for approximately 65 cents.

LAMB-AND-LENTIL STEW

Wash and pick over 2½ cups (1 package) dried lentils. In a deep bowl, cover lentils generously with cold water and soak overnight. Drain. Measure the liquid and add enough water to make 4 cups. Add lentils and simmer until tender. Remove gristle and fat from 2½ pounds lamb shoulder. Cut into 1" pieces. Dust lightly with seasoned flour. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in a deep kettle or Dutch oven and brown the meat thoroughly on all sides. Then add ½ cup chopped onion and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Sauté until tender and golden brown. Add ¼ cup chopped celery, 4 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce and ½ teaspoon *orégano*. Combine with the lentils. Add 4 cups water. Cover and simmer together about ½ hour. Then add 2 cups finely diced carrots and continue cooking until carrots are tender, about ½ hour. Makes 6 servings, about $1.20.

CHURCHILL WOKE HIM WITH TELEPHONE CALLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

e early in 1938. Later in the autumn I re-
d it when Lord Caldecote was made Lord
f Justice, and held it until I was appointed
ssador to the United States at the end of
. At the Foreign Office, therefore, and in
war cabinet I shared responsibility under
Prime Minister through the days that
ded, witnessed and followed the collapse of
ce and Belgium, and the miracle of Dun-
the main burden of all of which neces-
fell upon Churchill and inspired him to
leadership to the British people matchless
unforgettable.

emember asking him one day about that
whether he could ever imagine circum-
es in which he might think it right to
mmend the King and government to move
anada. He thought for a moment and
said with great emphasis that he could
eive no such circumstances; that every
ought to fight to the death on his own
and "if they come to London, I shall take
e (I'm not a bad shot with a rifle) and put
lf in the pillbox at the bottom of Down-
treet and shoot till I've no more ammuni-
and then they can damned well shoot
Whether it would have worked out like
may be held doubtful; but there was no
t about the spirit of the answer. Not very
rent was the language of a commission-
with whom I had a nodding acquaint-
, and whom I saw at his club door in
ames's Street the morning that the news
published of the French surrender. I said
ething about the lookout being pretty
, which drew the reply: "Oh, I don't
w, sir, that it's all that bad. We've got in
inal, and we've got to play it out now on
ome ground." Both Prime Minister and
missionaire were expressing with complete
ity the mind of the nation, as each suc-
ve misfortune made more sharp the con-
on the one side between what looked on
y ground of reason to be the inevitable
, and on the other what every British citi-
with indomitable refusal to accept the
ict of reason believed the issue would
ehow be. Of this deep faith Churchill was
unflinching spokesman, in language that
live wherever men speak the English
gue.

From such a master it was a privilege to learn. I happened sometimes after he had joined the government at the outbreak of war to sit with him on a cabinet committee for the preparation of the King's speeches to Parliament. That was a good education in the use of English—monosyllables wherever possible, and always Anglo-Saxon derivatives in preference to Latin. It was habitual in those days for one member of the war cabinet to broadcast to the country each fortnight, and it happened to fall to my turn to do this in July, 1940, shortly after Hitler had made what the world had generally regarded as some sort of peace offer to us to stop fighting. My speech would therefore be regarded as the reply of the British Government, and I asked the Prime Minister accordingly to let me show it to him before delivery. He suggested that Dorothy and I should spend the weekend at Chequers, and there one evening I read to him what I proposed to say. My argument was not original, but tried to emphasize the point that whatever successes Hitler might achieve in Europe or elsewhere, unless and until he could make an end of the British navy, army and air force, his problem was not solved. I told Churchill that it was obviously awkward, from the point of view of style and presentation, having to mention the three services, though it was no doubt unavoidable. He thought for a moment or two, walking up and down the long room, and then said, "Why not say 'unless that man can sap the might of Britain'?" As of course I did. But what an example of how to use language—and nearly all monosyllables.

The war picture appeared overcast and dark when in November Neville Chamberlain, who had been ill since July, 1940, died. I had been down to see him a few days before the end in a house he had been lent in Hampshire. We had talked together a little about the war of which he had so hoped to see the victorious conclusion, and then he spoke of all the letters he had had from friends. Especially he had been touched by many letters from friends in the House of Commons, which had spoken kindly of the example he had set. This he could not understand at all. With great simplicity he said that he had only tried to do what was right. Then I wished him good-by.

He took my hand in both of his and held it; and so with no more said, but with the full understanding of friends who go their several ways to different duties, we had parted and I was driving back to London, through beech and birch woods in all their gold and silver beauty still catching the glint of the November sun, and thinking again over the many things that we had done together.

Like Baldwin before him, Chamberlain had been consistently misjudged. The misjudgment of Chamberlain was the result, I think, of a variety of reasons. Long before Munich he had shocked substantial sections of opinion by his frank and completely realistic assessment of the strength and weakness of the League of Nations. When it was clear that members of the League, for good reasons or bad, were not prepared to involve themselves in war over questions in which they themselves had no direct interest, it was obviously idle to pretend that there was any such thing as "collective security" on which nations could confidently rely for their own protection. Many people, however, in all political parties shrank from so chilling a conclusion, affecting to believe that readiness to accept it implied a reprehensible lack of idealist sympathy, and that the putting of such gloomy thoughts into words must invite and aggravate the dangers to which the new international gangsterism was daily exposing Europe.

Chamberlain for his part had little patience with mental processes that seemed to him muddled and insincere. He was frankly contemptuous of the wishful thinking about the League in which it was fashionable in some quarters to indulge, and made no effort to conceal his feeling.

Anyone who worked with him—and I suppose I worked as closely with him as anybody—was bound to be impressed by two things. One was his complete disinterestedness and disregard of any thoughts of self; and the other his unfaltering courage and tenacity, once he had made up his mind that a thing was right. These are qualities of signal value for a democratic leader, and all who have the vision to appreciate how close they lie to the roots of health in a democratic state will feel a debt to Neville Chamberlain for his practical demonstration of them.

Next month: A perilous journey to the U.S.A.: first meeting with President Roosevelt: F.D.R.'s proposals about Hong Kong: gift from a college boy selling magazines: return to Yorkshire.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF SELF-SACRIFICE

The ethic of reverence for life requires that in some way or other and in something or other we should all live as men for men. To those who have no opportunity for human relations in their ordinary work, and who have nothing else to give, it suggests that they should sacrifice some of their own time and leisure even when they have but very little of either. Take up some side line, it says to them, some quite insignificant, perhaps even secret, side line. Open your eyes and look for some man, or some work for the sake of men, which needs a little time, a little friendship, a little sympathy, a little sociability, a little human toil. Perhaps it is a lonely person, or an embittered person, or an invalid, or some unfortunate inefficient, to whom you can be something. It may be an old man or it may be a child. Or some good work is in want of volunteers who will devote a free evening to it or will run on errands for it. Who can reckon up all the ways in which that priceless fund of impulse, man, is capable of exploitation! He is needed in every nook and corner. Therefore search and see if there is not some place where you may invest your humanity.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Civilization and Ethics, Part II
in The Philosophy of Civilization
(The Macmillan Company)

These potatoes were deep fried with another shortening for 4 minutes at 365 degrees. Compare these results with the potatoes on the right.

These potatoes were deep fried in Fluffo for the same time at the same temperature as those on the left. The overall golden browning is typical of golden Fluffo frying.



Something Golden Happens

(golden crispiness you've never gotten with any other shortening)



Pure shortening, not a table spread.
Golden yellow from pure, wholesome carotene.

Expect surprising results when you use Fluffo; it's an altogether surprising shortening. To make it, we had to break down old-style shortening to its very molecules, and improve them: it takes the cream of the crop to make golden Fluffo.

No other leading shortening gives you such crisp, golden-brown fried foods. Fried right and light in Fluffo, they come out much more golden-brown, and just as digestible as they look.

No other kind of shortening can give you such tender, flaky, golden-brown pies. No change in the measurement your favorite recipe calls for—just a wonderful change in results!

Fluffo even handles differently; it's so much lighter and fluffier it's a joy to use. Blends with fewer, easier strokes, and the golden color lets you see how perfectly you're mixing cake batter or pie dough. Try golden Fluffo: how can you possibly miss?

These rolls of veal, prosciutto and cheese will entice your guests with their unexpected flavors! There are a bowl of green noodles, a delicious sauce, and green salad, crunchy with garlic croutons.



STUART

This is a Conversation piece

Home to the hearth in February... and the hors d'oeuvre no one can resist is a delicate pink crab-salad dip.

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

I think that all inventive cooks like to experiment with foreign dishes that have unexpected flavors. I can't say a word against simple things, such as broiled chicken, steak or fish. They are delightful and indispensable—but for our dinner parties a foreign accent is welcome. The main course of this meal will be definitely Italian.

But let's start at the beginning. For an hors d'oeuvre, we'll have crab-salad spread. The ingredients are the same as for the usual version of this salad—crab meat, eggs, celery and onion—but they are chopped so fine that when mixed with mayonnaise the salad becomes a spread or dip. Lightly buttered slices of party rye are good to spread it on; also, the salad can be scooped up with large corn chips. It doesn't dribble, as most dips do, and I hope you will find it as popular with your guests as I do with mine. Some ripe and stuffed green olives are a nice accompaniment.

The meat dish will be veal rolls *piccata*—very special, I think. I had it first at the home of a friend who is of Italian birth. I was so crazy about it that she gave me the recipe and I pass it on to you with some slight improvisations of my own. It is made of veal cutlets ½″ thick and pounded to ¼″ thick. They are covered with thin slices of cold boiled ham, or *prosciutto* if you can get it. Then they are spread with a layer of ground veal and things, a layer of Mozzarella cheese, then rolled up and tied. They are cooked in chicken broth to which chopped mushrooms and white raisins have been added. The rolls are cut into slices 1″ to 1¼″ thick, depending on circumference, and served with the raisin-and-mushroom broth, which is not thickened. This is really something to remember—and to repeat. The inevitable accompaniment will be green noodles with highly seasoned tomato sauce—or if you can't get green noodles, *linguine* or spaghetti. To complete the main course, a mixed green salad with garlic croutons and poppy-seed rolls.

The dessert will be thinly sliced pineapple, grated coconut and frozen raspberries, a wonderful combination of tastes. The fruit is arranged in an interesting way, and I'll tell you about that when we come to recipes.

These recipes will serve eight people.

CRAB-SALAD DIP

Get a 1-pound can crab meat. Most grocery stores carry several grades of frozen crab, and it pays to get the very best, which will be in chunks. Cut it into very tiny pieces, and be watchful for bits of shell that may have been overlooked by the packer. Chop as fine as possible 4 hard-cooked eggs, enough celery to make ⅔ cup, and onion to make ½ cup. Mix all ingredients, add 2 tablespoons chili sauce, enough CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

DI PIETRO



A shining three-compartment meat-and-vegetable platter enthrones the crab-salad appetizer; thin slices of rye bread and corn chips are in the center section.



The best chocolate frostings are made with



Baker's deep-flavor chocolate

Baker's gives more flavor because it *has* more flavor—deeper, richer flavor than any other chocolate. That's why Baker's just naturally glorifies any recipe that calls for chocolate!

So rewarding . . . the raves you get from your family . . . the thrill of pride you feel yourself!

Try this quickie frosting, for example. Easy. . . and there's the richness only Baker's deep-flavor chocolate gives!

DOUBLE-FEATURE FROSTING

2 squares Baker's Chocolate
5 tablespoons butter or margarine • 4½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
Dash of salt • ½ cup milk • ½ teaspoon vanilla

Light Chocolate Frosting. Melt chocolate and butter over hot water. Combine sugar, salt, milk and vanilla; blend. Add melted chocolate and butter; mix well. Let stand, stirring occasionally, until of right consistency to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops of about 2 dozen cupcakes or tops and sides of two 8- or 9-inch cake layers.

Dark Chocolate Frosting. Use recipe above, increasing chocolate to 4 squares.



Product of General Foods

CONSIDER THE LILIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

lose his services in the church, but also at the vicarage. I never did think that it was a good idea to have the verger as a handy man. I've got all the flowers I could get hold of, but there isn't a lily among them. How that horrid old woman can sit up there at Crossways, looking out on that magnificent terrace full of them, I don't know! I always feel that she might have a change of heart and ——"

"Well, she won't," prophesied Kathryn. "She doesn't believe in good causes. But I'll go, and I'll ring you up later, Miss Burnley, to say that she said no."

They drove out of the village and presently Kathryn turned the car up an avenue that branched off the main road.

"We'll go now and get it over and done with," she said. "Then we needn't come out again after tea."

"I'm not hungry any more," Caroline told her. "They say that prolonged starvation produces a sort of numb feeling. Well, here we are."

Kathryn stopped the car at the door of a large, ugly red brick building; she sat for a moment looking at it with distaste.

"It's odd," she remarked, "but when I come to this house, I always get a sort of creepy feeling. Honestly, Carol, by the time I've got past that flouncy-looking maid and that waxwork companion and got to that tigerish-looking old woman glaring at me from her chair, I've got the horrors. My legs feel as if they're trying to run out of their own volution."

"Volition."

"I'll look it up when I get home."

"Are we leaving the children in the car?"

"We have to: they're not allowed to set foot inside the house," said Kathryn resentfully.

"What about Dandy's letter?"

"It's a real letter," said Dandy, fishing in his postbag. "It's got a real stamp."

"Then whyfor doesn't it go through the ordinary postal channels?" Caroline inquired.

"It's strictly illegal—but it's fun for Dandy. The postman gives him the Crossways letters to save himself the walk up the drive. . . . Dandy darling, you'll have to put the letter through the letter box, and then I'll ring the bell. . . That's it; now run back to the car, and keep an eye on Delfine."

The door opened and a woman of about forty stood before them. She was tall and powerfully built and might have been called handsome but for the looseness of the large, red mouth and the vindictive stare in her eyes. She was dressed in conventional maid's garb, but her manner was insolent to the point of insult. She addressed Kathryn with a single word.

"Well?"

Kathryn ignored both tone and manner. "I'd like to see Mrs. Lauder, please," she said quietly.

"I'll ask her," said the maid. "Wait here."

She turned away, stooping as she went to pick up the letter from the door mat. A tall woman emerged from the gloom of the passages beyond; her eyes went to the letter. She held out her hand, and after a moment's hesitation the maid handed it to her, and a glance passed between the two, of such naked, undisguised hatred that Kathryn moved nearer to Caroline as though seeking reassurance. The maid disappeared into the shadows of the corridor, and the tall figure came up to the visitors.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Heywood; good afternoon, Miss Wyatt. You want to see Mrs. Lauder?"

"Please, Miss Parry."

"Will you please come in?"

"Thank you. How is she, Miss Parry?" asked Kathryn.

Miss Parry looked drained and spent, but infinitely enduring. She answered Kathryn's question quietly. "Mrs. Lauder is just the same, thank you. I'll go and ask her if she feels up to seeing visitors."

She left them, to return in a few moments.

"Mrs. Lauder will see you, but only for a moment."

The room into which Kathryn and Caroline followed her was light and sunny, being glassed in on three sides. It commanded a view of a flagged terrace below which was a rockery; beyond the rockery was a long, narrow garden in which bloomed a mass of beautiful lilies. They stood, row upon row, tall and cream, and proud; Caroline had seen them in previous years, but thought that they had never looked so lovely as they did now, with the afternoon sun slanting down on them.

The garden was the only part of the ground upon which any care had been spent; the rest had been left to go to wilderness. From these windows, however, nothing could be seen of neglect or decay: there were only the terrace and the rockery and the lilies and, below and beyond them, a seldom-used path which led by a short route from the garden to the main road along which Kathryn and Caroline had lately passed.

Kathryn kept her eyes resolutely away from the lilies, and fixed them on the shrunken face of the old woman in the wheel chair. She bore without a sign Mrs. Lauder's obvious lack of pleasure in their arrival and, ignoring the hostile expression in the small, peering eyes, got through a brief form of greeting.

"I've brought my sister to see you," she ended. "You met her at Christmas, if you remember."

Mrs. Lauder gave a brief nod, and addressed herself to Kathryn. "Told you I wouldn't have wheeled traffic going through the stables."

"Wheeled traffic?" Kathryn stared at her in bewilderment and then gave a little laugh of comprehension. "Oh—Dandy's bicycle! But Mrs. Lauder, he ——"

"Has a bicycle got wheels?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Then see it doesn't happen again. I allowed you to use that lane as a footpath and only a footpath. Thin end of the wedge, bicycles; next thing, we'll have cars driving through there. I won't have it."

The house which Kathryn and her husband had bought seven years ago had been the property of Mrs. Lauder. The house had been empty and the land unused when Guy, seeking a home in the neighborhood, had chanced to see it. Renamed Whitewings, it was now a long, low building with old beams and modern amenities, charming outside and in. The only drawback to its perfection was the fact that it had a somewhat difficult approach. It stood a mere half mile or so from the village of Downsview, but its drive curved widely round Crossways House and came out upon the main road some three miles from the church and the shops. Kathryn could walk to the village in less time than it took to drive there, but the walk was along the right of way over which Mrs. Lauder specified no wheeled traffic should pass. Kathryn disliked the walk along the short cut. The lane went past the deserted stables of Crossways House, at one point crossing the wide old cobbled stableyard. The buildings were rotting, and were half hidden by creepers; the place had a desolate, haunted look and Kathryn found it so strangely frightening that there were times when she preferred to walk to the village the long way round—a proceeding manifestly absurd, she told herself angrily. She was not usually nervous, and could find no reason for her fear of passing the stables, but nothing could overcome the fear. To her husband the path was simply a short cut through the stables, quick and convenient, coming out as it did almost at the church door. Nobody—not even Caroline—shared Kathryn's odd qualms.

Now she made no reply to Mrs. Lauder, beyond a nod meant to indicate that she would observe the ban on wheeled traffic. She had allowed Dandy to bicycle only as a sort of test case; if Mrs. Lauder had overlooked it, she herself would have bicycled along the path and there would not have been time to indulge in fears and fancies.

The disappointment drove from her mind her intention of leading up tactfully to the subject of the lilies. She turned to look out at them, and Mrs. Lauder's eyes rested on her with a spiteful look.

"Mrs. Lauder"—Kathryn turned to face her—"I wonder whether you would ——"

No," broke in Mrs. Lauder flatly. "No, I n't. I'm not a churchgoer, and if I were, I uldn't go into any church run by that use- wander-witted vicar." She raised a claw- hand and pointed to the garden. "Those lil s are all I've got to look at, and I like them. H s never done anything for me and he's not g ng to fill his church with my flowers. If he w nts lilies, let him grow 'em." She raised a st k and thumped it on the floor, and the n d came in. "You can go out and get some li s for old Mrs. Turk," she told her.

Kathryn was under no illusion as to Mrs. Lauder's real reason for sending flowers to M s. Turk. Deserving as the old lady was, the fl wers were sent only to underline the refusal. Mrs. Turk lived in a cottage next door to the c rch. She was nearing ninety, and had been d f and dumb from birth; now she was bed- r len—but in spite of these disabilities, she h always been a force in the village, and she s had a keen interest in everything that w it on in it. Her daughter worked in the post o ce and went across from time to time to at- d to the old lady's needs; for the rest of the d , Mrs. Turk lay surrounded by books, n spapers and magazines brought by her fre- q nt visitors; her wizened little pippin of a f e smiled up from the pillow and her sharp e missed nothing that went on round her.

Kathryn watched the maid go out on her r sion, and then took her leave. They went f ne to a scene which, by contrast with the g om of Crossways, had the look of a brightly c ored illustration of what a home should be. F ire burned cheerfully in the drawing room; f ore it, a table was laid for tea. Dandy and Alfine went upstairs to the nursery, yelling they went. Halfway up, y cannoned into their f ner; he took one of them l ler each arm and car- r l them, laughing and k king, to the top and set m down.

"You're early, darling," d Kathryn, as he came o the drawing room.

"Tea interval." Guy Hey- od drew his sister-in-law se and kissed her. "Yum," he murmured. s beautiful as my wife—but younger. Isn't beautiful, Katie?"

"Never mind her," said Kathryn. "Kiss me. you have to go out again after tea?"

"Fraid so. One of Kemp's whippets. It took a bull terrier and came off worst. . . . I've lered tea, Katie."

"Thank heaven," said Caroline feelingly. "I dragged all over the village as usual, and n hungry—and I'm tired."

"We ended up at Mrs. Lauder's," Kathryn d Guy.

"What on earth for?"

"Lilies, and we didn't get them. . . . Oh— nk you, Collier."

A large, bony woman with an impassive e marched into the room, put down the tea ngs, and stumped out again.

"'Bout turn, quick march," murmured Guy, ping himself to two of the largest scones d biting deep into one of them. "Oh"—he oke in muffled tones—"forgot to tell you. one call. The Legacy's coming down. To- rrow."

Kathryn gazed at her husband in dismay. "You mean now—while Carol's here?"

Guy, his mouth too full for further speech, dded and looked with amusement at the omy faces of his wife and sister-in-law.

"If only I'd known," said Caroline slowly, 'd have ——"

"She rang up from town," said Guy. "She esn't want to be met; she's taking a train in e morning and says she'll get a taxi to bring r out here. That saves you a journey, so eer up."

"I thought she was still in Switzerland," id Kathryn.

"No; she got back this morning," said Guy. She sounded tired. Her plane got held up in at strike in Paris."

"She wouldn't like that," commented aroline. "That wasn't tired she sounded; it as just cross. Well, I don't know about you o, but speaking entirely for myself, I'd ther have had Easter without her."

The Legacy was Guy's name for Estelle Wyatt, stepmother to Kathryn and Caroline. She lived her own life and they seldom saw her; when she came to Downsview, it was usually for a rest after a more than ordinarily gay session in London or in Switzerland, where she owned a house. It was obvious that she spent a great deal more than her husband had left her, and Guy had discovered—after some time spent in interesting speculation—that she made a comfortable income out of commissions: she carried on a lucrative one-woman business, putting those who demanded in touch with those who supplied. She was middleman—or middlewoman—for the sale of clothes, furs, houses, cars; she did her friends favors—at a price.

Guy was recalled to the present by seeing the door open and Collier marching toward him.

"Miss Parry," said Collier, in the flat accent of Lancashire.

"Mrs. Lauder's companion?" asked Kathryn, in surprise.

"Yes'm. Wants to see Mr. Heywood. Private."

"Good gracious!" said Guy. "Haven't you made a mistake, Collier? I don't think she wants to see me."

"She may," said Kathryn slowly. "It might be a complaint. Mrs. Lauder spoke to me this afternoon about Dandy bicycling along the short cut. No wheeled traffic, she said."

"Well, there's nothing private about that," commented Guy. "Show her in here, Collier."

Collier ushered Miss Parry in, and Guy rose and pulled forward a chair. Kathryn studied her curiously. It was not often that Mrs. Lauder's servants were seen outside Crossways House; they had no contact with the village and had made no friends in the neighborhood. Miss Parry fetched Mrs. Lauder's medicines from the chemist, and the maid carried flowers or fruit to old Mrs. Turk. Apart from these errands, the three inmates of the big house lived a life apart; this was the first time Miss Parry had ever done more than bring a message to the front door, deliver it and hurry back to Crossways. She looked almost haunted, Kathryn thought. She had brought into Whitewings something that had never been in the house before: a tenseness behind which lay the darker emotions—fear, and something else.

Miss Parry spoke in her low, lifeless voice. "I wanted to see you alone, Mr. Heywood. I —— Something has happened, and I would like your advice."

Guy indicated the chair once more. "Sit down," he said quietly. "If you have anything to say that can't be said in front of my wife and Miss Wyatt, I think it must be a matter somewhat outside my scope—something that Mrs. Lauder's doctor or solicitor could deal with, perhaps."

Miss Parry appeared to come to a decision. She opened her bag with shaking fingers and took out an opened letter.

"It's—it's this letter," she said. "It came this afternoon—for Mrs. Lauder. She gets begging letters from time to time, and they make her very angry. I have orders to open the letters and destroy them. So when this one came this afternoon, I saw that it was addressed in an illiterate hand and I ——" She held the letter out to Guy. "It certainly looked as though it was a begging letter."

Guy took it and studied the envelope for a few moments. "Australian stamp," he said.

"Yes. Mrs. Lauder comes from Australia; that address is the address of her solicitors—the Brisbane firm, not the London one—and I thought it must be from someone who knew her before she left Australia, and wanted to get something out of her. So I opened it."

Guy spoke thoughtfully. "Doesn't look like an illiterate hand to me; it looks as though it had been written by someone very ill—or very drunk."

"I thought it would be someone asking for money, but it—it wasn't," said Miss Parry, and her voice shook. "It's a threatening letter. Please read it, Mr. Heywood."

M M M M M

To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty. WARWICK

M M M M M



Midnight Treat—What'll We Eat?
Hostess Scrambled Eggs! Here's the secret: ripple Underwood Deviled Ham down the middle of a dish of tender scrambled eggs. You've never tasted eggs like this!

UNDERWOOD®
DEVILED HAM

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Guy looked at Miss Parry's haggard face and spoke gently. "You know," he said, "this isn't any business of mine. And in any case, aren't you letting it upset you too much?"

"Wouldn't you be upset"—her tone was suddenly fierce—"if you read of a threat to—to kill your employer?"

Guy stared at her for a moment. "I should be angry, and I should seek advice in the proper quarter, but I don't think I would let it . . . frighten me. The threat—if it is a threat—was made by someone a good many miles away; and in any case, it doesn't affect you."

"No?" She gave a short laugh, so rasping and bitter that Kathryn and Caroline exchanged a glance of dismay. "Will you read the letter, Mr. Heywood?"

Guy, with obvious reluctance, read it aloud: "'I got out after all. I'll find you—and you'll pay. In full.'"

There was silence. Guy folded the letter, drew his fingers absently along its fold, and handed it, with its envelope, to Miss Parry.

"'Pay in full' sounds to me like money," he said thoughtfully. "There's no threat of anything more than that."

"Yes—there is. I'm quite certain there is." Miss Parry spoke more quickly. "Mrs. Lauder is afraid of something . . . of someone. Ever since I came to work for her, I've known it. There are things that you can sense. She's a tyrant, and she's domineering—but she's got a weak spot somewhere. I've touched it, quite unwittingly, once or twice, and I've seen fear—stark fear—in her eyes. Only for a moment—then it's gone, and she makes me pay for it. If I show her this letter, she'll make my life unbearable—I want to keep it from her. But I must act; I can't ignore the threat."

"If you showed it to Mrs. Lauder and suggested the police ——"

"No." Miss Parry's voice was firm. "Not the police. Once, when there were burglaries in the village, I asked her whether I should go to the police and ask them to watch Crossways. If she had been able, I think she would hav struck me. Then she screamed at me that sh would never have the police near her house. thought you could find some way ——"

"What can I do?" asked Guy. "If someboc is coming all the way from Australia—which think is wildly improbable—in order to e tract money from Mrs. Lauder, then he or sh can only be dealt with by the law. I can assu you of one thing: that letter was not writte by anybody young, or strong. If it's any con fort to you, I promise that I shall come at onc to Crossways if you send for me—you've on got to telephone and I should be over in mi utes—but if I found anybody worrying ol Mrs. Lauder, I should call in the police a once, whether she wanted me to or not."

Miss Parry rose, and Kathryn, rising wit her, put out a hand to detain her.

"Miss Parry," she said, "we're so near yo and we would always help you if you wante us to—I mean, if you ——" She had been o the point of saying "if you were ever in an kind of danger"—but it was impossible to u ter so extraordinary a phrase. It was absur She was letting her imagination run wild.

"You wouldn't understand," said Miss Parr briefly. "None of you would understand."

Guy accompanied the visitor to the doc and they heard her footsteps going down th drive. Guy returned and he lit a cigarette.

"Odd trio over there," he remarked.

"What I hate so much," said Caroline, " to see money going to waste. Mrs. Lauder got pots and pots of it, and she could have bright house and pretty gardens, and nice pe ple to look after her."

"Well, it's her money," pointed out Katl ryn. "But I feel sorry for poor Miss Parr she'd be almost human if she could g away from those two horrible women. Esp cially that Braddock. I'd be terrified if I ha to live with her. She looks as though she think nothing of dropping tablets into you coffee."

"Then she's probably harmless," said Guy "The worst criminals look completely reassur ing. They ——" He broke off and listened "What on earth's all that row upstairs?"

"Delfine," said her mother.

"I can hear that—but why the yelling?"

"Milk," explained Kathryn. "She met child yesterday who doesn't eat enthusiasti cally, as our two do, and Delfine was so en chanted with all the fuss and pleading tha went on there—everybody on bended knee imploring it to try just a little of this or that— that now she's hoping to get some of the sam treatment."

"You mean she won't eat?"

"She eats like a horse," Kathryn told him "She's got your appetite. No; the thing is tha having eaten and drunk up everything she' given, she demands an extra cup of milk an then, having wheedled it out of Nanny promptly refuses to touch it. This is the thir time, and Nanny's calling a halt—and I don' blame her."

"What lungs!" said Guy admiringly.

The next morning, Kathryn and Caroline breakfasted alone. The children had their mea early; Guy was already out. Finishing he coffee, Caroline looked at her sister.

"Estelle will be here in a couple of hours, suppose," she said.

"Suppose so. Why don't you take Nanny and the children for a drive somewhere That'll mean you won't have to see Estell when she arrives."

"It's an idea," said Caroline gratefully. "I'l go up and tell Nanny."

"Would you do a bit of shopping for me while you're out? Collier's going out to get most of the stuff, but I said I'd choose the fruit myself. Could you get it? I want it in time for the children's lunch."

"All right."

Caroline went upstairs and announced the plan to Nanny and the children, and Nanny began to get the children ready. She was a thin sallow-faced Anglo-Indian of about forty, and had been with the family since Dandy was three and Delfine just an infant. She had been engaged when Kathryn, desperate after a series of unsatisfactory local candidates, had gone up to London to tap new sources of supply. She had gone to one of the agencies by bus-



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-minute ride during which she had sat opsite a dark woman whose bright eyes and le had brought an answering one to her n lips. Wordless, they had sat taking in each er with mutual liking; then Kathryn had n to alight, and found herself walking down street a few paces behind her late traveling npanion. Still with no word spoken, they re about to enter the building when tney pped, struck by the same thought.

"Are you, by any chance ——" began thryn.

"You are going in here to ask for someone?" uired the other woman, in singsong acits. "I want a job, you know; that is what I ne for. I'm a children's nanny."

"Oh . . . I want a nanny," said Kathryn, a le breathlessly. "Perhaps we could go in d ——"

"If we go in, they'll take our fee, isn't it? is way, look how we save! Already I like ; if you like me, come!" she invited, with a ggle of her head. "We can get my box and to your house and you can give me a trial."

The admirable sense and simplicity of this posal appealed greatly to the weary thryn. They were at Whitewings in an hour, d Nanny was installed. Guy, after blenching the first sound of her voice, directed his attion to her calm, authoritative handling of children and kept his first impressions to nself. Kathryn exercised equal discretion th regard to the manner in which the latest mber of the staff had been engaged, and m that day problems from the nursery had en reduced to a minimum.

Caroline got out the station wagon and ve her little party to Downsbury, gave em ice cream and came back through the lage in order to allow nny to buy one or two ngs she needed. Then y drove home, and it s not until Caroline was tting the car into the rage that she remembred Kathryn's request fruit. It was a beautiful rning—sunny and warm d more like June than ril; she would walk to the village, she cided.

She bought the fruit and, on an impulse, deled to go the long way home. She went some stance along the road before she realized at, by this route, she would not be home in ne for the children's lunch, and she turned willingly and walked back toward the church th. A glimpse of Collier in the distance made r hopeful of handing over the fruit to be ken home while she herself continued her lk, but although she waved and signaled, llier appeared to be too far away to interet the signs. Disappointed, Caroline walked —and then she saw that she could, after all, back by a different route. By doing a little spassing, she could take the path through e bottom of Mrs. Lauder's flower garden. Being as cautious as possible, she entered e grounds, picking her way between overown bushes and hanging branches. Yes, ere she was, the old lady; it was a good thing e had been careful, she told herself. Brad ck and Miss Parry were negotiating the heel chair, with its bundled-up occupant, out nto the terrace. Caroline watched them, oosing her moment; they would turn, prestly, and bring the chair out backward, and en she would slip past and . . . now!

She darted out from her covert and, stooping a little, scuttled along the path and ached shelter at the other end. She hurried me and took the fruit to Nanny; then, going to the drawing room, she found, to her surise, that Kathryn was alone.

"Estelle not here yet?" she asked.

"Yes and no," said Kathryn. "She took a xi from Downsbury to the village and then e sent it on with her suitcases and said she as going to walk the rest of the way."

"Estelle—walk!" said Caroline in astonishent.

"Doesn't sound like her, does it? Carol"—athryn frowned—"can you remember that tter Miss Parry brought here yesterday?"

"That anonymous one? What about it?"

"Did you see what she did with it?"

"Yes. She put it into her bag and took it away with her. Why do you ask?"

"It's gone. Miss Parry came round about an hour ago—in a terrible state; she looked for it this morning and it wasn't there."

"I don't suppose she really thought she'd left it here, did she?"

"No . . . no, I don't think she did. But we looked and looked. I called Collier in and asked if she'd seen it when she was doing the room this morning—but of course it wasn't here."

"Did she say where she'd left the bag last night?"

"She puts it on a table beside her bed when she's asleep and keeps it where she can see it during the day. She was terribly upset, Carol. Somehow I got the idea that she didn't want to go back to that house. I—I offered to walk back with her."

Caroline gave her sister a glance of surprise; she knew Kathryn's repugnance for Crossways and its inmates.

"What did she say?" she asked.

"Oh, she looked at me as though I'd gone mad, and then she clutched that awful little bag close to her and rushed off without so much as a good-by." She made a little gesture of helplessness. "I've been thinking about her ever since, and wondering what it's all about. And wishing that that old woman would go away and live somewhere else."

"You mean just because you get the willies passing by those derelict stables ——"

"No. It's partly that, of course, but ever since the children have been old enough to wander about on their own, I've felt that there's been some sort of . . . danger over in those Crossways grounds. I've never dared to say that to Guy, but I'm glad I've told you. Said out loud like that, it sounds pretty silly."

"It's only nerves, you know, Katie," said Caroline slowly. "If you asked your doctor ——"

"—— for a tonic? If it's nerves, then why don't I have nerves about anything else? D'you know something, Carol? Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and wonder if that odd feeling I get going past the stables is a sort of . . . warning. I feel that if ever anything happened to Dandy and Delfine ——"

She paused. Caroline had walked to a cupboard and was taking out a bottle of sherry and two glasses. She filled them and handed one to Kathryn.

"Here. Sit down and relax—and drink that. Why don't you try and *sift* this fear you've got? Ten to one you were bitten by a horse when you were too young to retaliate, and so every time you see a stable your subconscious rears up and gives a neigh."

This homely counsel seemed to cheer Kathryn very much. She looked at Caroline with gratitude, but Caroline's eyes had gone to the long window overlooking the lawn.

"Here she comes."

Kathryn opened the window and took a step outside. "Hello, Estelle," she called.

To their astonishment, there was no familiar, brittle chatter of greeting. Estelle Wyatt came on in silence, stepped into the room and gave her stepdaughters the briefest of glances.

"Hello." She sat down heavily and removed her shoes. She said, kneading her toes slowly, "Carol, pour out another drink, will you?"

"Why did you walk?" asked Kathryn, looking with concern at her stepmother's obvious exhaustion. "You've never walked up from the village before."

"And never will again," said Estelle shortly.

She lifted her head as Caroline brought her over a drink. Fatigue—or something else—had carved deep lines round her mouth, and there were heavy shadows under her eyes. The hand that held the glass was shaking, and she seemed to have some difficulty in getting her breath. Kathryn went over to stand beside the sofa.

"Would you like to go straight upstairs and rest, Estelle?" she asked. "You could get a sleep before lunch and then you'd feel all right."

"If you leave me alone, I'll be all right in a minute," said Estelle shortly, and the two others exchanged a glance of bewilderment. Estelle's pose had always been one of graciousness; her real feelings seldom showed on the surface, and they had seldom seen her anything but poised, mistress of herself, with a hard sort of gaiety. It was no wonder, thought Caroline, that aging women took care to preserve their strength; Estelle's twenty-minute walk had made her look twenty years older.

"Stop staring at me," snapped Estelle. "If you'd both exercise elementary tact, you'd see that I'd made myself overtired and needed a few minutes in which to recover—instead of which you stand there like a couple of gaping schoolgirls and make lunatic suggestions. I know I look appalling."

"You must have been tired before the walk," said Caroline. "A short walk couldn't have got you into this state."

The last shred of Estelle's self-possession vanished. "Go *away!*" She glared furiously at Caroline. "Go away! I am not in a state, but I shall be if you stand there acting the idiot child. Go *away!*"

Caroline walked to a window seat and sat down, staring out into the garden. She had never felt affection for her stepmother, but she had admired her looks and her poise and

When a tree is blown down, it shows that the branches are larger than the roots.
CHINESE PROVERB

THE

CRAYOLA®

CORNER

Lots of fun coming up in the weeks ahead. Birthdays . . . Valentine's day . . . Children's parties. Good times for quiet, constructive play with crayons. Here are some play ideas our readers have sent in.



Crayon hunt. A good game for children's parties is to hide the crayons from 8 stick boxes. Then give the children the empty boxes and the hunt is on! The first child to find all 8 colors wins a special prize. Actually everybody wins, because all the guests get to keep the crayons they have found.

Thank you notes are fun when the child draws a picture of the gift with his crayons. Children, especially those too young to write, enjoy *drawing* their "notes" —friends and relatives love to get them. It helps teach the habit of expressing appreciation, and develops imagination too.





Pillow case costumes are quick and easy to make. Using pinking shears, cut neck and arm holes, and trim along open end for "buckskin" effect. Kids and crayons will do the rest—cowboys, Indians, pirates—wherever their imagination leads them. To make costumes washable, set the design with a warm iron.

Birthday party idea—use an old white tablecloth, and have each guest write his or her name and the date with different colored CRAYOLA Crayons. Afterwards you can set the signatures with a warm iron, and use the cloth again next birthday. Children treasure these keepsakes.



7.7

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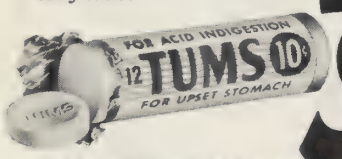


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had smiled at her affectations. This shaking, haggard woman on the sofa was a travesty of the old Estelle—but it might at last, she thought, be the real Estelle.

She heard Kathryn addressing her stepmother quietly. "I'm going to see you into bed—then you can be quiet until you feel like coming downstairs again. I'll put a hot-water bottle into your bed."

She went out, and Caroline rose and slipped out into the garden; Dandy was on his way across the lawn, and she felt that he would not be welcome at this moment in the drawing room. Having diverted him successfully, she turned to go back to the drawing room, and as she went she saw Collier enter and look round as though in search of her mistress. She was about to go out again when Caroline saw that Estelle put out a hand and stopped her. She felt no surprise—Estelle gave her orders freely when she stayed at the house, but her voice, reaching Caroline just as she was about to re-enter the room, brought her to an abrupt halt.

"I don't have to tell you that it'll be better to keep your mouth shut," Estelle said. "What's more, I'll make it well worth your while."

Collier spoke a single, scornful phrase. "Keep your money," she said, and closed the door sharply behind her.

Caroline shrank from going in and acting as though she had heard nothing. Only when she saw Kathryn return to the room did she move forward and enter it.

"Everything's ready, Estelle; let's go up," said Kathryn.

Estelle rose. "Tell them not to disturb me," she said. "I'll ring when I ——" She stopped. Guy had opened the door and was standing on the threshold. His expression was calm and his manner—Caroline thought—just as usual, but after one glance at his face, Kathryn went swiftly to him.

"Guy, what is it?" she asked.

Guy patted her hand, and then looked at his mother-in-law. "Hello, Estelle," he greeted her.

"Hello, Guy. I'm rather tired—I'm going up to rest before lunch."

"Guy, what is it?" asked Kathryn again. "Something's happened, hasn't it?"

Guy spoke quietly. "Mrs. Lauder is dead."

"But . . . she can't be!" said Caroline stupidly. "Why, I ——"

"She was in her wheel chair out on the terrace," Guy said. "The chair went over the edge and she was . . . killed."

Guy stepped forward just in time to catch Estelle as she fell unconscious.

Guy had never before had reason to be grateful to his mother-in-law, but as he laid her on her bed he felt a deep sense of thankfulness. Estelle's haggard look, her inexplicable collapse at the news of Mrs. Lauder's death—these were puzzles which for the moment he could not solve; it was enough to know that the look of horror on Kathryn's face as he broke the news was now replaced by one of anxiety for the welfare of her stepmother.

He went downstairs thoughtfully and found Caroline in the drawing room.

"Does Katie want me?"

"No; leave her," he said. "Let her do as much running about as possible for the next few hours—it'll keep her mind off this other thing. Did you see her expression?"

Caroline nodded her head slowly.

"Is she getting nervy?" Guy thrust his hands deep into his pockets and frowned with worry. "She never used to have any nerves, never showed any signs of this—this nervous imagination. Do you think she's overworked? She does a lot—runs round with the children and drives Dandy to and from school and she does most of the shopping and a good deal of the housework and it was she, not I, who insisted on getting that infernal washing machine and doing all the laundry at home. Is it all too much for her?"

"No," said Caroline without hesitation. "She loves it, and she's as strong as a horse and she'll get over all this if you give her time. I think myself that it all springs from that sort of horror she developed about the short cut through the stables."

Guy stared at her incredulously. "You don't mean to say you take that seriously? Just because she works herself into a funk about walking, in broad daylight, a few hundred yards along a ——"

"There's no funk about it," said Caroline angrily, "and the only reason I brought it up was to try and explain why the news of Mrs. Lauder's death horrified her so much. She was telling me less than an hour ago that she sensed a sort of . . . a feeling of danger and ——"

"But that sort of thing is ——"

"If you use the word 'neurotic,'" said Caroline fiercely, "I shall hit you."

He spoke in a quieter tone. "Katie's got to take a lot more bad news from Crossways before she's through."

"What sort of bad news?"

Guy slumped into a chair and leaned back wearily. "The doctor's not satisfied. He's called in the police."

"The . . . police! But—but why?" Caroline's voice was dazed.

"You call in the police when you think that there's been foul play."

"Mrs. Lauder . . . *murdered!*" gasped Caroline.

"Don't go too fast," warned Guy. "And don't *talk*. Let's all keep well out of it."

"That threatening letter ——"

Guy sat up. "What about it?"

"Miss Parry was here this morning, asking Kathryn to help her to look for it. It vanished out of her bag."

"Vanished out of her bag! When?"

"Sometime between her leaving here and getting up this morning. Who could take it—except the maid? Mrs. Lauder couldn't walk in and steal it—but Braddock could."

"Don't start conjecturing. Don't start discussing it all and going round and round in circles trying to beat the police to a solution. Try 'n' keep it out of your mind."

"That isn't so easy," said Caroline, and told him, briefly, what she had seen that morning when Collier had come into the drawing room. Guy stared at her.

"When Estelle comes down," he said, "she'll explain it all in two words."

"I suppose she will—but in the meantime all we've got to do is conjecture, so it's no use telling me not to. When Estelle goes for a walk for the first time in my knowledge of her, and then arrives at the house in a state of exhaustion, behaves like a distraught woman, hisses melodramatically at Collier when she's alone with her—and then goes down like a log when she hears Mrs. Lauder's dead . . . well, who wouldn't start conjecturing?"

Guy put up a hand, and she stopped. "Katie's coming," he said softly. "Look, Carol—don't tell her what you've just told me, will you? About Estelle, I mean."

"I wasn't going to."

Kathryn came in looking, to Guy's relief, less shaken than he had anticipated. They went in to lunch, and as soon as they had sat down, she turned to him with a calm question. "What happened to Mrs. Lauder?"

Her matter-of-fact tone reassured Guy greatly. Briefly, he told her of the doctor's suspicions, and she listened with no emotion deeper than distress.

She leaned across the table. "What did the doctor actually say to you?"

He hesitated, and then decided that a policy of openness was perhaps the best. "Mrs. Lauder had been wheeled outside and left—as she's always left on fine days—on the terrace. She can move herself about in the chair—push herself into the sun or out of it. He thought at first that she had pushed herself over the edge. The bit of stone or rock or whatever it was at the edge of the rockery gave way and the chair tilted and the old lady fell out, and the doctor thought she must have hit her head on the lower pile of stones. But when he examined her, he began to change his mind. One thing: it must have been pretty quick; she couldn't have . . . known anything."

S S S S S

It is a general rule that all superior men inherit the elements of their superiority from their mothers.

MICHELET

S S S S S

yn shuddered.
couldn't have been there long, that's
said Caroline slowly. "They'd only
ned her out there. I saw them getting
r out through the door."
a minute," said Guy, with a frown.
were you there, Carol?"
sn't exactly *there*. Katie asked me to
e fruit for the children's lunch. I
ome again by that path that runs be-
errace and the lilies. Nobody saw me."
t time was this?" asked Guy.
ut twelve, or ten past. Do you think it
man who wrote the letter?"
you sure that it was a man who wrote
-?" he countered. "Let's leave it to the
hall we?"
finished their coffee and Kathryn
it her sister.
, I think I'll stay in this afternoon, in
elle wants me. Nanny's taking Delfine
alk, but Dandy wants to go into the
nd do some postman jobs. Will you
and collect some cleaning for me
ownsbury and take him with you?"
" said Caroline. "Could you do some-
make his hat stay on?"
of newspaper in the lining; that's the
said Guy.
ine drove into Downsbury and re-
by way of the village, where Dandy
d into and out of shops and houses,
g or leaving letters, and Caroline went
Turk's to leave some homemade
akes sent by Kathryn. In the little bed-
ll was neat and orderly; Mrs. Turk's
nd papers were on a table beside the
l on a small table by the window Caro-
a vase of lilies: Mrs. Lauder's last
ed, she reflected, looking at the waxen
of the flowers and remembering the
ld woman who had sent them.
as not long at the cottage; there was
to say, since Mrs. Turk could hear
; Caroline could only present the
mile at old Mrs. Turk, shake up her pil-
range her papers round her, smile, pat
tted old hand, and leave.
as about to close the front door behind
n she saw another visitor approaching,
it ajar. Walking down the path, she
ce to face with a woman in a black
d skirt and with a shock of surprise
zed Mrs. Lauder's maid. Braddock
er with blandness replacing the in-
of yesterday.
've heard the news, of course?" she said.
. I—I'm sorry," said Caroline.
n you're the first," came the blunt re-
nose others out there"—she jerked her
the direction of the street—"they're
t's a good riddance."

ne made no reply, and Braddock gave
scornful smile.
y're saying I did it," she said slowly.
because I never made any secret about
ner. I did hate her, and I always showed
hated her and hid it—but not me, and
ole say I must have been the one. I
hem. Did you hear them?"
" said Caroline untruthfully, and
impulsively, "If we—if Mr. and Mrs.
od and I can do anything to help, I
ou'll let us know."
can't do anything. The police'll
there's been old Sergeant Cobb up at
se already, frightening that spineless
alf silly—but they won't frighten me."
ll, I'm—I'm sorry about it all," said
e lamely, and could find nothing to
was impossible, she thought, to feel
d at the fact of suspicion fastening on
ous a woman; she would suspect her
if she did not agree with Guy's theory
ybody who looked so obvious an evil-
as unlikely to be one.
dy was waiting at the car, his hat more
er askew. He accepted a strawberry ice
mbed into the car to enjoy it.
ll, we're through," stated Caroline,
ng the packages in the car. She paused
oked with anger at the car parked im-
ely behind. Her lips met in a line of ex-
tion. She got into the station wagon and
Dandy as lookout. "Look, Dandy dar-
she said. "You look through the back
w and tell me when to stop—see?"

"Yes," said Dandy, licking his ice cone.

Caroline started the engine and began the task of maneuvering. She went back and forward and back again, screwed her head round until her neck ached, tried to look sideways and backways at one and the same time. At the end of ten minutes of jockeying her position was no better and her temper was much worse.

"Are you watching, Dandy?" she called.

"Yes, Aunt Carol."

"All right then; here I come."

Crash! Backing, she hit the car behind with a thoroughness that brought a yell of triumph from Dandy.

"We hit it, Aunt Carol! We hit it!"

Caroline, lost to all feeling but fury, used the bumper of the other car to help herself out. A last wrench that made her tired arms throb, and she was free.

"Hey!"

She stopped. It was bad luck to be caught, but she felt angry enough to give as good as she got.

The man approaching her, however, was coming with a slow, leisurely tread and with no sign of anger. She saw that he was about thirty; tall, good-looking and a visitor—those were not country clothes. She eyed him cautiously, resolving to let him speak first.

He seemed in no hurry to say anything. He stood beside the car, ran his eye along it and then let his gaze rest on the car behind. It was a wordless but very eloquent look.

"Been driving long?" he inquired with an interested air.

She felt angry color rushing to her face. "Long enough," she told him. "I was taught to leave room for cars to get out."

His eyebrows went up and a slight smile appeared on his lips.

"If I've done any damage to your car, you can take my number," she said coldly. "And now, if you wouldn't mind moving aside, I'd like to go; I'm in rather a hurry."



Mommie, will I live happily ever after, too?

The fairy tale is ended. The child has finished with listening. The hard reality of a rainy afternoon drowns the little dream that the world rings with laughter alone.

There'll always be rainy afternoons, for the child and the woman she becomes. There'll be days when she'll be cut off from the outside world.

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"Yes, I saw that." His voice was unusually attractive—low, slow and with an almost seductive quality.

"If you were watching me, you could have helped me," said Caroline angrily. "So if I hit your car it was all your fault."

"Ah; I thought we'd come round to that." His tone was still pleasant, but the undertone of mockery was more evident. Caroline glared at him.

"Will you please move aside?"

"Of course. My name, by the way, is Freeland—Avery Freeland. It's an easy name to remember."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Freeland," said Caroline slowly and distinctly, "if I damaged your car. You have only to ——"

"Oh, it isn't my car!" he told her in exaggerated surprise. "What made you think so?"

Speechless with rage, she reached for the gear lever and he got ready to jump aside. He gave her a wide, happy grin.

"Not mine," he told her in silky tones. "Oh, no! It's a police car."

"And there's a policeman coming!" yelled Dandy suddenly in joyous anticipation.

A great many withering remarks welled up and stopped just short of Caroline's tongue; she could only utter the most schoolgirl retaliation. "I—I suppose," she stammered furiously, "you think you're t-terribly amusing?"

His expression was benign. "Look," he urged, "you pop off and leave him to me. I'll deal with him."

Caroline needed no further advice; she was off, speeding up the road on the way home.

"Why didn't you talk to the policeman?" asked Dandy in disappointment. "It was Sergeant Cobb."

"Some other time," said Caroline.

She drew up at the door of Whitewings and Dandy helped her to carry the packages indoors. Kathryn came downstairs and Caroline looked at her inquiringly.

"How's Estelle?" she asked.

"About the same. I don't know what's the matter with her. I asked her if she'd let me call the doctor and she screeched at me—but if she isn't better by tomorrow, I'm going to get him in, screech or no screech. How did you get on?"

Caroline, watching Dandy giving a realistic imitation of a baboon as he went upstairs, decided to leave the matter of a few more scratches on the car for the present.

"I went to Mrs. Turk's with those things you sent," she told her sister. "Coming out, I ran into Braddock—all in black, but not in the least like mourning black, if you follow me. Katie, is it quite certain that she didn't expect Mrs. Lauder to leave her anything?"

"Yes, quite." Kathryn led the way into the dining room and began laying the table for dinner. "Miss Parry told me that the reason Mrs. Lauder paid them such high wages was because they were getting nothing when she died. Why?"

"There's a lot of talk in the village. They've all made up their minds that it's murder—and that it was Braddock."

"She looks wicked enough, but why would she kill the fleece that lays the golden eggs?"

"The *goose*, Katie. Well, that's what the village is trying to figure out. They feel that there's no incentive, as it were; there doesn't seem any reason why Braddock should hit the old lady on the head and bring a big salary to an end. She —— What's the matter?"

Kathryn looked as though she had overcome a sudden attack of nausea. "Hit her on the —— But I thought Guy said that the chair fell over and she ——"

"—— fell onto the stones below; well, she did, but in the village they're saying—Katie, how do these things get round so quickly?—that there were injuries to the head which weren't caused by the fall."

Kathryn stared at her sister, and the same thought was in both their minds: it was true. It was really true. An old woman had been murdered less than a mile away. Mrs. Lauder was dead, and had died in circumstances that would bring close to them, close to Whitewings, all the grim machinery of the law. Police . . . questioning . . . criminal investigation ——

"Perhaps," said Caroline at last, without conviction, "we can keep out of it all."

"That's what Guy said."

But that evening as they sat round the f the drawing room, Collier entered and Guy in her flat voice, "Two people wa speak to you, sir."

Guy looked round at her. "Who are do you know?"

"One's the policeman from Downs Sergeant Cobb, sir. Other's an inspector

There was a moment's dead silence, an color drained slowly from Kathryn's ch

"All right, Collier," said Guy at last. "them in."

One of the men was familiar to then Sergeant Cobb, from the police static Downsbury. The other was a stranger to and to Kathryn—but Caroline found h looking once again into the cool gray e Avery Freeland.

It was, Sergeant Cobb assured ther purely routine visit; presenting the insp with pride, he told them that Avery Fre had come to Downsbury for a holiday. nephew of Sir Hugh Freeland, of Downsbury Manor, he had left Scotland and official duties behind him and had down for some rough shooting over uncle's land. Sergeant Cobb's appeal ha been in vain: his holiday postponed in nitely, Inspector Freeland was now in c of what Kathryn, to her dismay, learne become known as the Lauder Case.

The two men sat down and the insp apologized for the lateness of the hour. ments had been made by Mrs. Lauder's and by her companion, Miss Parry; corro tion on one or two points was required.

Caroline watched the inspector with u ing admiration. Inspector Freeland talke behaved like any friend of the family; his tions were put quietly, and with such sn gentleness, and the answers listened to wi little appearance of anything but the ordinary attention, that Kathryn, compl disarmed and free from apprehensions, looking at the inspector with deep interes friendliness. A clever man, thought Caro Guy liked him and Katie was in his poc when she herself had stopped drawing tains and fetching ash trays, he woul doubt spray some charm in her direction expect her, too, to fall under the spell.

"Inspector," said Kathryn, "is it— quite certain that Mrs. Lauder ——"

"She was murdered," said the inspe quietly. "It was a crude murder, and a b one. She was old and helpless, and some struck her down."

"Do you mean that her wheel chair wa tually pushed over the terrace?" asked

"She was dead, in all probability, befor chair went over. And now," he continued v out pause, "perhaps you would be kind en to tell me one or two things. First: Miss P says that she called here yesterday eve about a letter that had been sent to Lauder. The letter has since disappeared

"She showed it to us," said Guy. "All tell you is what I told her at the time: it lo an educated hand, but it was shaky. Miss P took the words to be some form of phy threat, but to me it sounded more like a t of extortion—though as matters have t out, I might have spoken a bit too soon.

"Did you notice the postmark?"

"Yes. That is, no; I saw that it was Australian stamp, and I seem to remem having seen a name beginning with *C-a-* I'm not very sure about it. The letter had readdressed; it had been sent to ——"

"—— to Mrs. Lauder's solicitors and warded," finished the inspector. "Did Miss Parry seem very much upset?"

"Yes," came from Kathryn. "She was, she was much more upset when she came this morning and said the letter had vanish

"What time did she come this mornin Freeland asked.

"It was about eleven, I think," said K ryn.

"Did you know Mrs. Lauder well?" the spector asked her.

"No. I had to see her sometimes, but I t it's true to say that she was a nasty old la though one shouldn't say it now."

"You saw her last, I believe, yester afterno

es. My sister and I called in to ask her if let the vicar have some lilies to decorate urch for Easter. We didn't get them."
ou didn't see her again?"
o."
t I did," came reluctantly from Caroline, ng the inspector's eyes to rest on her in- gly. "My sister asked me to buy some but I forgot it and so I walked back to the e to get it. I thought I'd come home the vay round—by the road," she explained. I realized I wouldn't be in time for the en's lunch and so I came along that path bottom of Mrs. Lauder's garden I saw Parry and the maid getting the chair gh the doorway."
hat time was that?"
was back here by ten past twelve," said line.
id you see anybody else in the grounds?"
o; I saw Collier—my sister's cook—
distance away."
there had been anybody near you, could have been screened from your view?"
es; easily. The garden is pretty wild."
e inspector turned to Guy and Kathryn. n can, I take it," he asked, "vouch for rustworthiness of your two servants?"
is inquiry met an extraordi- response. Guy d intently at t on the car- and Kathryn, heeks suddenly t, broke into al- defiant speech. Nanny's abso- y all right," she "She's been us three years— she's been a—a ure and ——" nd her refer- ?" asked the ector smoothly. ey were ——" she's got some; old me she had," Kathryn. But you...didn't at them?"
No. It sounds I know, espe- y as I was en- ng her to look our children, from the first —"
ntuition?" asked inspector, with y appearance of really wanting to know. know what you think," said Kathryn, t it was just something about her. I knew he look of her that she was all right."
he inspector's glance went to Guy, who still examining the spot on the carpet.
You can't say that about your cook, Mr. wood," he said pleasantly. "It was she who is in, was it not? She isn't what one might a prepossessing type, but I suppose her lentials reassured you?"

his'll sound a bit hollow," Guy said, "but e goes: Her name's Collier and I came oss her during the war. She was cooking in army canteen, and she had a husband—of ts. He was a"—Guy paused and cleared his oat—"he was deformed and the troops d to bait him. I did what I could to protect poor little devil; I would have had him put an institution if Collier had allowed it, she wouldn't hear of it. She had a sort of cely protective attitude toward him. Well, y used to—to hound her unmercifully ut his appearance, and she stuck it as long she could and then she picked up the first ng to hand and laid about her. There were ee hospital cases—and that was the end of army career. Later, I sent her home to my e, but before she got to Kathryn, her . . . man had died. Collier has been with us r since. She's rough and, as you said, un- possessing, but she's loyal through and ough. What's more important, I suppose, is t she's a first-rate cook."
he inspector seemed to have some hesita- n in bringing out his next sentence.

"Are you aware," he asked Guy, "that she went to Mrs. Lauder about two months ago and asked if she could work for her?"

"Collier did?" Guy's voice held complete incredulity.

"I don't believe it," said Kathryn instantly. "Who says so?"

"Mrs. Lauder's companion says so," said the inspector gently. "An entry in an order book that Mrs. Lauder kept confirms it and puts it beyond all doubt; she instructed Miss Parry, in writing, to refuse Collier's application. Miss Parry expressed surprise at her wanting to leave you, and asked the reason; the reason your cook gave was not an unusual one: she could get almost double her present salary by working for Mrs. Lauder."

Kathryn, with greater emphasis, repeated her denial. "I don't believe it."

"It's quite easy to prove," said Guy quietly. He pressed the bell. Presently Collier entered. "Collier"—Guy spoke briefly, expressionlessly—"this is Inspector Freeland, of Scotland Yard, who wants to confirm that you went to Mrs. Lauder about two months ago and asked her to give you a job."

"February," said Collier in a voice as expressionless as Guy's. "February tenth."

"You went to ask for work," said the inspector, "and told her that you would like to leave your present position—is that correct?"

"Correct," said Collier tonelessly. "That all?"

"Not quite all. Did you see Mrs. Lauder at any time after that?"

"No."

"You never saw her again?"

"No. That all?"

"For the moment, yes," said the inspector.

Collier marched out with her curious, clumping gait. At the door she turned and directed a look toward Guy—whether of question or defiance, or triumph, nobody in the room could tell. To Caroline, who was nearest the door, the glance had a momentary look of anguish—but the next instant the door had closed behind her and Guy was left to meet the inspector's glance with a hesitant smile.

"Did you say something?" he asked.

"Yes; I said I was sorry," said the inspector.

"About Collier? That's all right. But it's an odd thing—would you understand what I meant if I said that what Collier did was . . . well, out of character?"

"Yes, I'd understand. But in my profession we see a great many people getting a great many surprises—not always pleasant. Could I speak for a moment to your children's nurse?"

"I'll fetch her," said Kathryn.

She went out and returned with Nanny, who came into the room with an expression of great surprise.

"You want to ask me some things?" she said. "You want to see my chits? I'll fetch them."

"At the moment, no," said the inspector. "I merely ——"

"They are good ones," said Nanny stoutly. "When I came to Mrs. Heywood, she didn't look; I said, 'If you want, I will show them,' but she never saw. But you can see, and they will show you that I am trustworthy. Why I left my last position is this, that I don't like anything that is not nice. Major and Mrs. Bowen, they were—he was a military gentleman and I thought he was a nice, well-behaved gentleman, but what does he do? He goes behind his wife's back and does this and that with other ladies, and I said to him, 'I will not work where such things go on'—and so I left

WHAT MAKES ANYONE FALL IN LOVE?

"'Hi, Pete!' It was a girl I had known all summer. 'I've brought along a friend to meet you, Dorinda Dobbins.'

"'Hi ——'

"We took a walk, three and a half miles, and it was a wonderful day for it. A bright winter sun had nearly thawed the recent snow and the wind had a spring softness. I liked Dorinda's laugh. I liked the sound of her low, husky voice. Before we had gone halfway I thought, 'That's a girl I think I could marry!' At that moment the idea of blindness—past, present or future—simply did not exist."

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there and I met Mrs. Heywood in the bus that time, and I have worked for her and we are very happy together, isn't it, Mrs. Heywood, madam?"

"Yes, it is, Nanny," said Kathryn.

"Mrs. Lauder was murdered, no?" asked Nanny.

"Yes, Nanny," said Guy. "If you could keep the children away from ——"

"Dandy told me," said Nanny.

"Dandy!" Kathryn's face was a picture of horror. "How in the world did ——"

"Basil Wilkinson told him. Why do you worry?" asked Nanny with perfect calm. "These little chaps, they know everything, but what do they understand? Nothing. They repeat just like parrots, and if you get shocked then they say to themselves, 'Oh-ho, this is something they don't want me to know'—and they take care to find out. But when he told me, I said, 'Go on, you silly boy, everybody knows all that already'—calm, like that, and then I told him, 'Go; go wash your hands, so dirty they are'—and that way, everything is so natural, they don't think about it any more."

"Were you out with the children this morning?" asked the inspector.

"I took them for a walk, but I didn't go to the village. I went up Dimmock Hill, where Delfine likes to walk."

"You didn't pass Mrs. Lauder's house?"

"No; Dimmock Hill isn't that way," explained Nanny. "When it was time, then we came home for tiffin."

"Thank you, Nanny; that's all." The inspector smiled his gratitude, but Nanny showed no disposition to move.

"You are here to find out who-all did this thing, isn't it?" she asked soberly.

"I am."

"Then if I tell you something I saw, perhaps it will help you a little bit."

"What is it, Nanny?" asked Guy.

"Everybody," said Nanny slowly, "says that that maid of Mrs. Lauder's is a bad hat—and I think so too. But I don't think that it Miss Parry is so good as she tries to make t. Something I can tell you that I saw with y own eyes this morning. She came here to k about this letter she said she had lost."

"Mrs. Heywood told me."

"Well, when she was going home agai I took her to the front door and I opene and then Mrs. Heywood called out someth to me—you remember, Mrs. Heywo madam? You said, 'Please tell Miss Parry come in and see us whenever she wants t and I turned round to tell her that. But Del had run outside onto the drive when my b was turned, and when I looked, I saw M Parry going up to her, with her hands held just like this"—Nanny curved her fingers i a curiously sinister, clawlike shape, and Ka ryn's cheeks paled. "My heart went like a thing," went on Nanny, "and I was just go to call out before she touched little Delfin but she heard me coming and she turned ro to me and gave me such a look! It made y blood crawl! She looked so awful, creeping to Delfine. I didn't see her face, but I saw going up to her—but I wouldn't have let hurt her. I was going to pick up some sto and throw them."

"Why didn't you mention this to M. Heywood earlier?" asked the inspector.

"Because just when I was going to tell h the taxi came."

"Taxi?"

"My stepmother's taxi from Downsb station," explained Kathryn.

"Yes. So I took the suitcases, because C lier was out and ——"

"One moment. This was when you saw in the village?" the inspector asked Carol

"Yes."

The inspector glanced at Sergeant Co and the latter added the item to the notes was making.

"Yes?" The inspector turned to Nanny.

"Then I said to myself that I would Mrs. Heywood later on—but then afterwa when Mrs. Wyatt arrived, I ——"

"But was Mrs. Wyatt not in the tax asked the inspector.

"No; she was walking from the village, a when I saw how worried Mrs. Heywood about her, I ——"

"One moment." Once again the inspecto voice pulled Nanny up in full flight. He turn to Kathryn.

"You were worried about your stepmother he asked.

"Not really worried," Kathryn answere "She isn't a person who takes much exerci and it exhausted her, that's all."

"So then with all this fainting and what-a I didn't say anything," ended Nanny.

"Will you tell me what time your ste mother arrived?" the inspector asked Kathry

"I ——" Kathryn's eyes went to her sist "Caroline, can you remember?"

"Yes. It was very shortly before you ca home, Guy," said Caroline.

"I was in at about half past twelve," s Guy.

"I see. Then Mrs. Wyatt," said the insp tor slowly, "walked up to the house from t village between twelve and half past twel this morning?"

The inspector had risen. Guy got up, a the sergeant, with a sigh, heaved his tub form out of his chair.

"It's too late to disturb Mrs. Wyatt t night," said the inspector, "but perhaps you allow me to come and have a word with h in the morning?"

"Of course." Kathryn hesitated. "Look, use us as a sort of restaurant. If you're goi to be at Crossways, you won't want to . . . mean, if we can ever give you lunch or tea dinner, we'd be glad to, so do come at a time."

His acceptance was unhesitating; Caroli noticed that it had grace, and charm, a gratitude. Revising her original estimate Avery Freeland, she erased the word "attra tion" and substituted "magnetism."

The telephone bell rang, and Guy move away to answer it.

"Got to go out," he told his wife at the en of the brief call. "I'll try not to make it t late. . . . Someone's in trouble over tw

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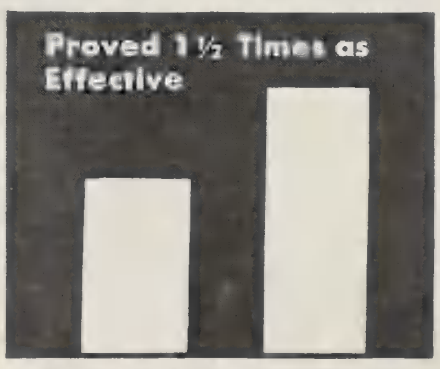
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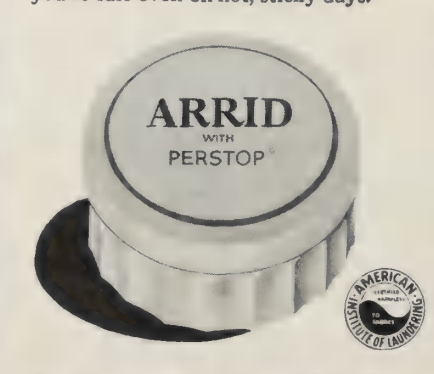
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ers," he explained to the inspector, and
e a grin. "Am I allowed to leave?"
he inspector smiled in response. "We'll
t tomorrow," he said.
Guy was out a good deal later than he had
icipated, but on his return he found
thryn still awake. She switched on her bed-
light and sat up in bed, hugging her knees
looking, with her flushed face and shining
s, so childlike that Guy was struck anew by
thought that Dandy and Delfine, in the
t room but one, were dream children.
'Haven't you been to sleep?" he asked.
'No. I've been sort of thinking."
I'm glad you qualified it," he told her, and
e a huge yawn. "How long did the inspec-
stay after I'd gone?"
'Not long."
'Long enough to line us all up as suspects,
n't doubt."
'He's an awfully nice man, isn't he, Guy?"
'He's a fast worker, but I'd rather keep off
rder just for tonight, Katie."
'I didn't say anything except that he was
ully nice. Don't you think he is?"
'How do I know, for goodness' sake? He's
scular, and he looks in good trim, if that's
at you mean."
'He's not married."
Guy turned to gaze at her in astonishment.
ut you are," he reminded her.
'He hasn't even got a mother," went on
thryn, with satisfaction. "All he's got is that
uncle."
'So you wish you'd known him in time to
ke him godfather to the children—is that

'No. D'you know, it's odd, but he and
rol had met before."

No disguise can long hide love where it exists, or feign it where it is not.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

'Met before?" Guy looked at her in sur-
se. "I didn't hear them say so."
'They didn't say so—at least, it didn't come
t until after you'd gone. Are you listen-
?"
It seemed improbable. Guy was pulling the
clothes up tightly round his neck.
'They met in the village this morning, when
rol hit a police car with the station wagon."
'When ——" There was no doubt that he
s attending now. "You mean she rammed
nething with my ——"
'She didn't ram anything. She simply
cked into a police car."
'Simply! She simply ——"
'Only with the bumper . . . I think. But
ery Freeland was there."
'Who's Avery Freeland?"
'The inspector. He told you his name,
y."
'Did Caroline damage the mudguards?"
'I don't expect so. She doesn't seem awfully
en on him at the moment, but ——"
'Look." Her husband sat up. "Are you try-
g to cook up some ——"
'I'm simply trying to ——"
" —— to find a husband for your sister.
ell, that's a very good plan and I hope you
ll it off—one day; but you needn't pin any
pes on the inspector. There's been a murder
d he's here to round up a criminal—now get
at into your head, Katie, and don't get car-
d away because he looks as though he could
ve made more money in the films."
'There's no need to be cross, is there?"
'I'm not cross. I just don't want you to be
ly, that's all."
'What's silly? Inspectors have to marry,
st like other men. They're not cerebrates."
'They're not celibates either. Go to sleep."
'How about kissing me good night?"
'Oh ——" He groaned, but leaned across
e intervening space to drop a kiss on her
eek. Her arms slipped round his neck.
Sleepy?" he asked.
He caught a soft murmur, and bent his head
catch the words.
'*What* did you say?" he asked in astonish-
ent.

"I was only trying it over, just to see what it sounded like."
"But ——"
"It sounds nice," decided Kathryn, and tried it over again. "Caroline Rosetta Freeland."

Caroline was wakened early the next morning by the sound of her name being called softly from below her window.
"Miss Wyatt . . . Miss Wyatt!"
She slipped out of bed and went to the window. Below stood Miss Parry, and in her arms she held a huge bunch of lilies.
Caroline put on a dressing gown, glancing as she did so at the clock on her table; it was not yet seven o'clock. Wondering at the untimeliness of the visit, she went downstairs and through the hall. The front door had already been unlocked by Collier; Caroline opened it and looked at the visitor.
"Please come in," she said.
"No, no, no!" Miss Parry's face looked blue and chilled. She thrust the flowers into Caroline's arms. "These are for the church. She did so little good in her lifetime, and I thought . . . a sort of offering on—on her behalf. I didn't want Braddock to see me. Will you give the flowers to Mrs. Heywood, please?"
Caroline drew her firmly into the house and led the way to the small, warm study. Faintness, or fatigue, prevented the visitor from making protests, and she seemed only too glad to sink into the comfortable chair that Caroline drew forward.
"The flowers are lovely, and my sister will be very grateful—but you shouldn't have done this. You must have been up at dawn!"
Miss Parry's weary eyes rested on her; Caroline saw that she was trembling.
"Coffee," she said firmly. "You sit there and rest; I'll go and find Collier and ask her to make some."
Miss Parry said nothing; when Caroline returned she found her sitting in the same position and looking frighteningly pale. Some of

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the dislike Caroline had felt evaporated in pity.

"You're upset," she said. "I know it must be a dreadful experience and ——" She paused and then continued impulsively, "Miss Parry, perhaps I shouldn't say this, but I don't understand how you could have gone on working so long for someone who—who ——"

"Money," said Miss Parry. "When I came to her I had been . . . unfortunate, and she offered me three, four times what I could have got anywhere else. She said to me, 'You'll earn it'—and I know now what she meant. Sometimes I used to wonder whether she would drive me too far. I was putting away almost all my salary, and I knew that if I could go on for a time, I could leave her. So that was why I stayed with her." Miss Parry raised hopeless eyes and gazed at Caroline. "Now she's dead, but it isn't over, as I thought it would be. It's only the beginning." She shuddered. "This isn't the first time I've been through this. I know what we're all in for—only too well."

Caroline found herself stammering. "You mean . . . you d-don't mean ——"

"Death—and the rest. The inquest, the suspicions, the questions, the whispers, the cross-examinations, the same, same inquiries. I've been through it all once before—I don't think I can bear to go through it again!"

"Someone you knew was—was ——"

"Murdered." The word was a whisper. "That's what they said. I was housekeeper to an old man and he . . . died. It was an accident, but I was—there was nobody in the house but myself. Rumors flew about. If they had been able to put their finger on any possible motive . . . but they couldn't. They could prove nothing, and they had to let me go. I thought that if I came to a new place, with a new name—but you can't run away from the past. Only—I can't stand it all over again. I can't!"

"But, Miss Parry ——"

"They know it all, you see." She got up and walked to the window and stared out into the garden. "The inspector knows. I would have told him, but before I could tell him, he told me. I don't know how the police find out things—old things, forgotten things—but they do find out. And they don't tell you what they're thinking—but you know."

The door opened and Collier came in with the coffee. She placed the tray beside Caroline and went out again. Miss Parry said in a whisper, "I suppose she knows that I had to tell the police that she came to see Mrs. Lauder?"

"Yes, she knows. When all this is over," she asked Miss Parry, "what will happen to Crossways?"

"I don't know. It's left, with everything else, to Mrs. Lauder's nephew. I don't think she ever corresponded with him; once, when the solicitor from London came down to Crossways, he gave me to understand that they had quarreled—Mrs. Lauder and her nephew—before she left Australia. Certainly throughout the years I worked here, Mrs. Lauder never wrote to anybody in Australia but her solicitors—and never heard from anybody there."

"Did you ever find that letter you lost?"

"No." Miss Parry put down her empty cup and rose to her feet. "I didn't expect to find it."

Caroline went to the door with her and stood staring after her thoughtfully. Then she went upstairs and, dressing quickly, joined Kathryn in the dining room.

"Hello," Kathryn greeted her. "Collier says Miss Parry brought those lilies."

"She said it was an offering on Mrs. Lauder's behalf. Where's Guy?"

"He went out early—without breakfast." Kathryn sighed. "I think he wanted to put off having to face Collier. It's fantastic, Carol! I still can't believe it!"

"I know it's a blow, but ——"

"But she was *happy* here! You probably don't know, because you don't see her all the time—but I tell you she was absolutely happy. So why should she suddenly walk across to Mrs. Lauder and propose working for her? Why? I'm certain she loathed her."

"Miss Parry loathed her too. Yet she ——"

"If it was money, why couldn't she have asked Guy? Or me?"

"Perhaps she felt she owed you too much already. Leave it, Katie; it's no use searching round for reasons. Money seems to do terrible things to people."

"I don't feel it was money—I'm sure there was some *reason*."

Caroline finished her breakfast and glanced at her watch. "Ten past nine. What about Estelle?" she asked. "Will she be down, or does she want breakfast in her room?"

"In her room—but not early," Kathryn told her. "She said she'd have coffee and toast about half past ten."

"I'll see to it. But there's lots of time yet."

"When you do go up with the tray, tell her the inspector wants to talk to her, will you?"

"Didn't you tell her last night?"

"No. But she'd better get up and see him when she's had her breakfast."

"Would you like me to take the lilies to the vicarage?" Caroline asked, as she and Kathryn rose from the table.

"We'll both go. I've got some shopping to do; tomorrow's Good Friday and the shops won't be open—and I want to order some hot cross buns." She stared with wide, troubled eyes at her sister. "Hot cross buns," she murmured. "Isn't it ghastly, Carol? A murder over there—and hot cross buns here. Lilies for the church, and all of us singing 'Christ the Lord is risen today' . . . and lilies on her coffin."

"Don't get too close to it."

"Close to it?" Kathryn echoed. "How c we help getting close to it? *We* haven't move we're just where we were—but *it's* movi closer to *us!*"

"Well then, don't brood too much about Forget it."

"I'll try. But it won't be easy to forget i She sighed. "Well, I'm going to see the ch dren. Will you get the car out?"

Caroline went to the garage to back t station wagon out. Her mind was not on t task; the car scraped the side of the door.

"Gently, gently," said a voice that Caroli had no difficulty in recognizing. "Would y like me to get the car out for you?"

10 ways to improve Closets

Closets crowded? These ideas will stretch that space.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor of the Journal

To bring order out of chaos in a wardrobe closet sometimes calls for only a few more accessory shelves, an extra hat compartment or a rod of spacesaving height, as we illustrate. None of these ideas is costly; all make your storage units count for more. There's only one rule to remember: the most reachable space should go to the items most frequently used.

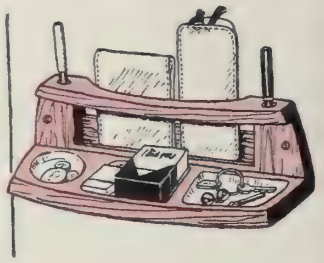


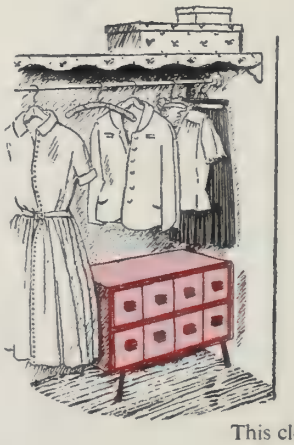
In man's closet, two-level rod holds jackets and trousers (these, 48″ from floor except in case of very tall men) together with coats and bathrobes (hung 63″ high). For shoe shelves, allow space 7″ wide, 6″ high for women's pair, 9″ wide and 6″ high for men's.

Valet shelf 12″ long—for men only. Why not a pocket-unloading shelf with space for keys, billfold, watch and all? A door holds it.



Woman's closet with staggered rods holds long clothes (rods 70″ from floor), medium (rods 60″ high), and skirts and blouses (rods 45″). Big advantage: more shelves. Generally, allow 1½″ of rod space for blouse, 2″ for dress or suit.





This closet chooses a storage case under skirts and blouses. When all short clothes are hung together, an 8-drawer shoe cabinet goes in neatly. Unpainted chests are an alternate idea under blouses.

n silence, she brought the car out with ack of skill induced by the circum- The inspector walked across.
s hoping to see you," he said.
're sure you're a police inspector and iving instructor?"
uld be both," he offered. "No"—he a hand to detain her—"don't go to the or a moment. I want to talk to you our sister." His expression was sober.
t about her?" Caroline asked.
thered from something she said last at she had some sort of dread of walk- e village by the short cut through the Is that really so?"

"Yes, it is. But she's not a nervous person as a rule. It just happens that ——"

"Will you come with me now," he asked, "and show me exactly where she has this feeling of dread? It won't take more than a moment or two."

Caroline stared at him with a puzzled frown. "I don't see what this has to do with—with what you're here for," she said.

"In my job," he told her, "you don't walk straight up to facts you already know. You—as it were—walk round them. It gives you an all-way view. And so"—he opened the door, waited for her to get out, and then turned her gently in the direction of the short cut—"I wanted to find out something about why your sister—who struck me as having singularly good nerves—should feel ——"

"She isn't at all disposed to fears," said Caroline, walking beside him. "But this just happens to be a gloomy sort of path and she—in some way she let it get on her nerves. Haven't you been along it yet?"

"Several times. Is it here that your sister feels frightened?"

"No. She can look over her shoulder and see her own house from here, and that reassures her. Then this little wooded bit isn't too bad. It's here"—she came to a standstill—"it's just about here that she feels a bit creepy; and personally," she added, with a touch of aggressiveness, "I don't blame her."

He made no answer and Caroline found with something close to chagrin that, having walked her to this spot, the inspector appeared to have forgotten her. His eyes were going round the stableyard, but his expression was that of a man who is thinking of something else. Something here had caught his attention and he was weighing it, examining it. She shivered, and the movement brought the inspector's eyes to rest on her inquiringly.

"Let's go back," she said impulsively.

They turned and he looked down at her.

"What do you do in London?" he asked surprisingly.

She looked up inquiringly. "You mean you haven't got it all on a what's-it—a dossier?"

"Well . . . certain facts. Sister to Mrs. Heywood. Twenty-eight."

"Four," said Caroline, and could have bitten out her tongue.

"Thank you. Twenty-four. Tallish, darkish . . . prettyish." His eyes mocked her. "Lives in London; works in London; does we know not what, but are now endeavoring to find out."

"This and that," said Caroline. "Do you like being a detective?"

"Very much. It's nice, open-air work—as a rule. It's varied, it's challenging and sometimes it's even dangerous. Sometimes it's both dangerous and pleasant—as at this moment. Are you engaged, Miss Wyatt?"

"Look on the dossier, inspector."

"If you were, I doubt whether your fiancé would let you spend the Easter holidays without him. Moreover, you would wear a ring. Moreover, he would crop up in conversation. So no fiancé. Good."

"What's good about it? I'm twenty-four; no fiancé, bad." She stopped at the car. "We're going to the village—can we take you there?"

"No, thank you. What time will you be back? I want to see your stepmother."

"I'm taking her breakfast up at half past ten. Any time after that."

She left him with the curious feeling that he was waiting for something—watching. Then she put the thought from her: inspectors did not do their own shadowing; they placed men where they needed them. But the feeling persisted, and she decided not to mention the meeting to Kathryn.

They went to the village and divided the shopping list; having completed their purchases, they drove toward the vicarage to deliver the flowers, but as they went they saw the stout figure of Miss Burnley rolling—there was no other word for her walk—down the street. Kathryn stopped the car to speak to her.

"We've got the lilies," she said. "I'm just on my way to the vicarage with them."

Miss Burnley, as usual, was having trouble with her hat.

"All those!" she exclaimed in delight, peering into the car. "My dears, they're magnificent! However did you ——"

"Miss Parry brought them over."

"Oh, I see. Well, it was a good deed." Miss Burnley nodded. "I was on my way to see you, this very minute. Did you see the Downsbury paper? Headlines. Death in mysterious circumstances. And something about a letter—did you know anything about a letter?"

"Well, yes," said Kathryn. "Miss Parry came ——"

"Look here, don't you bother to go to the vicarage. I'll go back now and send Stokes to the church to meet you; he'll take the flowers and put them with all the others. Give him a moment or two, will you? He's working in the garden and I might be some time getting hold of him. Thank you very much for bringing the flowers. Are you going to come along on Saturday to help with the decorations?"

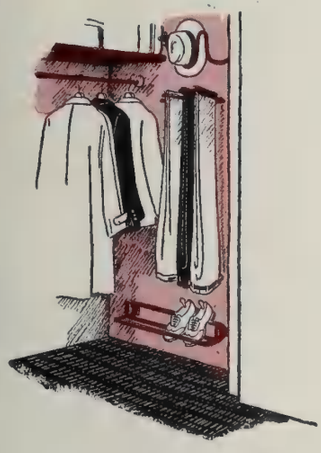
"I'll come," said Caroline.

"Good girl. Saturday at about three o'clock. That's day after tomorrow. Well, I must go. It's beginning to drizzle. I'll send Stokes to the church. Good-by!"

"I like her," said Caroline thoughtfully, as they drove on, "but I'd hate to be the vicar."

They went into the church, Kathryn carrying the lilies carefully. The verger was some time in coming, but they waited without impatience;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

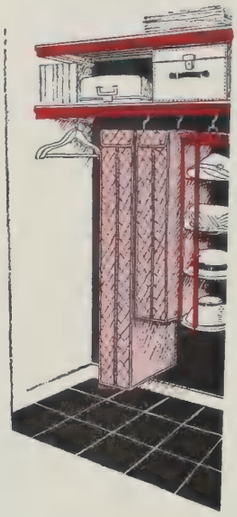


Closet accessories for men here. Hat holders, swinging trouser clamps that fasten to the wall, adjustable shoe racks add utility. One or more of these can go on inside of door if closet is deep enough. Otherwise, walls work.



omen's closet with fixtures can lude hatstand, purse shelves d shoe racks all bought at partment stores ready to mount. hanging clothes, always allow ront to back so garments can y unrumpled after pressing.

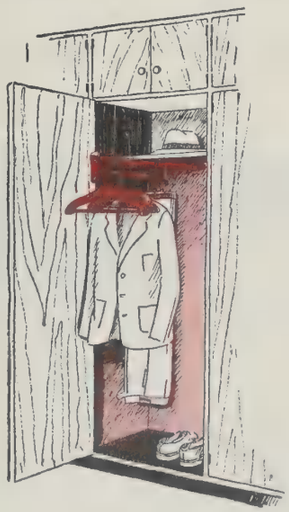
Dust protectors: a tiered hatbox with a zippered front, and garment bags of various sizes. When choosing bags for woolens, look for sturdy material with all openings covered to deter moths. Best avoid plastic hangers when moth crystals are used—some stain from a chemical reaction.





A door does a big bit here. Shallow shelves such as a carpenter or home handy man can build will unblock many a storage crisis. Stool inside is for reaching high shelves. With a handle—you won't even have to bend to pick it up.

A sliding rack for hangers is the solution for a shallow closet that can't hold clothes at right angles to wall. This idea serves well for narrow spaces found in old homes. Rack saves sideways jamming, glides forward to bring garment.





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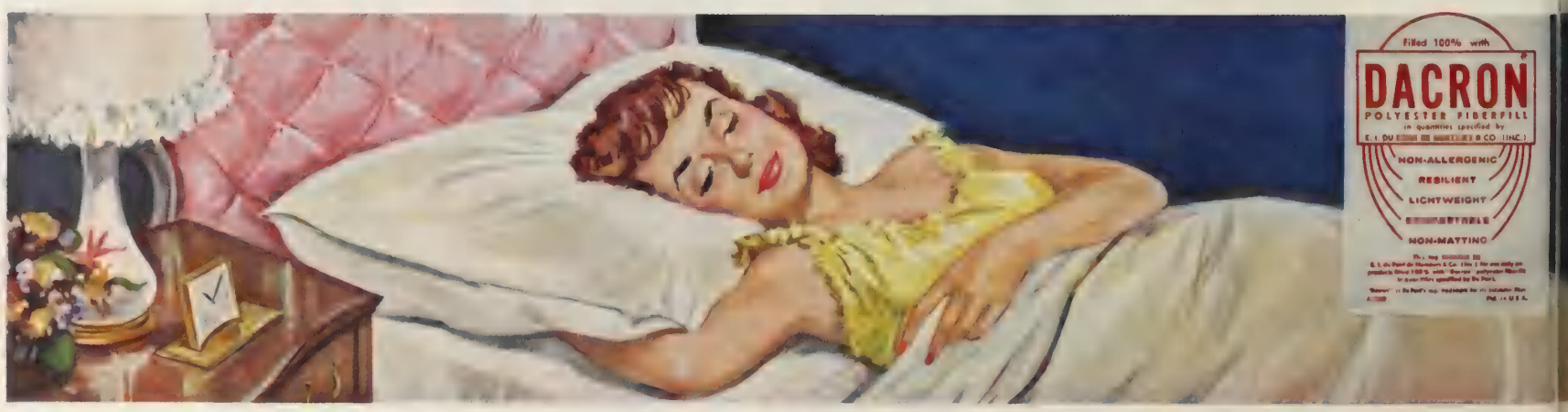
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

s impossible to fret in so serene, so deeply an atmosphere. Caroline sat in one of ittle enclosed pews, strangely at peace. ng, dreaming, she became aware of ds and realized that the verger had come he left the little pew, pausing a moment ke in the fleeting but beautiful tableau e her: her sister's soft, fair curls and y face, the exquisite flowers now in ryn's arms, now showing milk-white st the dark robe of the verger.

thanked her with a nod; Caroline opened oor of the vestry for him and as he went gh saw inside the room the flowers and assembled, waiting to be placed in the ch for the Easter service.

thryn followed her sister out into the t sunlight. "Let's get home, Carol; I want t back and see the inspector." She shot a e at her sister. "Don't you?"

You mean am I as smitten with him as you ar to be? No; I'm not."

Why not? He's . . . well, tell me one single wrong with him."

He's too pleased with himself."

He's not! Carol, that's absurd! He's the unpleased-with-himself man I ever saw—ot Guy."

Then you must put him first on your list of nd husbands."

don't want him—for myself."

don't want him for myself either. . . . was Miss Turk you brushed the car nst so lightheartedly. Keep your mind off nspector while you're driving."

he road stretched before them with only figure in view—a man carrying a suitcase. hey approached, he walked into the mid- of the road to halt them. He was thin, e-faced, his eyes were sunk deep into their ets and the hand which he put up to his was scrawny and clawlike. If a corpse had ed into the road it could not, Caroline ght, have looked more horrible.

Am I right for a house called Crossways?" Crossways?" Caroline was on the point sking him if he wanted to see Mrs. Lauder n she remembered that if he said he did, would have to give him the news of her h. Uncertain, hesitant, she said at last, u're not far from it; if you continue along road, you'll come to the drive."

e nodded his thanks and picked up the ase he had put down. Watching his first ry, plodding footsteps, Kathryn called im- ively, "If you like, I can drop you near .. Lauder's house—there's a short cut ugh her grounds."

aroline helped him into the car and put his ase beside him. They drove on to the that led to the short cut.

There," said Kathryn. "If you go that way, 'll get to the old stables and see the win- s of Crossways."

le got out without a word.

Tell him, Carol," urged Kathryn in a low e.

aroline looked at the stranger. "Do you— you know Mrs. Lauder very well?"

Yes." His voice was harsh.

Then I ought to tell you some bad news. . . . you see, Mrs. Lauder ——"

She died yesterday morning," said Kath-

he man stood without moving. His lips sted oddly, and then he spoke with a kind of bitterness. "Then I'm too late," he said. ning on his heel, he walked along the path was lost behind the trees.

ere was silence until Kathryn stopped the at their own front door.

Katie, who d'you suppose he was?"

Mrs. Lauder's nephew, I suppose—the one y said was in Australia."

He sounded Australian, but he ——"

I suppose he came over to see his aunt's citors about something—money, perhaps. looks as if he needs it."

Yes. He looked ——"

He looked dead." Kathryn shivered, and roline spoke in a brisk tone and on an en- ly different subject.

Come on in, Katie; there's an awful lot be done. If you like, I'll do the ironing— first, what do you make the time?"

Twenty past ten."

"Then I'll take up Estelle's tray before starting on anything else."

She carried the tray upstairs and knocked gently. There was no reply, but Caroline, going in, found that her stepmother was sitting up in bed. Estelle still looked ill. There seemed, however, almost all the old decision in her voice when she spoke.

"Thanks; bring up the newspapers, will you, if everybody's done with them."

"I will. How're you feeling?"

"Terrible, and I wish I'd never come." She sipped a cup of coffee. "I'm going back to town, and I'd like to catch the one-forty."

"Will you be down fairly soon? The inspector said he'd be along this morning—he'd like to talk to you. He said he'd ——"

Caroline stopped abruptly. Her stepmother's face was ashen. Her eyes were wide and dark with fear.

"What inspector?" she gasped.

"Sergeant Cobb and an inspector called last night," said Caroline, struggling to keep uneasiness from her voice. "He said he'd like to see you this morning if ——"

BUT WHAT WAS BEAUTY?

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Deep bowed the branches with the snow,
and deep the silence lay,
the sun moved golden-sleeved and slow
across the woods that day.

The only things that stirred at all
were shadows, flower-blue,
and chickadees sang from a wall
where dark the pine trees grew.

But what was beauty, soft and strange,
in which I had no part?
the bright, the white, delightful change
unmirrored in my heart?

"Who *dared* to bring me into this?" demanded Estelle shrilly.

Caroline spoke quietly. "There's no need to get upset, Estelle."

"I am not upset." Her eyes glittered with anger. "I'm furious. How dare you—how dare any of you drag me into this?"

"We didn't ——"

"Then why should this inspector say he wanted to talk to me?"

"It was simply that you happened to be near Crossways ——"

She stopped. She wondered what would happen if she altered the sentence; if she told her that she had overheard her exchange with Collier. Then she pulled herself up sharply: she was allowing herself to imagine too much. There was no reason for supposing that Collier had seen anything that could connect Estelle with the dreadful affair of Mrs. Lauder's death.

"I am going to get up," said Estelle in the same shrill voice. "I'm going to pack, and when I'm ready I shall ring up a taxi and go to the station and I shall not wait for any of your interfering inspectors. This business has nothing whatsoever to do with me and nobody is going to drag me into it."

"But Estelle, you ——"

"Get out!" spat Estelle.

Caroline closed the door quietly behind her; she was feeling slightly sick. She had sometimes seen Estelle off her guard—but she had never before caught a glimpse of the haggard woman she had just left in the bedroom. Remembering the fear in Estelle's eyes, she stopped in the hall to consider it, to try to account for it; then she walked slowly and thoughtfully into the study, where she found Kathryn dusting bookshelves.

"I took Estelle's tray up," she told her. "She says she's going to take the first train back to town. But if the police say they want to ask you questions, you can't just skip off."

"She's not connected with the case."

"She passed the scene of the murder at the time of the murder—that connects her with the case. At least, that's what the inspector seemed to think."

"You look a bit shaken. Did she put all the blame on you?"

"No—not exactly. But she behaved—to say the least of it—very violently. She's . . . I don't understand what's the matter with her."

"Well, don't worry; Guy'll fix her. He's in."

"He is?" The relief in Caroline's voice made her sister's eyes rest on her speculatively.

"Yes. He's just had a bath and he'll be down in a minute. Take these up to the nursery, will you?" She handed a pile of books to Caroline. "They don't belong in here."

When Caroline came downstairs, Guy and Kathryn were in the drawing room. "Not until she's seen the inspector, she isn't," Guy was saying firmly. "What's all the fuss about anyway? All she's got to do is ——" He broke off. "Well, here's the inspector, anyhow, so that clinches it."

He opened the window to admit the inspector, who was coming across the lawn from the direction of Crossways. He made a habit, thought Caroline, of appearing at the right place at the right moment.

"Come in," said Guy.

"Thank you." The inspector came into the room with slow, easy movements; Kathryn smiled up at him and he looked from her fresh beauty, her pink-and-whiteness and dazzling skin, to the taller, darker beauty standing in the shadows of the room.

"Good morning," she said, and he smiled.

"This is an early visit," he told them, "but I wasn't sure what time Mrs. Wyatt wanted to leave. I didn't want to hold her up."

"She's leaving almost at once," said Kathryn, and added ingenuously, "I don't think she's very keen on talking to you."

He seemed to be listening. Nobody else heard a sound, but the inspector glanced at Guy and the latter went to the door and threw it open.

"Oh—hello, Estelle," he said a little blankly.

Estelle, brought up short in the middle of her stealthy progress from the stairs to the front door, put down her suitcase and did her best to look casual.

"Hello, Guy," she said. "I'm sorry to run away like this, but I have to get to town and see my own doctor. I've rung up for a taxi and he'll be here in a moment. Will you get my other case down for me?"

"Surely," said Guy. "But come in here for a minute; this is Inspector Freeland. Inspector, Mrs. Wyatt. He wants to ask you one or two things, Estelle, but it probably won't take long."

Estelle's bow to the inspector was cool, but she seemed completely at ease. Caroline looked at her; it was fantastic to imagine that she could have had anything to do with Mrs. Lauder's violent end, but when Guy opened the door, she had been giving a convincing imitation of a woman on the run . . . and the inspector had expected her to run, and had known how to prevent her from leaving until she had answered his questions. Things were coming close indeed.

Estelle was looking at the inspector with a polite, hard little smile. "I'm sorry I haven't been well enough to see you before," she told him. "I arrived yesterday in what I can only describe as a state—didn't I, Kathryn? I'd traveled nonstop from Switzerland." She sat down gracefully and lit a cigarette. "I haven't a great deal of time, inspector. Or do I have to wait until you give me permission to go?"

"There are just one or two things I'd like to check up on, Mrs. Wyatt. You walked up here yesterday morning and passed Crossways between twelve and half past twelve; is that correct?"

"Perfectly."

"Did you come by the main road?"

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"No; I came by the path through Mrs. Lauder's garden."

"Is that your usual way of coming here?"

"Not at all. I had something to say to Mrs. Lauder, and it seemed a good idea to walk up to Crossways. It was such a fine day, I thought it likely that Mrs. Lauder would be outside, so that I could stop and talk to her."

"Did you see anybody as you went through the grounds?"

"Yes, I did. I saw my stepdaughter's cook, Collier."

The inspector seemed to be waiting.

"Now you can understand why I wasn't anxious to talk to you. I knew that I should have to bring Collier into it. One hates to implicate people."

"Yes. Will you tell me," asked the inspector, "what you wanted to say to Mrs. Lauder?"

"Perhaps I can begin at the beginning," suggested Estelle.

"Please."

"It so happens that I knew Mrs. Lauder. It was through me that she came to hear of Crossways; I arranged the sale of the house."

"Yes; I know that."

"How do you know that?" demanded Estelle.

"From Mrs. Lauder's papers, and also from her solicitor, who came down from London and is at Crossways at the moment."

"The truth was that I wanted the house Mrs. Lauder owned in Switzerland but I had no hope of her ever moving out of it. Then one day, she told me that she had decided to spend the rest of her life in England, and asked me to advise her about neighborhoods and so on. She wanted somewhere fairly remote, and what could be more remote than Downsview? So I came over and found Crossways; she bought it and I bought her house. If I hadn't bought it —— Can I have another cigarette, Guy?"

"If you hadn't bought it ——" prompted the inspector, lighting it for her.

"—— then I shouldn't have had the horrible experience I had two days ago . . . and I wouldn't have ——" She looked round blindly and stubbed out her newly lighted cigarette, and then went on speaking in a hurried way. "I had a visit from a man—a man so skeletonlike and so ghastly looking that ——"

Caroline's glance met Kathryn's; in both pairs of eyes was a look of uneasy remembrance. Estelle was hurrying on.

"He was a walking ghost," she said. "He asked me if I knew where Mrs. Lauder was living. He had traced her as far as Lausanne; as I'd bought the house, he thought it was pretty certain I'd know where she'd gone to."

"You gave him the address?" asked the inspector.

"Not at first. I asked him why he wanted it—and then he told me that he was Mrs. Lauder's nephew and that his name was Kenneth Lauder."

Caroline tried to speak, but Estelle swept on.

"He produced a passport and some papers which seemed to prove that he was speaking the truth, and so I told him where Mrs. Lauder lived. Then I saw an expression on his face that—that horrified me. I felt sure that I oughtn't to have told him where to find her—that he intended doing her some kind of harm. I thought I could warn her—say something to put her on her guard. That's why I went to see her, and ——"

"And you saw her," said the inspector quietly, "but she was dead."

She looked at him, her face gray. "Yes. The—the chair was overturned, and her hands were out and ——" She broke off and shuddered violently. "I found myself running—running away, but then I stopped and made myself go back. If she had been unconscious, I would have got help. But she wasn't. I got frightened and decided that the best thing I could do was to say nothing; to keep out of it. So I—I left her there and I came away."

"And it was then, I think, that you saw Mrs. Heywood's cook?"

"Yes. She was standing still, just looking at me. I didn't know how long she'd been there, but she must have seen me as I—as I went back and looked at—at the body."

"Did you speak to Collier?"

"No. Before I got to her, she turned a[nd] walked away."

"And you came straight to this house?"

"Yes—but you can see how difficult thi[s] were for me. If I said anything, I would h[ave] to say that I had seen Collier. I thought ab[out] it all last night, and decided that I'd go aw[ay]. But you came too early—and now I've had [to] tell you."

"Thank you. But there were one or t[wo] other things. Mrs. Wyatt, I think I'm rig[ht]—am I not, in saying that you owed M[rs.] Lauder a somewhat large sum of money?"

There was a long pause. Estelle was star[ing] at him, surprise, fury and something el[se] something like fear, showing on her face.

"I owed her some money; yes. Well?"

"You bought her house, I believe, on [an] agreement that gave you some years to p[ay] the full amount?"

"Yes."

"But you had made no payment for s[ix] seven years and she had become, lately, a l[ittle] tle impatient?"

"She was never impatient. She was alwa[ys] unpleasant."

"It was not on account of her . . . unple[a]antness that you came over to England to s[ee] her?"

"No, it was not." She went on angrily, "I think this interference in my private affa[irs] goes a good deal beyond your ——" [She] ended more quietly, "If I'd told you simp[ly] that I had got out of the taxi and walked here, you'd have known nothing about ——"

"You were seen in the garden by more th[an] one person yesterday morning, Mrs. Wyat[t]."

She gave him a long, incredulous stare. "I don't believe you," she said flatly, at last.

"Miss Parry saw you; she had gone in[to] the house to telephone to the doctor. She [saw] you go up to the body ——"

"I told you that I did."

"—— and stoop down and take a pap[er] from the dead woman's hand."

Estelle was on her feet; she tried to speak but before she could find words the inspector's voice was heard again—and though it was quiet and emotionless, Caroline found noth[ing] ing in the least reassuring about it.

"You knew, I think, Mrs. Wyatt," he said "that Kenneth Lauder had very good reason to hate his aunt?"

"I —— You're trying to frighten me," said Estelle in a whisper. "You're trying ——"

"You knew, did you not, that Mrs. Lauder had changed her residence from time to time with the purpose of making it impossible for him to trace her? But you gave the address to him—and then you came to England to ——"

"I wanted to warn her!"

"Your plane was delayed in Paris, was it not?"

"It—I don't ——" She was so white and shaken that Guy and Kathryn moved instinctively to her side.

"It's all right, Estelle," Guy said gently, and turned to the inspector. "Look ——"

"There's nothing more—at present," the inspector told him soberly. "I think Mrs. Wyatt ought to rest."

Estelle walked between Guy and Kathryn to the door, clinging to the two others as they went slowly upstairs.

The inspector's eyes met Caroline's. "And sometimes," he said, "the job's far from pleasant."

"You . . . frightened her."

"You can't frighten people so easily unless they're hiding the truth from you."

"Some of the things she said—they were quite true," said Caroline. "About that man ——"

"Which man?" The inspector was looking at her with narrowed eyes.

"The one she told you about—Kenneth Lauder. We saw him—Kathryn and I."

"You ——" He spoke with urgency. "Where and when—quickly, please."

"We met him on the road at about half past ten—no, twenty past. He stopped the car and asked the way to Crossways. But he looked terribly ill and so Kathryn offered him a lift and he got in the car. We put him down at the beginning of the lane and —— Where are you going?"

"To find Lauder." The inspector was open-
g the long window. "But—thanks to that
't you gave him—I think I'll find him . . .
o late."

Caroline stood for some minutes staring at
ie lawn over which the inspector had just
one with such desperate speed, and tried to
ollect her thoughts. She remembered the ex-
ression Avery Freeland had worn as he left
er. Why should the fact of their having given
Irs. Lauder's nephew a lift make the inspector
ok like a man whose plans were in ruins?

Suddenly, she knew that she must find out.
ie ran out through the back door and went
viftly down the path toward the stables.

She stopped on the path and drew a deep
reath, fighting to control a rising and inex-
icable panic; it rose slowly, inexorably, and
ie heard her heart thumping loudly. There
as nothing to fear, she told herself hardily.
ie had allowed herself to become overexcited
id if she met the inspector when she was in
is state of childish terror, he would take
er for a hysterical idiot. She had allowed the
ought of Crossways to loom too large in
er mind; she had brooded over it too much
id too long and invested it with a quite exag-
erated evil.

Then, with an even greater terror, she under-
ood that she was—as Kathryn had always
een—affected by something here, on this
ot; she was starkly afraid of passing the
ables. She had dealt gently with her sister's
ars, but she had never understood them—
ow she understood only too well.

She could hear nothing, see nothing to
ighten her, but a sense of danger filled her
id weighted her feet to the
round.

She made herself walk as
ir as the cobbled yard, and
ien paused to listen. The
ioments passed and she
eard nothing but the beat-
ig of her own heart—and
ien all at once she knew
iat there had been a move-
ient deep in the blackness
f the disused buildings.

With certainty came a measure of courage.
'aroline took a step forward and stared into
ie dark doorway. Her nerves were now
eady and she was thinking clearly. There
'as somebody in there, and she knew that she
ust find out who it was—or what it was.
he was frightened, but she was also angry;
ow, deep, unaccustomed rage was rising in
er, and soon it ousted her fear.

Someone was in there—something. Kathryn
ad heard it without knowing that she had
one so—and so her fear had been born. She,
'aroline, was going in there to look. Any-
ing was better than ignorance.

She paused a moment to remind herself
iat this might be a stray cat—or it might be a
ouse—or a rat—or a bat.

At the entrance, she spoke; her clear young
oice held no note of wavering. "Is anybody
here?"

She had not expected an answer, and none
ame. She took a step forward. And then
ourage and resolution were swept away by a
ood of terror as she felt herself seized by the
rm and jerked forward. Her scream, high
nd piercing, was stifled by a hand over her
outh and the next instant she was flung
oughly against the damp stone floor. Behind
er there was a scuffle and the sound of foot-
eps—then silence.

She was on her feet in a moment, but the
ll had been heavier than she knew. She
ood, swaying, while a full knowledge of
hat might have happened to her in this black
nterior gripped her and swept away the last
hred of self-control. She found herself run-
ing, not homeward, but on toward Cross-
ays, her breath coming in gasps, her eyes
trained for the sight of Avery Freeland.

Then she saw him coming toward her, and
he ran straight into his arms. He held her,
nd looking beyond him, she saw Sergeant
obb running, panting, to reach them. Shak-
ng and breathless, she clung to the inspector.
le held her firmly, and presently one of his
ands went to her hair and stroked it gently.
Not until her trembling ceased did he loose her clinging hands and, holding her away from him, look anxiously into her face.

"What happened?" he asked.

"I ——" Caroline made an effort to speak coherently. "I was coming to see you; you frightened me by what you said about that man, and I wanted to ask you what we had done when we gave him a lift. But as I was passing the stables, I heard . . . there was something. A—a movement."

"And you screamed. We heard you."

"No—not then. I—I went to the door and called out and nobody answered, and so I—I went in to look ——"

"My holy aunt," said Sergeant Cobb, awed.

"What happened?" It was the inspector's voice.

"I took a step inside ——"

"Go on," said the inspector grimly.

"And someone caught hold of my arm and dragged me in and I screamed and then I was pushed onto the —— I ——"

"Did you hear anything after that?"

"Yes. Someone ran away."

"Do you know in what direction?"

"No. I just heard the footsteps on the cobbled part."

He was silent for a moment. "How do you feel?" he asked at last.

"I'm—I'm all right. I lost my nerve for a bit, that's all."

"You're mad," he informed her without emotion. "You're certifiable; insane. Even a poor devil of a half-wit would have known that whoever was hiding in that stable was dangerous . . . homicidal. With murder on your very doorstep, you go deliberately into ——" He stopped, but the look he exchanged with Sergeant Cobb expressed more than words could have done.

"I had to come." Caroline had regained her self-possession. "I had to come and ask you why you were worried about that man. You said you might have been too late and ——"

Something in the faces of the two men made her pause. Her eyes went from one to the other and then, as she glanced beyond them, the sergeant took a step forward and blocked from her view something on the edge of the bushes. But the glimpse had been enough; the blood drained from her face and she gave a deep, shuddering sigh.

"No," she said under her breath. "No—oh, no!"

"I was too late. I'm sorry I said what I did—but I knew ——"

"He's . . . dead."

"Yes. Don't look; it isn't a pretty sight. We found him a short while ago." He took her hand in a firm clasp. "You needn't worry about your part in it," he told her with odd gentleness. "You couldn't know that it could possibly have any bearing on ——"

"When he made for Crossways, Miss Wyatt, he was walking straight into a death trap," said the sergeant. "He was expected, you see."

"And all you have to think of now," said the inspector, "is that you've just had a very lucky escape. That scream probably saved your life. He knew we were about, you see; he knew that we'd probably have heard you—and so he ran for it."

"He didn't run for it," said Caroline slowly. Her mind was going back, back over the recent encounter in the darkness of the stable. "He didn't run for it." She spoke in a tone of complete conviction. "He didn't run for it, because . . . it wasn't a man. As I was falling, I put my hand out to clutch at something, anything, as one does. At the time, I was too terrified to realize what it was—but now I know. The thing I touched was a skirt."

The sergeant was the first to speak. "Could you swear to that, Miss Wyatt?"

"Yes, I could. I can. Whoever was in there was . . . a woman."

The inspector said nothing until they were almost at the door of Whitewings. Then he stopped, and she looked up at him in dismay.

"You're coming in, aren't you?" she said.

"Not now. I'm coming in after lunch. Will you do something for me?"

"Yes," she said unhesitatingly, and he smiled.

"Will you say nothing whatever—to anybody—about what happened over at Crossways just now?"

"I'll do my best." She looked up at him. "Perhaps I shouldn't say this, but I have to—it's something I just don't understand."

"Well, what is it?"

"I've never had anything to do with ——"

"Crime?"

"Yes. But all the same, it seems fantastic to think that your investigations should ——"

"—— should bring me into a house like Mrs. Heywood's in which everybody is of course above suspicion?"

"Yes," she said, with a touch of stubbornness. "I know that you're here to deal with facts, but doesn't local knowledge go for anything? If the people living here have a fairly intimate knowledge of one another, don't you take that knowledge into account?"

"How much did anybody here know of Mrs. Lauder—or her companion—or her maid? How much did your brother-in-law know about his own cook? What does your sister really know about the children's nanny?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

H H H H H H

You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth.

HENRIK IBSEN

H H H H H H

Mrs. C.A.P. of Virginia writes: *"My cat is much healthier and much prettier, now that I feed her only Puss 'n Boots. She won't eat any other kind."*



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We're grateful to Mrs. C. A. P. for the above letter, because it describes so well just what *good nutrition* means.

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Sensible new approach to weight control

You eat the foods you like

Cut down instead of cutting out

Sugar is a basic element in this modern concept for these important reasons:

1. *Sugar helps to keep your appetite satisfied on less food.*
2. *By making your diet interesting, sugar can help you to stay on it.*
3. *Ounce for ounce, no other food supplies energy so fast, with so few calories. So sugar helps overcome a lack of energy while you are dieting.*



Recent findings about dieting are confirming what a lot of people, all the way along, have thought was just good common sense.

Don't turn your normal eating habits upside down, say these findings. Don't involve yourself in bizarre, "wonder" diets that are in conflict with sound nutritional principles.

Go ahead and eat the good things you have been accustomed to having on your table. Cut the portions down, but don't cut them out.

This is especially reassuring to those people who have been wanting to lose weight but who have been suspicious of the artificial "fads" which, these days, come at them from all directions.

For example, now it is known there isn't a basic dieting reason in the world why any normal, healthy person should have to use artificial, imitation sweeteners instead of the natural sweetener, sugar.

Sugar Now the Big News in Dieting

But far more important than that, scientists now recognize that sugar can be of positive help to you in actually taking off weight.

At first blush, this may strike you as incongruous, particularly if you have been exposed to many of the weird, "one-sided" diets that have been springing up lately.

However, the truth is that there are fundamental scientific reasons establishing not only the importance of sugar in the daily diet, but also the "how's" and "why's" of its effectiveness in controlling weight.

It's a scientific fact, for instance, that sugar satisfies the appetite faster than any other food. *Your own experience will tell you that if you eat or drink something that contains sugar shortly before a meal, it is much easier to be satisfied with less food.* Thus, sugar makes it possible for you to experience a fuller satisfaction from smaller portions than you might from a much larger meal which contained no sugar.

Sugar Helps Control Weight Naturally

Of course, no dieting program is any good unless you stay on it long enough for it to be effective. One of the big troubles is that people become bored with dieting and stop before they should.

So here is another area in which sugar has been demonstrated to be of real assistance . . . Sugar, and foods and beverages made with sugar, are generally "interesting" to the taste. They help you to stay interested in your weight-control program. And remember, if you use sugar in a balanced diet, you can keep right on eating the same foods that you like and have eaten all your life.

Another reason you often hear from people who haven't been able to make a diet "stick" is the fact that they get tired too easily—lack energy and the zest for living. This is where sugar really shines. It's the quickest source of food energy there is.

Out of the 1400 to 1800 calories a day your reducing diet will probably permit, a teaspoonful of sugar represents only 18. Even 10 teaspoonfuls will only be 180 calories. And yet, that sugar will be converted into energy by your body faster than any other food you eat.

Three-Year Test Confirms New Findings

Sugar can help you eat less, make it more pleasure for you to do it and give you energy while you need it. In a nutshell, this is why the modern trend in diet thinking by knowing people is toward a natural way to lose weight by using sugar to help cut down.

Proof of it all comes from a leading University in cooperation with the dietary department of one of America's foremost teaching hospitals. In a study of the dietary experiences of more than 300 overweight people, they found *that people who gave up sugar entirely and used artificial sweeteners lost no more weight than those who used sugar regularly in their diets.*

Which may seem like a stand-off except for one important thing—*most of the people who tried the artificial sweeteners just couldn't learn to like them even after three years of use.*

We really don't have to remind you . . . you *like* sugar. But isn't it nice to know, from the scientists, that you haven't been wrong about it!

"THE SCIENTIFIC NIBBLE"

Write for your FREE COPY of this helpful booklet



If you plan to lose weight, first consult your physician. Meanwhile, send for this actual dieting program based on the sensible new approach to weight control. Complete menus for every day of the week. Valuable nutritional and dieting information. Your copy will be sent to you free of cost. Address: Sugar Information, Inc., New York 5, New York.

SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

All statements in this message apply to both cane and beet sugar.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

"My stepmother may have owed Mrs. Lauder money, but you can't seriously believe that she could murder anybody."

"You've got an odd view of murder, you know. People don't always murder from motives of hatred, or revenge, or greed. They sometimes kill in fear. Your stepmother is a very frightened woman."

"But it's fantastic to ——"

"—— to suspect anybody connected with Whitewings?"

It was exactly what she felt, but his words left her wishing that she had left the subject alone. He had made her feel foolish; he was mocking her, but not in the way he had mocked her when they first met. This was something different—this was something colder and harsher. The knowledge brought with it a dejection that almost overwhelmed her. If he noticed it, he gave no sign.

"Do you feel all right now?"

"Yes, thank you."

He left her and she went into the house and up to her room.

Kathryn looked up at the inspector from behind the coffee tray.

"The coffee's still hot," she told him. "Would you like some?"

"No, thank you. I'm sorry to come so early, Mrs. Heywood."

The formality of his tone brought Guy's eyes to rest on him uneasily. "Has anything happened?" he asked.

Before replying, the inspector listened to the sound of a car's wheels crunching on the gravel outside. Guy glanced out the window.

"It's the sergeant—and another fellow. Shall I bring them in?"

"Not at the moment, please," said the inspector, and turned to Kathryn. "Your sister had an unpleasant experience a little while ago," he said quietly.

Kathryn swung round in surprise.

"Miss Wyatt followed me over to Crossways this morning—I had said something which worried her, and she wanted to see me and ask me to explain what I meant. On her way over—by the short cut—she heard a noise in the stables and with appalling foolhardiness went in to investigate. She was ——"

"It's all right, Katie," said Caroline, trying to speak lightly as she saw Kathryn's white face. "I had to go in and see. It was curiosity that killed the cat—but I got off lightly. Someone pushed me—that's all."

"Who was it?" asked Guy sharply.

"A criminal on the run," said the inspector. "There has been a second murder, Mrs. Heywood."

"I suppose you mean . . . Lauder?" said Guy in a stunned voice.

"You mean . . . the man we picked up this morning?" asked Kathryn.

"Yes. I asked your sister not to mention it because I wanted to see that the news doesn't spread; that it doesn't go beyond yourselves for the next few hours."

"You can depend on us," said Guy. "We're not likely to want to talk about it. I wish I'd taken the whole family away when this thing began."

"None of you will come to any harm unless—as Miss Wyatt did—you go out of your way to look for trouble. There's another matter that brought me here this afternoon. Mrs. Heywood, would you allow me to speak to your cook, please? I would very much like to see her alone."

Kathryn stared at him. Guy looked at his wife and spoke quietly.

"Take Carol into the drawing room, will you?" he said. "I'll join you there when I've sent Collier in to see the inspector."



Kathryn and Caroline stood, wordless, in the drawing room. Guy came in and, closing the door behind him, looked helplessly at his wife. She came over to him and his arms closed about her.

"I'm—I'm frightened, Guy," she confessed.

"There's nothing to worry about," he said gently, but his eyes, meeting Caroline's, were dark with apprehension.

They heard the inspector's voice in the hall. Kathryn moved to the door, but Guy put out a hand to stop her. There were footsteps and then the sound of a car driving away.

For a moment they thought that the inspector had left without coming in to see them—and then the door opened and they saw him standing on the threshold, grave and silent. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this," he said quietly, "but your cook, Collier, has gone into Downsbury with Sergeant Cobb."

"You mean," said Guy, "that you've put her under arrest."

"I mean that she is being . . . detained," said the inspector levelly. "Shall we leave it at that for the moment?"

The next day—Good Friday—was one of almost unprecedented gloom. The morning began with light rain that turned to a heavy downpour; soon, torrents were beating furiously against the windows. As the morning wore on, Nanny put her two charges in the care of Caroline and went to relieve Kathryn in the kitchen.

"I will cook; you go," she told her firmly. "I can do it myself." She paused to wipe away tears. "Oh my, how silly I am," she sighed. "But with the children, I can't cry, isn't it? With them I have to be cheerful, the poor little mites—but here with you it is different. All the time I'm thinking of poor Mrs. Collier and you know, Mrs. Heywood, madam"—she raised a tearstained face—"all the time I'm saying no, there's something wrong; she didn't do anything. So why ——"

"We don't know anything about it, Nanny," said Kathryn slowly. "Mr. Heywood and I feel just as you do, but we can't do anything." She did not want to think about it any more; her head ached with thinking.

Nanny, looking at her white, tired face, spoke again in a new and vigorous tone. "Now you go away and leave me here," she said. "I've got all settled what I'm going to do."

Kathryn left her, glad to be able to be near Caroline and the children. Guy would not be back for lunch; Estelle was in her room, sitting near the fire, wrapped in the frozen silence with which she had received the news of Collier's departure. Of the death of Lauder she was still in ignorance; the inspector had said that they were to tell nobody—and he had not made an exception of Estelle.

A figure, bent almost double against the driving rain, came to the front door during the morning and was admitted by Caroline. Miss Parry, dripping wet, spoke in a hurried voice. "Miss Wyatt, I—I would so like to help in some way. With Collier gone, there must be work for me. I can ——"

"How did you know about Collier?" asked Caroline.

"The car came to Crossways and they took Collier into the garden and to the spot where —— We couldn't help seeing—and then we were questioned again, Braddock and I, and they took Collier away and I've been thinking about you all ever since and wondering what I could do to help. I'd do anything to get away from that house for a little while! I beg you—do try to persuade your sister to let me stay and make myself useful. Please."

Kathryn was already in the hall, looking with dismay at the visitor. She remembered, with a sinking of the heart, the account that Nanny had given of the incident which had almost occurred between Miss Parry and Delfine. It would not be possible that this wan, unhappy-looking woman could intend any harm to the children, but she neither needed her services nor desired her company. But it seemed impossible to put her outside again in the wild weather.

Caroline came to the rescue. "I can use Miss Parry, Kathryn," she said. "I'm in charge of the children, but there's a lot of washing and ironing of theirs that needs ——"

"Please let me do it." Miss Parry produced a rolled-up apron. Tying it on, she seemed to become less a stranger. She looked at Caroline expectantly, and Caroline led her upstairs; in a few minutes Miss Parry had set to work.

For the rest of the day, she worked ceaselessly and systematically. She had to go into and out of the kitchen, but there was no exchange between her and Nanny, for the latter was making no secret of her dislike and distrust of the unasked-for helper.

Caroline took in Estelle's lunch and found her pacing restlessly about the room, still in her housecoat.

Estelle sat down and looked listlessly at the tray. "Give me a cigarette, will you? Thanks. There's a lighter in my bag."



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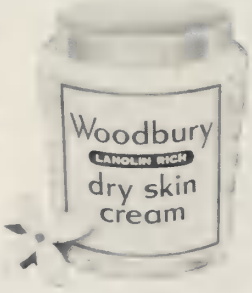


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Caroline opened her bag to find the lighter and, pausing a moment to steady herself, flicked it open. She noticed, almost with detachment, that her hand was perfectly still, and she steeled herself to casualness as she closed the lighter again and turned to slip it into the handbag. But this time she made sure that she had really seen the paper that lay in her stepmother's bag; this time, she saw the words written on it. There was no doubt.

Caroline went quietly to her bedroom and, closing the door behind her, sat on the bed and stared in front of her. What she had seen in Estelle's bag was the anonymous letter which had been stolen from Miss Parry.

She sat still, unable to feel shocked or even surprised. She was without the slightest idea of what she should do with the knowledge. To tell Kathryn would only add to her worries. Telling the inspector would be a betrayal of her stepmother. She could tell Guy; the idea of sharing the responsibility was comforting, irresistible. But Guy would not be home until evening; in the meantime, she must put the matter out of her mind.

She went downstairs to find Kathryn waiting for her in the dining room.

"Sorry I'm late. Where's Miss Parry?" she asked, as they sat down to lunch.

"Nanny said she'd asked to have lunch with them in the nursery. I think she'd have liked to refuse—she's behaving very oddly."

"Nanny?"

"Yes."

"It's partly because of Collier, but there's something else too," Caroline said. "Jealousy."

"*Jealousy?*"

"Yes. It's a funny thing: Miss Parry didn't make the slightest move to get friendly with Dandy and Delfine, but they've both been following her round devotedly. She's made a hit—so I can understand Nanny's feelings. Pity children haven't got more tact."

"I asked Nanny—perhaps I was silly—not to leave the children alone with Miss Parry. You remember that incident ——"

"Yes. I don't understand it—but quite honestly, Katie, I've giving up trying to understand anything."

They went upstairs after lunch; as they reached the landing, they saw Nanny coming out of Estelle's room. She explained breathlessly on her way to the nursery, "Mrs. Wyatt called me. She wanted me to take away her tray—but I didn't bring it. I said, 'Eat just a little bit, madam.' She looks ill, but!"

They reached the nursery, their feet making no sound on the carpeted floor. At the end of the long room, Miss Parry knelt on the floor, her back toward them. Dandy, with intense concentration, was retying her apron strings. Standing before her was Delfine, one hand on Miss Parry's shoulder, the other holding a half-eaten biscuit. Her gaze, intent, absorbed, never left the face of the woman.

"*Then*," Miss Parry continued, "*then* the little boy said, 'Oh, but Mr. Giant, you're simply being silly, because giants don't frighten me at all.' So the giant got awfully cross—because he'd tried very hard to make the little boy think that he was a great, big horrid fellow, and so ——"

Kathryn tugged gently at Nanny's arm; together, the three turned and walked downstairs. Nanny struggled briefly with her sense of justice and then spoke unwillingly.

"Then that time I told you about, when she was going up to Delfine—she was going just to talk to her, isn't it?"

"Yes; I think so, Nanny," said Kathryn.

"I'm sorry I said she was bad."

Kathryn and Caroline began to clear the dining table. Both were remembering, with some discomfort, the undertones in Miss Parry's voice. Quietly though she had spoken, there could be heard below the words of the fairy-story emotions with which they had not credited the speaker: tenderness, love and a deep, heartbreaking longing.

When nothing else seems to help, I go and look at a stonecutter hammering away at his rock, perhaps a hundred times without a crack showing in it. Yet at the hundred-and-first blow the rock will split in two, and I know that it was not only that blow which split it, but all that had gone before.
JACOB A. RIIS

It was late before Guy returned. Miss Parry had gone, first getting from Kathryn permission to return on the morrow. Nanny and the children were in bed; Estelle had had a light dinner and had asked to be left undisturbed until morning. Guy ate the dinner which had been kept warm for him, and then looked critically at his wife and sister-in-law.

"Bed," he said. "You both looked washed out."

"Tomorrow'll be a bad day," said Kathryn.

"Nothing will be as bad as yesterday," said Guy. "I'm certain."

He was less certain in the morning. Estelle's bed had not been slept in, and she was nowhere to be found.

During the morning Avery Freeland did not appear.

"We'll have to get in touch with him as soon as possible about Estelle, won't we?" Kathryn, pale with worry, questioned Guy.

He frowned in exasperation. The storm had damaged the telephone wires; he would have to go out and look for Freeland, he thought, and then spoke angrily.

"Leave it for a while. First, I'm going to try 'n' find out where she's gone. I always knew she was a fool, but I didn't think that even Estelle could lose her head to this extent."

"Something might have happened to her. She might have ——"

"Not a chance," said Guy. "You wouldn't find Estelle doing herself any injury. No; she's bolted, that's all. She knew something, and she knew the inspector would get it out of her. I'll go into Downsbury and telephone every place or person she's ever mentioned and see what that produces."

Guy came back just before lunch, but his face told them that he had no news.

"Not a sign," he said bitterly. "I'll walk over after lunch and hand over to the inspector."

Lunch was a quiet meal. Kathryn was looking anxiously at her husband's tired face and Caroline was wondering why the inspector had not come in to see them and why she had spent the morning hoping that he would.

Guy scarcely spoke; he was occupied by recent events: two people had been murdered, his wife's stepmother had disappeared, the police had taken away a member of his household—it was on this last event that he found his mind dwelling. Gone were Collier's simple, well-served dishes; the meals cooked by Nanny were a series of fiery curries and pilaus and who knew what other devil's concoctions.

He took a mouthful, swallowed it hastily and reached for the water jug.

"Did the children eat this too?" he asked Kathryn.

She looked at him and he saw that she was near to tears; whether of curry or emotion, he could not tell, but her look went to his heart and he resolved that he would eat every bit of his lunch, plate and all, if it would make her happy.

"Isn't there a party of sorts today?" he inquired presently.

"Only for Dandy. It's Basil Wilkinson's birthday, but no girls have been invited," said Kathryn. "It's an afternoon party, not one that'll go on after tea. Mrs. Wilkinson ——"

She did not finish, but they all knew that nobody felt easy about children being away from their own homes at the present time; the party had not been put off, but the visitors would be sent home immediately after tea.

"If I could have the car," said Caroline, "I could drop Dandy at the Wilkinsons' and then go on with Miss Burnley to the church to do the flowers."

She went upstairs and passed Nanny and Delfine on their way out for a walk. Dandy was in his room and Miss Parry was putting the finishing touches to his unfamiliar appearance—second-best flannel suit, hair brushed, hands clean and Basil's birthday present neatly packed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

ACKACHE? CATCHING COLD? HEADACHE? HOUSEWORK FATIGUE?



ACKACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Almost any kind of exertion, whether it's ncing or fence-mending, may cause an irritating backache. If this happens to you, member that Bayer Aspirin will bring the *fast* relief you want . . . the safe relief you ed. And it relieves neuritic and neuralgic pains quickly and gently, too!



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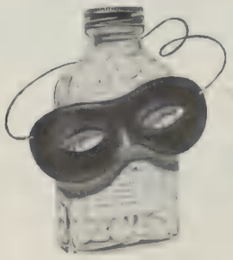
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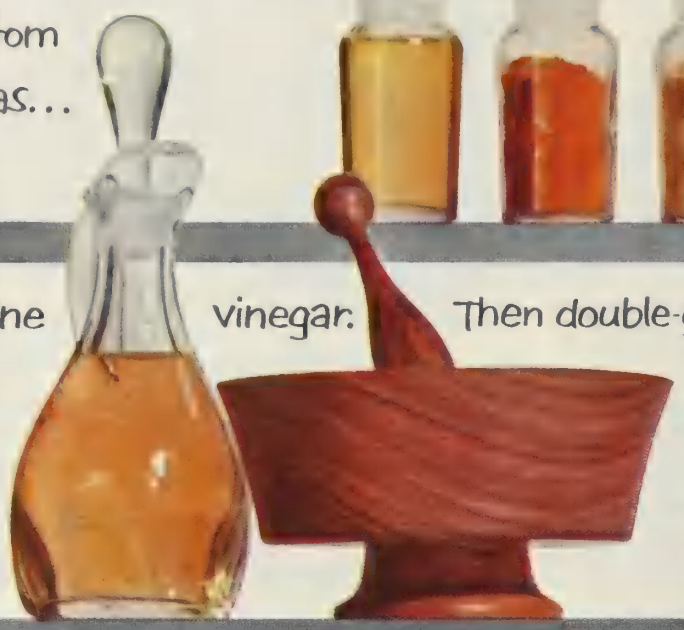
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

"We're driving to the village, Miss Parry," aroline told her. "Would you like to come? liss Burnley and I are going to the church to o the flowers."

Miss Parry colored. "Do you think she ould allow me to come and help?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't. I imagine ey'll be only too glad to have you."

"Can I have two pieces of cake if they ask e?" Dandy inquired anxiously of Caroline.

"If they ask you," she said, and drew up at e Wilkinson front door. Through it they eard the yelling of strong young voices.

"Gosh, they're all there! I'm late!" said andy, struggling with the door and all but illing out in his haste. "'By, Aunt Caroline!"

"You'll go straight home, Dandy, won't ou?" she called after him.

"Yes."

Caroline waited until the door opened to dmit him; then she drove away.

"Would you be very kind?" Miss Burnley sked. "I've been keeping a rather heavy irror that somebody sent to the last jumble le; it struck me that I might buy it—it was nly a few shillings—and put it up in Mrs. urk's bedroom as a little Easter gift. Now at we have the car, it would save my having carry it."

"Did you think of going to do it now?" sked Miss Parry. "I'll come to Mrs. Turk's d help you with it."

Miss Burnley thanked her, but first, she id, they would go to the church. The vicar as there, going from one to another, saying othing, smiling his gentle, absent smile. Miss urnley and Miss Parry slipped out after a hile and Miss Burnley returned alone; Miss arry, she told Caroline, had stayed behind to dy up the room for Mrs. Turk.

Caroline stood aside as the vicar and tokes went out through the narrow vestry oorway; then she stood quite still to examine disturbing realization that had come to her. faint feeling of coldness touched her. She ft Miss Burnley in the vestry; walking into e empty church, she stood looking round at e massed flowers, and her eyes rested at last n Mrs. Lauder's lilies.

Lilies. . . . Lilies on the terrace; lilies on the tar; lilies on the coffin. Lilies ——

There was something else—something that as important, Caroline realized suddenly. here was a message in those waxen blooms—ere was a message and a danger signal. She ooked toward the altar and once more her es rested on the lilies. They seemed to her be no longer standing tall and graceful in eir vases; they were swaying before her eyes, ending, beckoning ——

She strove desperately to clear the mists om her brain. The answer, she knew, was up ere with the lilies. Something had hap-ened—she had touched a spring, a secret ring. It was not the scent of flowers that she uld smell now; it was danger. It was ——

Then, with a suddenness that brought ter-r so great that it drowned all lesser fear, she new. The lilies had sent their message—and last she understood it. And then she was on er feet, stumbling. She was outside the urch, running—running to find Avery Free-nd and to tell him what she knew. She must nd him. He would be near—he or his man.

She reached the gate of Mrs. Turk's cot-ge, and stopped. A crowd stood there, star-g at the door of the cottage, but the door was ut and before it stood the burly form of Ser-eant Cobb. Near him stood the figure Caro-ne was seeking.

She did not know whether she called out or ot, but he turned and saw her, and after one ance made his way through the crowd and ame up to her and, without a thought for the nlookers, took her in his arms and held her rmly. She fought for breath and for words, ut she could only look up at him tremblingly.

"I want ——" she managed at last. "I came ——"

"Don't try to talk." His voice was quiet, but mething in it—some deep quality of anger—ierced through her horror and sent her glance the crowd standing at the gate. "It's all ght," he said steadily.

"What is it?" whispered Caroline.

"Mrs. Turk was . . . attacked. She's safe; we got here in time."

The last vestige of control left Caroline. "I came as soon as I knew, as soon as I was sure!"

"Quiet," he said gently. "Everything's all right now."

"But I've got to tell you. I ——"

"You can tell me nothing that I don't know already. It'll be all over in a few minutes," he told her. "But you can't go back to Whitewings yet."

"Why not?" She stared at him.

"Because nobody is to enter the grounds of Crossways at any point for the next ——"

"Dandy!" gasped Caroline.

"Where's Dandy?" the inspector asked. "He was to go home by himself."

He had turned away; he shouted a command to the men round the door and the sergeant, putting a whistle to his lips, blew a shrill, urgent summons. Then they were following the inspector—running to the two police cars that stood near. They were gone, into the lane that led past the church, past the stables—and Caroline, staring after them, realized that Mrs. Lauder's forecast had been correct: there were cars, there was wheeled traffic speeding through the right of way.

Kathryn had been getting ready for the return of the family; the children's supper table was laid, the room was tidy, the bathroom in order. Soon Nanny would return with Delfine; Guy would be home, and Caroline and Dandy.

She glanced from the order within the house to the pleasant green of her garden; from it her eyes went to the lane with its gloomy shadows, its uninviting look. And then she saw Dandy: Dandy, walking carelessly homeward; Dandy coming unconcernedly along the lane.

Before she was aware of having moved from the window, she found herself running swiftly along the lane, forgetful of her old, vague fears, remembering only that Dandy was there, alone—and she wanted to be with him. She wanted to feel his hand in hers; the two of them, coming home together.

He saw her approaching, and his walk changed to a series of careless, awkward skips; they came toward each other—and then Kathryn halted. Over Dandy's head she saw another figure coming swiftly. It was Miss Parry, and as she saw Kathryn she gave a desperate lunge in an effort to increase her speed. Her eyes, wide open and staring, were on Kathryn's; her lips were moving, but it was impossible to hear what she said.

Kathryn put out a hand, grasped Dandy's and then released it. Her body felt leaden, but her mind was calm and clear. Something was going to happen; it must not happen to Dandy.

"Go on home, darling," she said gently. "I'll follow you in a minute. Go on," she urged as he hesitated. "Supper's ready."

He needed no more; he broke into a run and Kathryn, without turning, knew that he had neared the house, entered the house, gone in to safety, to security.

Then she tried to turn and follow him, but it was too late. A hand had seized her—she tried to wrench herself free, but the terrible grip moved to her shoulder, to her throat. She fought wordlessly as the hands tightened. She heard, in the infinite distance, the sound of a voice, and a rush of movement; then she felt herself sinking into a pit of darkness.

Kathryn lay that evening on a sofa in her drawing room. Beside her sat Guy; her hand was in his. On a big chair opposite was curled Caroline; near her sat the inspector. All was peace and comfort and quiet; fears were over. Danger had touched them, brushed them and left them at last unharmed.

The inspector began to fill in the details of the story of which they knew, as yet, only the bare outline. His voice, calm and slow, answered Guy's last question.

"I'd better begin at the beginning," he said, "and to do that, we have to go a long time back to a place called Carrabin—in Queensland. Mrs. Lauder married there and was widowed in middle age. Her husband left her a large fortune; it was left to her for her lifetime, and after her death it was to go to two nephews of her husband—they were then children of ten and twelve.

"Unfortunately, it was stipulated that the money was to be divided equally between the two brothers—and it was this clause, more than forty years ago, that was responsible for what has taken place here in Downsview during the past few days.

"The trouble began," said the inspector, "when the boys grew up. Mrs. Lauder had become very fond of James, the younger nephew—and she detested Kenneth, the elder. Kenneth Lauder was accused of having embezzled some of his aunt's funds. He was tried, convicted—and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment."

"The letter!" said Kathryn. "Then it was he who wrote it."

"Yes; he wrote it," said the inspector. "He knew that Mrs. Lauder and his brother, James, had between them arranged the conviction to get him out of the way—not merely for ten years, but for good. His health had always been precarious, and it was extremely unlikely that he would live to finish his sentence.

"But he did live. The thought of revenge gave him strength to keep going until he got out of prison and collected his proofs. He had a choice: he could put them in the hands of the police—or he could find his aunt and his brother and come to terms with them."

"Blackmail?" said Guy.

"Yes. He had some difficulty in tracing his relations; thieves fall out, and Mrs. Lauder and James were no longer on good terms. They had both left Carrabin, and James had later married without consulting her—that may have started the trouble between them. Mrs. Lauder moved about for a time; then she met your stepmother in Switzerland, and through her came to Crossways.

"Once established here in Downsview, she must have felt pretty safe from the past. She was in a small, remote village; she never went out and she was not well known. She engaged two servants and paid them high wages to ensure their staying with her for her lifetime: she made it clear that she would leave them nothing, and so protected herself from any danger of neglect—or worse.

"After her murder," went on the inspector, "both these servants made statements. Checking up, we found Miss Parry's to be in order, but when we came to the maid's—Braddock's—we began to find several discrepancies—and so we came to find our first links."

"Did you know right from the beginning that Braddock had murdered Mrs. Lauder?" asked Kathryn.

"Almost from the beginning. She killed her in panic. She stole the letter to find out what was in it. What was a mystery to you and to Miss Parry was clear enough to her: Kenneth Lauder was free, and was on his way to Downsview. He was coming with proofs, and he was coming to blackmail. If he met Mrs. Lauder, his first care would be, of course, to make her give him his share of the money—and so it became imperative to prevent him from reaching her.

"If she could have got a message through to her accomplice that evening Mrs. Lauder would have been in no danger. Kenneth Lauder would have been put out of the way, his papers destroyed, his very identity difficult to establish. But the message couldn't reach the proper quarter—and so Braddock had to deal with the matter in her own way. She killed Mrs. Lauder. It was a crude crime; stupid, ill conceived and terribly bungled.

"If we had arrested her, we would never have been able to lay hands on her accomplice. Our plan was to wait—and watch. We wanted to give both criminals a feeling of confidence. We had proof enough to arrest one—but only one. If we had arrested Braddock, our other bird would have flown.

"And then," went on the inspector, "something happened that wasn't on our schedule.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

NEXT MONTH

WHAT MAKES ANYONE FALL IN LOVE?

"I liked Dorinda's laugh . . . the sound of her low, husky voice. At that moment the idea of blindness—past, present or future—simply did not exist." Peter Putnam tells the true story of an amazing year in "Cast Off the Darkness," complete book condensed in this issue.

91 POUNDS OFF—"MY DREAMS ARE COMING TRUE"

Two years ago life was a nightmare for Pierrette Lachapelle. No dates, no decent job, no pretty clothes, no self respect. Then she learned that she had to wake up before she could live. Read how in ten months she went from size 44 to size 12.

"ALMOST ANYONE WOULD BE SCARED OF MY MOTHER-IN-LAW"

Abby and Clark have been married for nine years. He says, "It's virtually impossible to escape the dominance of a woman like my mother-in-law." Clark tells his side, Abby tells hers and then the Marriage Counselor speaks in "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

THE HOUSE WITH A FUTURE

The Journal's Portfolio House No. 5, in seven beautiful pages of four-color photographs, shows a living room planned for long life . . . a family room, completely separate . . . double-duty rooms on each level . . . a garden glamorous by night or day . . . with many more practical, carefully planned suggestions to interest every homeowner.

WHAT YOU WILL WEAR THIS SPRING

The new trends—costumes and accessories created by America's most influential designers—will be presented in twelve beautiful pages of photographs and fashion news.

A NEW NOVEL

"The Durable Fire," a 5-part serial of marriage, love and big business, written by Howard Swiggett, starts in March. And in addition, short stories by Elizabeth Dunn, Nancy Titus and Robin White.

HOW AMERICA LIVES, DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

Also—Six pages of recipes and menus for delicious meals are among the many features, all coming

IN THE MARCH JOURNAL





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"You never dreamed you could make an authentic Spaghetti sauce recipe as easily as this! It has that real, sunny Italian flavor because it's made with Hunt's Tomato Paste. Hunt's is so rich and smooth—it's paste as paste should be. I recommend it to you for delicious results whenever you cook Italian-style."

- 2 Tablespoons cooking oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ¾ cup chopped onion
- ½ lb. ground beef
- 1 6-oz. can Hunt's Tomato Paste
- 3 cups hot water
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 lb. spaghetti, cooked and drained
- Parmesan cheese

Heat oil in heavy skillet. Add garlic and onion; cook until soft. Add meat. Cook and stir until crumbly. Mix Hunt's Tomato Paste, water and seasonings. Stir into meat. Cover; simmer over low heat 1 hour. Uncover; continue cooking 15-20 min. or until sauce thickens. Serve over hot spaghetti. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. 4 to 6 servings. *Note:* Without the meat, this recipe becomes a basic tomato sauce...excellent for macaroni, noodles, rice, ravioli.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

essed from what Miss Parry had told us Kenneth Lauder was coming to Downs- we had men posted—unobtrusively—at point on the roads into the village. We nly to see him—and follow him, unseen; where on his way there would be some- aiting to deal with him . . . and we would all we wanted. But nobody who was ing for him thought of connecting a nger in your car, Mrs. Heywood, with an they were looking out for. You needn't like that," he told her gently. "The doc- ill assure you—if your own eyes didn't— e had very little longer to live. When sister told me what had happened, I was n, even as she spoke, that Lauder was

ter that, the danger was that we wouldn't le to get our proofs before the criminals a getaway. It was imperative to make an , to give them confidence, to give our- time; we had to make them believe that re working along the wrong tracks. And Collier who gave us a chance."

ou could have told us—you could have d us," said Kathryn.

was necessary to act as we did. It was on you—but it had to be done."

hen did you first find out that Collier something?" asked Guy.

he was the first person in Downsview to ct that something was wrong at Cross- ," said the inspector. "She was the only n who had any idea of the meetings be- the two criminals. Her bedroom win- looks out on to the lane; she had seen inexplicable comings and goings, and she puzzled—and worried. She didn't want y anything because she knew that you, Heywood, had a vague but unconquer- fear of going along the short cut. So after ing it over, she got an idea—she went to Lauder to see if she knew anything about e hung about in the grounds of Cross- , hoping to get the old lady by herself out garden; but she was seen by Miss Parry challenged, and to produce a reason for there, made up a story about being after . After that, she felt that the only thing she do was watch. When Miss Parry brought he letter, Collier guessed that something appened, and decided to go and see Mrs. ler on the following morning—and that how she happened to be there just after urder was committed."

hat's why she ran into Estelle," said line.

es." The inspector's face hardened. "I : that your stepmother will be wiser all ife for this experience."

Guy looked at him. "Exactly how far was she . . . involved?" he asked.

"She wouldn't have been involved at all if she hadn't been living in Mrs. Lauder's house in Switzerland. Kenneth Lauder showed up there merely wanting to be redirected. Mrs. Wyatt was in a tight spot; she owed Mrs. Lauder money and Mrs. Lauder, after a series of warnings, had at last instructed her solicitors to act in the matter. Mrs. Wyatt had no hope of finding the money, but when Kenneth Lauder put in an appearance, she didn't—as she stated—stop at a brief interview; she found out what he was after, and she thought she saw a chance of turning the incident to her own advantage. She telegraphed to Mrs. Lauder and left at once for England; she hoped she could do a bit of bargaining—she would exchange her knowledge of Lauder's intentions for a clearance of her own debt. But her plane was delayed; she got here very little before Kenneth Lauder—and in any case, too late to talk to his aunt."

"You mean"—Kathryn's tone was incredulous—"she would have gone as far as that to ——"

"She owed Mrs. Lauder four thousand pounds," the inspector told her quietly. "It was a long-standing debt and when she saw a chance of clearing it, she . . . took it. She won't, I think, risk getting herself on the wrong side of the law in the future. She's had a pretty grim lesson—and she hasn't, in any case, the kind of nerve that ill-doers need. Mrs. Wyatt kept her head long enough to go up to the body and take something from the dead woman's hand—but it wasn't, as she had thought, the telegram she had sent her from Switzerland. It was the anonymous letter that Braddock had stolen from Miss Parry; the letter that Braddock had put into her hand hoping that—if things turned out badly—the police would be led on a false trail after the writer of the letter. When Mrs. Wyatt was questioned, and when she found out that the police knew more than she'd given them credit for, she ——"

"—— bolted," said Guy.

"She came to me—the first sensible thing she had done since coming here."

"My wife thought she'd betaken herself to a watery grave," Guy said, "but I wasn't alarmed—much."

"She went to my uncle's house and they sent for me—but by that time, of course, matters were moving too fast for me to go over and talk to her. We had our proofs."

"But you let Collier go *before* you got your proofs," said Guy, frowning.

"No." The inspector smiled. "Collier was having a rather dull time up in Mrs. Cobb's spare room. She stuck it very well; she would have rather enjoyed it if it hadn't been that she knew what you were all going through—thinking she was disloyal, and a criminal."

"I never for a moment believed she could murder anybody," said Kathryn firmly. "We all thought you'd made a mistake."

"It was the mirror—Miss Burnley's Easter gift to old Mrs. Turk—that brought us to the end of the Lauder case."

"What exactly was the sequence of events at the cottage?" asked Guy.

"It was all very quick," said the inspector. "Miss Burnley and Miss Parry carried the mirror into old Mrs. Turk's bedroom and presented it to her—and then hung it on the wall; it looked very nice and the old lady was pleased with it. Miss Parry sat down for a few minutes with the old lady—and then they both chanced to look up into the mirror.

"Mrs. Turk had never been able to look through the window at the head of the bed—a window that overlooked a well-screened little plot at the side of the cottage. The mirror gave a clear view of everything taking place outside that window—and Miss Parry and old Mrs. Turk saw quite clearly the meeting that was taking place outside. Two people met—and talked: two people who were thought to be strangers, who had never, in the knowledge of anybody at Downsview, been connected in any way. They met as intimates, as accomplices. Braddock was one of them."

The inspector was staring into the fire, and his next words came slowly.

"Mrs. Turk was deaf and dumb," he said, "and bedridden—but she had all her wits about her. She knew, when she looked into the mirror, why Braddock had paid her so many visits with flowers and fruit. She had used the cottage as a screen for meetings. Mrs. Turk managed to make Miss Parry see what she must do: go to the police.

"Miss Parry, by God's grace, found me almost at once. But she hadn't realized that Braddock would go inside the cottage—and that once inside, she would see the mirror and realize how much Mrs. Turk had seen. We got there just in time to save Mrs. Turk's life. And then"—the inspector looked at Caroline—"you told me that Dandy had gone home by the stables, and ——"

Guy lifted Kathryn's hand he was holding and dropped a light kiss on it.

"These two women," said Guy, in a tone which he endeavored to keep light, "seem to like running into trouble."

The inspector looked at Kathryn. "When your sister got into the way of a criminal on the run," he said soberly, "she was walking toward danger. She couldn't be attacked from behind, and that fact saved her life. She had time to scream—but you didn't. We were on our way to you—but I don't think we would have been in time if Miss Parry hadn't followed Dandy and held off the attacker."

Kathryn spoke steadily. "Miss Parry saved my life, didn't she?"

"I think we may say that she did," said the inspector.

"When I told you the other day," Caroline said, "that it was a woman, you—you knew it wasn't."

"Yes, I knew," said the inspector. "But it was too early, just then, to tell you the truth. Braddock and her husband, James Lauder, were to inherit, provided Kenneth didn't turn up to claim his share, something like thirty thousand pounds under Mrs. Lauder's husband's will. All they had to do was wait for it. But they had to make certain that if Kenneth lived and came out of prison, he could not get to his aunt. Braddock was safe enough from discovery by Mrs. Lauder; they had never met and so she could, without risk, take a situation in which she could watch Mrs. Lauder constantly. With James it was different; he had to be certain that his aunt would never see him; and so he placed himself in a job from which he could, without arousing suspicion, be seen near the grounds of Crossways and meet his wife and keep in touch. And that is why when Miss Wyatt was attacked, she thought she had touched a woman's skirt. That was why, when she brushed by it again, she realized that it had not, after all, been a skirt but a robe. A verger's robe. A robe worn by Stokes, who was ill on the day the anonymous letter arrived, who was in bed at the vicarage, where his wife

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Mother of four young children, wistfully: "Right now I dream only of the day when they all can cut up their own meat."

Train up a child and away he goes.

Psychiatrist to patient: "I wish I'd thought of that."

Modern version: If at first you don't succeed, blame your parents.

Two important things to teach a child: to do and to do without.

She's the kind of housekeeper who, when the dawn breaks, thinks she should be there to sweep up the pieces.

February: the yellow light on Nature's traffic sign.

It isn't drinking alone that is apt to be a woman's problem as much as eating alone.

Mother of sixteen-year-old boy: "He's so careless with his clothes and so indifferent about losing a good jacket I almost feel like asking the Salvation Army to return the ancient one—or a substitute—I gave away, and let him wear it. Trouble is, I'm the only one who would mind how he looked in it."

Then there's the young married pair who have worked out a budget that is absolutely foolproof against going broke—"If only we could raise enough money to get on it!"

Even a man who goes to the barbershop for only a haircut these days is due for a close shave.

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couldn't reach him; Stokes, who had hidden safely in the shadow of the church, to which Mrs. Lauder never went and against which she had the bitterest prejudice. Stokes—who was James Lauder, murderer of his brother, Kenneth."

The church at Downsview, on that Easter morning, was packed. The inspector sat with the Heywoods in their pew, and Guy was giving the fact some troubled thought. A word in the inspector's ear—a little hint, as from man to man, to put him on his guard —— A man was a man and not a fish; if one wanted to catch him, one didn't use a net.

But there he was now, sitting between Dandy and Delfine and looking already like one of the family. He was coming to lunch and also—with his uncle—to dinner; Kathryn had issued the invitations, and Guy's rider to the effect that if the inspector didn't feel like turning up, they would understand, had earned him a vicious pinch on the arm and a painful hack on the ankle from a hitherto gentle wife.

He sighed, and left the problem. The inspector looked like a fellow who could look out for himself, and Caroline, at all events, was showing no signs of joining in the chase. Far from it; she had announced her decision to return to London on the next day.

His thoughts went to the incidents that had followed upon the death of Mrs. Lauder. Miss Parry was cooking and working for the vicar, side by side with Miss Burnley. Pink-cheeked and almost bustling, she sat in the vicarage pew looking very nearly as exalted as the vicar.

The congregation rose to sing the hymn, and the sound shook the little church. Miss Burnley—in a hat which had started out that morning as a turban and which had unwound itself and was now on the point of becoming a scarf—oblivious, sang what she imagined to be an alto part; during the next prayer, Miss Parry was seen to lean forward, and when the congregation rose again the turban was fastened with a pretty little gold pin.

The service over, Guy and Kathryn had some difficulty in extricating the inspector from those who wanted to shake him by the hand. They got him free at last and the family went toward the two parked cars.

"Tell you what," suggested Guy, avoiding his wife's eyes, "I'll take Carol and Dandy—and you, inspector, can take my wife back with you." There was a helping hand.

But, "Not a bit of it," said the inspector instantly. "I wouldn't dream of splitting up your little family party. I'll bring Miss Wyatt."

Well, if the fellow wanted to go into it with his eyes open ——

The inspector turned to Caroline. He put her into her seat with an air, she thought, of one tucking something in tenderly. She glanced at him and found his eyes on her, as they had been on the first day they met—amused and gently mocking . . . and something else which she did not care to define.

He swung the car in a wide circle and drove in the opposite direction to that in which Guy had gone.

"We'll be late for lunch," commented Caroline.

"No, we won't. This car can move whenever you feel you're in a hurry. I thought we both needed a breath of nice, open air."

"Don't you find Downsview open enough?" she asked.

"At times, no." He looked at her—a brief, sideways glance. "Have you put all the trouble behind you?"

"Yes—in a way. When you finish a case," she asked, "do you forget all about it?"

"I forget the grim parts; and I take the beautiful widow for a drive into the country."

"Does she enjoy it?"

"Very much indeed—but of course I don't do it unless I've had some definite encouragement in the course of my investigations. If, for instance, she throws herself into my arms twice in two days, I allow myself to—well, to hope a little."

Caroline gave a shudder of remembra and he drew the car to the side of the road switched off the engine.

"I thought you said you'd forgotten it a" he said. "You've got to put it all away, y know."

"Yes . . . but I still wonder a little ab things. I ——"

"What things?"

"Well—for example—I can't understa why it took me so long, in the church yes day afternoon, to—to understand what it that had happened. How was it that I co feel terrified—feel ill with terror—and still know why?"

"Some people," he informed her smooth "have a very bad system of communicat inside their brain. Their ideas are wid spaced, as it were, and travel from one i to the other is difficult—ill organized."

"Don't joke. Tell me."

"All right," he agreed. "But the case is o and I'm off duty and I won't tell you as a pol inspector. If you were to say, 'Look, Ave do explain ——'"

"Look, Avery, do explain."

"'Please.'"

"Please."

"That's better. Well, take your sister: s got herself into a state of fear about passi through the stables. There was a very sim explanation for that: she had heard mo ments there, just as you heard them when y passed that day. But you were in a recepti state of mind; there had been trouble and y were on the alert for more—and so y associated the sound with danger. Your sis didn't associate it with anything—c sciously—but she registered it, all the sa somewhere deep down, and she registe it with a red tab for danger against So she shied every time she went past spot."

"But ——"

"Hold it. Now we come to you. When y were in the church yesterday, you were in receptive state again—but your lines we crossed. When you stood in the doorway a brushed against the verger's robe—for t second time—you sensed danger, but y made the mistake of trying to reason t thing out. It wasn't your reason that sent o the danger signal when James Lauder brush past you—and so it wasn't your reason th could give you the answer. If you'd been a animal, you'd have leaped aside the mome the robe touched you—but being an intel gent young woman, you sat down to reas it out. It's that kind of thing that decides pe ple's fate; if Lauder had had any idea of wh

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144



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IT'S FUNNY ABOUT MONEY

By PETER BRIGGS

I just don't know where it goes. A couple of days ago I had all that lovely, shiny, fat, crisp, negotiable bunch of bills. Today I'm not looking at the new ties in the shopwindow. Between now and payday it's hamburgers.

They say we're all making more money, and I guess it's true. We've got more "real wealth," too, so why should I ever be broke?

Everything can be blamed on childhood, of course, and mine was a very spendthrift one. When I was five an actress friend of my mother's gave me a purse with fifty pennies in it. (Some months later the actress charged a coat on my mother's account and immediately skipped town.) My pennies didn't last me at all. You've never seen a supply of jujubes like mine.

In school I used to be able to take my girl out for two dollars. What a spendthrift! I always went home broke.

I know other people who manage to save, save and save. Am I lacking some vertebra that I can't imitate them? What pill can I take that would automatically deduct 10 per cent for savings? I'm sure I wouldn't miss it if I never saw it. Except for my crafty streak that would slip into that savings bank and withdraw in a minute.

Do I have more fun because I can't hang on to money? Someday I'm going to conduct a survey among the open-purse people (and there are millions of us) to find out if improvidence is pleasurable.

It will depend on what day of the month it is, of course. Right after payday they'll all be floating high, gay as grasshoppers. "People who save are clods!" Try them later, when they're down to nickels, they'll fall all over themselves, full of guilt and remorse. Emotionally unstable, that's all. I wish someone would invent a pill.

How NOT to let the flu flit through the house



• But what happens when he sneezes germs all over the house?



1. You could isolate the sufferer (not a bad idea!)



• Use "Lysol" brand disinfectant on floors and walls (protective action lasts 7 full days.)



4. Basins, tubs (and dishes, of course!)



5. For when he's feeling better, why should everyone else be feeling worse?

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

had happened, you would have been dead before you'd had time to get your ideas sorted out." He turned and looked at her. "And I wouldn't have liked that at all," he ended.

"Why?" asked Caroline. "I should have thought it would have given that dossier a nice, final touch."

"It would," he told her; "but who wants to close it?"

"You said the case was over. In any case, I'm going back to London tomorrow."

"Ah," said the inspector. "Now what for?"

"To work."

"It's nice, isn't it, to feel that we both have our headquarters in London? When I get back to town, can I look you up?"

"Yes," said Caroline. "If you've time between cases. And now hadn't we better get back?"

Somewhat to her surprise, he drove her back to Whitewings in silence. She did nothing to break it; his voice had an effect on her that threatened to break down her resolution of going away from him, of getting away to free herself from the emotions he had roused in her. His eyes missed nothing; since she had been fool enough to fall in love with a man before he had so much as lifted a finger, she told herself fiercely and with burning self-contempt, her only course lay in flight. He could go on and make mocking speeches to the next woman in the next case—to the beautiful widows. If she stayed, every moment would make it more difficult to hide her feelings from those cool, gray, impersonal eyes.

The day was more or less a children's day. In the afternoon, Kathryn assembled some of Delfine's and Dandy's friends, and Guy and the inspector played hosts to visitors ranging in age from three to eight. Then the children went home and the inspector went away, to return in time for dinner. Kathryn and Caroline helped Nanny to put two tired but happy young people to bed.

Guy came up in time to kiss his daughter a fond good night. When her eyes were closing in sleep, Kathryn spoke to him softly.

"Go in and hear Dandy's prayers, will you, Guy? Carol and I have to go down and see to the dinner table."

He went in and sat on Dandy's bed, and Dandy knelt on the rug and mumbled sleepily.

"—— and keep us safe in our Father's bosom," he ended, and opened his eyes to fix them inquiringly on Guy. "Daddy."

"Well, son?"

"Basil Wilkinson says ——"

Oh my, oh my, intoned Guy to himself. *Here it comes.*

"Basil Wilkinson says that fathers don't have bosoms. Do they, daddy?"

"They —— Look now," said Guy, playing for time. "Hadn't you better pop into bed?"

"Basil Wilkinson says ——"

"Well now," said Guy, opening his recently started file on the subject, "take Abraham. He was a father, and he jolly well had a bosom; the Bible says so quite distinctly, and you can tell your friend Basil Wilkinson. And then there was that other chap"—he tucked the covers in neatly—"that chap who got himself mixed up with Shylock. I can't remember his name at the moment, but I'll take you to see the play one day; I'll take Basil Wilkinson, too, and he can prove the thing for himself. It's a very exciting play. Shylock is just going to carve this other chap up, and he's got the knife all ready, and the judge—who's not really a judge at all, but a girl dressed up—she says —— Gosh, I acted this once, you know—but don't tell your mother. I spouted it in a way that would have won me a prize at any drama school. 'Lay bare thy bosom,' I said—or was it 'Lay bare thy bosom for the knife'? I can't remember, but the chap's just going to slice off a nice piece of this other chap's heart, when ——"

"Is this a bedtime story?" inquired Kathryn's cold voice from the doorway.

"A —— Well, not exactly," said Guy. "I was just ——"

"You can go, thank you," said his wife, coming in and bending protectively over the bed. "I'll stay with Dandy."

"Oh, all right." Guy made a sheepish exit and went to dress for dinner.

The dinner went off, Kathryn thought, extremely well. Sir Hugh Freeland was tall, square-shouldered, gray-haired and inclined to heartiness; he enjoyed Collier's cooking almost as much as Guy did; later, when they were settled in the drawing room, he gave them all an account of some of his nephew's more spectacular exploits.

"Interestin' job," he ended. "But I shouldn't have talked so much." He glanced at the clock and started. "By Jove," he said, "I didn't dream ——" He looked at his nephew. "We've got to get off," he said. "This young feller's got to make an early start."

Kathryn looked at the inspector in open dismay.

"Oh—you're not going away!" she exclaimed. "We were so hoping that you'd stay and be friendly instead of being official."

"No; he's got to get back, he says," Hugh told them. "Won't hear of putting off. Says it's urgent, but"—he poked Guy playfully in the ribs—"you and I, Heywood, could make a bet about what's taking him back to town in the middle of his leave, eh?"

"Well," began Guy, "I ——"

"It's a woman," said Sir Hugh triumphantly. "He as good as admitted it to me on the way here. Now come on, Avery, m'boy," he urged. "Speak up, speak up; it's a woman, isn't it?"

Within us we have a hope that always walks in front of our present narrow experience; it is the undying faith of the infinite in us; it will never accept any of our disabilities as a permanent fact; it sets no limit to its own scope; it dares to assert that man has oneness with God, and its wild dream comes true every day.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The inspector gave a gentle smile; his eyes went round the company and came to rest thoughtfully on Caroline.

"Well, if you must know . . . yes," he said slowly. "It's—shall we say it's a girl?"

"I knew it," chuckled Sir Hugh. "Well now, out with it; when's it coming off?"

"Not for some time," said the inspector, his eyes still fixed absently on Caroline. "Not for a couple of months at least."

"And what's she like, eh?"

"She's lovely. Quite, quite lovely."

"Good; I like a pretty gal. But if I'm going to be her uncle, I ought to know who she is—eh, Heywood? Come on; out with it, Avery."

"Different people call her different things," said the inspector.

"And what do *you* call her?"

The inspector walked slowly across the room and took Caroline's chin in his hand. Tilting her head, he looked into her stormy angry eyes and she saw, suddenly, what lay behind the gentle mockery.

"I call her Carrie," he said. EN



Is your husband the same man you married?

Of course he is. But, does he *look* the same?

Hasn't he added an inch here and there? Naturally, you can't suggest this to him—even indirectly. (You know the male ego.) But you can quietly cut down his calories... plan your meals around Diet Delight Foods. They're so good-tasting he'll never know they're not the old pound-adders... except in his trimming figure.

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IT BURNS ME UP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

right through my doorway. And Mrs. McGuirk and Mrs. Esposito were pulling each other's hair! What can their families be thinking of to keep them here?"

What *are* you thinking of, sons and daughters?

You tell me you haven't money for a better place. And money does make a difference. Mrs. Culbertson lives in a residential hotel, and though she may be lonely for the family she never visits (money won't solve that problem), she's lonesome in comfort. But folks living on old-age assistance can't be choosy about their dwelling places.

All right, you ask, why don't *I* do something about it? I would, but a visiting nurse can only nag and persuade—she can't enforce. And few municipalities have boarding-home laws or inspectors. In most cases, the only things checked are fire hazards, kitchen sanitation, the number of toilets and the heat. Boarding homes are profit-making ventures, not state institutions which can be checked by the taxpayers. Many boarding homes, however bad, are licensed simply because there are not enough homes for the aged.

What can *you* do? You can go to your city council. Tell them you want established a department governing boarding homes for the elderly. You want laws enforcing clean sheets and clothes and warmth for old bones. You want bathtubs safe for old legs. Platform fire escapes. A limit on the number of boarders per room. You want your church and shut-in societies to provide recreation.

You know what *I* want? I want to see you lose your temper. I want to see you work up a bellowing, shouting, fiery rage! From Boston to Oregon I want to hear you yelling:

"Turn on the heat in that dump on Eagle Street! Get some soap and water and clean up that Maple Avenue rest home! Tell the fellow who owns the Happy Haven to serve decent food or you won't license him! Order clean sheets for that joint on Marshall Street! My *mother* is in there!"

RUTH A. CROSSON, R.N.
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Deep-Sea Salad. Shrimp or tuna? Add sparkle by circling platter with cool slices of Jellied Ocean Spray.



CONVERSATION PIECE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

mayonnaise to bind, and salt and pepper to taste. Don't add too much mayonnaise. This should be a thick spread. Serve in a bowl with two spreaders, and surround with buttered slices of party rye. Have some large corn chips near for scooping. The chopping can be done a day in advance.

VEAL ROLLS PICCATA

Get 2 veal cutlets ½" thick; ask your butcher to remove the small bone and pound them to ¼" thickness. It's a good idea to order these in advance so you will be sure to get large ones. Also get 1½ pounds veal ground three times—any cut will do for this—½ pound sliced cold boiled ham or *prosciutto* and two ½-pound balls Mozzarella cheese. To the ground veal add 1 raw egg, 1 teaspoon sweet basil, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1½ teaspoons salt and 4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley. Mix thoroughly—and I don't think you can do this successfully without using your hands.

Spread the cutlets out on a board, pinching meat together where the bone was removed, and cover completely with thin slices of ham. Put half of the ground veal on each cutlet and pat with your hands to make a smooth layer. Cut Mozzarella into thin slices and put a layer over the ground veal. Mozzarella is rather hard to cut and it helps to dip the knife into hot water as you go along. Now, starting at the narrow ends, roll the cutlets as you would a jelly roll. Tie with twine many times around and a couple of times the long way. They will look like miniature rolled roasts. Prepare the rolls for cooking the day before and store in the refrigerator.

To cook, sauté the rolls in butter on all sides, put them in a baking dish with a tight lid and add 1½ cups chicken broth, one 4-ounce can mushrooms cut into small pieces and ½ cup white raisins. If you like, several tablespoons Marsala wine may be added. Cover and bake in a moderate—350° F.—oven until tender, about 1 hour and 20 minutes. During cooking, turn the rolls over several times so they will remain round. Take rolls out of broth and let them stand at room temperature about 15 minutes. They need to cool a little before being sliced. Remove twine and cut into slices a little more than 1" thick.

Lay slices on aluminum foil, cover with another piece of foil, seal tightly by crimping edges. This keeps the meat from drying out while it's keeping hot in the oven. Serve the meat on a platter garnished with parsley or water cress and lemon slices and serve the broth separately in a bowl to be ladled on the meat as a thin gravy.

TOMATO SAUCE

Heat 3 tablespoons olive oil; add 1 cup finely chopped onion, ¼ cup chopped celery and 2 cloves garlic, minced. Sauté until onion is transparent but not brown. Add a 1-pound can tomatoes, 1 small can tomato paste, 1 cup water, 1 scant teaspoon *orégano*, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons sugar and 1 teaspoon crushed dried red pepper. Cover and cook gently 1 hour. Taste for seasoning and correct if you like. The sauce can be made in advance—I think that it improves with standing—and that's one more job out of the way.

Get 1 pound green noodles. If they're not available, use *linguine* or spaghetti. Cook in boiling salted water until tender but still firm. Mix with sauce and keep hot over gently boiling water. The cooking of the noodles is as nearly a last-minute job as you can manage conveniently. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese to which people can help themselves.

GREEN SALAD WITH GARLIC CROUTONS

Get a variety of salad greens; wash and store in refrigerator so they will be crisp. Be sure the greens are thoroughly dried before you mix the salad. This is terribly important because a watery salad is no good. Toast 3 slices white bread and rub both sides with a large clove of garlic. The rough texture of the toast acts as a grater for the garlic. While the toast is still hot remove crusts, cut into ½" squares and put them in a low—200° F.—oven until all moisture is removed. Make French dressing however you like. My favorite recipe is ¾ cup olive or salad oil, ¼ cup wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika and a pinch of sugar. Toss dressing and greens with a folding motion until all leaves are coated, add garlic croutons and toss a little more.

POPPY-SEED ROLLS

You can buy these in a bakery or grocery store; but if you like poppy seeds as well as I do, get plain rolls, brush tops with beaten egg and sprinkle on the poppy seeds with a very generous hand. Slip rolls into a paper sack, poppy seeds up, fold or tie opening of sack and heat in a moderate—350° F.—oven before serving.

No adjustment of human affairs will work perfectly and under all circumstances. If nature had provided any such arrangement, it would have been discovered long ago and we should all have gone to sleep. No form of government will save us from our own faults. If the commonwealth is to prosper, we have each our own parts to play. It is the continual struggle, the continual necessity to watch our own lives, which gives spirit and force to human existence.

JAMES A. FROUDE

PINEAPPLE MÉLANGE

I've eaten and served fresh pineapple cut in various ways, but the first time I had very thinly sliced pineapple was last year in Brussels, and I do think it was extra good. With the thin slices you don't get such a mouthful at one time. Well, to get on with the recipe:

Get a large ripe pineapple—and they are available at this time of year. Peel and cut into slices about ⅛" thick. Remove hard centers and cut into wedges about 1" on the outside and ¼" on the inside. Grate a coconut—or buy canned grated coconut which is not sweetened. Defrost 1 package frozen raspberries.

To arrange the dessert, make an overlapping circle of pineapple wedges on dessert plates, leaving a fairly large circle in center. Fill center with a mound of coconut, indent a little and fill with raspberries. Over the pineapple pour some maple sirup. If you like, you can use a little kirsch on the pineapple.

Service. For this meal I think you should seat your guests at a table or tables. Whatever your technique for eating spaghetti or noodles may be—whether you use just a fork or a fork and spoon for winding—a little leaning over is indicated in order to get the forkful safely into your mouth. And in eating Italian *pasta* a forkful should really be a mouthful. A friend in Italy first taught us that you couldn't enjoy *pasta* properly unless you had a very big bite.

And one more word about the noodles, which seem to be causing all the trouble but are well worth it. If you have buffet service—and this dinner would make a very attractive buffet—it's a good idea to serve the noodles yourself. Otherwise people would have to put their plates down in order to serve themselves, which would delay proceedings. Delay we don't care for. When we have prepared a fine meal we want it to be eaten at its best. END

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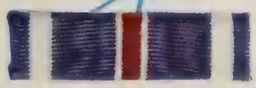
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"He was promoted over more than 5000 majors who ranked him. And he did it by just one thing—

Demonstrated ability..."



By MARY ELIZABETH VROMAN and NELLE KEYS PERRY
PHOTOGRAPHS by JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Col. Fred G. Hook, commander, Otis Air Force Base, is as proud of jet pilot Chappie James as is his own family of four.

In the fourteen years of their marriage, Dorothy Watkins James has seen her husband rise from Air Force cadet to lieutenant colonel, commander of the 60th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron—the man who, voted the state's most outstanding young man of the year, received the Massachusetts Junior Chamber of Commerce Distinguished Service Award for 1955.

It takes a special brand of courage to stand by through the years while your husband pursues a career that often means separation, danger; to give your children the necessary inner security in a life filled with changes; to be, in short, what Dorothy's husband calls "the ideal Air Force wife."

The commander of Otis Air Force Base settled back in his chair and went on talking about Lt. Col. Daniel ("Chappie") James, commander of the 60th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron, one of the jet squadrons on which depends the air security of the East Coast, and one of the few virtually all-white outfits in the Air Force. "He's an outstanding pilot, a born leader," said Colonel Hook, "and a good guy. I'm proud of that boy. Discipline and efficiency are high in his squadron, maybe because he never expects his boys to do anything he can't do himself—and better."

Being a Negro and working up to commanding his own squadron was no easy job, as Chappie James readily admits. "Of course I got the breaks," he says, "but I couldn't have done it without Dottie." And you listen



Spud, Dottie, Spike and Danice accept irregular hours as part of Chappie's job. "Lots of times he leaves early in the morning and we don't see him until midnight."

My mother is really out of this world.

She's the greatest!

She always says:

"Show by your accomplishments that you are good and intelligent and worthy."

"Prove to the world that you can compete on an equal basis."

"See to it that your children get a better education than you got."

"Be prepared. Be ready to do whatever it is you want to do."

CARROLL SEGHERS II



"Dan's drive and talent all go back to his mother," says Dottie. "She's just a genius!" Hampered by rheumatism, Mrs. James still teaches in the school she founded more than fifty years ago. For Chappie's birthday, wherever he is, she sends his favorite cake—chocolate with pecans.

to their story and you know he speaks the truth.

Daniel and Dorothy James and their three children were then living in a converted barracks building at Otis Air Force Base on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. New quarters were being built on the base, but they would not be ready in time for the Jameses to occupy them. Chappie, although delighted with his new orders to Staff and Command School at Maxwell Air Force Base, Montgomery, Alabama, was regretfully taking leave of the squadron he has led since 1953.

Otis holds happy memories for the Jameses. Chappie has taken his responsibilities very seriously—"The squadron has to come first," Dottie says matter-of-factly; "sometimes he leaves early in the morning and we don't see him until midnight"—but all of them feel a natural interest and satisfaction in his work. It was at Otis that he was promoted first to major and then to lieutenant colonel. And at Otis their third child, "Spud," was born. That was the only time that Chappie had been able to be with his wife throughout her pregnancy and at delivery.

In the fourteen-year course of their marriage there have been many separations and many moves. "Dottie has stood it like a trouper," her husband says. Dottie smiles tranquilly, with obvious pride in her children and her dynamic, six-foot-four husband, who flew 101 aerial-combat missions in Korea, and won the Distinguished Flying Cross for extraordinary achievement while leading a ground-support mission in enemy territory. (The ribbons on his left chest also represent the Air Medal with seven oak-leaf clusters, the Korean Presidential Unit Citation, American Presidential Citation, and "a whole clutch of theater ribbons.")

Afternoon sun was glowing through the yellow kitchen curtains. The old barracks building is drab on the outside, but the Jameses' six-room apartment on the second floor had a happy lived-in look, with many touches of the warm yellow which is Dottie's favorite color.

"We'll be sorry to leave this one," Dottie said. "It has been our longest home. But," she added, "Air Force families get used to moving, you know."

Twelve-year-old Danice, setting the table, put in sagely, "My girl friend's family got moved last month. We just said 'Good-by' and 'Maybe we'll meet again someday.' Just like that—no crying or anything. It's something you've got to expect when you're Air Force." Danice moves her hands in explanatory gestures when she speaks. "It will be the same way when we leave. But as mother says, it's nice to know that maybe you'll run into old friends again when you go to a new place, and there are always more nice people to meet. I don't mind moving except that I hope we won't have to take any more shots."

The roar of a jet fighter seemed ominously close overhead, but Dottie didn't pause in her expert mixing of the salad. Ten-year-old Danny ("Spike") rushed to the window. "He's trying to break the sound barrier," he said in the sure tones of an expert. "Watch him go! If he does, all you'll hear will be just a little *p't, p't.*"

The baby, nineteen-month-old Spud, tugged energetically at the bottom compartment of the upright freezer. Without turning to look at him, Dottie said mildly, "No, Spuddy, don't do that, dear." And Spud stopped instantly and went to seek more acceptable amusement.

At the obvious question—"How do you get such complete obedience from a baby?"—Dottie smiled and answered slowly, "Well, I don't exactly know. I guess we just expect them to be good children, and they are. We don't have many flat rules in this family. We try to talk things out with the children, and treat them with dignity and understanding. But about the only rule is that we never say 'can't' or 'won't.'"

Spike helped himself to a glass of milk from the refrigerator. "If I get discouraged and want to give up on something, she always says, 'There's nothing you can't do if you really want to, because'"—his voice dropped into a comic mimicry of Dottie's quiet tones—"'you're an intelligent little boy.'" He flashed a bright grin. "Boy, my mother's the greatest!" he announced, and darted out toward the playground.

Dorothy Watkins grew up in Tuskegee, Alabama, where her father, a former teacher, has worked for thirty years in the machine shop at the Veterans Hospital. He was the undisputed head of his



"We don't teach so much as give them an opportunity to learn," says Col. Alvan C. Gillam II, of Staff and Command School. "By the time an officer leaves here, we hope we have prepared him for command up to and including wings, and staff at any level." Chappie studies in a seminar of fourteen officers, attends periodic general assemblies for lectures by guest experts.

ly—"He'd say, 'You don't do this,' we just didn't do it." Dorothy, a , timid girl, stood almost as much in of boys as she did of her father. She never had a date when, in her senior of high school, at Tuskegee Insti- she began to hear admiring reports happie James, the college freshman Pensacola who had spectacularly e the varsity football team. "All the in my class were crazy for him," ie laughs, "and nobody could be wonderful. Sight unseen, I developed finite dislike for Chappie James."

happie noticed her for the first time e Memorial Day dance. Most of the ge students had gone home, so high- ol students were permitted to at- . Used to flattering admiration, ppie walked over to Dottie and sim- xtended his hand. It was customary girls to accept this as invitation to e. But this time the hand remained nded, while Dottie coolly looked the r way.

ung by this rebuff from a mere high- ol girl, the lordly college freshman nded the invitation verbally—and ely: "Would you like to dance?" Dottie, as politely, said "No," and oment later was dancing with some- else. Each new dance found Chappie repeating the invitation, until finally she consented to dance with him.

"I asked if I could accompany her home, and she said I could see her to the gate, but there her father would pick her up. Her father yet!" Chappie chortles in his deep baritone.

"That wasn't all," he continues. "You see, I figured the reason I was getting the bum's rush from this baby-faced chick was that she just didn't know who I was. So on the way out, I informed her that I was Chappie James—*the* Daniel James, Junior—football hero! But she knew all the time, and I'm telling you you never saw anyone so crushed as I was when she got through with me. 'So you're Chappie James,' she said. 'Well, I don't think you're so hot!' She said a lot more, about my being conceited and stuck up, and by that time we were at the gate. And sure enough, there was her father waiting for her in the car. I knew that night that I wanted to marry her. Dottie was different, you see."

Chappie had come to Tuskegee from Pensacola, Florida, where he was born, the youngest of seventeen children. His father, who died the year young Daniel finished high school, was foreman of the Pensacola coal-gas plant. His mother,



Party menu is the family's favorite creole gumbo. Dottie wears the dress her husband likes best, a silk brocade she brought back from the Philippines, had made up here. Tablecloth, of heavy Saigon linen, and china also came from the Philippines.



Every Sunday morning at Otis found the Jameses attending early Mass in the base chapel. Chappie (whose mother is a Methodist) became a Catholic in Korea, where the priest's tent was right next to his own. Dottie and the children plan to take instruction soon.

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Lillie Anna James, graduated from Catholic High School in Pensacola, and has educated herself further through correspondence courses. More than fifty years ago she established the L. A. James Private School next door to their home. She taught all her children through eighth grade and, though now in her late seventies and crippled with painful rheumatism, she is still teaching from her wheel chair.

"We can't make her stop," says Chappie. "If you want a story about a really interesting personality, you should write about my mother. She is really out of this world! She's the greatest! She has the most indomitable spirit I've ever seen. She really goes for that old business, 'The impossible we do right now.' My mother believes that the eventual end of segregation depends on Negro achievement. 'Prove to the world that you can compete on an equal basis,' she says. 'Show by your accomplishments that you are good and intelligent and worthy. I don't say don't fight it with legislation or with any other proper means, but I don't say you'll do much good that way either. Achievement will do it.'

"She's really hipped on education. 'See to it that your children get a better education than you got,' she says. 'Push each generation a little further educationally. Keep pushing them up and keep pushing them up and who knows where you'll have the Jameses?'

"And she's a bug on preparation. 'Be prepared,' she drums into you. 'Be ready to do whatever it is you want to do. I have no patience with people who sit around and wail that the world never gives them an opportunity. Then when the opportunity comes, they wail, "Oh, but I never expected this and I am not ready. You must give me time to prepare myself." *You have to be ready*.' She never lets up. She really is terrific."

Says Colonel James, "I grew up in an area where you *had* to fight—I learned to fight before I learned to walk. I had a hair-trigger temper, and developed a habit of swinging first and asking questions later. A long time ago Dottie made me promise to control my temper, and I do now—somewhat. I've worked very hard at it, and I've come a long way. I can sort of let things roll off now." He added, with a smile at his wife, "Dottie is a sort of safety valve for me all around. Friends won't tell you your faults, but I've asked Dottie to tell me, and by George, she'll do it too. Coming home after a party, she'll maybe say, 'Honey, I think you dominated the conversation too much tonight.' And I'll think back, and she's right. Dottie has had a lot to do with making me whatever sort of gentleman I am."

On that Memorial Day in Tuskegee, Dottie wasn't planning to have anything at all to do with Chappie James. But he besieged her with telephone calls, and hounded her friends to "tell her something nice about me," until at last she went to a movie with him. Three years later she agreed to marry him.

Dorothy's sister, Aubrey, was the only member of her family present at her wedding. She was so in awe of her father that she didn't tell him she was going to be married. Her mother knew, but didn't attend the wedding because then her father would have known something was going on, and Dottie was terribly afraid he would say no because she was so young. Asked, "If he had forbidden it, would you have married Chappie anyway?" she considered thoughtfully and then said, "No, I don't suppose I would."

Dressed in her gold silk "Sunday dress," and wearing a corsage of chrysanthemums, Dorothy was married to Chappie in a quiet ceremony at the chaplain's home at Tuskegee on November 3, 1942. By this time Chappie had graduated from Tuskegee's civilian pilot-training school and had his first job teaching primary training to Air Force cadets at Moton Field, Alabama. After a quiet wedding dinner at Dorothy's home (informed of the marriage by the tense groom, Dorothy's dad only said mildly, "Well, I guess you know what you're doing") Chappie went back to his job, and Dottie continued to live at home and work toward her spring graduation; her new husband spent every weekend that he could manage in Tuskegee.

Soon Chappie grew restless watching the men he'd trained go off to war. Early in 1943 he volunteered for the Army Air Corps, and was accepted. Integration in the armed forces had not yet been put into effect, and certain minor officials had definite ideas about Negroes who sought to be pilots. It was a difficult period for Chappie, in spite of his previous qualification as a civilian pilot. One weekend he came home visibly discouraged and ready to give up.

"You told me from the first that you wanted to be an Air Force pilot," Dorothy told him firmly. "You knew all along it wouldn't be easy. But I know you can do it. So go back there and face up to whatever it is that is making you unhappy. And don't you come back to me until you bring me those wings!"

He brought them to her in six months instead of the customary nine.

To be happy with a man you must understand him a lot and love him a little; to be happy with a woman you must love her a lot and not try to understand her at all.

HELEN ROWLAND

"Those first few years it seemed we were always moving," the Jameses recall. Whenever Chappie expected to remain a reasonable length of time in one place, Dottie went with or followed him. "When he moved again, I'd go back home to Tuskegee to wait for the next call."

It was during one of these waiting periods that their first child was born in the Tuskegee campus hospital. Dottie's mother, a nurse's aide, was with her in the hospital, but Chappie was stationed at Selfridge Field, Michigan, with the 99th Fighter Squadron. He was away on a cross-country flight and didn't receive news that he was a father until Danice was two days old.

Asked, "How did you feel, not hearing from your husband at a time like that? What did you do?" Dorothy answered serenely, "I waited. I knew he'd call when he could."

She waited at home again when Spike was to be born. In the interim there had been temporary homes in many places, including Selfridge Field; Mather Field, California; Freeman Field, Indiana; and Godman Field, Kentucky. Daniel James III arrived in the Tuskegee Air Force Hospital. Chappie was then stationed in Kentucky, and he flew down to Tuskegee with a duffel bag full of baby clothes and a diamond engagement ring. (He couldn't afford one before they were married. Dottie wore his class ring on a chain.)

In 1946 Chappie received orders to Lockbourne Field, at Columbus, Ohio, and the happy two years with the family united stretched invitingly before them. But no quarters were available on the base, and Chappie was able to find only a one-room apartment. Leaving nine-month-old Danny with his delighted grandmother in Tuskegee, Dottie and Danice moved in. It was several months before they obtained quarters and could bring Danny to Lockbourne.

"Somehow," Dottie remembers, "that was one of the worst times of all for me. You learn to take things in stride when you're a service wife. You have to get used to your husband's being away, and going off to war. And you get used to disappointments—or rather you learn to avoid them by not making plans ahead and just living from day to day. I hated not having Chappie there when the first two were born, but this was, I guess, the thing that hit me hardest. When we got Danny back he didn't know his daddy at all! He only knew a picture as daddy, and this giant with the deep voice frightened him terribly. Danny was so tiny, and Dan was so big, and he'd boom out, '*Come to me, I'm your father*,' and Danny would cry, and I'd cry too. I guess it's funny now, but it certainly wasn't funny to me then. It nearly broke my heart."

The Jameses have never had any in-law trouble. Both families lovingly approved their marriage. "It was wonderful, when I had to be away, knowing that Dottie's parents were there to help look out for her and the children," Chappie says. Tragedy struck in 1948 just before Danice's fourth birthday. Her Grandmother Watkins had mailed a birthday gift, when she was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage. Dorothy thinks that her mother with her nurse's training, probably recognized what was wrong. Mrs. Watkins drove herself to the doctor's office, sat down and quietly died.

Lieutenant Colonel James (then a first lieutenant) was ordered to the Philippines in September, 1949, and once again Dottie and the children returned to Tuskegee. Her father, alone in the once-busy house, was doubly glad to have them with him.

Chappie was attached to an integrated unit at Clark Air Field. "It made me feel, for the first time, that I was really in the Air Force." But the day he arrived on Luzon, he wandered into the officers' club and found himself the only Negro there. No one approached him or spoke to him. He admits now that it was the loneliest few minutes he has ever spent.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

HOW THE JAMESES SPEND THEIR MONEY

Since Dottie and the children are now living temporarily with her father in Tuskegee and Chappie is staying in the Maxwell Field BOQ, current expenses are not normal. These monthly figures are based on their spending habits while the family was together at Otis Air Force Base.

Food	$150.00	Dry cleaning and shoe repair	20.00
Clothing	90.00	Sitters (Danice and Danny at $1 per night)	8.00
Rent (quarters allowance)	136.00	School expenses (hot lunch 25 cents; books and supplies are free in Massachusetts)	10.00
Fuel, light, heat (included in rental)		Clubs (O Club $5, Wives' Club $1)	6.00
Telephone	25.00	Magazines and newspapers	5.50
Life insurance ($10,000 Government insurance—no cost)		Cigarettes (2 cartons per month from commissary)	2.42
Car insurance	25.00	Savings (including college fund)	115.00
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

A small combo was beating out a rhythm on the platform, and Chappie unconsciously nodded in time to the music. When the piece stopped, the saxophonist, also a first lieutenant, jumped off the bandstand and made his way to Chappie. "Hey, mop," he greeted him in "hep" language, "my name's Taylor. What's yours?"

"I'm Dan James."

"Do you blow, man?" asked Taylor enthusiastically.

"No, but I'm a mighty good listener."

That was the beginning of a deep and lasting friendship between these two young pilots of different races. The exuberant little Texan's name was Claude Taylor, but everyone called him Spud. "Try to get the Twelfth," he told Chappie, "that's mine." And he persuaded Chappie later to sing with the combo, popular numbers that went over well in Chappie's deep baritone. "Spud was one of the finest guys I've ever known," says Chappie, "the best friend I ever had."

Chappie did a lot of bragging to Spud and other buddies about his pretty wife, and when Dottie and the children arrived in February, 1950, a delegation was at the dock to welcome them. Unfortunately, Dottie had been seasick every day of the twenty-one-day voyage; Danice had succumbed also—only four-year-old Danny had successfully weathered the trip. "You never saw such a bedraggled creature as my 'pretty wife' in all your born days!" Chappie chuckles.

He had found pleasant quarters at Clark Field, and Dottie again set up housekeeping—this time with the aid of servants. "Such luxury!" she recalls. "I'd never had help before—nor since." A little Filipino girl looked after the house, and her brother was "yard boy," taking care of the grounds where wild orchids, fuchsia and hibiscus hedges, banana and mango trees grew in exotic profusion. Spud and his wife, Hazelle, lived just two doors away. They had no children of their own, bu "were just wonderful to ours." Danice an Danny were in and out of the two houses with easy impartiality.

In all their travels, the Jameses have me with remarkably few instances of openly dis played racial prejudice. Perhaps the mos significant incident occurred soon after the arrival at Clark Field, when school opene for children on the base.

The first morning, Danice walked over t join her new classmates waiting on the corne for the school bus. Without speaking, ever child crossed to the other side. She again trie to get acquainted, and was deserted the secon time. Danice did not mention the incident t her parents. She stood her isolation alone until Hazelle Taylor happened to look fron her kitchen window one morning. Disturbed she told Spud when he came home tha Danice was being ostracized. Spud set out furious visits to the homes of several of th parents.

"We didn't know anything about the epi sode until months later," says Chappie, "an we still don't know what Spud told them. Bu after that, the kids accepted Danice. Kids ar O.K. if you don't give them the wrong idea We try very hard to help ours to judge peopl as individuals—and on worth alone."

The Korean War began, and Chappie vol unteered for combat duty. But that first tim he was rejected. "Volunteer again," Dotti said, knowing how badly her husband wante in. But there was another delay. First Lieu tenant James took off from Clark Field on morning on a routine flight in a T-33. He ha barely left the ground when the jet plan exploded under him and crashed in high gras about a mile from the runway.

He woke up in the hospital to hear th nurse saying firmly, "You can't go in there He's in shock."

"Little girl, you can't stop me," and Spu pushed his way inside. "Man, I saw you!" h greeted Chappie. "Just trying to be spectacu lar, that's all."

The chaplain called Dottie and said, "Mrs James, your husband has had an accident He's in the hospital, but he's going to be al right."

"That was all I really heard," Dottie re members, "just that he was all right. Tha was all that mattered."

Chappie's back had been injured, but a soon as he was well he volunteered again fo Korean service. This time he was accepted and once more Dottie and the children re turned to Tuskegee to wait.

Captain James flew 101 combat missions i Korea. Some Korean veterans still talk of th time he spent as forward ground observe directing aircraft to targets, when from a foxhole Old Man River would rise in Chap pie's clear baritone above the din of shells an bombs. Dottie wrote to him every day—gay newsy and loving letters. "Unless you've bee out there, you can't realize how much i means to have a wife like her behind you," Chappie says. "Her letters were the one thing that helped me when Spud was killed." Gay exuberant Spud had lost his life while bailing out over enemy territory, and for a while Chappie was bitterly disrupted emotionally a the loss of the best friend he'd ever had.

In December, 1951, the James family wa together again, at Otis Air Force Base, where Chappie had duty as an all-weather jet pilot Soon he was made operations officer for th 58th Fighter Squadron, was promoted t major in 1953. The same year he became commander of the 437th (later the 60th) Squadron, a job in which he continued until selected as one of the 890 officers to attend Staff and Command School at Maxwell.

Staff and Command School is no picnic The officers who attend, recommended by their commands and carefully selected by a screening board in Washington, spend nine months in intensive study and analysis. No only are they concerned with weapons and warfare; they also bone up on ideologies, languages, religions, history, political situations, and so on, of the countries which are our allies or our potential enemies. The concentrated course requires every available minute and Chappie's lights in the BOQ at Maxwell

GARDEN-FRESH TASTE

from the heart of America's farm lands... captured in cans by

Stokely-Van Camp!



Stokely's Finest Cut Green Beans

✓ Greener than other beans—sure sign they're loaded with vitamins.

✓ Crisper—you'll think you snapped 'em yourself.

✓ Better-tasting—no matter how you fix 'em.

ld burn late at night to make up for the turday nights he spends in Tuskegee with wife and children.

Asked, "Do you ever quarrel?" they both gh. "Oh, sure," Chappie says. "I explode over the place sometimes. But when Dottie ts mad she just clams up. Won't speak to for hours. I know it's thoughtless of me, t sometimes when I get back from a flight go straight to work and forget to call her, d ice drips all over. But Danice is my gal. ter a while she'll say, 'Mother, I think you ght to make up with daddy now.' And at's it."

Dottie said later, "Flying is Dan's life—d you just can't let yourself worry. But I ll want to *know* when he gets back safely. ostly, though, he's really considerate. He metimes tries to act tough, but he has a big d soft heart—anybody with a sad story can st tear him apart. I try never to let his work set me; for a good marriage, you have to able to give and take." She smiled. "But metimes I do think wives have to give and ke a little more."

Chappie always remembers Christmas, wedng anniversaries and Mother's Day, but constently forgets Dottie's birthday. ("Maybe 's being tactful," Dottie says.) For their st wedding anniversary he gave her a watch hich she wore for years, finally lost in a eater. Last anniversary he gave her another ne. As a parting gift before going off to orea, he brought her a handsome sapphire ring, set with pearls and diamonds. e cherishes the ring highly, but her very ost favorite of all the presents Chappie has ven her is the white leather coat with brilnt red lining which he picked out himself New Bedford.

Chappie is a gregarious person—"He likes eople, makes friends easily, likes to sing"—nd his squadron at Otis was a close-knit, iendly group. Social life ranged from inrmal drop-in visits to occasional formal parties at the club. Almost any Saturday night saw some form of party going on. "Our men work hard," says Dottie. "They need fun. We plan parties to give them a chance to relax, but almost all parties end up the same way—with the men off in one corner flying planes and the wives in another group. It happens everywhere."

For her own parties, Dottie likes to serve a buffet dinner centered around the family's favorite dish, creole gumbo, which Chappie's mother taught her to make. Sometimes for sit-down dinners she introduces Northern palates to a Southern menu of fried chicken and grits. She is an excellent cook who has mastered the knack of making simple dishes taste like something special.

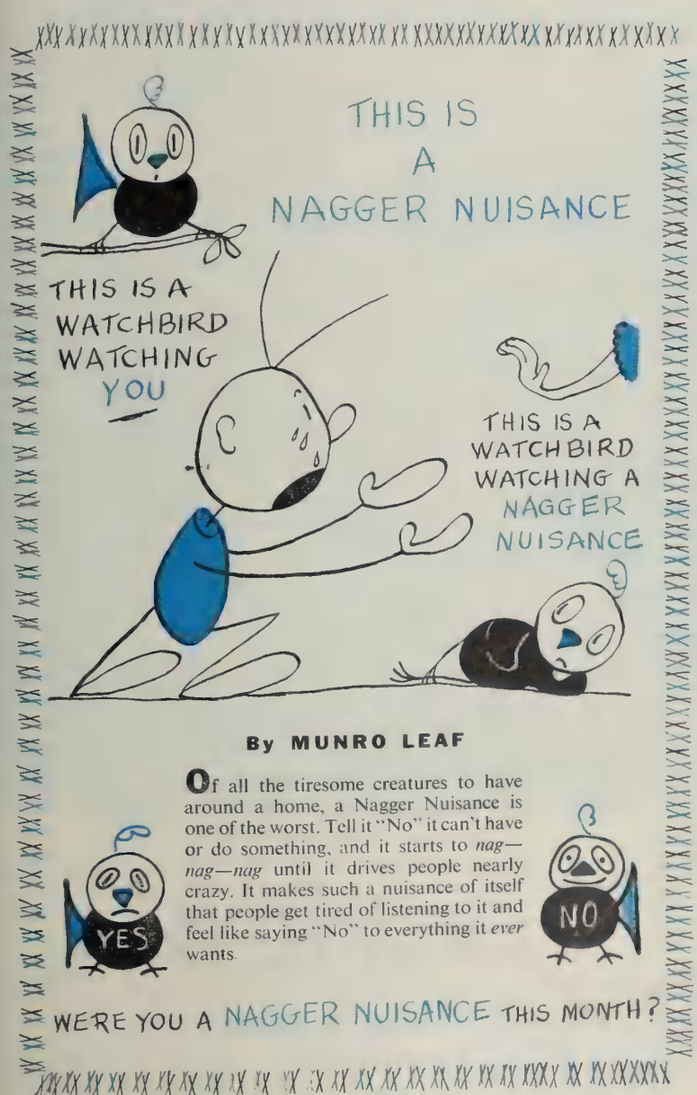
The advent of their third child at Otis was somewhat of a surprise—there's a gap of more than eight years between Spike and Spud. "It was wonderful!" Dottie recalls. "I'd had the other two alone, but this time Dan was there all the time, worrying and fussing over me. At the hospital he was so nervous that finally the doctor told him, 'Now, I don't tell you how to fly planes. And don't you try to tell me how to deliver babies.'

"I wanted another girl," Dottie continues, "but Dan had his heart set on a second boy. He told me, 'Get me a boy, honey, and I'll buy you a mink.' I haven't got it yet, though." At the moment the yellow roses which he brought her with a note, "You're the greatest!" seemed even more rewarding. She's doing pretty well for coats while she waits for the mink—in addition to the white leather one, she has a handsome red belted-back coat with Milium lining, a black wool fitted dress coat, and a muskrat cape which she wears for evening and with suits.

Spud's name, which he is never called, is Claude Andrew—Andrew for Dottie's father, Claude for Spud Taylor. The first Spud seems to have willed his disposition to his namesake. Little Spud is a laughing charmer, small imp and streak of lightning all rolled into one. On the Cape, whenever his mother turned her back for a minute and he could find the screen door unlocked, he would sneak out, dash down the outside stairway, and off to some remote section of the housing area. "He'd go over to the playground," Dottie says, "and eat sand." Spud laughs a lot. He races about the house, banking like a plane and going, "Boom, *boom*, BOOOOOOM!" He says, "Eye, nose, mouth," pointing to his own features. He sings constantly (on key), "Habby budday do you." It is doubtful if Spud has ever met a stranger.

Obedience seems to come naturally to the James children. They are not talked down to, but requests are made firmly and politely—and are obeyed. They are aware that their parents have high standards, for themselves and for their children, and they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157





because
no one has a way
with grapes
like



In his own small way, this child is showing he has taste . . . a taste for Welch's . . . lots of Welch's . . . all the Welch's he can get his little hands on.

But that's the way it is with fussy eaters and Welch's. They just can't seem to get enough of that extra *grapey* flavor they always find in Welch's spreads.

If your youngster is a fussy eater—and most kids are—watch what happens to that fussy appetite when you spread a sandwich thick with Welch's Grape Jelly . . . or, with wonderful Grapelade, Welch's *exclusive* grape jam.

On sandwiches—on biscuits—in omelettes—over pancakes—on desserts—or, on fingers, Welch's Grape Jelly and Grapelade are the most delicious treats your child can have

quick-Cooked corn is here

Our "Mr. 5 x 5" can *(it's as wide as it's tall) tells you this corn is vacuum packed. Every kernel stays crisp. You get as many servings as in taller liquid-packed cans. And you don't pour vitamins and minerals down the drain.*



You know how good cooks (and nutrition authorities) say to cook vegetables. *Quick*. So you keep the flavor, color, and nourishment.

Well, the Green Giant has now found a way to quick-cook his Niblets Brand corn.

The corn races through a new kind of pressure cooker on a mile-long spiral track. In almost as little time as it takes to tell, it's done.

The result is pretty wonderful. All the flavor and fun of a fresh roastin' ear. Only thing missing is the cob. New Niblets. Just heat, serve, and let yourself go.

Niblets Corn
BRAND
the quick-cooked corn

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota. Green Giant of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. "Niblets" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © GGCo.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155

hare those ideals. Spike mentioned that at chool this year a certificate was offered to ny child who read five books. It was clearly pparent that if any award was being given, pike felt he *had* to get it. "I didn't even know bout it until the last week of school," he aid, "and I had to read five books in a week!" pike wants to go to the Air Force Academy, neans to be a jet pilot—"the greatest, like ny dad." He evidently has never considered he possibility that there is anything else *to* e. At Otis, Danny tagged after his father to he line at every possible chance. "He *lived* lown at the hangar," Dottie says. "You'd be urprised how much Spike has taught me bout jets."

The two older children used to get an allow- nce of $1 each payday. Last winter, in an ffort to bolster Danny's interest in science nd arithmetic ("He needs them both in this echnological age, especially if he's going to e an airman"), Chappie instituted a system vhereby he would pay $3 for each A on a eport card and $1 for each B. For a C they ad to pay him $6. "They nearly broke me ip," he says with rueful pride. "The first nonth Danny had to fork over $12 for his cience and arithmetic, but after that he never nade another C. Danice made no C's and lmost all A's." Danice and Spike augment his easy money by baby-sitting, with Spud nd neighbors' children; they have generously given up their $1 allowances—they have plenty of money. They bought their own English bikes, and last spring Danice proudly bought ner first pair of shoes with heels—white pumps with minuscule heels—for $8.95. Danny s always saving for something, currently for a BB gun.

A lieutenant colonel with fourteen years in service, Chappie gets $925.08 per month, in- cluding flight pay, so the Jameses have no special financial problems. "But we've always managed on whatever we made," says Dottie. "That is, all except at Lockbourne. Chappie borrowed money from a finance company to buy furniture and we were *so* sorry! And he was club officer on the base there, and cashed a check that bounced. We had to make it up, and we just didn't know where to find the money. Daddy bailed us out of that one, and we've never borrowed a cent since then."

It was at Lockbourne, too, that they started the college fund for the children, to which Dottie adds almost every payday. She handles all the bills and the joint bank account—"It takes the bother off Chappie; and besides, my husband is so casual about money. It just leaves him. This way there's no strain except that sometimes he forgets to tell me about a check he's written, so my accounts don't balance."

The Jameses own two cars, a '52 Cadillac and a new red Thunderbird which is Chappie's pride. They considered two cars a necessity at Otis, since Chappie had to have immediate transportation always available in case of an alert. The Cadillac is paid for; they pay $85 per month on the Thunderbird. On the long move to Alabama they drove the two cars in tandem; Spud rode with Dottie in the Cadillac, and Spike and Danice took frequent turns with their father in the Thunderbird. "Keeping up with Chappie and keeping Spud happy was quite a job," Dottie says. "I was absolutely worn out when we reached Tuskegee around midnight. But there was daddy waiting up, with the most wonderful hot dinner all ready for us. He'd made corn muffins, and he had okra and corn on the cob, and pig ears. I never tasted anything so good!"

Dottie tries hard to see that the children don't feel their father's frequent absences too keenly. In Massachusetts, when Danice and Danny were not in school, she would drive them to nearby New Bedford to shop and go to the amusement park or the movies. Then they'd have dinner in a restaurant, with Dottie always ordering the sea food she loves. When Chappie was home he would take the whole family to baseball games—they're all fans—or they'd have a cookout, with Chappie expertly barbecuing the steaks. Now in Tuskegee on his rare evenings with his family, "we mostly just talk." Once Dottie has taken the children to the base to see their father. At home Grandfather Watkins does amiable duty as a substitute for Chappie; his expert machinist's hands know exactly what an ailing bicycle needs.

Although the Jameses adapt themselves to life wherever Air Force duty takes them, they cherish a special fondness for Massachusetts. They are honorary citizens of North Falmouth; would like, someday, to build a home there when Chappie retires. (That won't be for a long time. Chappie hopes to "stay for thirty.") Dottie dreams of a modern ranch-style house, with no steps, no upstairs, spacious big rooms and loads of big closets—"We're all so *big!* And I'd like a nice big basement with a big playroom. But I honestly can't imagine living in one place and never having to move again!"

"Oh, no," she answered quickly a query about special hobbies. "I read when I have the time. But I have no talent. It's Dan and the children who do the things. I just take care of them."

The Jameses were spending Christmas, 1955, with Chappie's family in Pensacola when the news arrived announcing Chappie's promotion to lieutenant colonel.

Everyone was surprised and excited but Dottie; Chappie says, "I couldn't figure her. She just said, 'I'm glad, dear,' and went about her business."

Let down, he trailed after her to find out why she wasn't more enthusiastic.

"I *am* happy, Dan," she told him, "but not surprised. I've been expecting this for ages. I just wonder what took them so long, that's all."

It is this unflagging faith in her husband that makes him reiterate his son's statement: "Dottie? She's the greatest!"

Just before saying good night, he said quietly, "Every day I thank God for Dottie; you write that. Thank God for Dottie!"

NEXT MONTH

"I'm enclosing my own story, which could be labeled the case of the drudge. . . . I am still having fun despite the fact that now I am that other woman the sociologists are worrying over, the one with the 'empty nest.'"

■ On a ranch in Brownlee, Nebraska, Grace Lee and husband Forrest faced poverty, blizzards and sandstorms with four small daughters in "God's Own Cow Country"—a land that was wonderful for men but rough on horses and women. When you pumped water, fought snakes, cooked for nineteen people, and walked six miles for the mail for a "night out," you had to be able to say—to stay:

THE RANCH IS WHERE MY HEART IS

By LAURA DATE

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the March JOURNAL

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

I suggested he return west with us for a three weeks' visit. Kyle and I rode tourist class and I used the savings to pay his fare. Although my father-in-law had just sold the home place for a fair price, he didn't offer to buy his own ticket, and he didn't stay with us three weeks. He stayed six months.

"During that time my father-in-law had trouble with his teeth. I arranged for a dentist to make a denture for him; I was allowed a courtesy rate and the five-hundred-dollar denture was billed at three hundred dollars. My father-in-law was delighted with his new teeth, but refused to pay for them, and my husband also refused. In order to maintain my reputation at the hospital, I entered Kyle in a nursery boarding school, took on a twenty-four-hour private case and finally, after several weeks, I paid the dentist in full. Nils said I was a chump for letting his dad get the best of me; his father said I was foolish not to let the dentist whistle for his money.

"I just can't understand people like Nils and his father. People who take and won't give, except for show. Nils has turned Christmas, once my favorite holiday, into a nightmare by howling over the gifts I buy with my own earnings for my family. He ignores the fact they always send him and me and Kyle fine presents. He thinks Christmas is a ridiculous money trap and that my devotion to my family is sentimental slop.

"I met Nils through his older sister; she was my hospital supervisor in Baltimore and she frequently spoke about her kid brother who was a B-seventeen tail gunner overseas. When Aline wrote to him I would sometimes add a gag postscript. And when he came back I was attracted by his good looks and his uniform. I even liked the fact he talked very little. I didn't know the time would come when I would deliberately smash a plate and scream at him to say something, say anything to me. During our courtship his kisses were hurried, awkward and rare. Perhaps I should have known then he wasn't really affectionate. Sex is all that interests him. And sex without tenderness has very little appeal to me.

"I thought marriage would change Nils, that he would become gentle and sweet, less silent, more enthusiastic and demonstrative. We have now been married ten years, and he hasn't changed a particle. Weeks go by when he doesn't kiss me. I've got some spirit too. If Nils won't kiss me, I can't see why I should share his bed. When we moved into our new house, I moved into a separate bedroom.

"Nils is a hero among the people he works with. Despite his manhandling of our finances—he paid eight hundred dollars for the landscaping of our grounds to impress the neighbors, but we do not have a living-room sofa for them to sit on—he is a wizard at talking other people into budgets and persuading them to settle accounts his company has labeled uncollectible. Everybody says his rapid rise is due to his understanding of human nature. All day long he listens sympathetically to strangers' tales of woe. He won't listen to me for three minutes.

"He is fantastically closemouthed, even in matters most men would boast about. Not long ago, going through an old suitcase, I discovered he had been decorated several times for bravery in World War Two. This was something he never mentioned. When I asked him where his medals were, he just shrugged his shoulders.

"Twice in two years he has taken Kyle to the circus without me. He seems to think it unmanly to share any type recreation with a wife. Many evenings he arrives home late, mumbling he's been held up at his office. At times this may be true. Other evenings I'm sure he goes to some movie he wants to see. He attends night football games and wrestling matches without me. On Saturdays he bowls in city-wide competitions; I've never been invited to watch him.

"Nils and I have practically no friends. Nils is anything but helpful. Last Saturday our nearest neighbors dropped in. When Nils stalked outside and began to clip a hedge that required no clipping, our neighbors took the hint and left. Sometimes his behavior is just the opposite. On two occasions he virtually forced money on acquaintances who didn't ask for loans and plainly had no way of repaying them. Then he got furious with me when I asked why he didn't apply his public business judgments to our private affairs.

"I know I complain of Nils too much and start too many fights. I used to be even-tempered, but it has become almost impossible for me to control myself. Nils' indifference to anything I say or do makes me feel as though I were married to a man of wood. I fly off the handle at trifles. I nag and scold, but I never reach him.

"Before we adopted our son, we had all sorts of medical tests to determine the cause of our inability to have children. Neither of us appears to be sterile. Perhaps our genes aren't mutually compatible.

"I had hopes our adopting Kyle would draw us closer together. My hopes weren't fulfilled. A strange thing is that Nils objected vigorously to adopting a baby—he declared it was absurd to support somebody else's child—but he has turned into as soft a father as I've ever seen. Too soft, in fact. Our small boy seems to be the only human being in the world Nils is capable of loving. He spoils Kyle. Our son is three years and seven months old and still isn't toilet-trained because Nils read a book about the danger of repressing children and won't let me train him.

"I feel a special obligation to provide Kyle with a normal home and not to rob him of his father. But right now I doubt that Nils and I can create a normal home. Although Kyle is very young, I think he already senses our disharmony. Nils confuses me and I suppose I confuse him. Possibly if he and I could understand each other we could hold our home together for the sake of our child."

Nils tells his side:

"Patsy's foolishness is the main thing wrong," said thirty-six-year-old Nils. Slim-hipped, blond-browed, his lake-blue eyes steadily refused to meet the counselor's. "My wife's tiresome chatter on romance and the ideal marriage puts me in mind of a disk jockey. After ten years, it seems to me she should be willing for us to act like a settled couple instead of a pair of moon-struck teenagers. But Patsy is Irish—my family is Scandinavian—and, boy, do the Irish go in for fireworks! They're either crying or laughing and they're always celebrating some darn thing or the other. Believe it or not, a week ago Patsy had to rush out and buy a gift because a nephew of hers was graduating from a Baltimore junior-high school. It was May before we paid the last of the Christmas bills for stuff her family didn't need. She sent her mother a sewing machine when she could use a sewing machine herself to make nice clothes for Kyle.

"In my family Christmas was strictly reserved for kids, and my father saw to it the twelve of us were promoted to adulthood very early. Before the depression he owned a machine shop, employed a dozen men, and felt like a big shot. Then everything fell apart and he fell apart too. Our next-door neighbor rustled around and took any odd job available to feed his family. Not my dad. When people came to our house to offer him day work, he would lie in bed and holler at my mother, 'Tell them I'm not here.'

"Pretty soon we were on relief. In a big family somebody is always caught in the middle and that's where I was. I guess my mother did her best. But at times I would feel kind of desperate trying to get her to take notice of me in some special way. What way didn't matter.

"Once I stole a bicycle. When I rode the bike home my mother was in the back yard. Finally she noticed me riding up and down, and asked where the bicycle had come from. I told her my friend, Billy, had given it to me—a thing she could have known wasn't true. I had no friend named Billy, and boys don't give away good bicycles. 'Oh, that was nice of Billy,' my mother said, and went on hanging up the wash. What I wanted from her was a lecture on honesty, or even a beating. To me it seemed she didn't care if I was a thief or not.

"When I started to high school I carried a morning paper route and the ten dollars a

month I earned was contributed to the family. My allowance was ten cents a week. We were living in the Pennsylvania coal country, and we kids were supposed to put in late afternoons along the railroad tracks picking up the anthracite that dropped off the coal cars. I was a good athlete and was determined to be a professional baseball player. I stayed after school for practice, and this kept me in constant hot water with the family.

"In my junior year, in a three-state track meet, I broke a broad-jump record which had stood for seventeen years. I got praise from the coach and was interviewed by the newspaper. I was awarded a little silver cup and carried it home to my mother. She looked at the cup and said, 'You should have been picking coal this afternoon. My stove is empty.'

"I didn't finish high school. It was a relief to join the Civilian Conservation Corps and to eat three square meals a day and wear a good pair of shoes. I kept eight dollars of my earnings every month, and that was wonderful. Twenty-two dollars was sent home. Only my sister Aline ever thanked me. For some reason she acted fond of me.

"My gang and I were shipped to New Mexico, where we cleared and made all the trails around the Carlsbad Caverns. There was one handicap to the CCC. After a six months' hitch you had to get out so other guys could join up and get the three square meals a day. I liked the West and I wanted to stay.

"My buddy and I worked out an angle. We lifted our service records from the filing room in New Mexico and rode the rods to Oregon. We joined the CCC there and spent six months clearing the forests around Mount Hood. In the middle of our third hitch—we were then near San Francisco—the CCC caught up with us and we were done.

"I enlisted in the Army Air Forces and was with them six years. I was based in England when I flew my first combat mission. I flew my last mission out in the Pacific theater after the European war was over. At long last I came home on a furlough. I had been gone about eight years. When I walked in the door, my mother said 'Hello.' She didn't even pat me on the shoulder. I decided to cut my furlough short.

"When I met Patsy I was stationed near Washington, D.C., waiting for my discharge. One afternoon Aline telephoned and said she was coming to Washington and bringing Patsy along; I was to meet them at the station. I was annoyed and nervous. I knew Aline thought it was high time I became acquainted with some nice girl and got married. I wasn't sure I'd know how to act with a nice girl.

"The only type girls I knew were the kind who let you stay all night. In fact, my buddy, Sam, and I already had dates for the evening with a couple of that type. I telephoned them to expect us late and notified Sam he was elected to be my sister's dinner escort.

"More to please my sister than Patsy, I picked a super restaurant. My wife has a high regard for herself, but I can tell you on that particular date Patsy was a dud. She was outraged by a joke Sam told and said so. She refused me a good-night kiss after I'd spent at least thirty dollars on her. At that point I blew up and informed Patsy I was acquainted with a hundred girls who were better looking and better company than she was. I exaggerated, of course. Patsy blew up too. She called me an egotistical buffoon and wondered out loud how Aline could possibly have a brother as crude and ignorant as I was.

"I'd known a lot of women and I'd heard a lot of sweet speeches. I'd always had the feeling women were trying to take me in. Thinking about Patsy, I realized that for the first time I knew where I stood with a girl, knew what the girl really thought of me. Patsy's honesty wasn't flattering, but I found a comfort in it, after admitting to myself I probably deserved some of her harsh remarks.

"Three months later my sister wrote that Patsy planned to spend her vacation in Washington, D.C. Although I didn't hear from Patsy directly, it struck me there were other places she could have vacationed, that maybe she didn't downright hate me and it might be safe to call her. We had a fine time those two weeks. Patsy used to be fun. In those days she wasn't a nagger and out to manage my affairs in every particular.

"The same afternoon I got my discharge from the Air Corps I paid a hundred-dollar deposit on a seven-hundred-dollar diamond and took the train to Baltimore to ask Patsy to marry me. I found her whole family, none of whom I had met, celebrating her father's fiftieth birthday. Easily a hundred people were boiling in and out of the house when I pulled Patsy out into the yard and proposed. She accepted me and dashed back inside the house before I could stop her and announced our engagement to the crowd. My back was pounded black and blue by people congratulating me. Then an uncle of Patsy's, who owns a jewelry store, offered to provide us with an engagement ring at wholesale. Patsy threw her arms around her uncle and made me thank him for his generosity, while in my pocket was the ring I had bought for her.

"WHO WILL TIE YOUR SHOE?"

—Folk song.

BY ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Oh, who will tie your shoe
And smooth your pretty hair
And who will love you as I do
If I'm not there?

Who'll crisp your yellow bow,
Who'll bleach your small shirt white,
And who will temper winds that blow
Over you at night?

You need wild berries for your dish,
New milk for your bowl;
Oh, who will know your smallest wish
And make it bright and whole?

I walk with caution through the land,
Alert in all I do,
For who would warm your little hand
And who would tie your shoe?

"Next day we picked out a diamond at her uncle's store. It wasn't exactly a bargain. I returned the ring I'd bought, but I didn't get back my hundred dollars. I saw no reason to go into lengthy explanations or to start an argument. I dislike arguments. A talking woman tires me, and that's the truth. Jabber, jabber, jabber is Patsy's way. On my job I listen to people talk eight hours daily and when evening comes I'm in the mood to rest my ears.

"My family didn't chatter and spread goose grease all the time, as Patsy and her folks do. Frankly, I consider my wife's family insincere. Originally I believed my in-laws were fond of me. But I quickly got the feeling they were teaming up with her against me. I felt we needed to move far away from them, and fast.

"Patsy and I have prospered in California, but she yearns for Baltimore and runs back there every year. She prefers her blood kin to me and our son. The truth is she cares nothing for me. She left my bed on the pretext I didn't kiss her often enough. Hugging and kissing are for kids. I just can't see myself holding hands with a woman I'm married to. The mere idea makes me feel—well—uncomfortable, foolish. I never saw my father kiss my mother.

"Nor can I feature myself allowing a woman to lead me around by the nose. Patsy still complains about four suits I bought four years ago. I still wear them. The most expensive was priced at a hundred and seventy-five dollars, two of them were only sixty dollars. I like good clothes. I was twenty-five years old before I owned a regular suit of clothes. Up until then I wore blue jeans or Government-issue uniforms. I shot my wad on my first suit—it cost three hundred and fifty dollars, and to me it was worth the price. But I was a bachelor then. Bachelors don't know how well off they are.

"Patsy complains that our landscaping costs too much—as a boy picking coal I used to think of someday owning a yard full of flowering plants—and that our furniture is too scanty. If she wants fine furniture to impress the neighbors, why doesn't she buy and pay for it? She wasted enough money on my father to buy a sofa, although he never lifted a finger to help me. I had no interest in entertaining him and I don't care to get involved in entertaining the neighbors. I've been stung by so-called friends too often.

"Patsy clamors constantly for me to take her to the movies. I doubt my mother ever saw a movie in her life. She stayed home and kept house and cooked and tended her kids.

"Adopting Kyle was Patsy's idea, not mine, but his welfare now means more to me than it does to her. I'm determined our boy shall have a better break than I had. He needs and deserves two parents. For Kyle's sake, I think Patsy should behave herself, forget Baltimore and start acting like a good mother and a good wife."

The marriage counselor says:

"Patsy and Nils needed to understand each other in terms of their dissimilar backgrounds, their past experience and, for that matter, their national origins. Ordinarily, generalities cataloguing national characteristics are meaningless. But Patsy was almost a stereotype of the warmhearted, quick-tempered Irish colleen. And Nils, with his repressions and abnormal reticences, could well have been described as a 'melancholy Dane.'

"In childhood, Nils fought hard to win individual praise and attention, but was lost in the traffic jam of youngsters in the household. His spontaneous loving feelings, like his natural yearning for personal recognition, were crushed by the fierce competition offered by seven brothers and four sisters. Similarly, I suspect, the loving feelings of his overburdened parents may have been buried under the weight of financial failure and poverty.

"Except for his much older sister Aline, Nils had no special comrade, no sponsor. Intelligent and ambitious, he learned to repress rigidly his inner feelings, to keep his mouth shut about his private triumphs, disappointments, inner thoughts. He became a lone wolf, a typical dyed-in-the-wool bachelor.

"Patsy had no conception of the kind of man she was marrying. Dazzled by Nils' good looks and his intelligence, obvious despite his lack of formal education, she yielded to romantic imaginings. Unrealistically, she pictured her reserved, quiet fiancé as quickly making the necessary personality changes and assuming an important role in her gregarious, noisy, emotional family.

"Nils balked. He was accustomed to writing off generosity as a sign of weakness; undue exuberance made him uneasy; he was very likely to interpret an impulsive compliment as calculated flattery. As a general rule, he reacted to other people with mistrust. Occasionally, however, his deeply buried natural warmth would burst through and he then attempted to buy a friend by favor or with a money loan. This maneuver is common among young children who say, in effect, to another child, 'I will lend you this toy and then you will *have* to like me.' When Nils' friendship-buying attempts proved abortive, he decided that he and Patsy could dispense with neighborly social friendships.

"After a ten-year marriage Nils remained, essentially, a bachelor. His marriage and home were distinctly secondary with him. Long practiced in repressing affection, he was inclined to be extremely wary of affection expressed by others. Only with his small son, too young to represent a threat, was Nils able to be relaxed and warm, to be . . . himself.

"To him, marriage was designed to provide a man with a place to hang his hat, was supposed to satisfy his physical needs, but meant little else. He expected to find his comradeship and fun among other men. Nils wasn't a basically cold personality, he was merely thwarted. His work, which fascinated him, offered a fine outlet for these thwarted feelings. The sympathetic hearing he gave every prospective borrower, the key of his success, was truly representative of his nature.

"Both Patsy and Nils were interested in preserving their marriage. In only three conferences they perceived the causes of their marital conflict and both were able to effect alterations in their habits and themselves.

"Patsy wasn't entirely guiltless. She was headstrong. It wasn't very bright of her to encumber herself with her father-in-law, when she knew how her husband disliked his parent. She was endeavoring to enforce a pattern familiar and dear to her—everybody adored Patsy's father—upon people with a completely different tradition.

"To relieve her personal frustration, Patsy tried to shove around a man who resented and did not respond to feminine prodding. She allowed herself to fall into whining and nagging; she mourned the beauties of Baltimore while overlooking the beauties of California. Some of the gifts Patsy was showering on her family were too extravagant for their income, just as Nils' clothing bills were too high. Patsy and Nils have curbed their extravagance to some degree. Both are capable of commanding good salaries. Wastefulness was less a problem with them than their criticalness of each other's purchases.

"Patsy and Nils had got off to a poor start together. In their first important year of marriage, Patsy nursed on the night shift and Nils continued on his merry bachelor ways. In the evenings he coached a basketball team, went bowling with his buddies, whiled away pleasant hours at a Y.M.C.A. swimming pool. It did not occur to him that his wife was entitled to diversion, and in his company. On Patsy's free evenings he did not suggest that the two of them share some amusement. She was too proud to protest in her honeymoon days. Later, she protested too much.

"The years Nils spent almost exclusively in a masculine society had shut him off from gaining any worth-while knowledge of women. Ignorant of the nature of femininity, he was unacquainted with the ways of tenderness, and the deep joy to be found in a satisfying sexual relationship. When he recognized the reasons he had found it difficult to show his love for Patsy by small outward signs of affection, he became able to change. Admitting his wife's need for recreation and variety, he dropped some of his sessions with the boys and discovered that domesticity can be pleasant.

"For Patsy changed too. To her a good-by and a hello kiss, a warm handclasp were all-important. She returned to the double bed she had never really desired to leave. Her quarreling and nagging were silenced. As Patsy talked less, Nils talked more and discovered that conversations held with women aren't necessarily tedious. One day, sheepishly, he actually quoted Patsy to me.

"The last time I heard from Patsy and Nils was six months ago. She called to notify me they had adopted a baby girl and that Nils was as doting of little Clara as of Kyle. And then Patsy told me something that touched and amused me. In our original interview Nils brusquely said to me, 'Please don't try buttering me up. Nothing I've ever won has been worth anything.' According to Patsy, he is now a changed character indeed. Not long before, so she said, Nils went to considerable trouble to collect the scattered ribbons and decorations he had acquired in World War Two. The medals Nils was ashamed to discuss even with his wife, for fear of seeming boastful and mawkish, are now on display in the family game room, because he wants his children to be proud of their father. Both Patsy and I were pleased. We both knew that Nils now isn't ashamed to show and express his feelings. He admits he is human."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



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When You Sho For Food

Main dishes with a Southern accent

Here are five of my most successful recipes—the family sings their praises and my guests ask for the recipes.

By DOROTHY JAMES


DI PIETRO

Cooking a gumbo is a Creole a
It can't be hurrie

"Watch your weight" has become such a credo in the Air Force that when I entertain our friends I gear my cooking to dieters. I am amused by people who come to dinner and have never had *real* Southern cooking. The discovery that it need not add extra calories so surprises and delights them that they want my recipes. These recipes in themselves are not really true diet food—even though they are low in fat. The secret is keeping the calories for the whole meal low, and this is done by carefully choosing foods in the rest of the menu. My pet party menu usually includes simple hors d'oeuvres served in the living room. The rest of the meal I serve buffet style—okra gumbo, a crisp green salad, French bread, relishes, a light dessert (possibly ice cream for those who can indulge) and coffee.

Okra gumbo: Buy 2 pounds of either stewing beef or veal cut into 1″ cubes. Put in a heavy kettle or Dutch oven along with 2 cups water, 2 cups chopped onion, ¾ cup chopped green pepper, ¾ cup chopped celery, 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons gumbo filé, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon basil, ½ teaspoon *orégano*, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a dash of crushed red-pepper flakes. Gumbo filé is innate to gumbo as far as Southern cooks are concerned, but it is not generally available in the North. It may be omitted, in which case add a little more red pepper and herbs. Simmer, covered, for 1 hour. Separate the meat from the broth and set both aside. Make a brown roux wit ¼ cup flour and ¼ cup bacon dri pings. Add the broth, 4 fresh tomatoe peeled and quartered, and 1 cup tomat sauce. Cover and cook until the sauce well blended. Then add the meat, cov again, and simmer gently about 4 minutes longer. Stir occasionally to pr vent sticking. Wash and trim 1 pounds fresh okra. Then cut into ½ pieces—there will be about 3 cup (You can use two 10-ounce package of frozen okra.) Add to the gumbo an cook another 20–30 minutes, or unt the okra is tender. Serve with ric Makes 6 servings.

Down along the Gulf Coast wher Chappie grew up, red snapper is th choice fish. We like it best baked whol with a delicious lemony rice stuffing Red snapper isn't easily come by i other parts of the country. Fillet o flounder with the same stuffing is superb

Lemon-stuffed flounder: Toss togethe until well mixed 2 cups cooked ric 3 tablespoons melted butter or mar



STUART

okra gumbo accompanied by parsley rice natural for a buffet meal.

ne, 1 slightly beaten egg and 2 espoons chopped onion which has n sautéed until golden brown in a e butter or margarine. Season with juice of half a lemon, 1 teaspoon salt a dash of pepper. Use two large ts of flounder, each weighing about unds. Place one in a buttered bak- dish. Spoon the lemon-rice stuffing top and cover with the other fillet. ou like, hold the top fillet in place toothpicks. Bake in a moderately oven, 375° F., for 25–30 minutes. te often while baking with a mixture ¼ cup melted butter or margarine 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Makes rvings.

"We'll be there in fifteen minutes, it's for dinner?" dish is

per steak: Cut 1 flank steak into strips, crosswise (against the grain the meat). Sauté the beef strips kly in 3 tablespoons very hot bacon pings until lightly browned. Re- ve from the pan and discard the pings. To the same pan add 1 cup er and 3 peeled and quartered h tomatoes. Season with ¼ cup soy ce, ¼ teaspoon sugar and a dash pepper. Thicken with 1 tablespoon nstarch which has been blended h ¼ cup cold water until smooth. mmer, covered, for about 10 min- s, or until the tomatoes are tender the flavors are blended. Add 1 cup rsely cut green peppers. Cook just il they lose their crispness. Add the wned meat and heat only a minute two. Longer cooking would make beef tough. Serve immediately with e. Makes 6 servings.

wn South we stuff our chickens for sting with a well-seasoned corn- ad stuffing instead of regular bread. eat corn bread at practically every al, so it's always on hand. Chappie s this dish is "the most."

Roast capon with corn-bread stuffing: Mix 2 cups unsweetened corn-bread crumbs with ½ cup diced celery, ¼ cup melted butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning and a dash of pepper. (We don't add sugar to corn bread in the South, so if sugar is included in your pet recipe, omit it for this stuffing. Sweetened corn-bread crumbs just wouldn't make a good stuffing.) Beat 1 egg slightly and add to the crumbs, mixing lightly with a fork. Add ½ cup coarsely chopped well-drained oysters. Rub the cavity of a 4–5-pound capon with salt and pepper. Stuff and truss. Roast, uncovered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1¼ hours, or until the bird is tender. Makes 6 servings. We don't serve gravy, but it is easily made from the drippings.

We Southerners have our special ways with crab meat. Mine is a fluffy crab soufflé—made savory with a little cheese and a whisper of nutmeg.

Crab soufflé: Make a cheese sauce by melting ¼ cup butter or margarine in the top of a double boiler. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour, then 1 cup milk, and continue cooking until the sauce is thickened. Beat 3 egg yolks slightly. Gradually add the hot sauce to them. Return to double boiler. Continue cooking until the sauce is thickened again. Add ¼ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese along with 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of nutmeg and one of cayenne. Heat only until the cheese is melted. Remove from the heat and add ¾ cup well-boned shredded Japanese canned crab meat. Gently fold the hot mixture into 3 stiffly beaten egg whites, a little at a time. Pour into a well-greased 1-quart casserole and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for 20–25 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings. END

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Combine 4 tablespoons Pream with 2 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon salt in sauce pan. Add 1 cup water; cook and stir until mixture boils and is thickened. Add 1 tablespoon butter and blend. Makes 1 cup medium white sauce.



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PREAM

THE DECEPTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

cars he leaned back, clapped her on the thigh and said, "You feel good."

She blushed.

"You look good too," he said. "Is that the new coat?"

"I suppose I was extravagant," she said. "I really needed it for my job, Nick. I wonder how some of the other women manage."

"Maybe they're not paying off any houses," he told her.

"But you're glad about the house. You wouldn't call that an extravagance, would you, even though it is too big for us?"

"No more extravagant than the boat, or the dues at the yacht club," he said. "There are two of us working. And what do we have to save our money for?"

That was the first stab; she felt it only slightly, forgot it almost at once.

Otherwise, everything was as she'd hoped. It didn't snow until after dinner, the house was extravagantly bright and warm, and Hilda always cooked as if for a prodigal unless expressly restrained. They carried their coffee into the living room, and Nick touched a match to the fire that had been laid and they stretched out in front of it.

"Too bad we don't come out more often in the winter," he said.

"Wait until we retire," she said.

"You'll never retire," he said. "You'll be sitting in Bud Fiske's chair before that."

"And what would I do if I retired? Play canasta, attend afternoon meetings?"

He was silent, and she wondered if he were keeping back an answer, if she had been too belligerent. She sat up and poured herself some more coffee. The telephone rang; Hilda answered it, her steps approached the living room.

"Mrs. Porter wants to speak to either one of you," Hilda said.

"I'll get it," Kate said and went to the phone. "Hi, Joan," she said. "Happy New Year."

"That's what I called about," Joan Porter said. "We saw your lights, and suspected you had come home to Eastport for a change. If you're not doing anything more exciting, would you like to join us? The Greggs will be over later too."

She hesitated. "I'll ask Nick."

She paused in the living-room doorway, watching him lying on his back, his head turned toward the fire; she said tentatively, "Care to drop in at the Porters and say Happy New Year?"

He sat up at once. "Why not?"

She felt unreasonably bothered by his alacrity.

The snow was coming down thickly and quietly when they went out, Nick carrying a bottle of champagne for the Porters. In the few hundred yards between their houses their coats were furred with snow. They stood on the porch to take off their overshoes, to shake their coats. Had he been too anxious to come to the Porters', had it been too quiet and too lonely in their big house on a holiday night, a quietness and loneliness they had no time for in their tiny Manhattan apartment?

The Porters had turned out the living-room lights so that they all sat within the bright, warm radius of the fireplace. She heard Nick's voice "—— never get to spend a quiet New Year like this, away from New York. It's quite a change." Was that what had happened, did their busy life insulate them from thought, from the realization that there were just the two of them? Was that what had confronted them tonight, making Nick leave gladly his pleasant fire in his own pleasant house for people they barely knew?

Sam Porter was saying, "—— about as much excitement as we allow ourselves, with baby-sitting costing what it does, and living all the way out here."

"That reminds me," Joan said suddenly. "Sam, you promised Mark you'd wake him up at midnight."

"I didn't forget," her husband said, looking at his watch. "You get the glasses and the champagne. I'll get Mark."

He came down the steps in a few minutes carrying his three-year-old son high on his shoulder. Mark's face was reddened with sleep, his bathrobe was bunched up around his middle because Sam had put it on in haste. Sam put him down in front of the fire and then left to help his wife with the tray. He had wrapped the neck of the bottle professionally with a napkin, and now he made a show of turning the corkscrew.

"Now hear this," he said, grinning at his son watching him. "This is one of the characteristic sounds of the New Year." He pulled out the cork with a satisfactory pop, and began to fill the glasses.

"How about that?" Nick said in a low voice to Mark. Mark came over to him and peered into the glass that he held; he blinked at the hissing bubbles. "Can he have a taste?" Nick asked Joan.

"Just let him wet his lips," she said.

Bells rang out suddenly, in the distance, from the town. A fire siren blew, and then another, from another direction, both far enough away not to be unpleasant.

"Happy New Year," Nick said gravely to Mark. "Have a drink."

Sam was kissing his wife, the Greggs were kissing. Nick leaned over to kiss Kate heartily on the mouth. "And many others," she whispered.

Nick picked up Mark and carried him over to the window. He pulled up the blind, and she heard him say, "It's snowing, which makes it a perfect New Year. Look at that. Isn't that something!"

The sirens started from another village. "It's a fire," Mark cried, listening rigidly. "That's the fire siren!"

"Not tonight," Nick answered. "Tonight it means this is the very beginning of a new year, the very first minutes of it."

She sipped her champagne, feeling lonely even here.

The bells rang a while longer, the fire sirens finally died away in a last mournful blast, there were only a single glass and part of a second all around in the bottle, and both the Porters and the Greggs had small children and would be up early tomorrow, so in a little while they all said good night.

Nick and Kate walked back in the snow to their house. They stood outside a few minutes without speaking; then he said, "What's the matter, Kate?"

She took a breath. "Nothing."

"Come on."

"I was thinking," she said. "Nothing monumental or original, only that holidays are a time for children."

He made a noncommittal sound.

"Don't you feel that way? It's different other times of the year. You hardly have a chance to think of them," she said, staring up into his face.

His face was noncommittal too.

"Didn't you envy the Porters tonight?" she said tightly. "Didn't our house seem . . . purposeless?"

He put his arm around her and walked her into the house. She waited for his answer while they hung up their wet coats, while he broke up the last embers in the fireplace. "Aren't you going to answer me?" she said, her voice a little high.

"I don't envy any man," he said, and took her in his arms.

That eased her for a while; then she broke away. "Are you being completely honest?"

"Wouldn't know how," he said.

"Nick! I mean it!"

"Mean what?"

"Maybe we ought to adopt a baby."

He said a little wearily, "Is this the time to talk about it?"

"By tomorrow I might forget."

"Forget what?"

She said in a low voice, "The way you looked with Mark."

He sat down and pulled her onto his knee; his face was abstracted, as if he were thinking of something else. Suddenly as she looked at him all her vague feelings of doubt, all the little stabs of the day, coalesced and became clear and significant. He hadn't wanted to tell her; he had been afraid he might hurt her and so he had just kept it to himself. She whispered, "I've been such a fool, not to have guessed it before. Such a fool!"

"Listen to me, Kate," he said. "Of course I wanted children. I didn't have to come right out and tell you, did I? But we had that bad luck, and we couldn't have them, and we've learned to live without them."

"Have we?"

"Have you?"

"It's different for me," she said instantly.

"Why?"

"I had to face the fact five years ago. I had to realize I couldn't have a baby, and I had to do something about it fast, or I couldn't bear it. And luckily I could go back to a good job, one that didn't leave any time to think about children, let alone need them. It's not the same thing at all for you."

"Look," he said, "I don't want you adopting any children for *my* sake, because you think *I* need them. I don't need them any more than you do. Let's go to bed, Kate. I spent most of last night in the plane's lounge, and I'm bushed. That's my last word on the subject for tonight."

What was wrong about adopting a child for your husband's sake? she thought later as she lay awake. You did many things for each other because you loved each other. She flung herself to one side, restless. Everything had subtly changed. She was not the same Kate who had blithely readied the house for Nick's return;



"Why didn't you tell me you had all these smart clothes stuck away in that old trunk!"

there was a crack in the smooth finish of th lives, she felt unsure, she felt disturbed, s was hurt, she wanted to cry. *Since I've depriv him of children of his own, the very least I c do is adopt one.*

She flung herself to the other side, and stirred, and muttered, "Go to sleep."

"Nick, I'm writing a letter to the agency the morning."

"Go to sleep, sweetheart," he muttered.

She did write a letter to the agency in t morning, defiantly, reddening when he ca in from outside and read it over her should

He said, "Are you really going through wi this?"

"I've been stupid, and selfish. I want make it up to you."

"Kate, you have nothing to make up to me he said violently. "Are you going to thro over a satisfactory arrangement just becau I showed the Porter kid what snow look like on New Year's Eve?"

"Yes," she said.

"I resent it," he said. "I don't want y making any sacrifices for me." He walked o throwing the last words over his shoulder.

She ran after him and made him stop. "W should you resent it? Can't I do what I kn will make you happy?"

"Not in this case. There's a child's happ ness involved. If you take a decisive step li this you have to *want* to. Otherwise, co sciously or unconsciously, every time an thing goes wrong, or you're upset, or d appointed, you're going to blame that chi What kind of favor do you do a kid with th attitude?" He disengaged her arm and we on outside.

She stared after him for a while, and th she slowly went back to the desk and rere her letter. "We can't have children of our ow and since we long so much to have a chil can you help us?" She thought, *If I had writt this letter five years ago it would have been t truth. But after the miscarriage, after I realiz there was nothing I or anyone else could about it, I had to make myself learn not to lo for a baby. And I did learn. The job helped, a I gave it everything I had, and I was good at and they pushed me up fast so that now it's goo and rewarding work. I love Nick, I love o life, I've made my adjustments. I'm thirty-fou I'm not sure but that I'm too old to chan again. I don't "long" any more to have a bab but I want to give Nick what he wants. If I we ever to say that in my letter* —— She stared it a little grimly. *Smack into an agency wast basket is where that kind of letter would lan.* She signed the letter swiftly, sealed and a dressed it.

There was no reply for a month. And the a letter came, signed by an Edith Brand; said that the agency had received their lett and would file their request as of the date ser but that there were so many applications th no definite appointment could be made f them at this time.

She showed the letter to Nick. He said, "I sure you can wait."

As a matter of fact, she could. They we winding up their spring season and Marc Avante himself was expected over from Par to give the line an added fillip of publicity, an she was late for dinner nearly every night an there was no time even to have her hair do and she was grateful for Sunday when sh could relax in the apartment and she didn even want to drive out to Eastport. She pra tically never thought about the agency. Wh would Bud Fiske, who was head of the Ne York house of Marcel Avante, think if h even suspected she was considering a baby His tower of strength, his dynamo of energ his righthand man—why, she'd be too terrifie even to tell him! He would split with laught before he withered her with reproach!

In the middle of February another lett came fixing an appointment. She thrust into her handbag and called Nick.

As casually as she could, she said, "Wha are you doing on Wednesday at ten-thirty i the morning?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

...e as I'm doing right now," he said.
...s up?"
... know," she said.
... was a pause. "Who could mistake
...ical coyness?" he said. "I'm not sure
...ake Wednesday. I'll have to see."
... know you can make it. Stop kidding
..."
... a busy man," he said. "Getting babies
...an's work. It's not fair ——"
...ung up on him in irritation. Suppose
...e was listening in at the switchboard!
...g around like that! Not that the non-
... attitude fooled her for a minute; his
...as unsteady, she caught that without
...ing. Why shouldn't he be elated? His
...ldn't change. Well, a little, maybe: less
...n, less running around, less sleeping
...ekends. Less money. *If we can still*
... to meet the expense of the boat he'll
keep it winters in a boatyard and give
... yacht club, and he does like that boat.
... ll that was unimportant; the major
... was hers, a world of diapers and for-
...and baby sitters and toilet training and
... school and the P.T.A., instead of this.
...oked about her tiny office with the cin-
... walls and the turquoise rug and the
...overed with sketches and copy, and
...graphs on the wall to Dearest Katy from
...ovie star and that Best Dressed Woman,
...oked at her brown seal on the hanger
... with her small smart hat—she was
... a bigwig to lunch today. She sighed.
...ajor change would certainly be hers.

... first day at school,
...ought, their shining
... their best clothes,
...hite gloves, his neat
...l tie. They sat in the
...g room. *What solid*
...s we must look, she
...nt, trying hard not to
...; but his face was pale,
...hen she snatched a
...n her purse mirror,
...s hers.

An educated man is one who can entertain a new idea, entertain another person and entertain himself.

SYDNEY HERBERT WOOD

... Brand was the wrong sort, unfortu-
... Outwardly, of course, she looked pre-
...le enough, no more than thirty, in gray
...l, with her hair in prim brown bangs,
...ere was just something about her, some-
... inquisitorial, in the way she sat there
...d her desk and surveyed them with
...ration.
... began with random questions, watching
... closely, and then she pounced. "You
...d five years after your miscarriage before
...ng to us. Why?"
...k said, "Kate wasn't too strong for a
... The doctor thought she should take
... her old job when she was better, to get
...ind off what happened."
...he time went by pretty fast," she said. "I
...an interesting job, and I hardly realized
... many years went by."
...What made you realize it now?"
...*hat can I say? That the house in Eastport*
...big it needs children to fill it, especially at
...tmas? Or that I saw my husband with a
... in his arms and became terribly aware
...e had no child of his own, that it was to a
...ger's child he was showing the wonder of a
...y night? But Nick was answering:
...We've always realized it, I think. It was
...dea of adoption that was strange to us for
... ile. Not any more."

... met his eyes gratefully. It was a white
...f course, but he'd pulled them out of a
... spot. They should have anticipated ques-
... like that, but how could they even
...gine that the interview would consist of
... probing and prodding?
...fter a few more questions Mrs. Brand
... briskly, "We have to learn a great deal
...e about you, and I hope we can in as short
...me as possible. I will write when I can
...dule another interview."
...er heart sank. "There'll be another inter-
...?"
...Why, yes," Mrs. Brand said. "Did you
...k you just came to us and asked for a
...y and then waited your turn? Not in this
... We have twelve requests for every baby
...place. That's why we have these inter-views, so we can find out everything we can about you to help us make a decision."

They left the office in silence and walked to the restaurant where they usually lunched together. Her head was throbbing.

He grinned at her, but tiredly. "Sorry you got started?"

"I didn't expect to meet up with that kind of gal," she said. "But I suppose they have to be tough, turning so many people away."

He said, "She seemed like ... competent girl. She's anxious to do a good job."

"Too anxious."

"As she says, they need some basis to do their weeding out. Why do we feel this way, Kate? Let her find out whatever she can about us. If we put anything over on her, and we really wouldn't make good parents, then we're the ones that will get stuck, as well as the kid. I don't imagine it will be a blow one way or the other."

"You know you'd be miserable if she turned us down."

"Not the way *you* feel about this whole thing. And get this, Kate: I'm perfectly happy to go on as we have. I don't know why, married to an unreasonable female like you."

The second appointment came three weeks later. This time it was for Kate alone, and she was more nervous than before. She entered Mrs. Brand's office and made a great show of removing her gloves as she seated herself.

"Won't you take off your coat?" Mrs. Brand said. "Make yourself comfortable."

"It's all right," she said, opening another button. She was irritated at her own nervousness; she met many important people in her job, and here she was as timid and self-conscious as a schoolgirl.

"Now let's find out all about you," Mrs. Brand said, leaning back in her chair. "What kind of person are you? What do you like to do best? Did you have a happy childhood? What kind of home was it?"

She was sure of herself on this ground at least, and talked freely. She told about growing up in a family of four children, and how her father and mother had loved each other, and how bad she had felt when she and Nick knew they couldn't have a family of their own. But they had succeeded in building a fine and rich life together; she told about her work, their crowded weekends, with friends, with gardening, with painting the boat and sailing it down the Sound ——

She stopped. Mrs. Brand said irrelevantly, "Tell me, do you ever feel inadequate, because you've been unable to have a child?"

"Inadequate?" Her cheeks flamed. "That's rather strong. I had an unavoidable accident. Should that make me feel inadequate?"

"Of course not. But women sometimes do feel it. You seem so insistent on proving to me how happy you are. If you are hiding a feeling of inadequacy, if you are trying to prove to yourself that you don't need a child, the child would sense this in you. He would feel not needed, maybe even not wanted."

"But he *is* wanted," Kate told her. "Would we be here if we didn't want him? If you ever saw my husband with children you wouldn't have any doubt about that, it would be so very clear."

"We're not talking about your husband now, Mrs. Parry. What about you?"

She felt her cheeks grow warm. "I feel the same way. Why should you even ask? Isn't it natural that I should want one?"

"Quite natural." Mrs. Brand leaned back and looked at her watch. "That's all we'll have time for today. I'll want to see your husband alone too. Do you think he could come—let's see, a week from Thursday?"

"I'm sure he can," Kate said. "My husband will be going abroad on business in April. Is there a chance we'll know something definite by then?"

"I honestly don't know," Mrs. Brand said.

Cold fish, Kate thought resentfully, hailing a taxi to meet Nick at Emilio's.

"How did it go?" he asked her.

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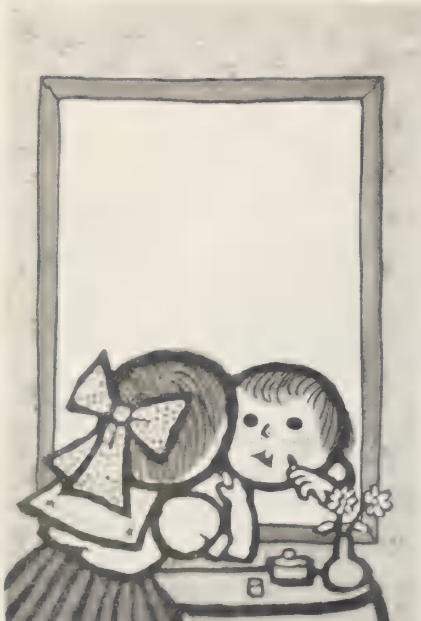


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She sank down on the seat without meeting his eyes. "I think she's a sadist," she said bitterly. "She won't be satisfied until I break down and tell her I'm completely miserable over our childlessness. She can't believe I could be childless and still be happy."

"You may be right," he said. "She could understand you better."

"But I am happy. At least I was before we got involved in this. She almost caught me today, when I told her how much you wanted the baby."

"*Almost* caught you?" he said ironically.

His own interview came and went, and he was vague about it. "Same stuff," he said. They were both keyed up by now, and restless, and on the next weekend they decided to drive out to Eastport for the day.

The ground was still frozen, the evergreens looked rusty, the house was cold and bleak when they opened the front door. They walked through quickly, opening blinds to let in the cold March sunlight, turning up the thermostat so that very soon there was the cheerful smell of heat in each room. It seemed to her that she was seeing the house for the first time; she studied the furnishings carefully, sturdy old furniture, good, worn rugs, lots of natural-wood paneling, nothing that a baby could spoil. *We'll live here, of course, we won't be able to afford two rentals. I wouldn't mind too much, a winter here might be interesting, I could manage without a steady maid, just someone once a week maybe for heavy cleaning* ——

"What are you plotting?" Nick said, startling her, coming up from the cellar where he had been oiling the circulator.

She smiled at him, because he looked different when he was out at Eastport, younger, more relaxed, not recognizably the competent businessman at home on two continents, not with his hands always stained with something, oil, or grease, or earth, not in those disreputable clothes. "I suppose we'll live out here when the baby comes."

"Will you mind? So far from New York?"

"New York won't be as accessible, anyway, once we have the baby. What about you, commuting all year?"

"Sam Porter does it, so do others. I'm thinking about when I have to leave for Marseille."

"I might just pick up the baby and come with you," she said.

"Think I'd mind?" He squeezed her against him. "Is this the room you've picked out for the baby?"

It was. It was a small, cheerful room facing south and near their own room. "There's place for a crib along that wall, if we move out the desk. We can move it back later when he outgrows the crib, and he can use the desk for schoolwork." When he began to grin, she said defensively, "I'm just thinking ahead," but she laughed at herself with him.

After he went downstairs she rolled up the thin Persian rug and carried it into the guest room; she brought back the bright braided rug from the guest-room floor. *That's better*, she thought. *I'll get some organdy for the windows, those drapes shut out too much sun.* Nick was whistling for her. She went to the window and looked down. He motioned for her to come out, so she took her coat and j him.

"Look," he said.

The forsythia was opening up in the tered southern corner of the house, an bed of daffodils that he had planted bene was showing yellow. With sudden intensi said, "I love this house."

"Will you still feel that way when you be able to run back to a tidy little apart in New York?"

She didn't answer.

Nick had gone down for the mail. Sh having her coffee, thinking of all the so breakfasts she would have after tom when Nick left for France, when she hea steps returning. looked up: he had envelopes in his and one opened l and his face wo carefully blank i "Nick," she said sh "what's the matt

He put down th ter in front of her.

She read it sw then went back and it word by word. " Mr. and Mrs. Pa it said. "The comm has decided it ca accept your applic for a child from agency. As was plained to you, we so many requests, a few babies to fill that no matter how thy or deserving are, some appli must be refused." was another parag which said, "I am required to tell you more about your jection, and yet I w like to add this on own: in cases of a tion it is of prime portance that both ents want the c equally. It is not enc for one to want it, the other to con the child would no happy in this kind household. An ado child has many p lems to face, and we to spare it the prob of not being secur the love of both its ents. I am truly sor the letter ended, "E Brand."

She looked up from the letter and stare him. She opened her mouth to speak bu words came. She moistened her lips.

He said, "Katy, it's *all right*. I agree her. It's better this way, since you feel the you do."

"I can't believe it," she said, dry-lipped can't believe she'd do this to us."

"Do *what* to us, Kate? We did it all by selves. You applied for a baby because were sure I wanted one, not because wanted one yourself. You couldn't hide from her. Sure she knows you'd be good to child and give it everything you were abl and probably learn to love it, but why sh she give a child to you when there are wo who would go to hell and back to get a bab

"She resented me because I wouldn't pl and beg for one ——"

He put his hands on her shoulders. "(that out, Kate. We just couldn't come acr as she wanted us to."

Suddenly she dropped her head down the table; she was crying. His hands on shoulders rocked her gently.

"Katy, please. Sweetheart. It doesn't m any difference to me, I swear. Kate, hones I don't care."

"But *I* care," she cried. "*I* care." There nobody left to fool any more. *I care*. She cr as she had cried five years ago when the doc

PARLOR TRAVELS

By KAE WUEBKER

Today we picked flowers in spite of the snow;
How we could pick flowers is more than I know.
But Nancy picked lilies, and Lee picked a rose.
The subzero weather was the least of our woes:
I picked windflowers, and made a bouquet.
Then the Queen called, so we asked her to stay:
We had crackers and milk—it was good as could be
And the Queen said, "I surely prefer this to tea."
We went for a sleigh ride, and gathered the eggs,
And watered the colt with long, spindly legs.
Then Queen said she must go, and she'd had a good time,
And I said we must go, because it was nine.
We laughed as I opened the bedroom door
Because, in our parlor, as we sit on the floor,
We can walk in the sun while rain pours from the sky,
And love one another, my children and I.

there would be no more children; e only too familiar, these tears, just just as painful. She couldn't stop, she ally want to stop, because it was easier was easier to say finally, *Who have I ing to fool? Only myself. And I've nly myself.* "I care," she whispered. bear it, Nick."

ands on her shoulders stopped rocking said, "Get your hat."

one of his voice shocked her into quiet. ked up at him, but she could barely

your hat," he said again, and walked the hall. She found her way to the bed- ulled on her hat and coat. Nick was for her; they went down in the elevator doorman handed them into a taxi. headed uptown through the morning "Powder your nose," Nick said. "You 't want Mrs. Brand to think her letter d you any."

axi drew up to the brownstone house ntained the agency; they went upstairs o the small waiting room, and Nick l at the receptionist's desk. "Has Mrs. come in yet?"

receptionist stared. "Yes, she's in. ou an appointment?"

appointment, but will you please ask rand if she'll give us a few minutes? me is Parry."

receptionist plugged in a line; in a few s she called out to them, "Mrs. Brand u can go up."

Brand was sitting behind her desk ng them as they came down the long r to her office. She said, "I imagine received my letter."

said, before they even sat down, "Let this right away: I don't blame you for ; us that letter. How could you be ex- to size up Kate in three hours, when I 't, and I've been married to her for ten "

. Brand looked from Nick to Kate. I wrong?"

She could hardly speak, her throat was so full.

"Was I wrong?" Mrs. Brand said again, gently. "I want to help you. Tell me if I was wrong."

"You were wrong," she said tightly. "I was sure you would see how I really felt. I thought you were trained to understand."

"You wanted me to see behind that screen of defenses you had made, and tell you what you couldn't bring yourself to tell me. I was to understand that you were hurt once, that you were afraid to be hurt again, and so you built up this elaborate structure of not wanting the child, of going through with it only for your husband's sake. Mrs. Parry, I'm no psychologist. I'm only a social worker."

"But then you did know! You understood all the while!"

"I only suspected," Mrs. Brand said. "And even if I was sure, what good would that do? *You* had to know it, *you* had to face up to the truth. As you have. My letter helped, didn't it?" she said.

Kate nodded slowly.

"It wasn't a trick," Mrs. Brand said. "Maybe I hoped it would make you see, and bring you here. But otherwise it would have had to stand."

Kate met her eyes. The inquisitor who had sat behind the desk was gone, the inquisitor who had tried brutally to break her down and expose her; instead there was a girl with a troubled face, whose hair was mussed as if she had pulled off her hat in a hurry, whose middle finger had an ink smudge on it, whose eyes looked worried and anxious not to make a mistake. The girl said, "I've been very worried about you. You both have so much to give a child. I've been so afraid we were going to lose you."

Kate sank back in her chair. She wanted to look at Nick, but she couldn't. Not just yet. She was still too strange to herself, and too vulnerable. She was revealed, so she was shy.

Mrs. Brand said, "Now we can really begin to work with you."

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

zed pieces and tossed with mayonnaise d with a spot of cream. I use seasoned r this, and a sprinkling of paprika.

e the outdoor chores make us extra hun- e like pot roasts. We add a spoonful of o paste to the juice as it simmers. And e carrots in just long enough to be fork r. The secret of pot roast and vegetables to cook everything at once. The onions as the meat begins to be done. The pota- go in next. Then the carrots. But slow ering for everything. There is nothing lsive about pot roast.

roast and vegetables on a hot platter extra gravy on the side, the 2-4-6 salad creamy Port Salut cheese and crackers a company dinner. Such a dinner is not or dieters if they omit the potatoes and sy on the mayonnaise.

nter nights are lovely in the country. Un- he neighbors drop in, we have a choice of ng records or reading an enchanting book Greenwillow, or writing letters.

is, I reflect, is a lot easier than dressing up struggling for a taxi and getting to the er and then struggling for a taxi for a long afterward. There is nothing more excit- han the rise of a theater curtain; but on ther hand, a crackling fire, a bowl of pop- and a new book make wonderful evenings. e cockers and Irish prefer this too. They down with long sighs, rousing only to buttery bit of popcorn as occasion de- ds.

lly goes to sleep with her favorite bone r her chin. Little Sister is, obviously, ng. Jonquil stays awake to be sure she t miss it if there is a nice apple slice for Next to carrots, she likes apple slices, hin and pared.

e world is heavy with burdens. I some- think much of my life has been waving off to war or packing boxes to send to front. Perhaps it is inevitable, perhaps ll never know a world at peace.

Most of us have not yet got used to the atom bomb. We now must assimilate the power of the hydrogen bomb, which makes the atom bomb seem a toy.

But in the country, we have faith. Winter follows autumn, and spring comes at her appointed time. Man has not yet put out the moon. We plant a bulb in the autumn and a golden tulip blooms in spring, just as it should.

We feel the kindness of neighbors when we are in trouble, and we cannot help believing the world is just a bigger neighborhood. The people in the world all, I believe, want the same things. They want to work in peace, to have homes and families and gardens. They want to worship God in their own way, and they want their children to be educated.

The vast economic struggles of world powers could surely be settled. There is, actually, enough for everybody. And as Madame Chaillot said, "There is nothing wrong with the world that a sensible woman could not settle in an afternoon."

Today being Sunday, the church bell rings in the village. Our little white church has stood as a tribute to faith since the French troops marched by during the Revolution, their white plumes flashing in the sunlight. The wars we have lived through have not closed the wide doors of this church. And we still sing, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," as our forefathers did.

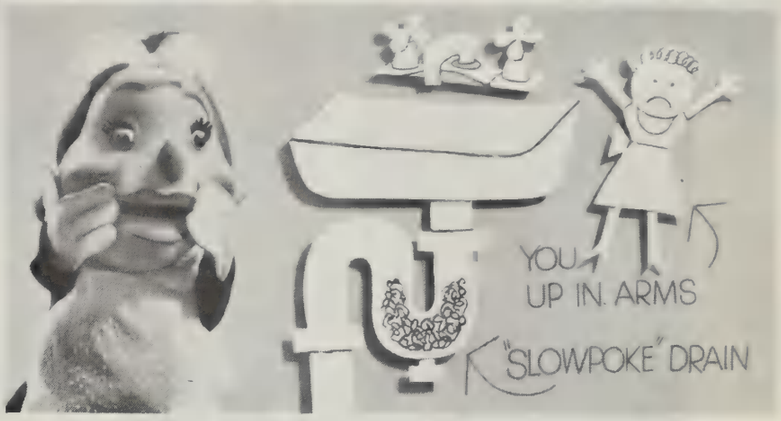
Our young minister may preach on the text "Love thy neighbor as thyself." We could run a pretty good world on that text, I think.

The applewood fire burns brightly on the old hearth at dusk. Savory pot roast cooks over it, in the old iron kettle. Holly keeps watch.

And so I go to the door and look out at the violet shadows on the snow, and send my thoughts out into the gathering dark.

Good night, neighbors! END

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PRATT

Some of the worst overgrown evergreen trees in the foundation planting were done away with, but worth-while ones that could still be handled were moved forward

where they now protect the patio from the street, aided and abetted by a few new additions in suitable varieties.



STOLLER

Out from Behind those Bushes

We leave it to you or any other qualified appraiser, how much more this home is worth now than it was before the transformation

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural and Garden Editor of the Journal

The transformation cost $243.50 for the materials and about $200 worth of work. Any able-bodied owner working along with experienced help could cut the labor cost considerably. And countless homes can benefit from this experience.

The faults of front-yard and foundation planting constitute the commonest appearance problem of most American houses. Ill-advised evergreens set against the house to mask the foundations can end by masking the whole house itself. That was happening here.

We moved the still-movable trees forward where they should have been planted in the first place. Here they provide privacy for a front-yard patio that intrigues the passer-by, welcomes the visitor, and delights the owner with his little piece of intimate landscape. In doing so we did away with a concrete path that marched up the middle of a bare front lawn, then laid steps down beside the drive instead.

Against the high foundations, now unmasked, we built a planting bed with a low wall of cement blocks. We also built the low block wall you see to level up the patio that we further framed with low fencing. Cascading petunias follow spring bulbs in the house beds, and other annuals touch up the patio interior. New permanent plants and paving slabs were two major items of cost, as the accounting indicates.

The appearance problems of front-yard and foundation plantings differ, of course, from house to house. But the underlying principles implicit here in the picture and plan apply to endless similar situations everywhere. Just see how well they fit your own.



THE COST SHEET

120 wall blocks	$21.60	6 flats petunias and other annuals	$ 12.00
30 paving slabs	60.00	Fencing, paint, peat moss, fertilizers, odds and ends	54.50
4 loads topsoil	20.00	Total	$243.50
1 load sand	5.00	120 man-hours (approximately)	200.00
8 bags cement	10.40	Grand total	$443.50
9 new evergreens	60.00		

1. . . 4 yews—salvaged
2 & 3. . . Annuals
4. . . 9 new evergreens
5. . . 4 arborvitae—salvaged

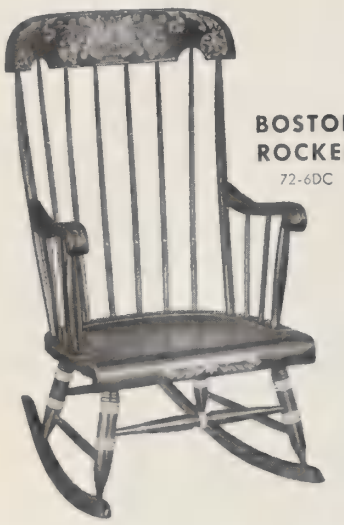
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WHAT IS THE BEST TIME FOR TOILET TRAINING?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

functions, his rights and possessions. He realizes his bowel movements are his and takes pride in them. This may cause him to take a more positive interest in toileting or it may cause him to turn against it. It will depend on how touchy he is about his independence, and how much he likes to please his mother. The latter in turn depends in part on how tactful she is in winning his co-operation.

In the second half of the second year he becomes still more aware of when a movement is coming. Also, he seems to have a feeling now that the movement is not so much a prized production as it is something to be shed. Many children at this stage begin to feel uncomfortable when soiled and some act a little disgusted with the smell. It is probably this combination of the child's awareness, his more negative attitude toward his movement and the parents' interest (when expressed) which makes so many children begin to use the family word or a grunt or some other signal. A few come to training at this age primarily through imitation.

Even after a child has shown his positive interest in using the seat, there still remains the subsequent stage when he doesn't depend on his mother any more but slips down his own clothes and climbs on the seat himself.

The second general principle that I think is important for parents to understand is that it's good for a child to become trained through a feeling that he himself wants to grow up and master this business himself—even if the suggestion comes from the parent and even if he does it partly to please her—rather than to be forced or shamed into it. Just as forcible training harms a child's attitude, so we realize that training of which he is proud strengthens his personality. It can build his self-confidence, increase his co-operation and generosity, give him more trust in parents and other people who ask for his compliance.

When a parent who is quite casual asks me about bowel training, I say that there is no one best method because so much depends on each child's attitude at different stages, and on the parent's feelings too. But, other things being equal, the time that seems most natural to me is when a child shows readiness in the form of signals, or discomfort on soiling, or wanting to imitate another child. These signs occur most commonly somewhere between eighteen and twenty-four months, but they sometimes come earlier. But if the child shows no interest by about twenty-one months, I'd begin suggesting to him occasionally how much more grown up, comfortable and clean he will be someday when he uses a seat like the rest of us. Even before twenty-one months I might occasionally put him in training pants—or none at all—at the most likely time of day so that he'd have more chance to realize what was happening. I'd also get him a potty chair and let him become familiar and friendly with it before I ever led him to it.

Why not leave alone the child who shows no interest throughout the second year, since he will surely become trained someday? I think some pediatricians are quite willing, provided they keep in touch with the mother and give her the guidance she may need. The objection comes mainly from the child psychiatrists who see those particular children who have become emotionally disturbed by the time they reach three or four years of age without being trained. In some of these cases the parents have been trying vigorously to train, but the child has resisted just as strenuously. In others, the parents have tried to refrain, for fear of the ill effects of a battle. But the interesting thing is that these upset children ar apt to feel guilty and anxious and inadequate whether or not the parents have made an ope issue about training. It looks as if they kno in their bones that they ought to be mor grown up and know that their parents are re sentful even when they try to conceal it. I'm not saying for a minute that all children be come upset if they are not trained by two and a half or three. But since some of them do, think it is preferable for a parent to use sug gestion and encouragement by one and three quarters or two years.

And what about beginning bowel training before eighteen months? I think it's the right approach for a parent who would like to get started early. It's sensible to begin after a baby learns to sit, provided his movement is regular enough so that he can be caught each day in a few minutes, and as long as she realizes that this is only catching and familiarizing. His conscious co-operation and his taking of responsibility will depend on how he feels during the second year. There's no point trying to start before a year if he's not regular.

In the past I've assumed it was better to begin back at seven or eight months than at twelve, so that the baby will get thoroughly used to the seat before he comes to the possibly balky age. But I don't know of any statistics that would prove this point for sure. Certainly some of those accustomed to the seat from seven or eight months will rebel after a year anyway, and of course some of those started at about a year will not rebel at all, especially the compliant types. So I am not sure it makes a lot of difference. I'd leave it to the mother to decide, on the basis of what seemed right for that particular child.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—Ed.

REPORT ON RUSSIAN YOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

this three times he will, in all probability, be sent out beyond the 100-kilometer line [away from the city] and not permitted to return for years. They seemed to consider this a very severe penalty and spoke about the whole business with deep bitterness.

An official at Moscow University told me positively that one half of the students enrolled are girls and that there is a similar ratio in every Soviet university. He said that this year only five or six students have majored in American history.

In one of the libraries at the university I discovered a file of every issue of The Journal of Space Flight with the Rocket News Letter published by the Chicago Rocket Society. It was catalogued and apparently easily available.

Tonight on Gorky Street I watched a good deal of bartering for sex going on with young girls quite openly but in the darker sections of the street. I was told there are no actual brothels, but all kinds of arrangements are made on the street to keep this flourishing business going.

Lunched at a workers' café near Pushkinskaya Ul and talked with several workmen on their lunch hour, all drinking beer and eating *sosiski* (boiled frankfurters)—12 rubles for a bottle of beer and one order of *sosiski*. [Officially four rubles equal one dollar; actually it is closer to ten.] They were all rather young and non-Party. They wanted to know about American propaganda balloons, the Berlin tunnel, and U.S. planes over the Soviet bloc. One, defending the regime, said that he is a "simple worker" but he owns all the land in Russia and all the buildings, including the Kremlin. However, he faltered when I asked why he had to pay to get into the Kremlin and can only visit it at certain times.

At this point the others chimed in and accused him of being unfair to America and said they know that Soviet newspapers do not treat the West fairly. The expression was, "Our papers don't tell the whole story."

In the evening another marathon stroll along the fairly dark streets with the same group plus one fellow's girl friend. One of the boys lives with his father and mother in a single room 15 feet by 15. They share the kitchen and toilet with other tenants. Another lives with three other members of his family in one room about 9 by 11. The third boy, whose father has an important position, lives with his father and mother in a four-room apartment which they have entirely to themselves; this is the best setup I've heard of in the Soviet Union.

The man who loves only himself cannot be accused of promiscuity in his affections, but he is bound in the end to suffer intolerable boredom from the invariable sameness of the object of his devotion.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
The Conquest of Happiness
Liveright Publishing Corp.
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They told me that there is almost no informing on members of one's own family now, but there is a good deal in apartment houses between families. They said the sentence for speaking in public against a top leader today is twenty-five years' imprisonment following a closed trial.

When I asked what, if anything, they liked about their life they answered, "Well—the Motherland, of course." They all said, however, that, if it were possible, they would leave for the West in a minute.

In the course of our stroll we came upon a drunk, passed out on his back with a book on his stomach. We helped him up and then got into a discussion of reasons for drinking and the tradition that Russians are credited with being such heavy drinkers. I had to agree that I couldn't blame people for drinking heavily in this country, though the boys did not seem satisfied that I had any real conception of how necessary it is for many Russians to escape into vodka as often as possible.

What has impressed them most about our world is freedom. They said this in so many ways and with such deep sincerity that I was convinced they have spent much of their adult lives thinking about what I'm afraid I have always pretty much taken for granted.

Spent two and a half hours at the Lenin Library trying to find current periodicals from the United States which are nontechnical and available to the public. In spite of the usual official runaround, I went through every relevant catalogue in the building. The only significant listing was Life magazine up to 1942. There was no record of any current American periodicals except technical publications.

Then I went to the library of the Institute of Foreign Languages. In a small room there the following were on display: New York Times Magazine of April 15, 1956; National Geographic of February, 1956; and The Saturday Evening Post of May 5, 1956. The list of magazines from the United States in the catalogue included all the popular and semipopular ones, and check marks indicated that they are received regularly. I saw people reading Collier's, Life and the New York Times. All were dog-eared, as the woman in charge pointed out. Despite the official story, this library is almost certainly reserved for special students.

The most popular radio program in Moscow and Leningrad and probably throughout European Russia is Voice of America's two hours of jazz from Tangiers. On this program

CONTINUED ON PAGE 173



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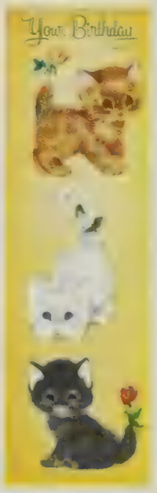
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

announcements are in English. As we led along the street tonight the boys sang whistled such tunes as Lullaby of Birdland Perdido. There was much talk of the h "Goluboy Jazz" then in Moscow, and wanted to know why I insisted that ge Gershwin and Glenn Miller were not musicians. They are especially fond of mary Clooney and Patti Page. Although seem to know the difference between pop s and jazz, they are hazy about the differ- between swing, bop and progressive jazz. e fact that I had spoken to George Shear- hortly before leaving America made a big ession.

hen I asked one of the girls why a group had to stroll instead of standing to talk, said that to stand is "*nekrasivo*" (im- er). Later a young w told me that it is wise to stand for than five minutes e center of Moscow, ough it is not so im- ant if you stand le.

his conversation ed a bit awkward tense for a late gath- —probably due to insisting that we and not stroll. The p obviously does make a practice of ding on corners so the Kremlin. (We at the intersection iorky and Mokha- .) Another proba- reason: they said I am the first for- er they had ever d with.

oday I met three *stil-* on the street. *Stil-* are the zoot-suiters Russia—kids with -to-do parents, some Party officials, who to copy everything tern. The Komsom- are waging a strug- against *stilyagi* as as against hooligan- and drunkenness in age group. (The er age for Kom- ol membership var- but a good worker be taken in at fifteen—some even told me welve. The top age is twenty-six.)

hese *stilyagi* came up beside me and ed abreast of me for a minute or two. n one asked in English, "Are you for- ?"

ne of the boys is the son of an impor- medical professor. The father of another n engineer. They said that they believe ing they read in the Soviet press, for s rely only on Western radio. They named he stations and proudly told me the wave ths on which they hear Voice of America. ough jamming is complete during the day, told me it is not always so effective at t.

ometimes several minutes are completely mmed.

this group, as in many others, the one took the lead in the conversation was the who knew most about the West. They to buy everything I was wearing and d if any of my American friends here ted to sell things. I believe they were all ut twenty-one years old.

he average Soviet young person I have is no closer to his family than American th are, but he has a small number of very e friends to whom he is attached. The s of the group is "We trust one another nst '*oni*'" ("them"—the Party or secret ce). They welcome the recent relaxation in r own lives and the increase in contacts veen East and West, although serious ng people feel it is not to be permanent. They are taking as much advantage of the eased atmosphere as they can.

For the *stilyagi* this means direct approaches to foreigners. For others it may mean applying for a tourist visa to Eastern Europe, skipping a Komsomol meeting or ignoring a militiaman's whistle on the street. I have met few boisterous kids and not one who could be considered mean. Not many are well informed about Soviet history and almost all scoff at the Marxist-Leninist theory they have been forced to learn. None claim to want a capitalistic system in Russia, but they would all like the accouterments.

Conversation on a park bench with three boys and a young girl they knew. Major subject: youthful social habits. They said that there is very little "going steady" among the kids they know, although at times affairs do last for a while, exclusive of other entanglements.

All agreed that the "prudish" ideas of Soviet morality are "idiotic" but said that, because of their upbringing, it is hard to be *avant-garde*. The usual date involves several hours of strolling, even in the wintertime, and most often in groups of two or three couples. If one of the group has a room in which there is music—radio or, even better, a tape recorder—the evening becomes a party with several couples making love in the same room. Usually only one couple stays all night.

When I asked if this was not actually the description of an unusual night they said, "Look, it happens all the time. You've got to understand—this is our life."

A student who has finished one year at an engineering institute told me that U. S. cigarettes sell for at least fifteen rubles on the black market in Leningrad and chewing gum for more. He said there are many fences who buy and sell such things. Stupid tourists, he told me, will sell things for far less than they're worth. Then the fences resell and make the purchase price ten times over. United States dollars were bringing as high as twenty-five rubles to the dollar in Leningrad (the official rate is four) although this varies "like the weather." American phonograph records are selling for from 100 to 200 rubles for 78's and 400 rubles (half the average monthly earnings) for LP's.

After a visit to the Novy Davichi monastery to photograph the grave of Stalin's wife I met four friends and went with them to the Sovietskaya Hotel, where we had an assortment of "cocktails" at the bar.

This group estimated that the current number of inmates in prison camps is between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000.

One fellow said this is much too low, as it does not include all those who went "*dobrovolno prinuditelno*" (voluntarily by compulsion) to the virgin lands, or in brigades to the east to work in the harvests.

Since then I have used this Russian expression for "voluntarily by compulsion" several times. Usually people laugh and I have been complimented on my understanding of the Soviet system. One Russian said to me, "There, you must understand, is the story of our entire life."

Sunday morning I went to Nicolskaya Tserkov, where perhaps 2000 people crowded

GIRLS IN A PONY CART

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

In a lacquer-red pony cart, three young girls
Are off on a lark through various worlds.

One wears a daisy of a hat, no brim,
Picked up in Shanghai on a whim.

One waves to strangers, as the queen
Waved to the crowds in Constantine.

One makes the pony trot with flying mane.
(Who's to say he doesn't know the way to Spain?)

In a lacquer-red pony cart, three young girls
Are off on a lark through various worlds.



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the church. The weekly religious service was being held upstairs while downstairs, on one side of the entrance, a funeral was in progress. On the other side I saw thirty or more young mothers holding their babies in their arms and waiting to have them baptized. The priest completely immerses the baby in a tub of water. Attendants then rub the howling child briskly with towels and the next infant is popped in. Despite the screaming, candles and chanting lend a very solemn tone to the ceremony. An old woman spoke to me and said that this happens four times every Sunday and on weekdays too. Usually, she said, there are more babies than I saw today.

Spent a long evening with three young Russians and one other American in a room ten by twelve in which one of the Russians lives. This room was furnished with a bed, desk, two chairs, wardrobe, radio, phonograph and tape recorder. We drank wine and vodka with sausages and listened to jazz taped from the Voice of America. Then we heard the VOA jazz program, followed by five minutes of news in English.

Voice of America came in loud and clear. These boys say there is a big difference between VOA in English and in Russian. The English is objective; the Russian is not. One of the group who speaks English translated the news for his friends. They said that in almost every group of students there is someone who knows enough English to be able to translate for the others listening.

At night it is possible to hear the VOA broadcasts in Russian—as I discovered myself—but because of the jamming it was difficult to understand complete sentences. Sometimes it is quite easy, I was told. Weather conditions make the difference. Broadcasts of music are not jammed. One fellow who knows a lot about the technical side of radio told n that for each district in Leningrad there is separate jamming station. The best time listen varies from city to city. Everyone agre that listening is better in the country.

The Hotel Odessa (in that city) overloo the port, and across the street is a narrow pa with benches and flowers where the entire ci seems to stroll in the evening. Tonight in brief stroll I saw many sailors, some of the with girls who were being mauled a bit, sittir on park benches. There were groups who we singing and even a few sailors whistling, b most of the people talked quietly. Entire fam lies sat silent on benches, often with ve small babies—and this was at about 11 P.M.

The black market in Odessa—the famo "Tolkuchka"—is a large, square enclosu with many stalls and hu mobs of people millir around on Sunday, fewer weekdays. It is a thirty-mi ute bus ride from the city a anyone in Odessa will t you how to get there. T saying is that "At Tolkuch they will buy and sell ever thing except the atom bomb. For that you mu wait a few days."

One of the greatest mysteries in the world is the success that lies in conscientious work.
CALVIN COOLIDGE

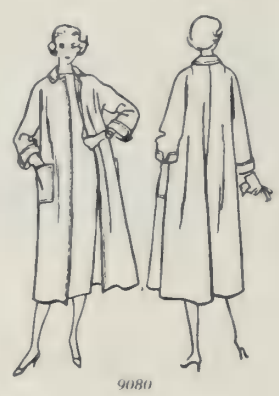
Particularly popular while I was there we some gaudy orange lamp shades with tasse Also furniture—especially tables and chai Ninety-five per cent of the people were poo dressed, though a few were very well dress indeed and some even arrived in taxis.

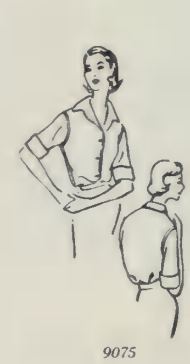
People say there is much East Europe stuff available but virtually none from t West or America although, for years after t war, U. S. supplies were still on sale. Little b of colored yarn and material were selling f from 15 to 50 rubles.

Tonight I took a long stroll through t port-front park with thousands of Odessa

BACK VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 70 AND 71

Vogue Design No. 9075. Blouse; 10 to 20; 31 to 40. 60c.
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people who were doing the same thing. ung couple followed me as I walked from the sailors and finally got up h nerve to approach. He said, "Excuse ut we heard you say you are an Amer- May we accompany you for a few min- ' This was the most polite introduction conversation I have had and when I d he brought the girl to meet me. They other and sister, the boy twenty-four and rl nineteen. Their home is in a small city e Dnieper. The girl has finished ten-year l and the boy has just completed a course n mechanic. He will begin work soon. while they are visiting friends here in a.

ey said that where they live there are tele- books in all the homes where there is a one. They were surprised to hear that s not true in all Russian cities. Both are ers of the Komsomol. They said simply they do not know whether or not they become Party members later. They gave bviously honest answers when I asked they knew of the outside world—almost ng beyond what appears in Soviet sources. ey said several times that they wished had a radio to hear outside news and d that Soviet media give only one side of tory. They wanted all the details I could them on our wide-screen movies. Only they talked about America or how im- nt it is to have a short-wave radio did really warm up. Otherwise they seemed discouraged and without any purpose in lives. To me personally they were very n and polite and I felt myself liking them much.

brilliant young intellectual who speaks al foreign languages and is well acquainted Western literature and philosophy talked e earnestly about his fears that the West riously overestimating the importance and anence of recent changes in the U.S.S.R.— talinization, release of some prisoners n slave-labor camps, new pension and cial reforms and somewhat improved liv- standards.

hen I asked if perhaps many Russians 't feel also that the present relaxation is he said it was obvious that I didn't live in sia. "Perhaps if you could live here for ten ifteen years," he said, "you would under- d. No one can be deceived when he feels system in his life every single day."

n my last day in Moscow I saw men and nen lined up in several places to buy fresh ad. In a bookstore on Kusnetsky Most re were perhaps 150 students fighting to get mited supply of pamphlet texts on chem- y and physics.

The Russian people are extremely curious ut everything American, and the Russian- aking tourist has no trouble in finding ndly people to talk with. One easy way to in a conversation is to say, "Excuse me. uld you tell me where American books are d here?" I also made many acquaintances h such questions as, "Excuse me, I'm an erican—why are those people lining up r there?"; "What is that building?"; "Are u a student?" or "Where is such-and-such lace?"

Russians approached me in several ways. any of all ages came up as soon as they saw camera open and asked what kind it is. In ops where I was looking around to see what s for sale and perhaps noting down the ices, people often asked what I was doing. metimes, walking along the street alone in e evening, I would whistle Lullaby of Bird- nd or September in the Rain and kids would ck up the tune and whistle along with me. couple of times older people stopped to ll me that my whistling was "*nekraviso*" nproper).

The peasant markets, which I think are out the most interesting places in the Soviet nion, are fine places to meet people of the wer-income groups. Peasants from the sur- unding countryside bring produce grown on eir small private plots and city dwellers pay onsiderably more than official government rices for the better quality. You see cab- ages, potatoes, cucumbers, mushrooms and onions for sale. The liveliest spots in the markets are the meat stalls, where men and women fight to buy up the few choice cuts available.

Virtually all the young people I met are connected with universities, language institutes or various technical schools. They are absolutely aware of the nature of the system under which they live, and with very few exceptions, they are dissatisfied. The basis of this discontent is often purely material. The most desired Western products are clothes, automobiles, phonograph records, watches, books and cigarettes. With no hesitation at all they said that the quality of the same products, Soviet-made, is inferior.

In general, Soviet young people seem better trained in their special fields of study than most Americans, but outside such fields their knowledge is limited. They seem less lively than Americans of the same age and look older.

I do not recall meeting anyone over eighteen who did not drink, although many girls claimed to drink only a little. When they can afford it, they prefer vodka, but Georgian wine is popular too.

The fact that so many of the youth I met conduct their indoor social life, including sex and discussion sessions, in the room of someone who owns a radio indicates that the real reason for the popularity of Western radio is entertainment. Even the most serious young people would mention news secondarily after music.

They all know they must play ball with the regime, but the vast majority I met are merely going through the motions of being "good" Soviet citizens. In almost every conversation it was my definite impression that when young people refer to the system or to the Kremlin they think first of the Terror. They hope that they are wrong, but the majority think it will return. END



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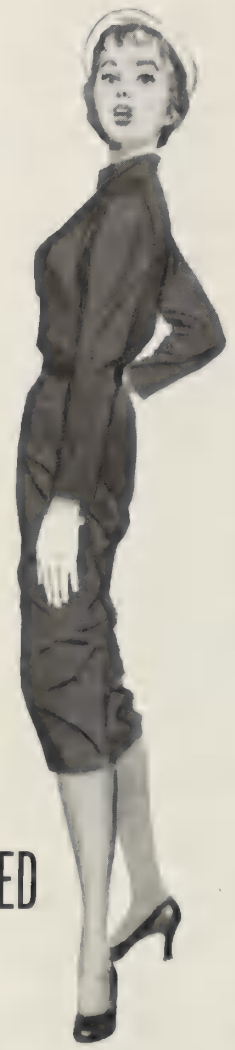


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THE DIARY OF A HOME PERMANENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

agreed, "but let's see what it looks like tomorrow, the next day, and six weeks from now."

Same night. I'm so used to putting up my hair, I had started before I remembered workshop orders—"No pin curls. The whole point of *having* the permanent is to see if you can avoid the fuss and time it takes each day to set your hair." So to bed—blissful and hopeful.

Wednesday. JOURNAL friends comment: "Your hair looks terrific, what did you do to it?" By 5:00 P.M. I realized I had combed my hair only once all day. Before the permanent, I had to comb it at least half a dozen times to keep it looking neat.

Saturday. Still haven't had to put up my hair. Cooked dinner in hot, steamy kitchen for guests and emerged with hair still in curl. (Regular pin curls, without the permanent, would have drooped after I'd been in the kitchen ½ hour.)

Sunday. This morning I discovered my first "straggler." Put it up in *one* pin curl which dried in fifteen minutes.

SECOND WEEK

Monday. A week has gone by and aside from yesterday's straggler, haven't had to put my hair up at all. It hasn't separated and gone limp, the way it used to by the end of the week. Shampooed and set my hair this evening. There's lots of curl at the ends and it is surprisingly unfrizzy compared with the last $20 permanent I had!

Tuesday. Hair *too* curly this morning. Made the mistake of putting it up last night while it was very wet. Will be softer next week, when I towel-dry my hair to a *damp* stage, before setting.

THIRD WEEK

Wednesday. Shampooed my hair, let it dry, and (delight of delights) I didn't have to set the back *at all.* Used a touch of hair cream for the ends of my hair to make them softer and less flyaway. Also like to use a liquid spray to help keep my set in place.

FOURTH WEEK

Monday. Put up side sections every two o three days now, but don't have to touch th back.

FIFTH WEEK

Wednesday. By winding the curls at th sides tighter than I have been doing, they la three and four days at a time.

SIXTH WEEK

Tuesday. Had to have my hair trimme and shaped today and I was afraid this woul be the end of the permanent. But, happy da there is plenty of curl left on the ends. I'm sti a side-curl pinner-upper every three or fou nights, and now that the front sections at th forehead have been trimmed, I have to giv them occasional attention too.

For me, this six weeks' experiment has bee a great success. I've saved so much time. I'v looked so much more attractive. When thi permanent gives out—I have every intentio of starting all over again!

WE SAW HOW RUSSIANS LIVE

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person owns only one, of people who get few baths, of cabbage and cooking and unwashed diapers. Everywhere you go this smell meets you, even in airplanes, theaters and restaurants.

MR. GOULD: In the more glamorous hotels and restaurants they spray the air with a strong oversweet perfume—we began to call it "Flowers of Spring"—always the same, to counteract the heavy smell of poverty.

MRS. GOULD: Thirteen people lived in this apartment. There were three families—each had a room. In one family there were six—two parents, three children, old granny—in one there were four; and in the other, three. The three families shared one kitchen and one toilet. There was no bathroom.

Mrs. X said, "My husband has worked for the same factory for twenty years and we can't get a better place. We live like pigs!" She kicked aside a sack of potatoes and showed us into her room, about twelve by twelve. It held two beds and a square eating table set with crockery, a worn enamel stew pan, a teakettle. We didn't notice at first a dark head on one pillow. She explained that her two grown sons slept in that bed in shifts—one during the day and one at night. She and her husband slept in the other cot-width iron bed, slightly partitioned off by a huge old-fashioned wardrobe. (Even in the newly built apartments there are rarely closets.) The room was so crowded with the possessions of four people that one could hardly move. There were four straight chairs, and a battered enormous armchair with clean, hand-crocheted doilies on the arms and back. The lace-curtained window was filled with green plants. There was a small-screen television set. Mrs. X opened another door to a small cubicle about five by six and one half feet. In it were a bed and, a few inches away, a crib. Sideways, you could slip between. Here slept a married son and his wife, then both at work, and their two-year-old child, then in a nursery. This room seemed neat and clean.

Three families—thirteen people in all—used the kitchen. Laundry is done here, too, drying in racks overhead or in the hall. The room is about nine feet by ten, with one four-burner gas stove and three small tables against the wall—one for each family—about the size of old-fashioned washstands, with cupboards below for pots and pans and two wooden hanging shelves above for dishes. And it was touching to me to see that the shelves were curtained with rather ragged but clean towels, each trimmed with tatting or crocheted lace. Later, almost invariably, we noticed the same attempts at homemaking—making things "nice."

There was a sink, but no refrigerator.

"I asked, "How do you all manage to cook in this kitchen?"

She was bitter. "We bump behinds all the time"—only the Russian colloquial word wasn't "behind."

Her husband was an engineer who earned about 1800 rubles a month—at least twice what the average worker makes. Her resentment centered round the fact that in spite of his faithful work twenty years in one place, he was unable to get them better living quarters. "Remember—this is our life," she said. "This is how we live." These were what in America we would, I suppose, call middle-income people, although in Russia everyone is a worker, theoretically, who is not an official, an artist or intellectual. Certainly they were not poor and the building was one of the better ones.

Of course we had no access whatever to the upper-class homes of officials or professional men. Such an exchange hardly exists, even for visitors who spend months in Russia. And we, deliberately, did not go into real slums or impoverished areas.

After our first trial, we managed to see quite a few apartments. If there was a bathroom, and if only two or three people lived in each room instead of six or seven, the women

Act with kindness, but do not expect gratitude. CONFUCIUS

thought they were quite well off. We noticed everywhere flourishing green plants, the same sense of shoddy, poor, crumbling materials, and inferior workmanship even in the buildings completed in the last year or two. In style of architecture the newest buildings are like apartment houses built in New York fifty to sixty years ago. And everywhere these women, like women round the world, were trying to make the best of what they had: growing philodendron or asparagus fern; doing bits of embroidery—over a bed or sofa a piece of tapestry worked with a homelike design, a cottage or a kitten—or cross-stitched pillow covers, or crocheted lace. There were many television sets. One woman, better off than most (she and her husband had a room to themselves, and shared a kitchen with only five others), showed me very proudly her treasures. Three orange and scarlet and magenta stuffed birds, such as you might find in a ten-cent store here, under a glass bell. A plastic donkey with metal in his nose, that turned his head from side to side when you held a magnet to it. This delighted her. These people felt that they were quite well off "when you look around you."

We saw an old woman living alone in two basement rooms, one a damp, dingy, small kitchen. In the other, about six by nine, she slept, sat and ate. Her daughter, who formerly lived with her, was in a hospital with cancer. The mother received a pension of 500 rubles a month. Her husband had been a coachman in the czar's day. "Things were much better then, but they're better now than they were in the war, or before Stalin died. We live on potatoes and cabbage. Sometimes we get a little meat, but the meat is very poor. Do you get meat in America? Is it good? Tell me, in America do you have people as poor as us? They tell us you have very hard times there—lots of unemployment. Is that true?" However this old woman felt she was lucky to receive a pension, and vaguely reiterated a belief that times were getting better. "You've got to believe things are getting better."

When we asked to take pictures of her kitchen she showed the first signs of real fear, saying, "It might not be good for me." She had a small icon on the wall, said, "This has great meaning for me."

Question: Did many of the people you talked to ask questions about the United States?

MRS. GOULD: Yes, they did. The one question we were asked everywhere was, "Is it true that you are worse off in America than we are?" Or they would say, "Is it true that you have a great deal of unemployment?" When we finally succeeded in getting into some homes, I think it was the amazing opportunity for these Russian women to question someone from the "outside" that helped us. Partly, too, I'm sure, it was just natural human friendliness and curiosity. We liked these women we saw in their homes very much. They had a native friendliness, dignity and hospitality. One old, old lady bowed as we were leaving. "Thank you for coming to visit us."

Question: What about the income of these people?

MRS. GOULD: It's hard to translate income figures. The average worker earns from 750 to 800 rubles a month (say $75 to $80), although some highly paid factory workers make as much as 2000 (about $200.)

MR. GOULD: For rough purposes, you divide by ten. A thousand rubles is approximately one hundred dollars. But many things are not purchasable at all—or so high no one can buy them. A man's woolen suit, for instance, would cost him every ruble he could earn in two months, provided he makes about 800 rubles a month. Shoes cost roughly forty to sixty dollars and are highly prized.

MRS. GOULD: On the other hand, rent is cheap. A family living in one room and part of a kitchen pays from four to six dollars a month to the government, which assigns all living space to everyone—tells you where to live and how much space you will have.

Question: If that woman thought her apartment was so bad, couldn't she go somewhere else?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 179



To look at her now you'd never know...but her face "broke out" an hour ago. The 2-step Medicare Set saved her then. Medicare Stick saves her now.



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Why does real butter make such a big flavor difference on hot foods? Because it's churned from 100% real cream, of course. Real cream is the heart and soul of its goodness, the source of the subtle flavor that agrees with you always. Just like milk, real butter belongs on your family table—and your family deserves real butter as much as your guests. Serve the best—serve real butter.

CHERRY MUFFINS: To your favorite quick muffin batter or your favorite muffin mix batter just add ½ cup coarsely cut maraschino cherries or black sweet cherries. Be sure to drain *thoroughly* before cutting. Stir quickly into batter.



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1957, AMERICAN DAIRY ASS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

GOULD: Oh, no, no, no. You are d a room and you must stay there.

tion: What about the sons? If they where will they live?

GOULD: That's an acute problem here. An elderly widow living in one ılate room almost filled with two beds, overed with clean, worn, lace-trimmed , told us, "My son wants to get mar- ut he hasn't been able to get a room. know what we'll do about it. Maybe I'll move out and his wife will move in Ve don't know. So far he can't get mar-

GOULD: People who are Party members great deal of preference in housing. ur Intourist guides admitted this freely. are really high up in the Party, or are overnment officials, they may have a wo-room or even three-room apartment nselves with nobody sharing the bath or n.

. GOULD: I think I never realized be- is trip how sharp the distinction is be- Party members and average Russians. arty is 7,000,000 people (recently in- l from 3,000,000), and their function is l the other 193,000,000 of the popula- line. Party people keep all the control, the official jobs. Resentment toward nd the system is far greater and far more ntly indicated (of course, never openly sed) by the voiceless, powerless other ıs than I had expected—though the members are outnumbered twenty-five .

GOULD: We learned early how much a shrug, a pressure of the arm can signify used to avoid answering a question ly.

stion: Did you feel that the Russians you met have a sense of fear much of ıe?

s. GOULD: Most Russians have a few , family or friends—three or four— they trust. Beyond that group they are uarded. When we were trying to see the s, we found it unwise to approach two together. The second person tended to a brake. If a neighbor came up the n we were talking to usually became cautious. Several times people would by and eavesdrop, or even interrupt our rsation. In every apartment building disciplined people probably hold the in line. If one of these people over- us asking a question, she would bustle Don't you know you should go to the ntendent to ask such things?" Then the n we had been talking with would retreat diately, saying, "That was just what I elling them."

asked permission to photograph several inside the houses. We were given per- on only once. We were not allowed to graph any woman we interviewed. They olite but definite in their refusal. "There been cases where people have been graphed and the pictures were used in a ay and the people got into trouble. We *you* are friendly, and wouldn't do that, o, it isn't safe." [*Note:* "A bad way" s showing unfavorable aspects of Rus- ife.]

e other thing that seemed significant was n Moscow we were almost totally unsuc- il in seeing any homes. Having visited a number in Leningrad where we were d to sit down, talk and answer questions t America, we tried again in Moscow. sed all the knowledge we'd gained about est way to approach people, but it didn't

e found that in Moscow—probably be- it is the center of government—people ed more fearful. There wasn't even the degree of freedom or gaiety or ease that is in Leningrad and in Odessa.

R. GOULD: Three different people, com- strangers, approached us during our time in Russia to ask if we could help escape from the country. They seemed r great strain. This happened when we not on a planned itinerary, so it could have been spontaneous, based on the gnition that we were three Americans, e, without an official guide.

Question: Did you get other clues as to how Russians feel about the regime?

MR. GOULD: Fortunately for us in the West, the Russians are educating their people. The only way to get ahead in Russia is by education. And one of the results of education, even under the Soviet system, is that your mind begins to work. The mind is a skeptical thing. If you begin to learn something and come to a dead-end street, you wonder why the street is blocked.

University students, those who have had access to Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin, now hear what the outside has always known, that Stalin was a mass murderer. This turnabout has crystallized a cynicism among young people because it illustrates so clearly that they are told only what the leaders want them to hear.

MRS. GOULD: Even among older people you have the feeling that few except Party members really support this regime.

MR. GOULD: Those who do knowingly close their eyes to certain things. Once on a long drive in the country we talked with our Intourist chauffeur about many things, including the Poznan riots. Finally he said, "When you are looking for the truth, don't look at Poznan. You can find the truth by looking straight ahead. It just doesn't help to look to the side."

He added: "The people will be here longer than the regime. Regimes come and go, but the people will always be here. Now the people have hope."

Question: The people are still afraid to talk openly?

MRS. GOULD: Yes. They would never come into a public room and discuss things because they might be overheard. But on the street, if they trusted you, they might be less cautious. Or they answer indirectly. We heard this many times: "My belly is full, why should I complain?"

Our young interpreter and another American who also spoke Russian talked a lot to students. They would walk the streets late at night, in groups of not more than two or three lest they attract police attention. Russian boys would ask the Americans, "If we should defect, what would life be like for us outside? How would we live? Could we get a job?" And many of them said, "Don't think that the Russian people are behind the system. Don't make that mistake."

MR. GOULD: Although authorities say that universities are open to non-Party as well as Party people, this was not our impression. A university education is a plum for those who conform. Lately Khrushchev has been saying openly in speeches what the boys told us. If you do not subscribe to "communist ideals" the privilege of an education may be denied you.

MRS. GOULD: We felt that this thought suppression was resented more than the lack of material things—though the students want material benefits also.

Question: Do the students seem serious about their work?

MRS. GOULD: Yes, Russia has given prestige to learning—it is the road to advancement, especially in the technical fields and the sciences. Students are very earnest. We had never seen a group of young people with so little gaiety and joy. Even when a boy asks a girl to dance—we went to a big outdoor dance at Sochi—he does it with a dead-pan expression, and she rarely smiles in reply. Girls seem to have little coquetry, as though they had taken a sports goddess or a farmerette as their ideal and didn't want to seem too feminine. They have solidly built bodies, use no make-up, and their clothes are sturdy and poorly cut.

Rarely do you see lovely well-groomed hair, or the little gay accents women have used everywhere—ribbons, scarves, colored handkerchiefs. We decided the young people worked so hard and the pressure was so great they had little energy left to charm.

MR. GOULD: The university students are paid about 370 rubles ($37) a month in addition to adequate living quarters—small single rooms, bare, cell-like but complete and with privacy, are part of the huge Moscow University building. But 370 rubles is not quite a living even for a student, and must be supplemented in some way. Sometimes parents help out. Many of the boys go into black marketing. When they meet tourists or people from the seaports they buy almost anything from them and then sell it for a great deal more. This is because commodities of every sort are in such short supply in Russia.

MRS. GOULD: Our guides kept denying that there is such a black market, although there is, even in rubles, though that is highly punishable. When we asked in Leningrad where the "Flea Market" [Tolkuchka] was they said it no longer existed. The guides and taxi drivers all told us there used to be one, but not any more. This proved to be completely untrue.

MR. GOULD: Our young companion had heard of the Flea Market from the students. They said he could buy everything there from "an atomic bomb to bird's milk." Following their tip, we went into the country behind the Baltic Railroad station, one drizzly Sunday morning. The chauffeur made us walk the last mile, saying, "We are not allowed to drive down there. I have never seen it and of course I don't have to go to such a place to buy things." About a mile out of town people were streaming on foot toward a muddy fenced-off field surrounded by a few poor shacks. On the way, we were jostled by somber-faced people with suitcases, bundles under their arms, a small table atop a head. Thousands of people stood or milled around inside the enclosure, all holding in their hands something for sale—a clock, a pair of shoes, a comb, a mirror, an undershirt. Here a woman was holding in an open palm a few trinkets of jewelry. There, a shotgun, a camera. There were practically no raincoats and this would have been a day to

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased. WILLIAM HAZLITT

wear or sell them. But raincoats are not for "workers"—they're for "higher-ups." When perhaps as many as seven or eight thousand people went there every Sunday, you would hardly think it possible for the official guide to keep saying something did not exist. Apparently Communist Party members accept this kind of doubletalk to foreigners as an ethical way of doing things. One of the principles laid down by Lenin was that it is perfectly proper to lie for the system.

Question: What about the children?

MRS. GOULD: Children are one of the bright spots in Russia. I visited several nursery schools. They take children from three months to four years. The majority of young children in cities go to nursery schools because the government wants the mothers to work, in fact working mothers pay only one third of the nursery fee. Those who don't work must pay the total price, which they can of course rarely afford. Children arrive at the nursery as early as seven in the morning and stay until the mother gets through work and calls for them. If the mother is on night shift, the children can sleep at the school. About one third of the children who go to nursery schools sleep there. They receive three or four good meals a day.

You recognize the rather frightening efficiency of the totalitarian state here, as the nursery schools seemed to me to be well staffed and well equipped. There is always, still, a large prominent picture of Lenin or of a smiling Stalin standing in a field of flowers, or welcoming a flock of little children. The children look clean, healthy and well dressed. By that I mean not only warmly but gaily and attractively dressed. They have good toys, and children in the parks have good little trucks and other playthings.

Older school children are well dressed too. The boys wear gray uniforms and look quite smart with little red scarves under their collars. They have many clubs and activities outside of but in connection with the school—mathematics clubs, science clubs, camera clubs. Wherever we went taking pictures we would see camera clubbers in neat gray uniforms usually taking pictures of us. They have good cameras. Every youngster is expected to have an interest, and work at it.

MR. GOULD: They have an organization which they compare to our Boy Scouts—we wouldn't agree to the comparison. It is called the Pioneers—it is the children's organization of the Communist Party. If you are a Pioneer you automatically go into the Komsomol when you become older. Then if you are good enough, one of the elect, you can get to be a Party member in your early twenties. They have most skillfully used every form of inducement and prestige. It is considered an honor to be a Komsomoletz. Only boys and girls who are good at sports and studies both are supposed to become members. And, in addition, all the good things come your way—like free summer camping, special privileges of all kinds.

MRS. GOULD: It seemed to us that one reason as many people support the regime as do was that it seemed to hold out hope for their children—education, health, the possibility of professional advancement. One woman, working in the street near the university, said to us proudly, "I helped build that building. Now my son goes there."

Question: Were the young people curious about life in the U.S.A.?

MR. GOULD: We had one copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL with us. We let some young people read it. They would hardly give it up. They would say, "Can I take it home overnight?"

MRS. GOULD: One morning I went to talk to the girls in the Intourist office. I was about to start packing so I said, "May I have my JOURNAL?" The girl didn't answer. We spoke of other things and ten minutes later I said, "Well, I'm going to pack now. Can I have my magazine?" She still didn't answer and then I saw that the young man at the head desk, her boss, was intently reading every page of the JOURNAL—and she didn't want to ask him to give it up till he'd finished.

Question: Could he read English?

MRS. GOULD: Yes. Almost all the people in the Intourist service speak English.

Question: Had any of these people ever seen a JOURNAL before?

MRS. GOULD: One girl said that a woman tourist who was there last summer had one.

Question: What interested them most in the magazine?

MRS. GOULD: They were primarily interested in the fashions and in pictures of houses and kitchens. Also in dieting stories. One of the solidly built Intourist girls decided to go on a diet and told me, "I only ate an apple for lunch." But a day later she said, "Who wants to be slim and weak like your American women!"

MR. GOULD: I'd like to interrupt to tell you of a pleasant, personal episode which came about quite accidentally. Because of bad weather we were off-loaded at a place called Simferopol, near Sevastopol and Yalta. Finally we found we would have to spend the night in this industrial town of a hundred and fifty thousand population.

For dinner, we went to a local restaurant called the Astoria. All good restaurants in Russia seem to be called either Astoria or Savoy. We had our usual caviar—the best thing there is to eat—and the orchestra started playing an excellent St. Louis Blues.

MRS. GOULD: We applauded and as we danced they played Stormy Weather, and Tea for Two, for us, delighted at our appreciation, smiling, bowing at us and we at them. They were really a marvelous orchestra.

When we were seated, a Russian man wearing a worker's leather jacket and with several stainless-steel teeth came up to our table, bowed and asked me to dance. It is considered correct there for a man to invite a stranger to dance if he asks her escort first. He was a good dancer, too, but I could only tell him so in my very poor German to which he replied, "*Danke schön.*"

Question: When you told people about life in the United States, did you feel they believed what you said?

MR. GOULD: Probably not wholly. The first time someone tells them, "Oh no. In America we are not having hard times," they probably wouldn't credit it entirely. But if more and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 181



Huntburgers

You make 'em—and bake 'em
—in the bun!

Here's a delicious new way to serve hamburger for dinner. Oh, so *very* good to eat. Quick and easy, too!

It's hamburgers *in* the bun—with Hunt's Tomato Sauce *in* the meat. And as a tempting topping! Just about the juiciest, most mouth-watering combination of flavors you can ever imagine!

The buns get crisp and crunchy. And the filling has a richness, a spicy tomato goodness that Hunt's and Hunt's alone can give. Because Hunt's is the *kettle-simmered* tomato sauce! Seasoned just right!

Do try Huntburgers; your family will "eat 'em up!" And that's not all. Try Hunt's Tomato Sauce in your favorite meatloaf, savory stew, pot roast and gravy, fish dishes, casseroles. It's mighty good and mighty handy—for Quick Stunts at your house.

6 hamburger buns	1 teasp. salt
1 lb. ground beef	⅛ teasp. pepper
2 Tablesps. finely chopped onion	2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Hollow out centers of the buns, leaving bottom and ½-inch rim. (You may use sliced or unsliced buns.) Crumble up the bread you have removed and mix well with meat, onion, salt, pepper and 1½ cans of the Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Fill buns. Bake on cooky sheet in moderately hot oven, 375°F., for 20 minutes. Spoon remaining sauce over buns. Bake about 5 min. more until sauce is hot.



Hunt-for the best

HELPFUL RECIPES *on every can. Also, send for FREE Recipe Booklet, "21 New Ways to Serve Hamburger." Address Hunt Foods, Inc., Dept. J1, Fullerton, Calif.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 179

re tourists come in and tell them the truth, vill be almost impossible to perpetuate the lies. The most convincing thing, of course, uld be for them to have access to maga- es like the JOURNAL, or the Post, or Read- Digest. That is why I regret that the only gazine from the United States which the ssians can see is one which is officially nned for them, America—50,000 a month now sold in Russia. They feel that it's paganda. I wish, instead, they could have ess to the magazines bought and read by lions in this country. They would know, n, that they were getting a true picture.

Question: How did the trip affect your pre- us ideas about Russia?

MRS. GOULD: The system of oppression, of vernment domination, is more total, more ective, more appalling n I believed possible be- e I went in. But the peo- in many ways were more pealing.

MR. GOULD: I think our eign newspaper corre- ondents have told the th, but I don't think we lieve what we have been told by them. It is d to believe without a frame of reference.

MRS. GOULD: I have longed to send some our Intourist guides certain recent edi- ials in the New York papers so they could ow what the outside world is saying about ngary.

Question: Could you send them these edi- ials?

MRS. GOULD: I asked my husband and we cided to send a subscription to the LADIES' ME JOURNAL to the entire Intourist office Moscow. We don't want to send it to any e girl because it might be dangerous for her. we are sending it to the entire Intourist ice. To send critical editorials into Russia o might endanger the person to whom they re sent.

Question: Do you see any possibility that hin the next five or ten years the Russian ple may rise up against the existing regime?

MRS. GOULD: I think we all must feel this a critical time for them. They have had a nge in leadership. Present government ds know that Stalin went too far with the rror. They have denounced him as a scoun- l. By trying to give the people more oppor- nities, they hope to survive as leaders. If this ess to the outside world and to the truth es not come too fast—if living conditions in Russia continue to improve steadily as the people slowly but inevitably become aware how much better off other parts of the world are—it might be possible to bring about a gradual evolution to a freer, less oppressive government without violence. But if under- standing of how much they have been lied to comes faster than does an improvement in living conditions, in freedom, then it seems to us that the Soviet Government is in real trouble.

MR. GOULD: Especially if the people get to know that Soviet troops have often defected, or been successfully defied in certain in- stances—in Hungary, say.

MRS. GOULD: It is more a sense of the hope- lessness of combating the regime that keeps them in line than anything else. And if that should show any signs of cracking —

MR. GOULD: Of course the regime holds all the power weapons, even though, now, perhaps, the army is stronger than the secret police, MVD. And nowadays no one person- ally, completely controls the secret police, or the army, as Stalin once did.

MRS. GOULD: The greatest hope of a peace- ful solution would be if the leaders would per- mit more knowledge of the outside world to the ordinary man, and eventually there could be a free exchange of people, as in the demo- cratic world. Certainly they are not ready yet, and, from their government's point of view, I think what they are doing now—letting in Americans and other tourists—is dangerous.

MR. GOULD: A great deal depends on the satellite countries—whether they are violently suppressed, or some measure of freedom is granted. If the people get too restive there might be a return to the absolute Terror as it was under Stalin—all Russians dread this. Having had a taste of this much freedom (very little, of course, by our standards), the ques- tion is, would they fight to hold onto it? I think their youth is ready to rebel, and, appar- ently, Khrushchev fears this.

Question: Did you gain any feeling that the present leaders are insecure and that there may be a change of regime?

MR. GOULD: The people of Russia are ask- ing questions. They are thinking. They seemed to us to be resentful. What it all adds up to only the future will reveal. But we felt they are beginning to want their rights as workers, as individuals, as educated men and women.

H H H H H

Jests that give pain are no jests. CERVANTES

H H H H H

THE PLIGHT OF THE OLD KITCHEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

Bob and Eleanor often stood in the door, king me over from ceiling to floor, and hing with discouragement. What to do first? viously I needed a new coat of paint, new or, better lighting. But Eleanor worried st about the things a woman is likely to tice. There was no working space; she had chop carrots and shape meat patties and l out dough on the same table that later ist be cleared and set for dining. The re- gerator door opened wrong—she was al- ys getting wedged between it and the table, burning her arm on the too-close hot-water es. I despaired of *ever* turning into the d of kitchen she wanted—light, sunny and arkling.

Even today I can hardly believe it! Yet re I am—the most popular room in the use. Now my walls are clear light yellow, woodwork gleaming white, and my floor vered with a pastel-flecked plastic material th a rubber backing that is actually soft derfoot. Eleanor's working space and stor- e problems are solved by two fine green astic-topped counters, and new cabinets and elves. The refrigerator was shifted to a bet- position, and recessed into a chimney ok. The old range with its failing insulation lded to a new electric one, complete with a shelf at the left, so the cook doesn't feel mmed in. Behind the range, the sink, too, walls have matte-finished plastic tile. Easy the eyes and easy to clean. Eleanor finds at the curved extension of one counter makes a convenient spot to sit, writing grocery lists or talking on the handy wall telephone.

My day begins at seven and I'm kept busy until midnight. That's because there are so *many* meals to prepare. Take breakfast. Bobby, a husky teen-ager, eats his toast, orange juice and cocoa while Eleanor bustles about preparing his lunch: sandwiches, fruit, homemade cake or cookies. After Bobby has dashed off to catch the 7:30 school bus, Eleanor has *her* breakfast. Usually she's not quite finished with her coffee and newspaper when Chuck appears, and there's another breakfast and lunch to pack. (This lunch is fancier, with carrot sticks and celery curls.) And by the time Chuck goes and Eleanor finishes the dishes, Bob is awake and hungry.

Bob works from three until midnight. This means Eleanor cooks two major meals a day—one for her husband at noontime, one for the boys in the evening. Four separate breakfasts, two dinners and three box lunches to prepare daily, *plus* after-school snacks, baking after- noons, and bedtime refrigerator raids—all these keep a mother pretty constantly in the kitchen. That's why I see so much of Eleanor, and why it's so important that she's satisfied with me. If it's good food that wins a man's heart, surely what makes a woman happy is a pleasant place to cook that good food.

Today I'm the kind of kitchen every kitchen ought to be—good to look at, easy to work in, and best of all, a room for the whole family to enjoy.

END



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THE LOW-FAT DIET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

in the diet, one must consider the *invisible* as well as the *visible* fats of both animal and vegetable sources.

In the book, LOW-FAT COOKERY, are outlined two plans which will keep the average intake of total fat at either 25 grams per day or 50 grams per day. We have devised and compiled menus and recipes for a sample week which will provide a tempting variety without excessive quantities of fat. These same methods can be used in planning delicious meals in weeks to follow.

The amounts specified in these menus will be equal to usual servings and *given in cup measures*. Each day's menus have no more than 50 grams of fat per day per person.

RECIPES AND MENUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

VEAL ROLL-UPS IN TOMATO SAUCE

Mix 4 tablespoons grated onion with 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Blend well with 3 tablespoons water in which 1 chicken bouillon cube has been dissolved. Pound 6 slices veal thin as for *scaloppine*, or perhaps your butcher will cut and pound it for you. Spread each slice of veal with some of the stuffing. Cover with a thin slice of cooked tongue, cut if possible the same size as the veal. Roll and fasten securely with thread. Sauté in a skillet in 1 tablespoon hot butter until evenly browned. Remove from the pan and roll in paper toweling to absorb the excess fat. Drain the skillet. Then into the skillet pour two 8-ounce cans tomato sauce and ½ cup water. Season with 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon thyme, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Simmer, covered, for 45 minutes until rolls are tender. Remove thread and serve rolls with rice or noodles. Makes 4 servings.

CRANBERRY SHERBET

In a saucepan, cook 2 cups cranberries in 1¼ cups water until the skins pop. Press through sieve. Add 1 cup sugar to cranberry pulp. Return to saucepan. Cook until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat. Add 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin, softened in ¼ cup cold water. Mix well. Cool. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix. Pour into freezer tray. Freeze 2–3 hours in freezing compartment of refrigerator set at coldest position until firm, stirring twice. Makes 1 pint or 4 servings.

RAISIN DROP COOKIES

Add ½ teaspoon cream of tartar to 3 egg whites. Make a soft meringue by beating in ¾ cup sugar—2 tablespoons at a time. Sift together 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of mace and allspice. Fold into the egg-and-sugar meringue. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¼ cup raisins with the last addition of flour. Drop by teaspoons on a lightly greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 10 minutes.

WILTED CUCUMBERS WITH DILL

Peel and score 2 medium-sized cucumbers. Slice thin. Arrange in layers in a bowl, salting each layer generously. Cover and let wilt in the refrigerator for several hours. Then press out the salt water that forms. Add 1 teaspoon sugar. Dilute ⅓ cup vinegar with enough water to make ½ cup. Pepper the cucumbers and pour the diluted vinegar over them. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon fresh dill or ½ tablespoon dried dill. Let stand in the refrigerator about 1 hour to marinate. Makes 4 servings.

BAKED ALASKA

Bake an angel-food cake layer in an 8″ or 9″ pan, using a half package of angel-food cake mix. In some areas you can buy angel layers in the grocery store. Place on a heavy wooden board covered with lightly oiled brown paper. Make a meringue by adding ⅔ cup sugar gradually to 5 stiffly beaten egg whites and beat until the meringue stands in soft peaks. Heap Frozen-Strawberry Filling (see recipe on page 77) in center of cake 1″ from the edge. Generously swirl the meringue over top and sides, including the cake. Seal all areas carefully. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., until lightly brown, about 5 minutes.

FRENCH SALAD DRESSING WITH PECTIN

Mix together in a jar ½ cup water, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons powdered pectin. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper and paprika. Add 1 large clove garlic, slashed in several places with a knife. Allow dressing to stand for several hours. Shake well before using. Makes 1 cup dressing.

BAKED TOMATOES

Cut off the tops of 4 medium-sized tomatoes. Scoop out a small part of the center pulp. Mix together ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon onion powder, ⅛ teaspoon basil, ⅛ teaspoon *orégano* and a dash of pepper. Sprinkle the tops of the tomatoes with this mixture. Top with ½ cup cracker crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20 to 30 minutes or until the tomatoes are tender.

HAMBURGERS WITH ONION GRAVY

Make 4 thick patties from 1⅓ pounds ground lean round steak. Make a deep print in each patty with the tip of a teaspoon. Sprinkle skillet with a thin layer of salt. Heat. Place hamburgers in skillet, print side up. Cook until patties are browned. Remove to broiler rack. Fill each print with ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Place under broiler and broil until done. Add 3 tablespoons flour and ¼ cup water to skillet. Stir to make a smooth paste. Gradually add ¾ cup hot water and ½ package dehydrated onion-soup mix. Cook and stir to make a smooth gravy. Serve hamburgers on platter and pour gravy over them.

CHERRY WHIP

In a saucepan, heat to boiling point a 1-pound can red pitted cherries. Meanwhile, soften 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add ½ cup sugar to cherries. Stir until dissolved. Remove cherries from heat. Drain, reserving juice. Dissolve gelatin in hot juice. Chill until thickened. Beat 2 egg whites and a pinch of salt until stiff but not dry. Fold into thickened mixture with cherries. Pour into 4 individual dessert dishes. Chill. Makes 4 servings.

TOASTED ROLLS WITH CRAB SALAD

To 3 cups boned cooked crab meat, fresh or canned, add 1 cup diced celery. Flavor with the juice of ½ lemon, 1 small onion, grated, ¼ cup finely minced parsley and ½ cup Special Mayonnaise. (Recipe on page 77.) Season with salt, pepper and a dash of hot red-pepper sauce. Fill toasted soft rolls with the salad and a piece or two of crisp lettuce. Fills 8 rolls.

ROCK CORNISH GAME HENS

Thaw 4 frozen Rock Cornish game hens as directed on package. Remove giblets. Rinse hens in cold water. Dry. Place on rack in uncovered roasting pan, breast side up. Salt and pepper hens. Dissolve 2 chicken bouillon cubes in 1¾ cups boiling water. Add ¼ cup lemon juice. Pour over hens. Roast in a hot oven, 425° F., for 1 hour. Baste frequently. Serve garnished with slices of orange topped with currant jelly. If you wish to serve the hens with rice and gravy, simmer giblets in

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iling water until tender. Make gravy with n drippings. Add flour, salt, pepper and e water in which giblets were cooked. ld chopped giblets to gravy before serving. akes 4 servings.

POTATO BOATS WITH SAPSAGO CHEESE

ake 4 large potatoes. When done, remove m the oven and cut in half horizontally. oop out the insides and mash with plenty salt and pepper and about 5 tablespoons im milk. Add 1 tablespoon grated sapsago eese. Refill 4 shells and bake in a hot oven, 0° F., until browned on top. Makes 4 rvings.

BAKED EGGS IN CREOLE SAUCE

our into a saucepan 1 can condensed tomato up, undiluted. Add 2 tablespoons finely opped celery, 2 tablespoons finely chopped een pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped ion and 2 tablespoons sweet-pickle relish. eat until well blended. Makes 1 cup sauce. rease 4 ramekins. Place in each 3 table- oons sauce. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs. reak 1 egg into each dish. Sprinkle with lt and pepper. Cover each egg with 2 table- oons sauce and another sprinkle of cracker umbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., r about 15 minutes or until eggs are edium firm. Makes 4 servings.

CAULIFLOWER IN PIQUANT SAUCE

issolve 1 chicken bouillon cube in ¼ cup t water. In a double boiler make a smooth aste with the bouillon and 3 tablespoons our. Gradually add cup liquid skim ilk, stirring con- antly. Add 2 table- oons catchup and tablespoon grated psago cheese. Sea- n with 1 tablespoon orcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ aspoon nutmeg and dash of pepper. Heat ntil well blended. erve hot as sauce for head cauliflower which has been cooked ntil tender for about 20 minutes in boiling lted water. Makes 1½ cups sauce.

All that a man has to say or do that can possibly concern mankind is in some shape or other to tell the story of his love—to sing; and, if he is fortunate and keeps alive, he will be forever in love. This alone is to be alive to the extremities. THOREAU

FRUITED MERINGUE KISSES

eat 3 egg whites and ⅛ teaspoon salt until othy. Gradually add 1 cup sugar, 1 table- oon at a time. Beat until the meringue will and in stiff peaks and the sugar is dissolved. old in ½ teaspoon vanilla and ¾ cup diced andied fruit. Drop by teaspoons onto a reased baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven, 75° F., for about 1 hour or until they are ght tan in color. Makes 2½ dozen.

SUNDAY

reakfast

Fresh Grapefruit Juice
Crisp Dry Cereal with Sliced Banana, Strawberries and Skim Milk (1 cup cereal)
Eggs Poached in Chicken Broth[1] on Toast (1 egg each)
offee—sugar and 1 tablespoon coffee cream

. If chicken broth (canned or homemade) is refrigerated and skimmed before using, fat is negligible.

inner

Tomato Bouillon with Fresh Chopped Tarragon (or dried if fresh is not available)
Chicken Broilers[1] Glazed with Orange Juice and Honey (½ broiler each)
Baked Potatoes Served with Nonfat Cottage Cheese and Chives Thinned with Skim Milk[2]
Tender Young Zucchini Seasoned with Garlic Salt
Crisp Garden Relishes
Cranberry Sherbet[3]—Raisin Drop Cookies*
Coffee—sugar, no cream

. Broil or bake on a rack so excess fat drips off.
. This dressing is an excellent substitute for butter on baked potatoes.
. If cranberries are not available, any commercially produced fruit ice can be substituted. Recipe on page 182.

*Recipe on page 182.

Supper

Fresh Fruit Salad with Nonfat Cottage-Cheese Dressing[1]
Tongue-and-Horse-Radish Sandwiches on Rye[2] (2 slices tongue in 1 sandwich)
Skim Milk or Buttermilk
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

1. Mix together cottage cheese, lemon juice and salt to taste. Press through a sieve or mix in a blender.
2. Special Mayonnaise may be spread on bread. Recipe on page 77.

MONDAY

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Blueberry Pancakes* with Maple Sirup
Coffee—sugar and 1 tablespoon coffee cream

*Recipe on page 77.

Lunch

Shrimp-and-Lobster Salad with Cocktail Sauce[1] (½ cup each shrimp and lobster per person)
Bread Sticks
Fresh Fruit Bowl
Skim Milk or Buttermilk
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

1. Use your favorite recipe. If it contains mayonnaise, use Special Mayonnaise. Recipe on page 77.

Dinner

Veal Roll-Ups in Tomato Sauce* (1½ pieces veal each)
Rice
Green Beans with Water Chestnuts
Wilted Cucumbers with Dill*
Baked Alaska*
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

*Recipes on page 182.

TUESDAY

Breakfast

One Half Grapefruit
Cold Cereal with Cinnamon Sugar, Blueberries and Skim Milk (1 cup cereal)
Toasted Raisin Bread—Jam
Coffee—sugar and 1 tablespoon coffee cream

Lunch

Chef's Salad, Special French Dressing[1]
Melba Toast
Frozen Raspberries and Grapefruit
Skim Milk or Buttermilk
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

1. Prepare a salad of mixed greens and vegetables. Add julienne strips of tongue (left from Sunday's menu). Use ¼ cup tongue per person. Use special French dressing. Recipe on page 182.

Dinner

Garden-Crisp Relishes with Curried Cottage-Cheese Dip[1]
Pan-Broiled Minute Steaks[2]
Asparagus with Lemon Juice
Baked Tomatoes*
Fresh Pineapple Halves Filled with Fresh Fruit
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

1. Prepare with nonfat cottage cheese, curry and seasonings to taste.
2. Salt pan; add no fat, trim meat carefully—pan-broil quickly.

*Recipe on page 182.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Prunes
Hot Oatmeal with Skim Milk and Sugar
Soft-Cooked Egg (1 each)
Toast with Strawberry Jam
Coffee—sugar and 1 tablespoon coffee cream

Lunch

Homemade Pea Soup[1]
Roast-Beef-and-Pickle-Relish Sandwiches[2] (2 slices cut thin in 1 sandwich)
Stewed Apricots with Rum Flavoring
Raisin Drop Cookies[3]*
Skim Milk or Buttermilk
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream



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1. The fat can be removed from homemade soups if they are chilled and skimmed before serving. If milk is added, use skim milk.
2. The roast beef could be purchased sliced. Bread may be spread with Special Mayonnaise (recipe on page 77).
3. These would be left from Sunday's menu.

*Recipe on page 182.

Dinner

Hamburgers with Onion Gravy*
(¼ pound each—1 thick hamburger)
Piquant Spinach[1]
Mashed Potatoes[2]
Tomato-Aspic Salad
Cherry Whip*
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

1. Season spinach with a little vinegar, salt, thyme and marjoram.
2. Hot skim milk is added to potatoes. Butter is omitted.

*Recipes on page 182.

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Pineapple-and-Orange Juice
Dry cereal with skim milk and sugar
Scrambled Eggs[1] with Chopped Mushrooms
(1 egg each)
Boston Brown Bread (2 slices)
Coffee or Tea—sugar and 1 tablespoon coffee cream

1. Scramble without butter in the top of a double boiler. Beat eggs, add mushrooms and stir occasionally while cooking.

Lunch

Toasted Rolls with Crab Salad*
and Lettuce
Carrot Sticks, Radishes, Bread-and-Butter Pickles
Baked Apples
Skim Milk or Buttermilk
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

*Recipe on page 182.

Dinner

Rock Cornish Game Hens* (1 per person)
with Orange Slices and Currant Jelly
Minted Peas
Potato Boats with Sapsago Cheese†
Romaine with Artichoke Hearts and
Special French Dressing*
Hot Fruit Compote
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

*Recipes on page 182.
†Recipe on page 183.

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Hot Spicy Applesauce[1]
Hot oatmeal with skim milk and sugar
Scrambled Eggs with Chipped Beef[2]
(1 egg each—¼ cup chipped beef)
Melba toast with Jelly
Coffee—sugar and 1 tablespoon coffee cream

1. Heat canned, or prepare homemade, apple sauce with cinnamon and nutmeg to taste.
2. Scramble in a double boiler. Freshen chipped beef and cut into small pieces. Mix with egg as it is cooking. Garnish with chopped parsley.

Lunch

Baked Eggs in Creole Sauce* (2 eggs)
Green Beans with Pearl Onions
Frozen Peaches—Almond Flavoring
Fruited Meringue Kisses*
Skim Milk or Buttermilk
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

*Recipes on page 183.

Dinner

Baked Stuffed Flounder* (large serving)
Herbed Lima Beans with Corn
Cauliflower in Piquant Sauce†
Tossed Green Salad with Radishes and Green Onions
Strawberry Meringue Pie* (photographed)
Tea or Coffee—sugar, no cream

*Recipes on page 77.
†Recipe on page 183.

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Prune Juice and Apricot Nectar
Hot Cereal Cooked with Dates (1 cup each) and Skim Milk
Coffee—sugar and 1 tablespoon coffee cream

Lunch

Medley-of-Vegetable Salad, Marinated in
Special French Dressing*
Melba Toast
Angel Cake with Frozen Peach Sauce
Skim Milk or Buttermilk
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

*Recipe on page 182.

Dinner

London Broil[1] (2 slices)
Broccoli Spears with Lemon Juice
Potatoes cooked in jackets—Cottage-Cheese Chive and Skim-Milk Sauce
Stewed Plums—Fruited Meringue Kisses*
Coffee or Tea—sugar, no cream

1. Broiled flank steak cut into thin slices against the grain.

*Recipe on page 183.

MOTHER TAKES OVER THE CLASS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

not only about flying—a strange world to most of them—but about life almost everywhere.

Thursday evenings became a time for lively discussions of the parents' own experiences, with suggestions back and forth. By the end of the year 47 parents had qualified for temporary teaching certificates by putting in five full days in class. Many have decided to go back to school and earn their education degrees so they can teach on a permanent basis. They know they will have to take the work a little at a time when they can fit it in with teaching and home duties—many will not complete the requirements for years—but they will be ready when their children are old enough for them to be able to be away from home every day.

The parents use the $17.50 a day substitute-teachers' pay for baby sitters and taxi fares to school, little extras at home and to help pay for education courses at nearby Hofstra and Adelphi colleges. But the pay does not swell home budgets greatly. "For almost everyone I know it has meant a sacrifice," says Margaret McMorrow, "in rearranging schedules, getting someone to come in and look after the children and putting off their own housework. They do it because they're enthusiastic about it."

But if the experience does not bring overnight wealth, it is richly satisfying in other ways, the young mothers feel. "It's waked me up," said one. "I've always loved my home, but I'd got into a mental rut. Now I'm *creatively* interested in it." Many feel the children they have known at school have helped them understand their own better. "Mine don't seem like such monsters," said another, "when I see other eight-year-olds making noise and having the same sort of shortcomings."

I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education. THOMAS JEFFERSON

Peggy O'Sullivan likes to remember the day she had hall duty and Robert came to the door. She called him over and they talked a few minutes before he ran out to rejoin his friends. "I heard one of the little boys ask him 'What did the teacher want with you?'" she recalls. "And he said—and he sounded really proud about it—'Oh, she didn't want anything, she's my *mother!*'"

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JOURNAL

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THE MAGAZINE
WOMEN
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Ladies' Home Journal

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 1957

JOURNALITIES



Mary Lea Page

In the opinion of the JOURNAL staff there should be such really *worth-while* national contests as "Youngest-Looking Grandmother of 1957." MARY LEA PAGE might win. Mary Lea (nicknamed "Biffie" after her Princeton football-playing father) is admittedly tall, many say handsome, definitely slim. Biffie's editorial job makes her deal with literary agents, writers, publishers, cartoonists. She says, "Never having lost the layman's awe of literary creativeness, I am always nonplused to realize how very 'old shoe' most authors are. Their wells go dry, their heaters collapse, their children get measles, their dogs bite the meter man, even as yours and mine. In spite of all, they continue to create stories and I continue to regard them as bigger than life size. My pet peeves," she adds, "are bigots, braggarts and people who can't *listen*. My favorite pastime is playing with my two young grandchildren and trying to plant 50,000 bulbs on our new place in Chester County."



Howard Swiggett

HOWARD SWIGGETT, author of *The Durable Fire*, a new novel beginning page 66, is just the person to be writing about the people he's writing about—he's a delightfully successful man, just as his characters are, for the most part, delightful and successful people. Mr. Swiggett's books (a previous one is being made into a movie now) come to his agent written in a left-handed longhand scrawl, but this can be forgiven Mr. Swiggett, a handsome man, a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, and an accomplished lecturer on the subject Beauty in Women.



Robin White

ROBIN WHITE, son of American missionary parents, was born twenty-seven years ago in South India, spent most of his early life there. "My background more or less demands to be written about," he says, "and it has been my aim to use my knowledge of things Indian to promote a broader understanding between East and West." After this rather serious statement we hasten to add that *The Big Secret* (page 68) does just that—but in a most amusing and lighthearted manner. Today Mr. White lives in Old Saybrook, Connecticut, with his wife, three children, a collie named Dougie, and "a solicitous but unnamed cat of doubtful origin." What little time he can spare from his family and his writing (he's now launched on a historical novel) he spends on gardening, carpentry and ancient books on India.

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What to do during the MOST IMPORTANT HOUR of his cold



Give him this first day relief

proved by 41 million mothers

Mother, how satisfying it is to know you can give your child safe, sure relief from suffering in the most important hour of his cold! The hour you first discover the cold coming on.

Everything you do for him then—at that critical hour—is especially important. That's the hour to use dependable Vicks VapoRub℠. Rub it on his chest, throat and back, and see that he rests.

Relieves His Suffering, Relieves Your Worry

VapoRub works so fast, two ways at once:

- On the chest to loosen muscular tightness.
- In the nose, throat and large bronchial tubes with medicated vapors that relieve congestion, ease coughing, make breathing easier.

So, at the most important hour of a cold—do as 41 million mothers do—give your child fast relief with proved Vicks VapoRub.



World's Most Trusted Colds-Medication



This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

Chase & Sanborn

Fresher because it's pressure packed

Enjoy Chase & Sanborn's fuller coffee flavor in the

NEW FULL-BODIED INSTANT

Instant Chase & Sanborn



YES, THAT'S SHELLEY WINTERS . . . STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND TELEVISION

Our READERS WRITE US

But What Was She Reading?

Ypsilanti, Michigan

Dear Sir: As you can see, we have been reading the JOURNAL in our family for a good many years. (If you have a use for this photograph, I'm sure the sitter could be persuaded to release it for publication!)



Early fan.

Very truly yours,
DEAN A. CLARK

Practice What We Preach?

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Editors: You've had some good articles on helping young people to have higher standards, and I liked your Commercialization of Sex forum several months ago. But do you practice what you preach? I counted fourteen ads in this month's JOURNAL which exploited sex—and your own covers often have SEX in big red letters right across the front. If you're really serious about this subject, why don't you be pioneers and take the first step by cleaning up your own magazine?

Very truly yours,
MRS. GLENN JOHNSON

▶ *We think sex is a perfectly respectable word and that it doesn't become less so on a* JOURNAL *cover—not so long as the article inside is constructive, worked out with doctors, clergymen or educators (depending on the range of the discussion). When we announce such articles on the cover, we do so because we believe they are of special importance and interest; and the letters we receive from husbands and wives, doctors and clergymen confirm this belief.*

Advertisers who use the JOURNAL'S *pages to show their products quite naturally wish to make them as appealing as possible. A manufacturer of lingerie, for example, will usually choose a pretty girl as a model, and she undoubtedly will have sex appeal. Since there is a good reason for her to be shown as she is, we do not feel that photographs of this type should be ruled out of the magazine. We do, however, refuse several hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertisements annually—which some magazines publish—because such advertisements seem objectionable to us, either because of the pictures used, the phrasing employed or the subject matter advertised. This has always been the policy of The Curtis Publishing Company, and was originated by Cyrus H. K. Curtis, whose high standards were well known to all in his day. In fact, no popular magazines in the world screen their advertising more carefully to keep all their pages suitable for the entire family than the* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *and The Saturday Evening Post.—ED.*

"Safety-First" Eyeglasses

Dallas, Texas

Dear Editors: How many mothers of children who wear glasses know that they can buy shatterproof lenses? My enlightenment came not from doctors but from a playground director after our son got pulverized glass in his eye.

Dick now has lenses which can also break but will not disintegrate like ordinary ones. These shatterproof lenses are a little bit thicker and slightly higher priced, but the safety feature more than offsets these slight disadvantages. In the hope that some child may be spared serious eye damage, may I pass the word along through my long-time favorite publication, the L.H.J.? Sincerely,
MRS. R. R. HEIDER

Tomatoes vs. Potatoes

Forest Hills, New York

Dear Editors: Why is it that women's magazines such as the JOURNAL devote page after page to "How to keep your husband happy, how to look attractive for your husband, how to help your husband's career," etc., while men's magazines devote page after page to photos of exquisite girls (in Bikinis) who make the average housewife look like a potato? Sincerely,
MRS. GEORGE ROSENFELD

▶ *Answer from a male friend: Who, me? ED.*

Panacea for Panned Parenthood

Maumee, Ohio

Dear Editors: Parenthood is being panned with increasing enthusiasm by those who see the genesis of all the world's ills in today's youth. As a result, parents are becoming unsure of themselves.

For this is the Age of Experts. But the experts don't often agree, and this is disconcerting to parents who earnestly desire to do right. So, come out of the doghouse, mom and pop, and give heed to a few fundamental principles which may give you heart:

1. All first children should be born last, preferably the last of twelve.

2. Have more than one child. Have several. Practice may not make perfect in parenthood, but you have more chances of hitting the bull's-eye.

3. Most of your children's faults come from the other side of the family. This is not a subject for dinner-table conversation, but comes in handy when talking to the child's teacher.

4. Very few teachers readily understand children, especially your child. If they say nice things about him, then you are in a very superior school system. If they don't, it's lack of rapport.

5. There is no such thing as a normal child. All children are different from all other children. Comparisons are odious, and most parents worry too much about what other people think.

6. A child has a perfect right to make mistakes. Don't deny him the educational experience, which was vouchsafed you, of making a fool of himself now and then.

7. Let the schools educate your child. That's what you pay taxes or tuition for.

8. Children should be regarded as guests in the house once in a while. It will bring

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Why do you suppose the manufacturer put a box of Tide in your new automatic?



"I recommend Tide for every automatic,"

says Norbert Badtke of Milwaukee, Wis. "When you service top-loading automatics, you really understand them. And I've discovered that starting folks off with Tide gives them the kind of clean clothes that makes them rave about their automatics!"

...so your automatic will give you the cleanest clothes possible!



"Next to me . . . Mommy likes Tide-clean sheets."

Maybe you've thought there isn't much difference in the matter of cleanness. Oh, but there is! You'll discover that as soon as you take your first fluffy, sweet-smelling Tide wash from the dryer or line. You know, Tide brought you the greatest cleaning power the washday world had ever known, and that cleaning power has never been surpassed. No washday product made, *nothing* can beat Tide for getting clothes clean. Next washday, hang out a Tide-clean wash!

THE CLEANEST CLEAN POSSIBLE IS TIDE-CLEAN

The Picture of Health for March



by MAXINE DAVIS

Nothing was fun around our house. Nobody was sick—just cranky and cross. My husband's business was good. The girls' grades in school were excellent. What was the matter?

I knew my trouble. Every time I took a deep breath a strategic strap would break. I was wearing clothes I could get into, not ones that do something for me. My spouse had a suspicious bulge above his belt.

We were over-nourished! Depressing! I don't have to look up medical references to prove that overweight causes personality changes. I was embarrassed about my looks. My husband's extra pounds were as much of a burden as if they were bricks in his briefcase; they made him tired. When we're gloomy the children aren't happy.

"But a low-calory regime makes us even more irritable," I complained to our druggist.

"Try KESSAMIN" he suggested.

We are. We're slimming—and gay again!

The KESSAMIN PLAN consists of a scientifically designed diet supplemented by tablets containing all essential nutritional vitamins *plus* a harmless ingredient that makes you feel a smaller amount of food is all you can hold.

We're going to keep on using KESSAMIN when we're back to normal—and keep that way.

Grandfather was grumpy and low-spirited too. His new store teeth clattered like a train of empty freight cars.

While the old darling brooded I shopped—and found ORAFIX, an adhesive that holds his dentures firmly in place, for 24 hours if necessary. Now he talks normally, easily eats peanuts, corn on the cob, and other difficult foods, and enjoys them because ORAFIX, itself tasteless and odorless, doesn't affect flavor.

I also bought him ORA for cleansing his grinders, for ordinary brushing would wear down and ruin them. He puts them with ½ teaspoonful of ORA in a glass of water and after 20 minutes—or overnight—they're clean and fresh. He has no repellent "denture breath." ORA and ORAFIX make grandfather happy as the baby.

This March weather, sometimes bitter winter, sometimes balmy spring is hard on everybody's throat. Air is damp; schools and offices are hot. Result—somebody in the family is sure to have a voice like a fog-horn, not from illness but from just an irritated throat.

As soon as I hear a rasping "Morning Mom," I dole out our NEW-AQUA-DRIN lozenges. Their soothing anesthetic action relieves the harshness and discomfort and their additional antibiotic content (tyrothrycin) guards against secondary infection so likely at this season.

Our youngsters swim downtown at the pool. Some mothers worry for fear their children will pick up athlete's foot around the pool or in the shower or locker room, because the fungi that cause it have been thought to lurk in such places.

Recent studies indicate that the fungi are probably on people's skin most of the time, from childhood on, but only cause trouble when resistance is lowered.

So we build foot health with OCTOFEN. One application of OCTOFEN Powder to washed and thoroughly dried feet is a first-class preventive.

We don't worry; we know if anyone does contract athlete's foot, OCTOFEN in either liquid or powdered form is the answer. OCTOFEN starts working after 15 seconds' contact. True, treatment may continue from one day to several weeks, depending upon the severity of the condition, but eventually it will heal the infection.

Well-documented reports indicate that no other fungicide has ever been so successful. Used at the Marathon Foot Races; the National Foot Health Council approves it *exclusively*—and so do we!

For that wonderful

21 year old feeling!

If you need vitamins—give yourself the guaranteed high potency of Bexel Special Formula Vitamins—only 6¢ a day!*



Only McKesson's unique laboratory controls make possible this full potency guarantee!

You will look fresher—may even look a little younger—when your system gets all the vitamins and minerals it needs every day. Because these vital food factors—often missing in so many of today's diets—give your hair its luster, your skin its tone and color. As you look better, you feel better—more alive!

No other Vitamins are more carefully controlled to guarantee their full potency!

McKesson controls offer a remarkable integrity in vitamin preparations. Putting full potency into vitamins is our first step in manufacture. Keeping it there requires McKesson's most exquisite care. So McKesson controls make sure that Bexel Vitamins will not "fade" or lose potency on their way to you. Each batch of vitamins is carefully sampled. Then a supply of "control" samples is held, and given a long program of rechecks. As much as 5 years later, Bexel Vitamins still have the potency marked on the bottle.

GUARANTEE:
Feel wonderfully better! Either you do, in a month's time or less, OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED!



BEXEL

This scientific detective work includes both chemical and biological tests. Such intense, refined scrutiny is why McKesson can guarantee to you, Bexel Vitamins with full potency—Vitamins that really do work toward giving you that wonderful 21 year old feeling!

Bexel Vitamins are not sold here and there—but only by your registered, local druggist. Next to your doctor, he is the man whose sincere interest you can trust. Remember the children too! There's a member of the Bexel Family of Vitamins for every member of your family. Bexel Vitamins are just one example of the great conscience for perfection that "makes it better—so it's better for you." Like all McKesson Products, Bexel Vitamins fulfill this pledge: *Better . . . by McKesson.*

* Don't endure nerves, fatigue, sleeplessness, poor appetite! These symptoms, when due to a vitamin deficiency, occur only when daily intake of vitamins B1, B2, and Niacin is less than the minimum daily requirement over a prolonged period. In themselves they do not prove a dietary deficiency, and may have other causes due to functional disturbances. *Bexel Special Formula Vitamins contain B12 and other essential B vitamins, plus 5 times your daily requirement of iron!*

BETTER ... by McKESSON

© 1957 McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

Style by Vera Maxwell





Red Cross Shoes

Now...a fabulous new Chateau for '57

OVER 6,000,000 SMART WOMEN JUST COULDN'T BE WRONG... and that's how many have worn and loved the Chateau since this famous Red Cross Shoe was introduced. Note how the beautiful new vamp detail reflects fashion's feminine "fair-lady" mood. Supremely comfortable from shapely walkable heel to cushiony wafer platform. Available in your choice of medium or low heels . . . in all of your favorite spring colors.

Largest selling brand of fine footwear in the world. Styles from 9.95 *to* 13.95



THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 7, OHIO

THIS PRODUCT HAS NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

A new kind of deodorant

ban®

rolls on!

More effective than creams, easier to apply than sprays!*

BAN is a new lotion form of deodorant that actually *rolls on* more effective protection . . . with a little revolving ball in the top of the bottle. This waste-proof, drip-proof applicator automatically spreads on just enough of BAN's pleasing lotion to check perspiration . . . stop odor for a *full* 24 hours. BAN is safe for normal skin . . . won't damage clothing. Get new BAN today—wherever fine toiletries are sold —98¢.

*In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer BAN.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN AND IPANA









Your dreams are getting better all the time!

NOW YOU CAN

WIN $20,000

maidenform dream contest*

Dreams were *never* this good before! What's the dream *you'd* most like to see in one of Maidenform's fabulous ads? *Quick*—write it down, send it in! If your entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* cut from the cardboard tag attached to each bra, or cut from the bra package, *your winnings are doubled!* Yes, your dreams are worth more than ever! Imagine! You can win up to $20,000 for dreaming up a new Maidenform dream. Don't wait...enter today!

242 Prizes! Each can be doubled! First Prize $10,000 cash! Second Prize $3,000 cash! Third Prize $1,000 cash! 4 prizes of $250 each; 10 prizes of $100 each! 25 prizes of $50 each and 200 prizes of $20 each!
And remember, each prize is DOUBLED if you follow the rules carefully!

Chansonette* ...*the all-time favorite—the bra featured in the now-classic dream ads "I dreamed I was a toreador...", "I dreamed I played Cleopatra...", "I dreamed I was voted best dressed woman..."! You, too, can dream up a dream for this fabulous bra! Then look like a dream—wear it!* ***$2.00 $2.50***





*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

1957 MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST—OFFICIAL RULES

1. Send in as many entries as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform retailer. Each entry must be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...".
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor; and all rights are given by the contestant, without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Prize awards will be doubled providing the prize winning entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* in its characteristic script cut from the wash tag on a Maidenform brassiere or from any other paper material accompanying the brassiere. This means, any printed trademark *maidenform* on the individual bra package. A sales slip also will qualify if it specifies a Maidenform bra.
4. Any person may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
5. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 59A, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 13, 1957, and received by April 25, 1957.
6. All winners will be notified by mail within six weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank

MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
P. O. Box 59A
Mt. Vernon 10, New York

"I dreamed I_____
_____ in my Maidenform bra."

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because

_____

_____

_____



The safest possible soap for the finer things you do by machine!
Now that so many special-care washables go into the washing machine, it is so important to choose the same safe soap you use for hand-washables—wonderful Ivory Snow! It leaves baby clothes and diapers so soft, safe . . . free from irritating deposits. Pampers lovely colors, fluffy woolens, all your nice things. **Safe as safe can be,** the only soap both Ivory-safe and granulated for efficiency!

A Foreign Policy For *ALL* Americans

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART



COURTYARD SEEN FROM A WINDOW, lithograph by Pierre Bonnard (French School, 1867–1947). Bonnard ranks with Vuillard and Toulouse-Lautrec among the founders of modern color lithography. Size, 13⅝″x10¼″.

SDhahran, Saudi Arabia
ome months ago I was asked to discuss American foreign policy with a panel of wives of servicemen, the discussion to be broadcast and televised to the hundreds of stations throughout the world where American women and their children are beside the husbands and fathers who are guarding "the ramparts we watch."

The question that was put by the extremely attractive and responsibility-minded service wives as the central theme of the discussion was, "What can we women do to help the foreign policy of the United States? And what *is* American foreign policy?"

That is not, indeed, an easy question for anyone to answer. Foreign policy is being made from day to day, by every action taken by the United States that involves nations other than our own. The central aim of every American foreign policy and action is the defense of the best interests of the United States. The Secretary of State, no less than the Secretary of Defense, is part of the defense system.

We live in a world of sovereign states, some of them very old, with long-established "spheres of interest" brought about by imperial conquests or treaties negotiated with foreign rulers, the sudden ending or breaking of which can cause serious disturbances, even catastrophic ones, for all the nations involved.

At the same time new states have arisen in the world, in Asia, Africa and the Middle East, among peoples who have for centuries been ruled by others. In population, these new states far outnumber all the so-called "great powers" of the earth combined. But in power reckoned in terms of organized armies, industrial development and potential, economic organization and political experience, they are inferior to any one of the larger, older and more "advanced" nations. But they, too, are sovereign states, and precisely the ones most jealous of their new-found sovereignty.

Generations of foreign rule have left resentments and suspicions that continue even after the rule has ended, and a rejection of the plain fact that the foreign rule has brought great benefits, as well as evils, with it. If it were possible to wipe out of any Afro-Asian country everything that the Western empires have contributed to establish in them, those countries would be reduced to the most primitive material state, and in some cases to savagery.

Furthermore, if everything brought by Western rule were obliterated from memory, even the ideas that have sparked rebellions, raised the demand for independence, and created the states themselves, would be lacking. For these are Western ideas, and to an enormous extent the leadership, armies, ministries, bureaucracies of the new Eastern states are staffed by men who have been educated in British, French, Dutch and American universities, or trained in Western-organized and -commanded armies. So that with all the misunderstandings, and even hatreds, there exist mental affinities which are especially noticeable among the experts of the new states. To put it simply, however their governments may be at loggerheads, the Minister of Public Health in any Eastern country will be eager to share knowledge and experience with a similar official from the West—and may even discover that he is invisibly wearing the same "old school tie."

In a generation as revolutionary as this one, the task of steering a foreign policy in such a way as best to promote the security and long-range interests of the United States demands wisdom, foresight and analytical powers beyond the capacities of any individual. The possibilities of error in any specific action can hardly be overrated.

All heads and leaders of states, furthermore, operate under continual pressures of public opinion, which in turn is formed or influenced by enormous propaganda apparatuses as well as by objective journalistic reports. Radio alone has enlarged to an incalculable degree the participation of the public. A generation ago events occurring in the capitals of their countries were unknown to millions who never saw a newspaper, and could not read one if they did. Today even a jungle savage knows to some degree what is happening in the country where he lives or elsewhere in the world. He hears of it, although he cannot read of it. And this adds a new element to the picture. For centuries, in much of the world, the common man, or "the masses," had not been reckoned with at all. No explanations were needed for the vast dumb mass of the people, whether their rule was native or foreign. Today, no matter what the form of government, and no matter how oligarchic or tyrannical, it operates under universal listening ears.

And all this, even in the most advanced democratic countries, makes the conduct of foreign policy more difficult, and even more dangerous; for errors, or what the people believe to be errors, can bring about popular rebellions and the downfall of governments.

Now, the people, even in so advanced and well-informed a country as the United States, cannot possibly know all the considerations that lead its government to take this or that stand or action in any given situation. None of us has continuous access to all the confidential information that pours daily into every foreign office, including our own. In addition, human prejudice, though it cannot be accurately assessed, cannot be ruled out, and human error is at all times constant. The greatest political leader, the most objective and percipient diplomat, is not God. His judgment, like all human judgments, is fallible.

All this sounds very discouraging, and it *should* discourage all who think that somehow, by some nonexistent wisdom and some nonexisting formulas, struggle, conflict, danger will somehow resolve themselves and usher in an era of eternal peace and good will among men and nations.

But does it mean that you and I, the service wives and their CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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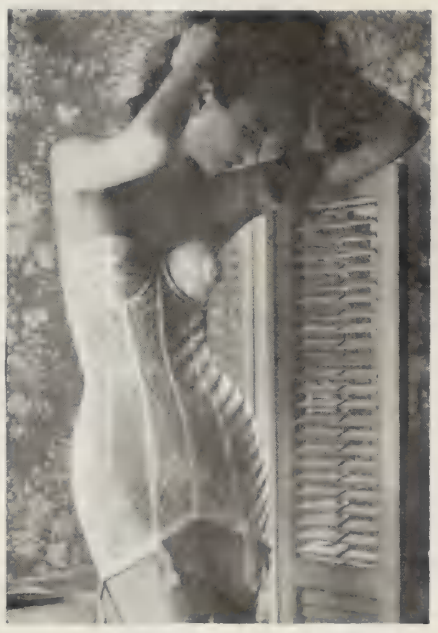
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CHICKEN CACCIATORA

"The marvelous flavor of this chicken tells you why I love to cook with Hunt's Tomato Paste. Hunt's is perfect for this recipe—the real thing, just like home! When you prepare Italian-style recipes, don't be satisfied with anything less than Hunt's Tomato Paste!"

- 1 large frying chicken
- ¼ cup olive or salad oil
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ½ cup mushrooms, fresh or canned
- 1 can Hunt's Tomato Paste
- 2 cups hot water
- ¼ cup dry red wine, if you like
- 1 bay leaf, crumbled
- ¼ teaspoon allspice
- 1½ teaspoon salt

Sprinkle cleaned, cut-up chicken with salt and pepper. In hot oil in heavy pan or chicken fryer, brown chicken on all sides. Push the chicken to side of pan, then add onions, garlic and mushrooms. Cook and stir a few minutes.

Mix Hunt's Tomato Paste with remaining ingredients, pour over chicken. Stir well. Cover and simmer very gently until tender, about 30 minutes. Uncover and simmer until sauce is as thick as you like. Makes about 4 servings.

FREE! *Send for folder of best-loved Italian recipes. Hunt Foods, Inc., Dept. JC, Fullerton, Calif.*



1. 3 minute sausage!

This is Swift's Premium Brown 'N Serve Sausage, ready quick as your breakfast eggs. Just brown 'n serve—and enjoy. Each lean link is fully cooked, practically no shrinkage. It comes ten to eleven links per package.

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2. Chicken that comes already fried! Just pop this Tender-frozen Swift's Premium Chicken into the broiler in its own foil box. op it into the oven for just 10 minutes. Presto—delicious chicken browned to a rn! 4 ways to buy: breasts, drumsticks, wings and whole cut-up.



3. New ham has no shank! Now you can buy just the tender, juicy best part of the ham—easy to carve. No skin, no shank, no waste. It's cured a patented way, too, to seal in the natural flavor juices, and it's fully cooked! Ask for new Swift's Premium Skinless Shankless Ham.



4. Turkey that comes already stuffed! It's oven-ready, with Martha Logan's old-fashioned stuffing already in it. Simply pop this plumper, broader "Butterball" Swift's Premium Turkey into oven and roast. No thawing. (Giblet gravy comes separately in 1 lb. cans.)

NEW MEATS from SWIFT!



5. Bacon that's cured with brown sugar! Now here is something really new in bacon. As you might guess, it's another first for lean Swift's Premium Bacon. Brown sugar curing is eal flavor magic. Add slow, old-fashioned smoking and you get a new kind of sweet smoke taste.

Something new and wonderful is happening to meats these days—especially Swift's Premium meats. They're easier to buy, easier to keep, quicker to fix and more delicious to eat. Convenience is the keynote. Swift has *taken out all the work* of preparation, *leaving you the fun* of serving meat dishes the way your family loves 'em. How many of them have you tried lately?

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Just for fun, we put a candle in the picture to show you how shiny and polished your Presto Cooker really is. (It'll stay that way, too). But *you* can have the most fun, using the cooker. You can make savory vegetable soup from fresh vegetables in 20 minutes, or turn out fork-tender Swiss Steak in 15 minutes. Custard takes only 3 minutes! That's because Presto cooks with heat inside, where none of it is wasted. It keeps air outside so flavors don't mix or fade, and vitamins and minerals stay *in* the food.

For a lifetime of beauty and good eating, get the Presto Cooker in Stainless Steel, today!



Foolproof cooking

Food cooks without attention, in a uniform cradle of heat. Perfect each time!



Complete meals

Fix meat, vegetables, potatoes, dessert in one cooker at one time. Save fuel!



Automatic air vent

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UL

A FOREIGN POLICY FOR ALL AMERICANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

serving husbands, and all the rest of us, who are engaged during most of our waking hours in limited tasks, interests and hobbies, had better give up thinking about American foreign policy?

No, it does not. But we must, I believe, try to think in wider, long-range terms.

The United States, from its very birth, has stood for national freedom and the right of self-government. The Declaration of Independence is our original charter of national and personal freedom. And it is, at the same time, a charter of freedom for all mankind. We did not declare that all Americans were created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights. We declared that all *men*—all mankind—are so created and endowed.

This sense of an American mission to uphold freedom and equality everywhere, this great liberal doctrine (in the only explicable meaning of the word "liberal") runs through all our patriotic speeches, state papers, national songs and patriotic poetry. It has perpetually frustrated or restrained all the imperialist jingoists who have arisen in America. We simply cannot behave like ourselves—we cannot behave naturally—when we cease to uphold this doctrine. It is the hallmark of America, by which we are recognized, either to be hated or to be loved.

America has ever been the country of the underdog, of the so-called (and, I think, mis-

Nothing is more unbearable than the man who is never in the wrong, unless it is the man who thinks he is always in the right. BALZAC

called) common man. We have welcomed to our shores (not always, certainly, for the noblest reasons) all sorts and conditions of men, and the millions of immigrants who have come have been those who have been most oppressed at home, whether by poverty or by social status. No country ever undertook a more hazardous experiment, in faith that not only a state but a cohesive nation could be created out of people from many nations, a large proportion of them, in the eyes of their former nationals, being "the scum of the earth." Yet out of those people, struggling upward in freedom, we have created a nation mighty in power. So another article of the American faith, for which we are known throughout the earth, is faith in people. We have not been consistent to this faith at all points. No people are wholly consistent, or ever will be, short of the millennium. But it is a basic underlying faith.

America is both materialistic and generous. I think we are far *too* materialistic, as every reader of my articles in this publication knows. But we wear our materialism with a difference. Americans abhor poverty, not out of materialism alone but also out of conscience. We just do not believe that suffering is good for the soul. The American ideal, shared by rich and poor alike, is that everybody should have a decent standard of living, everybody enjoy leisure, everybody have access to education and recreation. The ideal has influenced the whole capitalist structure of this country, which differs radically from that of many others. Our enterprise is not only "private," it is social. Our businesses are not organized on the basis of the highest possible profit for the lowest possible investment of money and energy, but on the basis of the lowest possible profit per unit of production made possible by the widest possible distribution of goods and services. American business does not see the worker as a coolie to be driven, but as a consumer to be satisfied. For an American, wealth is not something to be hoarded but to be spent, and this is both the basis of our giving at home and abroad, and also of our dynamic economy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



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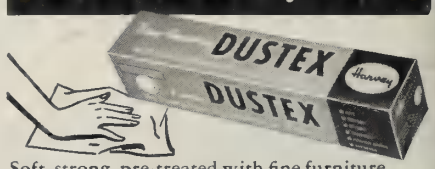
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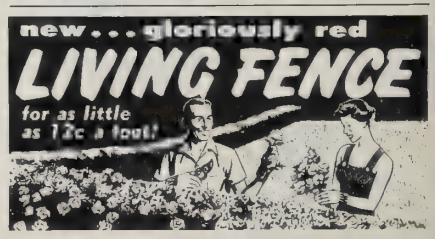
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On food

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Meat sauce made with French's—a recipe blend of mustard and spice that makes all *your* recipes extra nice!

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It's hardly a meal without French's Mustard *somewhere* in the picture! Adding tang and color *on food*. Bringing out more flavor *in food*. And French's famous flavor won't fade out in cooking—won't freeze out in your refrigerator. A secret blend of spices, flavorings, and specially grown mustard seeds make French's what it is—America's most popular mustard! Get *another* jar of French's Mustard soon.

Chef's Secret Meat Sauce

1 cup mayonnaise
⅓ cup chili sauce
¼ cup French's Prepared Mustard
¼ cup shredded onion
1 tablespoon horseradish
1 teaspoon French's Leaf Oregano
⅛ teaspoon French's Cayenne Pepper
⅓ cup dairy-made sour cream

Mix first 7 ingredients in bowl (strain out chili sauce seeds for extra smoothness). Beat with ■ fork to mix thoroughly. Blend in sour cream. (If possible, let stand in refrigerator for several hours to mellow. Keeps well refrigerated for several days.) Yield: about 2 cups. Serve with hot or cold meats, poultry, or fish.

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For Fish that Everybody loves

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REYNOLDS WRAP



Even the dish-washing "detail" loves broiled fish when you line the pan with Reynolds Wrap. No scouring! Line your skillet, too, for frying fish. Bake fillets (fresh or frozen) in individual Reynolds Wrap packets. Try the baked fish recipe below. And always *be sure* with Reynolds Wrap, the original *pure* aluminum foil... America's first choice by 4 to 1!*

*According to leading market research organization.



BAKED STUFFED FISH FILLETS

Arrange fish fillets (fresh or frozen defrosted) one each in centers of large squares of Reynolds Wrap, lightly greased where fish will rest. Prepare packaged stuffing, using strained canned tomatoes for liquid. Place spoonful on each fillet and top with a second fillet. Add 2 spoonfuls canned tomato with juice, finely minced green pepper, onion. Dot with butter or margarine, season. Fold foil to make tight packages, turning ends up, and place on shallow pan. Bake 30 minutes in hot (400°F.) oven. Open foil to brown under broiler, if desired. Serve in Reynolds Wrap packages.

Recipe approved and recommended by National Fisheries Institute.

Reynolds Wrap available in Canada.



See "CIRCUS BOY", Sundays, NBC-TV Network.

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This Seal means Reynolds Wrap *protection* in packaged goods.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Finally, Americans believe in the rule of law—which includes a great many things, such as sanctity of contract. And without *some* respect for and means of enforcing contracts there is no civilization, as Mr. Justice Holmes once remarked.

America's belief in the United Nations, shared to the same extent by no other great power, arises from the conviction that there must be international laws restraining the actions of all states, and limiting their sovereign right to do anything they please.

The Charter of the United Nations prohibits states from going to war except in self-defense. This means that it outlaws *preventive* wars. In so doing, it sets a formidable restriction on the sovereign rights of nations, which throughout history have accepted as part of their sovereignty the right to start a war as well as to repel an aggressor.

An evolving state of consciousness and conscience will, it is to be hoped, result in restrictions of other kinds. The struggle for liberty and self-government does not equate with the right of every rebel movement to commit ghastly crimes—to slaughter women and children in their beds, to plunder, to torture and mutilate prisoners. It does not equate with the right to deport whole populations, or render insufferable the lives of foreigners long established in their homes. There will never be a real international law, written or unwritten, until certain basic tenets of civilization itself are revived and universalized. States always carry for generations the

To force opinion is like pushing the magnetized needle round until it points to where we wish the North Star stood.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

brand marks of the means by which they were established. It is better to wait awhile for liberty than to defile it by the means through which it is obtained. And equality is bogus unless coupled with equal responsibility.

But to come to the point and close this article: Every American, at home, or wherever he is in the world, and whatever his position, upholds American foreign policy when he thinks and acts in accordance with the American faith.

He is helping to show America's true face to the world when he shows sympathy for the aspirations of all people to national freedom and equality; when he looks down on no one because he is poor, or backward, remembering that a century ago Europeans looked down on us for that reason; when he looks for things to praise rather than blame, and to encourage, rather than deplore. He is representing America when his heart, as well as his purse, is generous. He represents America when he finds no sympathy with force or brutality, for whatever reason it is employed. He is representing America and furthering the only possibly successful American foreign policy whenever he shows that he believes that power can be properly used only to support such standards of justice and law as already exist and to promote their extension and refinement.

He is representing America and furthering American foreign policy when he thinks and acts patiently, when he keeps in mind the convulsions shaking this epoch, without losing his faith that in basic matters more things unite than divide mankind; that the love of freedom is universal, as is the desire to lift oneself out of darkness into light, out of ignorance into knowledge, out of squalor into decency, out of sickness into health, out of perpetual danger into security, and out of ever-pending war into peace.

There is no country I have ever visited in the world, including the one from which I write, where these desires are not manifest at every turn. And those who go with this tide in the affairs of men, whatever the setbacks and frustrations, will not fail—not in the long run.

END



SCALLOPED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS—Arrange in alternate layers in greased baking dish: ½ c. sauteed mushrooms, several slices cooked chicken or 1 jar Westchester Boned Chicken, 1 c. cooked macaroni, salt, pepper; any left-over peas, beans, carrots, etc. Blend 4 tbs. flour, 4 tbs. fat; add 2 c. Herb-Ox Chicken Bouillon; stir over low heat till thickened; pour over chicken mixture. Top with 1 c. buttered crumbs; brown in 400° oven. Serves 4.

FREE! Money-Saving Recipe Booklet! Write: The Pure Food Company, Inc., Dept. LHJ, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

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High-protein Quaker Oats gives tastiness and extra nourishment to Lenten dishes



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

BAKED STUFFED FISH

Dressing:

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- ¼ cup water

3 to 4 pound fish, dressed

For the dressing, melt butter in frying pan. Lightly brown onion and celery in butter. Pour over remaining ingredients; toss lightly until well blended.

Sprinkle inside of fish with ½ teaspoon salt, fill lightly with dressing. (Do not pack.) Close opening with skewers; lace with string. Place in greased shallow baking pan.

Combine 1 tablespoon melted butter and ½ teaspoon paprika; pour over fish. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 to 35 minutes; baste occasionally. Serve with lemon wedges. Makes 8 servings.

TUNA RING WITH CHEESE SAUCE

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups (two 7-oz. cans) tuna fish, drained and flaked
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- 1¾ cups milk
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)

Combine all ingredients thoroughly; place in greased aluminum foil-lined 8-inch ring mold (5 cup capacity). Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes to 1 hour or until set. Serve with cheese sauce (see below) and broccoli. Garnish with pimiento strips. Makes 6 servings.

Cheese Sauce: Cut ½ lb. process cheese into slices or cubes. Add ½ cup milk and heat in double boiler or over very low heat, stirring constantly until cheese melts.

OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1½ cups sifted enriched flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- ¾ cup shortening, soft
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)

Sift together flour, soda, salt and cinnamon into bowl. Add shortening, sugars and eggs. Beat until smooth, about 2 minutes. Stir in oats. Chill dough. Roll dough to ⅛-inch thickness on board lightly sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. Cut with large cookie cutter.

Place on greased cookie sheets. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from cookie sheets immediately. Makes 3 dozen.

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SPECIAL LENTEN OFFER: A YEAR'S TITHE DONATED TO YOUR CHURCH

You are invited by The Quaker Oats Company to send in your favorite Lenten recipe (of any kind) with a Blue Star from a package of Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats and the name of your grocer.

For the 10 best recipes Quaker will award to the sender a *tithe* for the coming year, to be donated to his church or favorite charity. The tithe, a traditional term meaning "tenth," will amount to 10% of the family's income* and will be donated in their name. Awards will also be made to grocers named in winning entries.

In addition for the next 100 best Lenten recipes, Quaker will award to each sender a $100 donation to his church or favorite charity. For the next 1000 best recipes, donations of $10 each will be made to each sender's church or favorite charity.

**Award not to exceed $2500.00.*

EASY RULES—Send as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by one Blue Star from a Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats package. Give your grocer's name and address on your entry. Mail your entry to Lenten Recipe Contest, Box D, Chicago 77, Ill.

All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, April 20, 1957 and received before May 4, 1957.

Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, practicability, suitability, and appetite appeal of the recipe. Ingredient measure *must be* exact and instructions must be complete. Entries must be the work of entrants, submitted in their name. Decisions of the judges are final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the case of ties.

All entries become the property of The Quaker Oats Company and may be used by it in any manner. None can be returned. Prize winners will be notified by mail promptly upon completion of judging. Complete list of winners will be on file at The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Illinois. Contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations. All persons in the United States, its territories and possessions may enter except employees of The Quaker Oats Company, or its Advertising Agencies, or the contest judges, and their families.

Winners' entries, names and recipes may be used in advertising and promotions by The Quaker Oats Company.

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax



*Never before such a high gloss!

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Such a beautiful gloss you'll be proud of it on any floor in the house.

*No wax easier to apply!

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*Wet spills won't harm gloss!

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface—or shine. Simply wipe them up. This *new* Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl in it is water-repellent!

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The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm

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Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors without dulling the shine or harming the finish.

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Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



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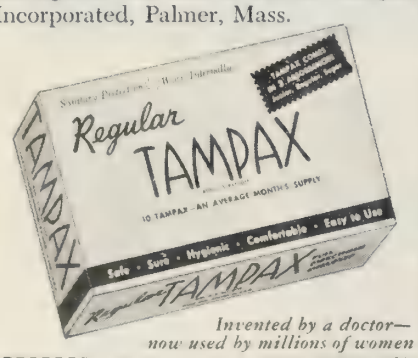


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How important is breast feeding?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DR. SPOCK

"What convinces me most about nursing is the glowing enthusiasm of the mother who has done it."



FONSS/AGRIVES

"Breast feeding quickly fosters the mother's sense of adequacy and happily convinces her and her baby that they were made for each other."

One aspect of child care in which we haven't made a great deal of progress in America is breast feeding. There has certainly been more interest shown in recent years, and more effort made by mothers, doctors and nurses. I hope that there has been an actual increase in the number of mothers who have succeeded. But in the parts of the country I know about, it's still true that most babies are bottle-fed. Some mothers prefer not to try at all. A considerable majority of those who do try decide, by the time the baby is a month or so old, that there isn't enough breast milk and give up. There are relatively few mothers who continue to nurse until the baby is ready to be on the cup in the latter half of the first year. The professional people like myself who want very much to encourage breast feeding are in a cross fire between two groups of women. One group, the skeptics, say in effect, "Well, if you doctors have no scientific proof that babies who are carefully bottle-fed are any less healthy or less happy than breast-fed babies, then what are you fussing about?" The other group, the vigorous advocates, say, "If you believe in breast feeding, why don't you tell everybody how vital it is, and persuade more women to do it?"

It doesn't seem to me that there is an answer that will really satisfy either group.

What convinces me most about nursing is the glowing enthusiasm of the mother who has done it—she speaks of her delight in being able, herself, to give her baby what he most desires and what no one else can give him, of the feeling of love this engenders in her and also in him, as his fond look shows, and of the physical pleasure she feels. She also emphasizes the great practical advantages of nursing, day and night, at home and away from home. In other words, breast feeding quickly fosters the mother's sense of adequacy and happily convinces her and her baby that they were made for each other. That's a wonderful way to start any new relationship. To be sure, the same end result can be reached with bottle feeding, but it doesn't come so easily or so dramatically.

There are other advantages too. Breast feeding fosters the return of the uterus to its nonpregnant condition. Breast milk remains pure even if the mother is a careless person, or if the refrigeration is inadequate. Its easier digestibility and its perfect balance of ingredients make it particularly valuable for certain babies.

But it seems to me that we professional advocates and lay advocates of breast feeding should not put pressure on young women who are reluctant, since we don't necessarily know their basic reasons and since we haven't been able to show many of those mothers who do want to try how to succeed. If mothers become convinced of the superiority of nursing and then fail, they are left feeling inadequate and guilty.

In this article I want to discuss some of the attitudes that discourage breast feeding, and see whether there are any remedies.

In an indirect sense, the most important cause of the decline of breast feeding is the safeness of bottle feeding which has been achieved in the twentieth century. In previous times a mother knew that if she did not nurse her baby he ran quite a risk of severe illness or even death from intestinal infections. So mothers, doctors, nurses left no stone unturned to make a success of it. But now that bottle feeding has been made safe and successful—through better dairy methods, pasteurization, careful formula making, better refrigeration—breast feeding has truly become a matter of choice. This choice opens the door to a variety of attitudes on the part of mothers and doctors, and a variety of methods.

Some women know ahead of time that they'd rather not. One woman perhaps tried with a previous baby, experienced only frustration and doesn't want to put herself through it again. I sympathize with her feelings, though I'd never admit she couldn't succeed until I'd gone through it with her once myself.

Quite a few women, especially those waiting for their first baby, shy away from the idea of nursing, saying that it would tie them down too much. This is a complicated reason to answer, because it covers several different situations. It's certainly a factual statement if a woman wants to be free to accompany her husband on a spur-of-the-moment business trip or on an unexpected vacation without the baby. It's also true if a woman *must* leave home by 8 every morning for a 9-to-5 job, because this would cut out two consecutive breast feedings every day and that is enough seriously to discourage the breasts. On the other hand, some women with part-time jobs or flexible jobs have been able to nurse conveniently. If the milk supply has become well established (by the time the baby is a month old), it's usually possible to substitute regularly one bottle feeding a day without discouraging the breast milk supply. This would mean that the mother could be away from home up to six or seven hours in one stretch—for instance, from 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Or a mother who wants to feel free to be away occasionally up to seven hours, for shopping or a visit, can use the relief bottle as often or as rarely as she wishes. In regard to the evening, most babies are willing, by the time they are one or two months old, to postpone the evening feeding until midnight, which would let the mother off from 7 P.M. to 12 if she has an active social life. (It's usually not practical to substitute a bottle in the evening, because if the breasts are producing well they will become uncomfortable between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M.

I think most mothers who have had the experience of successfully breast feeding a baby and who have no occasion to be away from a baby for more than seven hours at a time would deny that breast feeding actually ties them down. In fact, they would emphasize the time saved in not having to make formula, not having to warm bottles. Those who make visits and go on vacations with the baby also speak of the convenience of not having to carry the equipment and material with which to make formula, or to find a place in which to do it.

I think that often the young woman waiting for her first baby, who says she doesn't want to be tied down by breast feeding, isn't really expecting to have to dash off on a trip with her husband, isn't really expecting to have to be away from the baby for more than six or seven hours at a time. I think what she's dreading more is the end of her freedom in general. It doesn't matter how enthusiastic she may be about the coming of a baby, she must, if she's human and sensible, have some regrets underneath. And I imagine that the picture of herself nursing the baby every four hours for months is a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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SAFE-GUARD your baby . . . with the *purest* baby oil there is. It's specially blended with soothing lanolin to guard against irritation, cleanse delicate skin thoroughly yet gently.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

particularly sharp reminder of how occupied she will be.

We realize now that the emotional acceptance of a baby does not come suddenly and strongly at the moment when a woman first learns she is pregnant, but that it only grows gradually during the pregnancy and often doesn't reach full bloom until after she has begun caring for him herself at home. So a reluctance to think of breast feeding early in the pregnancy may be replaced by a positive desire in the end. If a woman remains reluctant, I think it's a mistake to urge her. Any woman or man who, under persuasion, gives up more than he feels he can afford can't help holding back in some other respect.

A woman may say that nursing a previous baby "took too much out of her," or, if this is her first, she is afraid that it will. Certainly the business of getting breast feeding started in those cases where the baby doesn't do his part well, or where the milk supply is slow to develop, can be fatiguing and nerve-racking for a couple of weeks, especially for the inexperienced and insecure mother. But once breast feeding becomes well established, there are few cases in which there is continued weight loss or other evidence of physical depletion if the mother is on a good diet. Breast feeding shouldn't take much out of a mother any more than regular exercise does. Both activities use up calories, but both also are meant to stimulate the appetite enough to make up for it. Occasionally the appetite doesn't go up enough to maintain the mother's normal weight, and this is usually due to emotional tension of some sort. In other cases, though, the weight stays up, and the impression the mother has that nursing is taking a lot out of her may be an expression of her insecurity. She may, for instance, have grown up with the conviction that there is too little of love and of the other good things of life to go around and that if one person in the family gets a lot, another must be deprived. In this sense she may feel unconsciously that the baby's gain will be her loss. If such a feeling is deep and persistent, breast feeding will foster tension and not love.

The fear of losing physical attractiveness is a very important and natural reason for many women to have doubts about breast feeding, whether they mention it or not. This fear occurs in other parts of the world, too, but probably no country puts more value on youthfulness, good figure and the maidenly bosom than we do in America. There is no need for a mother to put on a pound of extra weight during nursing. I hope that someday a scientific study is made of the effect of nursing on the shape of the breasts. I'm not at all convinced that it is as important as is commonly supposed. Certainly all breasts lose their youthful lines sooner or later, whether or not a baby has ever been nursed. And on the other hand, I have been pediatrician for a number of mothers who have nursed several babies and shown no noticeable change during those years. Perhaps the most important factor is the character of the tissues, as they vary among different individuals. Of course the breasts become enlarged during pregnancy itself, and it is probable that a good brassière plays an important role, then as well as during the nursing period, in preventing the stretching of the supporting tissues of the breast which might otherwise occur in some women.

While we're waiting for the scientific study I'm not sure that there's much we can do to remove this objection. In our kind of civilization, what would probably persuade a great number of young women to nurse would be the example of a number of queens of the stage, movies and television. They would be a lot more convincing and inspiring than the arguments of doctors, nurses and other earnest advocates. Of course there is a tremendous variation among women (and among the men they want to please) as to what beauty consists of and how important it is. It depends, too, on the circle a couple moves in, and on age. Generally speaking, we're apt to be vainest toward the end of adolescence. Then we acquire jobs and spouses and houses and children and other responsibilities, and these become increasingly our concerns and our satisfactions. The woman or man who is anxiously looking in the mirror every chance at thirty and forty and fifty is not growing up and is bound to be more disappointed every year. Don't get me wrong, though—I think everyone should make the best of his looks for his own sake as well as for those who look at him. It's only a question of which things come first. Time and style will also take some of the present emphasis off prominence of bosoms. Meanwhile, I myself would not urge a woman to nurse if she was worried about losing her appeal. That's no way to bring her and her baby together.

Occasionally a woman will be unable to conceal a look of disgust when a doctor asks her if she plans to nurse, and she will say that she couldn't possibly do it, "it would make me feel like an animal." This reaction is not anything she chose to acquire herself. It is likely that her parents were inhibited people and that, whether they meant to or not, they communicated to her their feelings of revulsion about various bodily functions—excretion, sex, nursing, sometimes even about eating—which gradually transformed the potential enjoyment of these activities into displeasure. Most mothers who nurse successfully can tell you that breast feeding is physically pleasurable and this helps to build the love and harmony between them and their babies. (Unfortunately, this often isn't so in the first few days of nursing, when the sensitivity of the nipples and of the healing uterus may make the start of each nursing distinctly uncomfortable.) But in those cases

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



"Does the baby sleep all night long?"

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Cleans clothes automatically! No need for pans, trays or traps! The new MAYTAG *All-Fabric* Automatic cleans clothes without resort to mechanical gadgets. This means simpler operation, the mark of a well-designed washer. See this new Maytag—see a demonstration of the most complete automatic ever built—the Maytag.

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WATER SAVER . . . automatically saves up to 9 gallons hot water per small load, 2500 gallons of water a year.

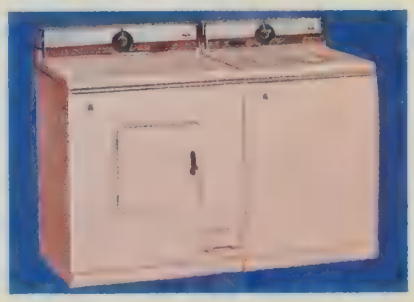


Once twin cashmeres! *Left*, hand-laundered 12 times: slightly faded, matted, shrunk. *Right*, cold-water washed in a Maytag 12 times: color, size, softness just like new. *The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa*

SEE THE AUTOMATIC THAT HAS EVERYTHING: 3 Water Temperatures . . . 2 Speeds . . . Water Saver . . . Suds Saver . . . Gyrafoam Wash Action . . . Safety Lid . . . Non-rust Cabinet . . . Maytag Dependability.

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All-Fabric AUTOMATIC WASHER



New Maytag All-Fabric Washer and matching No-Vent Dryer in Pastletone Pink, Green, Yellow, White. As little as $3.50 a week.



"We moved to a new home," writes Mrs. O. Miller of Hanoverton, Ohio. "Of course I had a mountain of wash.



"Well, I couldn't get my regular wash-day product at the store near us, so I decided to try blue Cheer.



"First chance I had, I washed the kitchen curtains. They came out so white you'd *never* guess they're 5 years old.



"Then when we hung the curtains up, I got a really good look at them in clear daylight, and . . ."



Mrs. Oliver Miller of Hanoverton, Ohio making the Cheer window test.

"Believe you me! Cheer washed so white I could see the difference!"

Cheer's Blue-Magic whitener makes the difference . . . and only blue Cheer has it!

So many women like Mrs. Miller are proving with the window test that blue Cheer washes whiter.

You'll see the difference when you use Cheer, too. Why, your clothes look (*and actually are*) whiter than the day you bought them.

That's because only Cheer has the Blue-Magic whitener, a special ingredient that gets your clothes white—really white. Which means your whole wash is truly clean!

Try blue Cheer. You've never seen any white like Cheer-white!

Recommended for Automatics

Cheer gives you the active suds that are best for agitator automatics. That's why leading makers of automatic washers specifically recommend blue Cheer.



If you judge your wash by whiteness—it's got to be Cheer!



Lord Halifax boarding a sloop at the start of his journey to America in 1941. Prime Minister Churchill saw him off.

Chatting with President Roosevelt. This is the first picture made after the new ambassador's arrival.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

F.D.R. WANTED GEORGE VI TO GIVE HONG KONG TO CHINA

"It seemed to me the President used conversation as others used a first draft on paper. It is a method of trying out an idea."

By LORD Halifax

CONCLUSION I cannot begin to write anything about our time in America without a lively feeling of gratitude to Providence, operating through Churchill, for having put it in my way to have an experience that has been and will remain quite unforgettable. When we went to the United States in January, 1941, following the death of Lord Lothian in December, 1940, we were going to a strange people and a strange land. When we came away in May, 1946, we felt that we were saying good-by to friends, with whom events had forged links no time or circumstance could break.

Lothian had occupied an exceptional position in the United States, and it was not easy for anyone to succeed him. Various suggestions had been made, and finally the Prime Minister in the following letter had thrown out the idea of my going myself:

My dear Edward: Before proceeding further about the American vacancy I should like to know whether you yourself would care to undertake this high and perilous charge. I feel I ought to put this question to you before considering lesser alternatives. In doing so let me assure you that I am in close personal accord and sympathy with you, that I value and admire your work at the Foreign Office and wish for its continuance, and that only the vital issues now open between us and the United States, on which our whole future depends, induce me even to contemplate the loss and disturbance which a change in your sphere of action would cause to the Cabinet.

Yours ever,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

I told him all the things that seemed to me to weigh against this idea, for I naturally did not want to leave London while things were as they were, but said that in the last resort he must of course feel free to decide what he thought best in the public interest. This brought the following, which was obviously bound to be conclusive:

My dear Edward: Your public spirit has prompted you to leave yourself in my hands in the matter of this great appointment.

I have no doubt whatever that the National interest will be best served at this juncture by your becoming our Ambassador to the United States. If you thought well to have Sir Gerald Campbell made Minister, you would be relieved of some of the pressure, and it would be possible for you to come back here for periodic visits. On such occasions I should wish you immediately to resume your position as a Member of the War Cabinet and sit with us for all purposes.

The business we now have with the United States can only be handled by one who knows the whole policy of the Government and is in constant direct relation with us. If New York and Washington were as near as Paris used to be, all important affairs would be transacted by personal meetings between Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries on both sides. The Atlantic requires that this intimacy should be achieved by other processes, and you are, I am sure, the one person best qualified for this paramount duty.

Yours ever,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

The Prime Minister came with us to see us off, combining with that a visit to the fleet, for which he had invited Mr. Harry Hopkins, recently arrived in England as the President's personal representative, to join his party. The business of getting to the battleship was complicated by the necessity of effecting a double transfer: from a mine sweeper in which we set off from Thurso to a destroyer, and from the destroyer to the battleship. And each change was a perilous proceeding, with the little ships jumping about in the swell, and every part of the deck treacherous with a covering of powdered snow above a coat of ice.

Harry Hopkins made a good story when he got back to the States about his adventures, which he delighted to tell. According to this, the President's personal representative (who had perhaps not been so agile as he might have been and was in imminent danger of falling into the sea) had been caught by the collar in the vise-like grip of a British sailor, and unceremoniously hauled to safety on the deck of the destroyer, to which the Prime Minister had more skillfully made the transit just before. He therefore was able to watch the whole proceeding with mild enjoyment, leaning over the rail and smoking a large cigar. "And the only observation he made as I landed at his feet like a great fish," Harry used to say, "was 'Do you know, Harry, it took me two years to persuade the Admiralty to armor-plate these decks?'" However, all was finally in order and soon the time came to be saying good-by, the shore party left, we slowly got under way and began our journey across the Atlantic.

All the way across we hoped for some diversionary signal that might put us on the track of a German raider, but nothing of that sort happened, and we duly moved up Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis, to be welcomed there in person by the President. He had intended to come on board and inspect the King George V, which was the last thing in naval construction, but it was a wet afternoon and this program was canceled. Instead, he made the circuit of the ship in his launch, receiving the appropriate compliments, after which we were taken off to his yacht. I had never CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

© 1957 by Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, 1st Earl of Halifax. This is the final excerpt from the book Fullness of Days, soon to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.



St. Patrick's Shamrock Cake. Sure, and this beauty is easy to bake! The Betty Crocker Marble Cake you mix in just one bowl. Frosting? Just add boiling water to Betty Crocker Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix! For a touch of Erin, candy shamrocks.



NOW IN CANADA TOO!

"I guarantee a perfect* cake every time you bake cake... after cake... after cake!"

-says Betty Crocker of General Mills



Entertaining ideas for March

by Betty Crocker



Lion or lamb? Unpredictable March is with us again. But with traditional luck, it'll be a glorious day for the wearing of the green! And you'll want something just as bright and gay to serve at home. A great big Marble Cake, perhaps, dotted with good-luck shamrocks. And for the children, Leprechaun Cupcakes—with smiling faces and jaunty green hats.

Feel like jumping the season? Why not? These first warm days always make me wish for ice-cold lemonade served with slices of our Confetti Angel Food—as multi-colored as the first spring flowers.

But when March winds blow—you'll be thankful for a last roaring fire. Invite friends over to share your hearth and serve squares of Checkerboard Cake and steaming cups of coffee. Or bake up a big batch of brownies, when rain keeps the family glued to the TV set.

The weather may be guesswork—but you can always depend on a melt-in-your-mouth-perfect cake, when you use our Betty Crocker Cake Mixes. Each one starts with a real home recipe. And we use the finest ingredients, like Softasilk Cake Flour and high-quality shortening. You add fresh eggs for homemade flavor. Wouldn't a cake taste good this very night?

Betty Crocker

* PERFECT! Yes, all our Betty Crocker Mixes—Cake, Frosting, Brownie, Date Bar, Pie Crust, Answer Cake—are guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.



Leprechaun Cupcakes. Use Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix for these! Cut cone-shaped pieces from tops of cupcakes; frost them to make peaked hats. Set hats on scoops of ice cream. Make candy "faces."



Betty Crocker Answer Cake. Cake mix, frosting mix, baking pan – all in one package, and 1-2-3-easy! Try Chocolate Devils Food with Chocolate Fudge Frosting. Idea: top with crushed peppermint candy.



Ginger Ring. Bake Betty Crocker Gingerbread Mix in 9" ring mold 20 to 25 min. at 350°. Serve with center bowl of chilled applesauce. Simply elegant dessert!



Checkerboard Cake. Melt ½ cup butter in 13 x 9" pan; stir in 1 cup brown sugar; arrange cooked dried apricots, pitted prunes. Cover with Betty Crocker Honey Spice batter. Bake 40 to 45 minutes at 350°.





Pink 'n Pretty. Betty Crocker Confetti Angel Food, with gay bits of candy right in the mix . . . along with the whites of 13 farm-fresh eggs. 'Specially good topped with pink almond-flavored whipped cream.



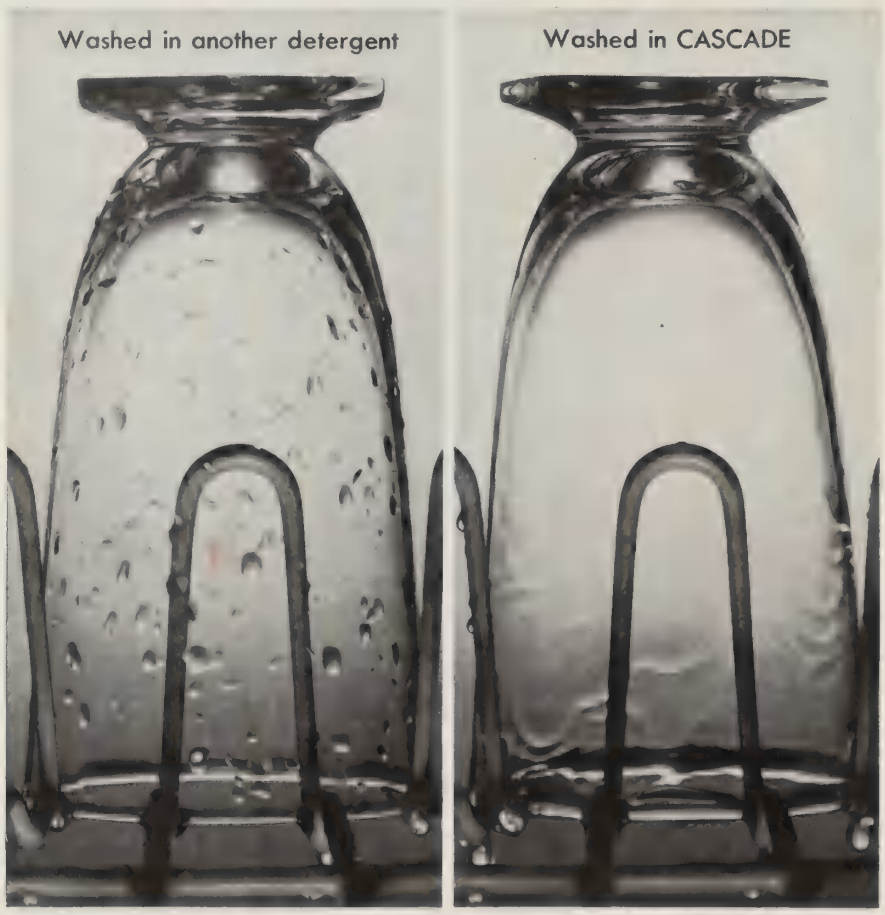


Porcupine Cupcakes. Follow cupcake recipe on Betty Crocker Peanut Delight Cake Mix package. Frost with Betty Crocker Peanut Creme Frosting Mix. Stick in peanuts.



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Cascade eliminates drops that spot!



Cascade has an exclusive ingredient to change drops of water into cleansing, clear-rinsing "sheets." That's why Philco puts Cascade in every new machine!

These two glasses show why Cascade stops spotting as no other detergent can. Cascade's exclusive ingredient changes water *drops* into free-flowing *sheets*. And Cascade's unique formula cleans *cleaner* than any other dishwasher product . . . leaves everything so slippery-clean, rinse water slides right off. Result: no water drops to dry in ugly spots. Cascade gets even glasses spotless . . . *close-up clean*. Yet it's *safe* for delicate china patterns.

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If you don't own a dishwasher, see the time-saving, work-saving features of Philco's Under-Counter Dishwasher. Front-opening door leaves counter top free for work space. Plastic-finished baskets roll out for easy loading and unloading, protect china. The Philco dishwasher pre-rinses . . . washes with super-heated water . . . then triple-rinses. Dries automatically. And to eliminate drops that spot, Philco packs Cascade in every machine.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

seen him before, but after being welcomed at the gangway by Frank Knox, the Secretary of the Navy, and the President's aide, General Watson, we were taken into the little dining saloon, where the President was seated at the table. In one moment he had put us completely at our ease, and we were chattering away as if we had known each other all our lives. With complete absence of any official punctilio, he said that he did not want me to pay any formal visit for the purpose of presenting my Letters of Credence, and I could bring them down the first time I came to see him. After a good dinner, the President drove us to the embassy in Washington, to sleep our first night in the United States.

The President had made the gesture of thus meeting the British ambassador, and had emphasized the informality of the relations he desired to be established in order to leave no doubt in any quarter of where his Administration stood. It was, indeed, to Roosevelt's lasting honor that he had grasped the nature of the Nazi challenge to the world as long ago as October, 1937, when he made his famous "Quarantine" speech in Chicago; and though administrative action might still be hampered by neutrality acts and the like, he would be steadily leading his public opinion to understand what this struggle, although the British Commonwealth stood alone in it from June, 1940, to June, 1941, involved for free men everywhere.

To one like myself, unfamiliar with both the American Constitution and the currents of American politics, there was room for misunderstanding the position of the President. In British eyes he doubled the parts of sovereign and Prime Minister, and it was natural to think of him in either role at such a time as the accepted representative of the whole American people. So in one sense, he was, but not in the sense in which I had pictured him as the acknowledged and respected standard-bearer, opposed indeed by the Republican Party in domestic policy, but truly, with domestic controversy laid aside in war, the champion of the whole country in the international sphere.

The democratic American idea is, not that every man shall be on a level with every other, but that everyone shall have liberty, without hindrance, to be what God made him.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Imagine my surprise when soon after reaching Washington I found myself the guest at dinner of a Republican group of thirty or forty congressmen. At such parties it was the custom for the guest of the evening to make a very short speech, after which every congressman round the table asked him a question. About the fourth congressman to speak said this: "Mr. Ambassador, before I ask my question, I would like you to know that every one of us in this room thinks President Roosevelt is as dangerous a dictator as Hitler or Mussolini, and that he is taking this country to hell just as fast as he can."

Few British persons who have not been in the United States realize how completely the American Constitution differs from our own. Bryce made a full examination of it, and I have no doubt that Americans have derived as much profit as outsiders from careful study of his work. If one had to generalize—though nearly all generalizations are liable to mislead—one could say that the American Constitution rested on statute and the British on convention—not completely true, but useful as a rough guide in the approach to closer study.

In another respect, for reasons familiar to all students of history, the American Constitution is much more diffuse in its distribution of power than is the British. If an American comes to London and says that he would like to see the British Government, his British guide will assure him that nothing is more simple. At a crowded question time in the House of Commons, he will show him most of the Government, sitting on the Front Bench, and can then take him across the lobby to the House of Lords and show him some more. There may be one or two absentees, but he will have seen Her Majesty's Government in whose hands, so long as they enjoy the support of the House of Commons, effective power resides.

But let the position be reversed, and a British visitor to Washington evince a similar desire to see the United States Government. His American guide will no doubt first show him the President in the White House and explain how great in some respects is his personal power, and yet how closely in others he is dependent upon Congress. Then he would be shown the several members of the Administration, appointed by the President, and responsible to him—Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of Defense, and others. Next the guide will take him up to Congress, and point out to him the majority leaders in either house, with chairmen of important committees, and direct his attention to the special powers of the Senate in the field of treaty making, and so on.

Yet the visitor will not have finished, for his mentor will still have to impress upon him the duty and the rights of the Supreme Court, as interpreter and protector of the Constitution, so that unless the Constitution is formally amended, which is a long process, the powers of Congress are rigidly confined within it—unlike these of Parliament, which the old lawyers were accustomed to say was omnipotent, except that it could not make a man a woman or a woman a man.

This contrast between a rigid and a flexible constitution is not easy for Americans to evaluate. I remember we were crossing the Atlantic in 1945 during the general election, of which wireless reports were coming in. An American fellow passenger asked me one night what I thought about it, and I told him that it looked much like a considerable Labour landslide. As this appeared to depress him, I added that I did not think he need have anything to worry about. We should no doubt have a lot of internal argument, and should from time to time get very cross with each other, but we were well accustomed to that sort of thing and did not allow it to disturb us unduly. As regards all foreign affairs, I had no doubt that Ernest Bevin would continue substantially the same policy as had been followed by Eden in Churchill's Government.

On this he reflected a moment, and then said, "Then you think the change-over will be orderly?" And I recalled an observation made to me by a wise American to the effect that he did not think it would have been safe to entrust a completely flexible constitution, like the British, to the hands of a people so sensitive and mercurial as the Americans.

Comparisons and contrasts give food for thought. The President, for example, is chosen by direct vote of all qualified citizens, but once he has been elected and installed, he is there for four years and liable to no popular power of dismissal. In emergencies he has wide authority to act, but for the carrying through of most of his ordinary policy he must look to Congress, which may easily have a majority not of his party. The British Prime Minister may be dismissed overnight by a vote of the House of Commons, but so long as he enjoys their support there is nothing which it is not in his power to do.

The American President need never have held executive or elective office of any sort before being chosen by the nation to fill that highest of all posts. The British Prime Minister comes to his high office only after years of severe test and public examination, as a member of Parliament and minister, and depends both upon the general appraisement of him over a long period of time by the country and also upon the opinion, much more intimate, of those of his own party on whom he must rely for help as colleagues in government.

To one who looks on, the American people take an appalling risk in this latitude of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



Hawaiian

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7 tempting styles:

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

choice they now hold in their hands, for one would suppose that circumstances might easily bring to the White House a presidential candidate whose only qualifications were the gifts of demagogic appeal. Yet the world must hope that the American answer to such an imaginary threat may be the right one: that ever since the presidential election has depended upon a direct vote, this danger has not in fact materialized, and that the popular instinct can be relied upon to prevent it.

As one gradually settled into the work, it became evident that the ambassador's duty in wartime—and I dare say it is not very different now—consisted of three main elements. He had to keep in touch with all the different components of the Government in Washington, in order to help the two-way traffic of thought between Washington and London; he had to keep himself *au fait* with the work of the several British missions and be ready to give them any help in his power; and lastly he had to get out of Washington as much as he could into a country the size of a continent, in order to get the British point of view across and clear up avoidable misunderstandings of it.

Of these different sides of his duty, the first was apt to be the most difficult, for the British and American approach to a problem is generally different. If it was a question of making a joint statement on policy, as was from time to time suggested, there might be produced an American draft, rich in assertion of principle and warm in its promise of happy issue. When such a draft got to London it would be subjected to close and critical examination. In due course it would get back to Washington, much more watertight no doubt against possible questions, but with much of the original warmth gone from it. The duty of translation of one thought into terms of the other, therefore, was seldom easy.

From this point of view of keeping in touch with the Administration, there was nothing more important than keeping in touch with the President. F.D.R. made my task easy. If I had not seen him for some time, I would ring up General Watson, whom everybody loved and knew as Pa, and say that if the President was not too busy, I would much like a chance of having ten minutes with him; I had no particular business and would readily understand if his engagement list was too uncomfortably full.

This nearly always meant that the President asked me to go down to the White House and have luncheon with him informally, each eating off a corner of his desk. One of the greatest of his gifts was the power that he had of putting any visitor immediately and completely at his ease. Conversation ranged widely, and ran on without the least inhibition of ceremonious restraint. He would deal with any subject that came up, and once satisfied that his confidence would be respected would discuss freely.

The interest to me of watching the play and movement of his thought never failed. His mind was not at all confined to any beaten track, but both by nature and choice enjoyed the liberty of exploration. The result was talk always original, never dull, flowing this way or that as the argument or the fancy of the moment dictated, with appearance of complete spontaneity even if the speaker might perhaps have more than half an eye on the impression that it was producing on his listener. It may be supposed that I used to get great enjoyment out of these unofficial contacts he was good enough to allow.

One day, raising a subject that was to come into more serious prominence in a later connection, he said to me, "Is Hong Kong a Crown colony?" and when I said it was, he went on to ask whether that meant it was a personal possession of the King. I told him that it was not perhaps quite so simple as that, but that it was generally the case that Crown colonies were not self-governing and were very much more under the control of Whitehall.

After a little more such constitutional exchange, the President said he had had an idea about Hong Kong, on which he would like my opinion. At the present time it was likely to become more and more of a political headache for us; China was bound to get more restive about it, American opinion thought it was just a survival of the bad old imperialism, and it would be a good thing all round if we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41



YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS

Lord and Lady Halifax in the garden at Garrowby.

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only $1. CERTIFIED RETAIL VALUE, $2.50 and the front from any envelope of **Lipton Soup Mix**



- **cheese and butter spreader**
- **super slicer with serrated edges**
- **paring knife**
- **pie and pastry cutter—server with serrated edges**

Don't miss this chance to own a complete matching set of fine precision cutlery that cuts neatly, quickly, smoothly. This handsome, sturdy 4-piece Knife Set has mirror-polished stainless steel blades with securely fastened burn-proof, simulated Brazilian horn handles. It's a $2.50 value . . . and it's yours for just $1.00 and the front from any envelope of Lipton Soup Mix.

Cheese and butter spreader is 7" long with 3" blade surface. Use to spread soft cheeses, butter, peanut butter on bread or crackers . . . frosting on cakes. Put it on your cheese tray at parties.

Super slicer is 9¼" long with sharp serrated edges for slicing meats, breads, tomatoes, fruits. Ideal for frozen foods, easy to get into narrow-necked bottles.

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"Serve Borden's Cottage Cheese a different way every day"



says Elsie, the Borden Cow

"With other foods—or as it comes from the carton—Borden's Cottage Cheese is downright delicious! Creamy, fresh-tasting, not too sweet, not too tart.

High in proteins—low in calories!

"Two tablespoonfuls of Borden's Creamed Cottage Cheese contain *only 30 calories!* Yet this versatile, economical cheese is one of our most essential foods. You'd be wise to serve it in some form or another every single day."

Try Borden's Cottage Cheese

. . . with **chopped nuts** on date-nut or brown bread, or with finely chopped onions on salty rye bread.

. . . with **scrambled eggs.** Just fold in Borden's Creamed Cottage Cheese before serving. (To make it a gourmet special, add your favorite herbs.)

. . . mixed with **baked potato,** along with milk, butter, seasoning, and bits of bacon. Return to shell and brown.

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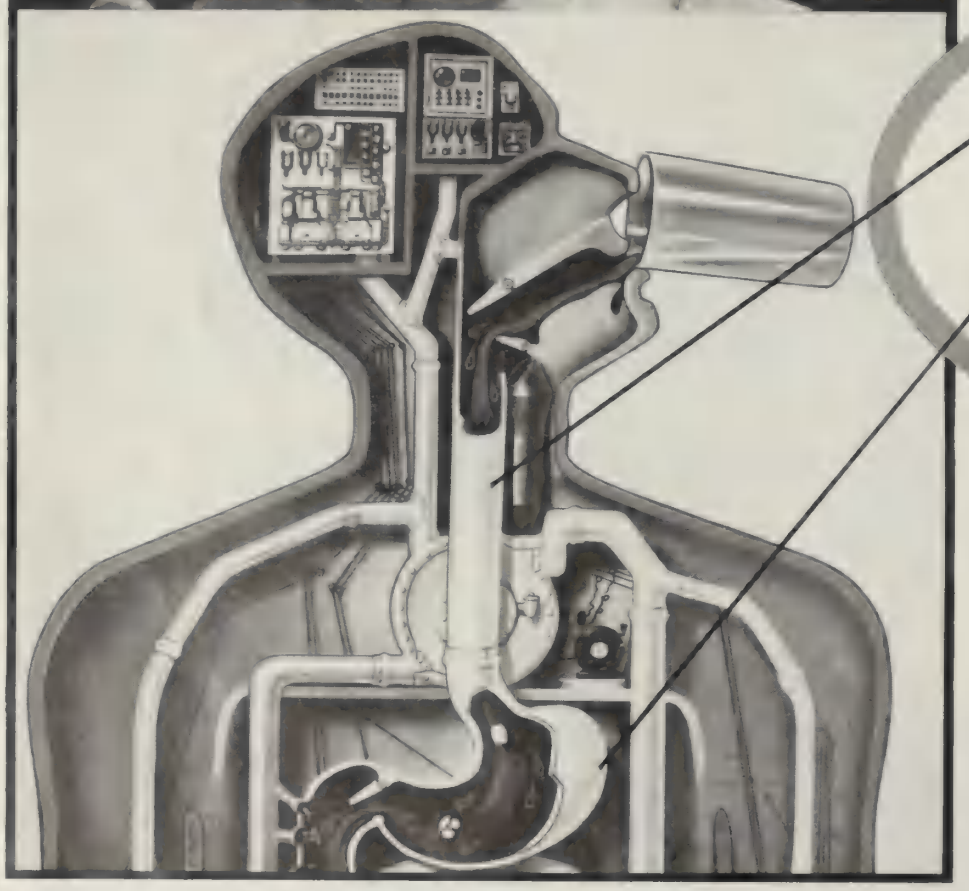
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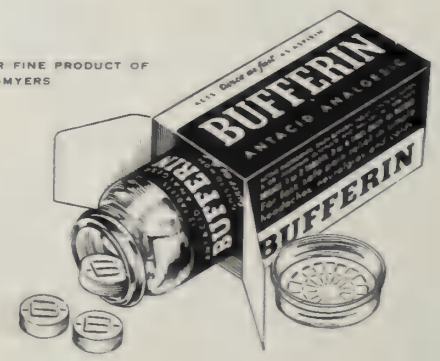
Millions of people have discovered that Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. Laboratory tests comparing Bufferin with aspirin show that Bufferin's pain relieving agent gets into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. 10 years of continuous research in hospitals and clinics has proved Bufferin's effectiveness and speed.



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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

could find some means of taking the sting out of it. His idea was this: Let the King send a telegram to Chiang Kai-shek, saying how impressed he had been with the Chinese resistance to the Japanese aggressors over many years, and that to mark his admiration of Chinese resistance, he wished to present his Crown colony of Hong Kong to China as a free gift in perpetuity. To this Chiang Kai-shek would reply by telegram, recording his deep gratitude and emotion at the wonderful thought and saying that in order to give these practical expression he proposed, while accepting the gift in the name of China, to order the following procedure. Each sunrise and sunset the British flag would be hoisted and lowered with due solemnity and saluted by Chinese troops; existing British business would be guaranteed its accustomed rights and position under law; and the port of Hong Kong would remain for all time a free port for the commerce of all nations. If this were done, the President thought, no one would ever find out any difference in daily life, but "it would take care of the question for seventy years." What did I think?

I said it was very ingenious, and I agreed that life would presumably continue under his plan with little or no outward change. But Chiang Kai-shek would not be there forever, and you could not count upon anyone who might come after him, either amicably or in hostility, taking the same view.

That sort of contribution made conversation with F.D.R. entertaining. A queer incident, of which I was told, recalled this talk to my mind soon after the President's death. This is my diary entry for April 17, 1945:

I heard a day or two ago, on very direct authority, the following, for which I do not quote any names because I was told not to, but the evidence for it is very good. A short time before he died, someone had been sent for to see President Roosevelt, to discuss some question of production. He told another visitor afterwards of his concern, that when he went in, the President was sitting, staring into space and apparently completely absorbed in his own thoughts. He only spoke three times (not to the visitor, but as if to himself)—"If Churchill insists on Hong Kong, I will have to take it to the King." This was repeated three times and the man then left and told the secretary in the outer office that he would come again some other time when the President had less on his mind. The person who transmitted it to me says, "Stories like this always come up afterwards, but this seemed to come so straight, I thought you would be interested." It certainly is interesting.

Five days earlier than the date of this diary note, on April 12, 1945, which was a Thursday, I had gone to have tea with Stimson and we were sitting talking in the garden, when at twenty minutes to six his telephone rang. He went off to answer it and came back saying that he was summoned to a meeting at the White House at six o'clock. He had no notion what the meeting was about, but much feared that it might be bad news about the President.

As my car was at the door, I drove him down, going back myself to the Embassy after dropping him. There I heard the news, which was already on the ticker, of the President's having died at 3:35 that afternoon. It seemed strange that if he had died at 3:35, Stimson should not have known it by 5:45; but they had, I suppose, to tell Mrs. Roosevelt first and she happened to be at a meeting in Washington, so that it may have taken a little time to get hold of her. I rang up Harry Hopkins, who told me the President had been quite "gay" at luncheon, had afterward signed his letters, and was sitting for his portrait when he had some sort of fainting fit, and never recovered consciousness, dying an hour and a half later.

Thought raced as one tried to adjust one's mind to this stark fact of death. I could not say I was altogether surprised, for I had been greatly shocked by his appearance when I had seen him ten days before with Oliver Lyttelton, who had formed an even worse impression of him than I had. But the timing of it could hardly have been more dramatic or more melancholy, at the very moment that the troops of which the President was the constitutional commander in chief were on the point of entering the principal enemy capital. With that reflection went the thought of how heavy a blow this would be for Churchill, who had set so great store by his intimate friendship, and counted so much upon it, and how acutely he must feel the loss of his war comrade.

I managed after various attempts to get through to him on the telephone, and found as I expected that his first impulse was to come over himself to attend the funeral. I was, however, able to assure him that, though all those concerned were profoundly touched by his thought, they nonetheless hoped he would spare himself so great an exertion. With this counsel, after a good deal of argument, he finally concurred and Eden came in his place to represent the British Government.

People used to talk about F.D.R.'s charm and he certainly had that quality or power in rare degree. But it was much more than the kind of superficial facility that seems to get many people over the rough places of human contacts. He was genuinely interested in human beings as human beings; problems stood before his mind's eye always as human situations; the treatment of them spelled greater happiness or greater unhappiness for men and women; and all the time it was on the relations of men with men that the wheels of the world turned.

This natural endowment of sympathy was half the secret of his particular hold upon his countrymen's affections and made his so-called "fireside chats" on the wireless so true to their name. It was part of his genius that he managed to give these speeches the guise of a friendly conversation, in which people could almost feel themselves to be sharing, as the speaker dealt easily with the various points the argument suggested to the listener as he went along. People liked to hear him talking about their own doubts and objections, and such degree of enjoyment of the informal presentment of a case carried them a long way toward acceptance of the policy it was meant to serve.

Baldwin had a good deal of the same power, which I suspect is more potent than eloquence, and it is one of the new techniques which modern science has developed. It was this sense of sympathy, too, that gave Roosevelt an intuition into what those around him were thinking, which very often helped him to get past obstructive reserves and reach a footing of closer intellectual accord.

I was often astonished that, having this capacity as he had, he should have seemed to make comparatively so little use of it with hostile members of Congress. I would have

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AUBADE

By CHARLES G. BELL

Two days we quarreled
While the gray wrath
Of tedious winter
Spent itself.

Now snow dissolves,
The buds unfurl;
We were clouded under
The cloud of the world.

Awake, my undefiled, my dove,
For the leaf-wooing wind
Of the warm south

Lays a limb of love
On the dreaming earth;
Awake, my blessing, smile,
come forth.

Now-in One Swift Beauty Step

Creme Rinse *and* Set your Hair



EASY!
NO THINNING WITH WATER,
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Silky waves that last! Richard Hudnut's New Creme Rinse 'n Set is the *only* creme rinse that *beauty-sets* your hair. Just *one* swift beauty-step! You don't have to mix with water . . . you don't rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your freshly shampooed hair and comb through. Pin-curls all but set themselves!

Your wave is beautifully soft because, unlike hair sprays, there's no drying alcohol. Your wave *lasts*—yet no lacquer dulls or stiffens it. Creme rinse and set *your* hair after your next shampoo . . . $.60, 1.00 and 1.75 *plus tax.*

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by Richard Hudnut

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EATABANANA!



Bananas . . . wholesome—and then some!



Tropic salad. New way to add subtle flavor and texture to green salad — slice in banana just before you add dressing and toss it. It's the kind of trick that can make a hostess famous!



Banana toast. Good morning idea: slice a banana on toasted bread, then sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, dot with butter, brown a few minutes in your broiler. Serve with honey. Luscious!

I'm Chiquita Banana and I'm here to sing
That you should eat more bananas —
They've got everything!
They give you vitamins, minerals
And energy, too —
Bananas taste so good
And are so good for you!
You can put 'em in a milkshake,
In a salad or a pie—aye!
And bananas make a nice team
With a cereal or ice cream.
Every member of the family loves bananas
Every single way you try 'em —
They are so nourishing and tasty —
So hurry up and buy 'em!

To be sung to the tune of Chiquita Banana





UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

supposed that if he had invited selected individuals to the White House and talked very frankly and confidentially, the matter would not of course have remained confidential, but the edge of the opposition would almost assuredly have been blunted. On many occasions, as it seemed to me looking on, he could have smoothed the path of the Administration in this fashion very easily. But he did not, and I came therefore to the conclusion that my diagnosis was probably wrong.

And there was indeed something, intangible but not the less real, to set off on the other side. During many talks I found myself forming an impression about him which has gradually taken firm root in my mind. One day we had been chatting away about something or other, when the President suddenly said that he thought after the war we ought to do this or that about some French colony. What did I think of his idea?

I said that I scarcely saw how he could reconcile it with various pledges he had given to General Giraud or General de Gaulle. That he thought was all right. Had I any other objection? I said that I still did not like it, for there was nothing to prevent him waking up one morning and having a similar brain wave about a British colony, and we shouldn't like that at all.

At that the President laughed and said that our case was quite different. But I never heard any more of the original idea—and it seemed to me that the President was one of the people who used conversation as others of us use a first draft on paper. Whether by conversation or on paper, it is a method of trying out an idea. If it does not go well, you can modify it or drop it as you will. Nobody thinks anything of it if you do this with a paper draft; but if you do it with conversation, people say that you have changed your mind, that "you never know where you have him," and so on. All that one so often heard said about F.D.R., much of it completely unjust, may be traceable to the reason I suggest.

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After the President, the most important person from the point of view of the ambassador was the Secretary of State. Cordell Hull was Secretary of State when I arrived, and it was with him that I had most to do. I had not met him before I went to America, and I remember well the first official call I paid upon him in the State Department. He spoke with great frankness about everything that was involved in Hitler's challenge to world freedom, and was eager to hear everything that I could tell him of how things looked and how people were feeling in England. That was in January, 1941; the Battle of Britain was over and the great German bid for mastery of the air had been held. But the menace of invasion, suspended as it might be during the months of bad winter weather, was still there, and Mr. Hull certainly had no illusions about the ugly possibilities the future might hold.

From that time on, I naturally saw him often to discuss the many matters of concern to our two countries. He was always generous of his time and I greatly enjoyed our contacts. The first impression on meeting him was apt to be misleading. His eyes seemed often to be looking out upon the middle or far distance, whether past or future one could not tell; the features of his face, distinguished and sharply cut, were those of someone who had seen many sides of life and had learned both the need and the power of patience. But let a word or some train of thought strike the spark, and the whole man would, as it were, spring to arms in support or condemnation. It was common knowledge that Mr. Hull's command of his home-state vernacular was wide and formidable. I have heard some of it—not, happily, directed at myself; the Japanese envoys with whom he was later to be negotiating up to the moment of Pearl Harbor heard a great deal, if Mr. Hull's report to me of his own language an hour later was even a pale image of what had actually passed.

No one was more alive to moral issues and their impact upon policy. But he would refuse to allow himself to be pushed off a well-considered line of action by false sentiment. Thus for him there was nothing either in morals or anything else that need oblige the Allies to instruct General Eisenhower to treat Darlan as untouchable, after we had gone into North Africa in November, 1942. If Darlan was prepared to take action that would save precious American lives, it would be criminal folly to refuse it. So his comment on that situation when it arose was, as usual, pungent: "If I am in a bloody fight with a dangerous desperado, and the worst ex-convict in the world comes along and offers to help me, I don't make him head of the Sunday school but I don't refuse his help."

Experience was pleasantly varied. Once on the way back to Washington from giving a talk to the Governors' Conference at Asheville, I was the recipient of what may be called an uncovenanted reward. I was reading in my compartment on the train and a young college boy, as I guessed him to be, came down the train selling papers and magazines which he invited me to buy. I was rather deep in my book and therefore told him that I was sure all his magazines were interesting, but that I got little time for reading and I did want to finish my book before we got back to Washington; if he did not mind, therefore, I would not buy any of his magazines. He then asked me whether I was not the British ambassador, and this being cleared up, he said he would like to talk a little about reading. Which we did: what was and what was not worth reading. At the end of our talk, he said that he had enjoyed it very much, and that to mark this he would like to give me something by which he set a good deal of store. With this he unpinned from his coat and pinned onto mine a badge on which was inscribed "MacArthur for President." It was just at the moment that the agitation in this sense was active, and I recalled with some apprehension how one of my predecessors had been relieved of his post for alleged interference in a presidential election. But I could not hurt my friend's feelings, and therefore had to accept his badge, taking as much care as I could that nobody else saw it being worn by the British ambassador.

Life in Washington was varied by periodic engagements in New York, which to me always made great appeal. The scale of its huge buildings never ceased to impress the imagination; there was no place like the Natural History Museum, if one had an hour or two to spare; and the satisfaction to be had from a walk round the Metropolitan Museum and the incomparable little Frick Museum was assured. From the first, New York was to be for us a place of many good meetings, and its

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Flavor-Selector gives the exact strength you prefer every single time.



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Redi-Lite glows to show when coffee is brewed to the strength chosen.



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Heat-Sentinel keeps your coffee at the perfect serving temperature.

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Hair with the
fresh young HALO look
is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean



—for clear, liquid Halo
. . . unlike most shampoos . . . contains no
greasy oils or soap. Nothing to
interfere with cleaning action or dull your
hair with heavy, dirt-catching film.
Mild, gentle Halo leaves
hair softer, brighter . . . whistle clean!



political contacts were often a valuable supplement to those of Washington.

We left the United States in May, 1946, after spending almost exactly five and a half years at the Embassy. As we came away from New York I went up on deck at 6 A.M. to see the last of that wonderful sky line and to salute the Statue of Liberty. It had been an education and a privilege to be in the United States at such a time, and as the ship moved eastward one was conscious both of the keen pleasure with which one looked forward to returning home and of the real sorrow with which one bade farewell to the United States.

Churchill had suggested after we got back that I should join the opposition shadow cabinet, with the prospect, as I supposed, of returning to some office in government if and when the Conservatives found themselves in power. As, however, for the last year of my time in Washington I had been the servant of a Labour administration under Ernest Bevin as Foreign Secretary, I felt it would be hardly right to jump immediately into party politics. I also wanted after the disturbance of the war to get my own affairs into some sort of order under the new conditions that had to be met. Having, moreover, been ten years out of England in India and the United States, and the best part of all the other years after the first war in London, I felt entitled to spend as much of the rest of my life as I might at home.

The first taste of emancipation was sweet. Living at home in comparative freedom from external obligations was a pleasing variant of what for a long time had been the layout of my life. The only sadness has been that steady loss of friends and companions, which comes to us all as we get older, and the death of the King in 1952 while still quite young was a sharp sorrow of these years. He had always shown us great consideration and kindness, and I had been privileged to see a good deal of him up to the time of our going to Washington. While we were serving there and coming home each summer, the King and Queen always made a point of giving us the opportunity of reporting personally to them on persons and events in the United States. Few people were endowed with judgment more wise or more penetrating that his, rooted in simple and assured standards and frequently salted with humor uninhibited and robust. As his death, sudden and at the particular moment of its occurrence unexpected, threw the commonwealth into mourning, there was no difference of feeling in any quarter.

The recollection of the bleak inauguration of his reign fifteen years earlier, the grief now universal: the loyal devotion to be so fervently expressed at the coronation of the young Queen, and ready to do anything in its power to lighten the load now laid upon her: these concurrent emotions, joined to the volume of sympathy that went out to Queen Elizabeth, told how great a work with her help the King had accomplished in the re-establishment of the monarchy, after the strain placed upon it by the events that brought him to the throne. It is not indeed easy to overstate the effect of their influence and example.

I am always happy to get back to Garrowby, where our life is now centered. We have been able to keep the house open much on its old footing, mainly through the support of two faithful helpers—our housekeeper, Miss Gaywood, who was nurse to our children, and Harry Salkeld, our chauffeur, who was born and bred at Hickleton and came to me when I got my first car more than fifty years ago.

I have found plenty to occupy me, farming and looking after the estate. The latter under postwar conditions is not free from difficulty and takes more time than I would have expected. For the expenses of administration and maintenance have steadily risen, outstripping agricultural rents, which in spite of recent increases still lag behind. New types of farming bring to the landowner successive requests for capital improvements, living standards are steadily rising, and the young generation is not generally satisfied with what seemed tolerable to their parents forty years ago.

Although Garrowby is now our main base, we keep touch with Hickleton, and as Hickleton played a large part in my life when it began, it retains its place, withal different, now. During the war the house had been requisitioned by the army immediately after Dunkirk and for some time had been General Alexander's headquarters. Later the garden had provided a large camp, first for German prisoners and then for displaced persons. When we regained possession of the house, we quickly found, both from the point of view of finance and from the difficulty of securing adequate staff, that it was not likely to be feasible to maintain it. There was no alternative but to hand it over for some other purpose, and we were fortunate in being able to give it to an Anglican sisterhood, the Society of the Holy Paraclete, for use as one of their schools.

The property remained in our hands, and in order to maintain connection with this part of Yorkshire we converted part of the stables into a small cottage where we are comfortably lodged whenever we want to go there. Our old home is now well established in its new role, and I have been reconciled to this necessity by the thought of how greatly the establishment of such a school might buttress the future welfare of the parish church, and of much else that my father would have been concerned to secure.

S S S S S

In this world, one must be a little too kind to be kind enough.
MARIVAUX

S S S S S

Within twelve months of our return from the United States and with great and enduring profit to himself and us, our youngest son, who had been badly wounded in the desert with the Eighth Army, enlarged the family circle by marrying Diana Kellett, whose father had been killed in North Africa in 1943. So fortified and supported, he has gone into Parliament, finding the House of Commons, I am afraid, in these days of slender majorities and close margins a more exacting taskmaster than it was to me. It has thus been our great good fortune to see our three children happily married and to watch their children coming forward to take their part in the continuing family procession. It is a singular element in this good fortune that these new foundations of family life should be established very close to our own home at Garrowby. So may we of the older generation feel that the Yorkshire soil is being spread over the family roots, which will draw virtue from the spreading.

Here this story, such as it has been, must close; for the content of any time that may still remain to me is not likely to be of interest to anybody beyond myself and a very intimate circle. Certainly the thought that dominates all others, as the moving picture of seventy years travels across the screen, is one of great thankfulness to both God and man. My thanks go to Him for the home into which it was my privilege to be born; for the early knowledge of Him to which this home brought me; and for the countless opportunities He has given me—alas! how sadly misused—of making this knowledge my invariable guide and counselor; for the manifold blessings of life and health, and enjoyment of many of the world's best things.

I am thankful, also, for those whose relationship and friendship have stood to me for so much through the years: for my father and mother to whom I have made constant reference, and whose good gifts to me from childhood were above any other; for my wife without whom little or nothing that may ever have appeared deserving of recognition in my life would have been achieved; for our children; and for many friends in many countries. We owe more to our friends than we generally acknowledge or remember. END



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Here's a new, easy way to glorify gray, white and graying hair without tinting or dyeing! Nestle Color Creme Rinse adds beautiful, rich, natural-looking smoky, silvery or charcoal color.

In just a few moments, unsightly yellow and discolored streaks vanish—graying hair is cleverly, evenly color-toned.



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AND — at the same time — Nestle Color Creme Rinse wonderfully CONDITIONS your hair — improves its texture — corrects dryness and brittle ends — gives it the glorious lustre of youth! 6 beautiful colors. 29¢

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Nestle Colortint gives rich, intense all-over color but is not a permanent dye! It intensifies your natural hair color OR — adds exciting NEW color. Lanolin-rich Colortint also blends-in gray, streaked or faded hair. 10 triple-strength colors. 29¢, 50¢

Ask Your Beautician for Professional Applications

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



FROM: "RETIRING TIME" © 1955 BY THE REILLY & LEE CO.

"Having John home every day isn't nearly as hard as I thought it would be."

Writers apparently never have to "retire." They can go on and on, unlike the bankers and executives, the factory workers and the white-collar men, all of whom have to make do, after 65, with hobbies or gardens or Florida. Or like the retired Lancashire plowman, with odd jobs about the farmyard, who, when asked how he liked his new work, said, "I feels like one o' they nuts on me ole plow. Keeps on goin' roun' an' roun' an' gettin' nowhere. Nowt to bite on." (The Countryman)

Bertrand Russell has plenty to bite on in his old age—mathematician, philosopher, author of **PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY** (Simon & Schuster). Russell is now 85. George Bernard Shaw (who somehow gives the impression of being still alive!) would be 100.

For a time the two were great friends. In his book Russell tells about one Sunday in their youth when Shaw nearly met his end. They were bicycling, and Shaw, just learning to ride, ran into Russell with such force that he (Shaw) was hurled through the air and landed on his back twenty feet away. Actually he was unhurt, got up and continued to ride. But poor Russell's machine was shattered and he had to go home by train. It was a very slow train, and at every station Shaw with his bicycle appeared on the platform, put his head into the carriage and jeered.

•

In **A CHANCE FOR GLORY** (Holt) ***Constance Wright*** enlarges on a footnote in history—a short episode in the long life of Lafayette, and one that in later years he himself deliberately played down.

Her lively account concerns the five years when he was prisoner in Olmutz, Austria, and the attempts of a young German adventurer, Bollmann, to effect his escape. It is thoroughly documented history and full of surprises. It's amusing and quite a thriller, what with the actual escape, the chase and the ignominious capture. In company with the rather nervy Bollmann, we see Paris, London, Vienna, even George and Martha Washington, cozily at tea, in Mount Vernon, annoyed no end by too many visitors, and not the least by the ubiquitous Bollmann.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, by ***Oliver La Farge***, is sure to be a revelation to the many of us who don't know about the Indians of our own continent; a "must," I'd say, for curious Americans.

La Farge has devoted his life to the Indians, and writes about them simply, clearly and with great knowledge. He starts thousands of years back with the earliest migrations from the tip of Siberia, goes through the centuries of roaming tribes, the evolution of civilization, the coming of the white man with its subsequent tragedies, and up to the present. Illustrated by 350 pictures, old photos, color reproductions. (Crown Publishers, $7.50, and worth every cent of it!)

The wild stretches of the American continent always bring to mind the explorer in the impenetrable forest who came upon a mighty oak upon which were carved the words: "I was the first person to travel through these wilds. Daniel Boone." Directly underneath, however, was another inscription: "That's what you think! Eleanor Roosevelt."

•

Gilbert Highet's latest book, **POETS IN A LANDSCAPE** (Knopf), is contemplation of the countryside of Italy, the hills and villages and the byways of cities where his favorite Latin poets used to wander—Catullus, Ovid, Horace, Vergil, Juvenal. He wandered there himself last summer, and through his own impressions, and the words of the poets themselves, a far-away long-ago day rises out of the mist.

•

All the books listed below are books I have liked but haven't had quite space enough to enlarge upon. Some are brand new, others a few months old.

Two idyllic books about boyhood: **THE LORD'S OYSTERS**, by ***Gilbert Byron*** (Little, Brown), about a lazy, sunny, sometimes highly dramatic life on the shores of Chesapeake Bay around 1910. . . . **THE RAIN AND THE FIRE AND THE WILL OF GOD**, by ***Donald Wetzel*** (Random House), a tender book about a boy on an Alabama hill, his family, another boy from the North, guitar playing, swimming, adolescent love. And what a title!

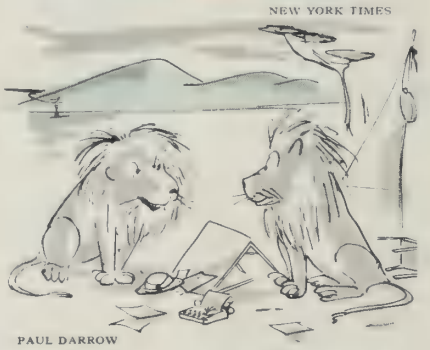
THE TALL CAPTAINS, a good historical novel by ***Bart Spicer*** (Dodd, Mead) about the French Empire in Canada under Montcalm, defended and lost on the Plains of Abraham.

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN PARIS (Norton), by ***Chiang Yee***, the Chinese painter who looks with such a bright Oriental eye on the Western world, and pictures it so beautifully both in words and delicate pastel paintings.

GUERILLA SURGEON, by ***Lindsay Rogers*** (Doubleday)—the stirring experiences of a New Zealand doctor who volunteered to work with the Yugoslav Partisans, 1943–45; the desperate stand against the Germans in the mountains under a little-known but gallant leader who called himself Tito; a hair-raising account of savage fighting and absolute discipline, of a hospital constantly moving under fire, of a people selfless in their patriotism and dauntlessly courageous.

KNOW YOUR HEIRLOOMS (McBride), a useful handbook, fully illustrated, for those who *don't* know them. By ***Thomas Ormsbee***, a specialist in antiques, and author of two *Field Guides—to Early American Furniture* and *to American Victorian Furniture*.

Two unusually good mysteries: **KNOCK AND WAIT A WHILE**, by ***William Rawle Weeks*** (Houghton, Mifflin), a spy story about an American operator on the trail of a popular young woman journalist in Europe. She is being lured into Russia. . . . **THE MEGSTONE PLOT**, by ***Andrew Garve***, in which the reader is in on the



NEW YORK TIMES

PAUL DARROW

"It's all a matter of taste, but there're writers I've liked better."

crime from the start, the suspense lying in when, if at all, the law catches up. One of the best. (Out soon, Harper.)

And finally, a knockout of a collection, **THE TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES**, in two volumes, edited by ***Howard Haycraft*** and ***John Beecroft***. This contains the entire novels: *Rebecca*, by Daphne du Maurier; *The Big Sleep*, by Raymond Chandler; *Journey Into Fear*, by Eric Ambler; besides other novels, novelettes and stories by Rex Stout, Ellery Queen, Ngaio Marsh, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Agatha Christie, and on! (Simon & Schuster, $5.95.)

Unretouched photo of Mrs. Virginia Lawson's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

This photo is unretouched!

You can see with your own eyes what a tremendous *difference* Jergens Lotion makes to hands.

447 women took this test*

Both hands were soaked in a household detergent three times a day. Jergens Lotion was applied to *right* hands only. In a few days, the untreated left hands were rough and red. The right hands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion tested this way proved so effective.

Doesn't coat . . . it penetrates

Jergens doesn't just "glove" hands with a sticky film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. Jergens halts all chapping—wind and weather damage, too!

Instantly absorbed

Jergens Lotion is rich and creamy – *never* leaves a sticky feeling. It's the most used hand care in the whole world – and it's only 15¢ to $1.



**Notice to doctors and dermatologists – for a summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.*



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because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives away odor ... dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)



VETO is for you in more ways than one



Cream Spray Stick or Mist

One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worri

VOLUNTEERS MEET CHILDREN AT PLANE ...Seattle, Washington



Open arms await a tiny Korean orphan alighting from a plane at Seattle. Her new home in the Midwest still 1000 miles away, she will stop overnight with the Rev. and Mrs. Edwin H. Weibel, Travelers Aid volunteers.

Beacon for Air Travelers

By MARGARET HICKEY

The familiar blue-and-white lamp of the Travelers Aid Society now shines in a number of the nation's big airports—a beacon light to those in distress. With air travel increasing every year, personal service given by airlines is necessarily reduced. And Travelers Aid is stepping in to help with this brand-new service.

For many newcomers from foreign lands, the Travelers Aid volunteer is their first contact on American soil. Picture a young German boy arriving alone at San Francisco's International Airport. No one is there to meet him. He has never heard of the Travelers Aid Society, but a volunteer waiting at the ramp to assist anyone who may need help notices his bewilderment. He doesn't speak English, but the volunteer knows someone on the airport staff who speaks German—and soon the boy is in touch with his sponsor and on his way.

If anyone doubts that the San Francisco International Airport lives up to its name, check the roster of linguists at the Travelers Aid desk. The volunteer worker on duty may not speak the language herself, but within minutes she will be in touch with someone who does. In the airport itself she may call on a reservations clerk who speaks Japanese; a porter who knows four languages; or a waitress who speaks Finnish. Or she may telephone any of approximately 100 people—consuls, business and professional people—who have offered to assist with "telephone translations."

Los Angeles Travelers Aid pioneered airport service in 1950. The Chicago Society followed suit at Midway Airport in 1952. In 1954 the New York Society, with a special grant from the Puerto Rican government, stationed two workers at Idlewild, primarily to assist incoming Puerto Ricans. Since then a local foundation has awarded a grant to pay for a third worker, which makes possible service from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. A volunteer program will be under way shortly.

In Denver, the Junior League financed the first full year of operation, beginning October, 1955, at Stapleton Field, and extended partial funds for the second and third years, the balance provided by the Community Chest. Junior League volunteers staff the booth.

Other airports with Travelers Aid desks are Boston, Atlanta, Cleveland; Columbus, Georgia; Tulsa, Oklahoma. END

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD JOHNNY BEAVER ARRIVING 4:20 P.M. PLEASE MEET AT AIRPORT.

It is four o'clock on a Thursday afternoon when that message from Anchorage, Alaska, arrives at Travelers Aid in Seattle, Washington. There is no Travelers Aid booth at the airport, and headquarters is at least a half hour by car from the field. But twenty minutes later when the plane lands, Shirley Kangas, a trim brunette wearing a blue arm band, is standing at the passenger gate waiting to greet the young Alaskan.

Shirley Kangas, who has two children of her own, is a member of the Women's Guild airport committee of McMicken Heights Lutheran Church, and on call twenty-four hours a day. ("Well, not quite—we've never been called after two A.M. or before five A.M.," she admits.) But since the church—and the homes of its members—is only a half mile from the airport, volunteer Shirley Kangas can answer an emergency telephone request from downtown in a matter of minutes.

Johnny Beaver, an Eskimo, is dressed like any other eight-year-old in a leather jacket and tan trousers, but his chubby face and dark eyes are stolid. "You have nearly six hours before your next flight; how about dinner at my house?" Shirley asks. Johnny only clutches the string of his big cardboard box more tightly.

Even if he doesn't understand English, he'll know what to do with an ice-cream cone, Shirley decides, and propels him toward the coffee shop. Johnny's solemn gaze wanders about the huge airport building. Seated at a window table, he reaches out to touch the pane of glass, then looks at Shirley as if to ask if there is really something between him and the outside world. But his attention is at once diverted by the arrival of ice cream. Johnny takes his first taste, then a second—and suddenly opens up into a wide, creamy-mustached grin.

To any of the twelve members of the Guild's airport committee, that grin is worth the price of 100 ice-cream cones. Many of the children they meet at the request of the Seattle Travelers Aid Society are frightened and lonely Eskimo or Indian children traveling to foster homes or medical-treatment centers in the States; some are tiny Korean or Japanese orphans, en route to adoptive parents in this country, and often terrified at flying for the first time. One orphan arrived wearing a tag that brought tears to the eyes of the volunteer who met her. It said, "Please return these garments to the orphanage." If there are any rules of the committee, they are only to make these children as happy and comfortable as possible during their stopover between flights.

Johnny Beaver is one of the many Eskimo children uprooted from their homes by tuberculosis. His father dead, his family had been supported by an Aid to Dependent Children grant and his brother's hunting. Now his brother and mother have been moved to a hospital for pulmonary tuberculosis. Johnny himself is being sent by the Alaska Native Service to Bellingham, Washington, for treatment of bone tuberculosis at St. Joseph Hospital. (According to the territory's Department of Health, tuberculosis is the biggest health problem. In some northern and western villages, virtually every adult is tubercular. About 40 per cent of all new cases under the Aid to Dependent Children program have become eligible as a result of tuberculosis.) Johnny's village, west of Anchorage, has no medical care, except for a plane with a doctor and X ray which sometimes stops once during a summer.

The Kangas home is a simple, but comfortable, white frame structure with a big yard full of flowers, shrubs, even a few ducks. Johnny shows a shy curiosity about everything—especially the television and radio, which he seems to enjoy snapping on and off. But he jumps back startled when Shirley turns on the bathroom faucet so he can wash his hands before dinner. In his village, water must be brought by dog team from a pond one mile away.

For dinner there are roast and potatoes, which Johnny devours, and afterward the wonder of watching Shirley break three fresh eggs—something he has never seen before—for seven-minute frosting for the freshly made spongecake.

Time to go comes too soon for Johnny Beaver. And it CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



SPECIAL GREASE SPOT TEST: Chicken placed on fresh paper for 30 minutes *after* cooling and draining in the usual way proves that chicken fried in another shortening is greasy, that chicken fried in New Spry is crisp, tender, non-greasy.

New Spry helps make everything you fry Non-Greasy



You know what we mean by non-greasy foods. They're light. Tender. More appetizing. *Easier to digest.* And you can serve your family non-greasy foods every time when you fry with New Spry. That's because:

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NEW SPRY IS HOMOGENIZED
(Blends better for lighter results)

NEW SPRY IS GUARANTEED BY LEVER BROTHERS
(Your money back if you're not satisfied)

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Spry "... makes the cook look good"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

ns to Shirley as she carries him—sob-
;—out to the car that he has made up his
d to stay. Shirley wishes she could tell
she is sure he will like the hospital and
kind nurses, because she has known
y children who stayed there.

ne real beginnings of the volunteer airport
mittee date from October, 1950, when the
elers Aid Society advertised in a weekly
rban newspaper for a foster home for
eling children. Mrs. Leona Grove, a
ber of the new McMicken Heights
eran congregation, meeting at that time
n elementary-school classroom, showed
ad to her husband and two children.
re's something we might enjoy doing to-
er as a family," she said. "Travelers Aid
ld pay the expenses, we would provide
nospitality."

Sounds interesting," Harold Grove
ed. "What about you two?"

x-year-old Margery and Stevie, a year
r, could hardly suppress their excitement.
t was settled with the Grove family. A
elers Aid staff member paid several
s to the Groves, recommended them
ly, and within a
weeks they were
ified by the state
artment of Public
fare as emergency
rding parents.

mong their first
ts were four boys
the State School
the Deaf at Van-
er awaiting plane
rvations to Alaska.
use of a shipping
e, airline space
at a premium, and
boys had to stay
e days. Stevie was
ghted to have so
h companionship,
nized a back-yard
ball team, took the
s to school and to a
day-school picnic.
ut the need was
ving for more than
one foster home.
line personnel
dn't keep an eye
hildren who had a
ver of more than an
r between planes.
er children some-
s roamed around
pervised for four
rs, one even had
ed himself in a phone booth. In the fall
952, Travelers Aid turned to Leona Grove
uggestions. "This is something my Guild
d do," she decided. The Guild was look-
or a project anyway, now that the church
finally moved into its own home—a wing
he proposed future church building.
rly all the members were mothers, inter-
d in children and eager to help.

om Miss Margaret Johnston, medical-
al consultant of the Alaska Department
Health, one of the Guild's first speakers,
bers learned something about the back-
nd of the youngsters from the territory—
why they were traveling to the States.
re are no schools for the handicapped in
ska, few orthopedic beds, almost no
tic-surgery facilities, Miss Johnston ex-
ned. "And there are never enough foster
es for all the children who need them."
How should we treat these children?"
tha Piper, a pilot's wife, wanted to know.
As you would any other children," Mar-
t Johnston said. "Try not to make them
different—don't ask a lot of questions,
though they may be wearing furred
a hoods and mukluks [moccasins]. And
t expect youngsters from the villages to be
onsive," she cautioned. "Social conversa-
is not part of an Eskimo child's upbring-
They show their pleasure in quiet ways."
on after that calls began coming to the
mittee chairman from downtown Travel-
Aid headquarters. There were youngsters
g to the Oregon State School for the Blind at Portland; to the Washington State School for the Deaf at Vancouver; to San Francisco for cardiac treatment; to Chicago for orthopedic care. If none of the volunteers had used sign language before, they soon learned how. To find out if one non-English-speaking guest was hungry, Shirley and Allan Kangas made elaborate motions of eating. In answer, the boy grinned and pulled out the menu the stewardess had served on the plane.

Occasionally the volunteers may find that a young traveler already has an escort. Even so, their services are always welcome. No one was happier to see a Travelers Aid representative than a harried Presbyterian minister returning from Japan with two tiny charges—a two-year-old half-Japanese, half-American girl and a four-year-old boy, also half American—going to adoptive homes. Both had wet diapers and were howling lustily. At once Mrs. Fern Schlewitz took the children to the nursery and changed them. That done, the crying stopped. The minister said he could look after the little girl—who promptly went to sleep in the waiting room—if Mrs. Schlewitz would take the boy to breakfast.

But not all the young travelers are Eskimo or Oriental. A number are children of Alaska residents going to homes of relatives in the States for vacation. Martha Clouse was thankful for her big back yard the day she brought home three lively youngsters, aged eight, ten and twelve, all loaded down with camping gear, tennis rackets, fishing poles, a cardboard carton and one suitcase. And on one special occasion, Shirley Kangas looked after an elderly woman traveler who seemed confused about where she was.

The one disappointment of this volunteer work is that there are "so many unfinished stories," as Shirley Kangas expresses it. "A child comes into your life, and you never know what happens to him after that." Martha Clouse did get a letter once from a fifteen-year-old Eskimo girl who stayed with her overnight. But all she could decipher was "Dear Mrs. Clouse."

Pastor Edwin H. Weibel, of the McMicken Heights church, tells about four-year-old Ok-ja Kim, from Seoul, Korea, who was his overnight guest between flights to Pocatello, Idaho, her future home. Travelers Aid usually recommends that adoptive parents of overseas orphans meet the plane at the port of entry. But because of the additional travel expense for the family, this is not always possible. Kim was suffering from both fatigue and fright when she arrived at the airport late at night, clutching a stuffed doll, so the Weibels took her home and put her right to bed. After the lights went out, Kim cried so forlornly the Weibels decided to wake their own five-year-old Mary. Mary, too drowsy to know what was happening, crawled obediently into bed with Kim. Both girls went right to sleep. The next morning, Kim apparently decided that this must be her new home and she ate a hearty breakfast. There was no way to explain to her that she must continue her journey, so Pastor Weibel simply picked up her stuffed doll, helped her on with her blue checkered coat and hat and drove her back to the airport. When Kim realized where she was, her little forehead puckered and tears rolled down her cheeks. "Putting her on that plane," the pastor told Guild members later, "was the hardest thing I ever had to do." All understood exactly what he meant, because none of them has yet found a way to say good-by to a child without tears. END

SONG

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Come quickly in your small
black shoes:
Such goodness must be held.
As farmers glean their shining
grain,
I gather up my gold.

As farm wives trim the supper
lamp,
I tend this gentle wick;
And it will serve to flicker hopes
And warm old dreams a bit.

Child with the birthday-candle
eyes,
O soft, sweet-kissing bee,
What can I give you but a song
Who gave my life to me?

Amazing Twinkle offer!

OVER 1/3 OFF

on beautiful COPPERMASTER KITCHENWARE



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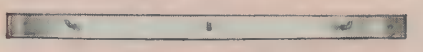
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DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



Erma, a dedicated housekeeper, thinks dogs and children come first—slip covers will wash.

Rain and wind are March gifts in our valley. The thrumming of the bitter storms is welcome. For the rain reaches deep into the frozen earth and frees the soil. The great winds move the ice from the ponds and sweep across frosty meadows. The forces of Nature are at work.

For humans, the raw damp air and roaring gales and the incessant pounding of chilly rain are not easy or comfortable. We are plagued with drafts in the old house, wet coats steam by the stove. Mud is everywhere. Even crossing the yard is a hazard when the galoshes skid in a newly dug hole where the Irish is looking for something.

Nevertheless, when I wake in the night and hear the thunder, I feel the swift excitement of spring-about-to-be. After all, I reflect, weather has to be understood, especially in New England!

Inside the house is warm, if we stay away from the drafts around the windows, and the fire seems even brighter in the pale light. It is a time for housewifely chores. Nobody minds cleaning out bureaus and closets when it is bad weather. In fact, it is a pleasure to sort and organize, to clean the copper and polish the silver, for there is no urgency to be out working in the garden or painting fences or pruning things.

It is never dull. Now Erma, who helps us out, decides she will wash all the curtains, starch everything except the wallpaper, and put extra coats of wax on all the floors. Then, she says, the dogs can track in all they want to, and she will only have to do one extra waxing. The undercoats will keep.

She is very firm about the dogs and the mud. "It is their home, too," she points out, "so it is no trouble to do the slip covers again, the first sunny day." A house is for living, she says.

A good many women who spend their lives keeping an immaculate house could learn from Erma. With a bottle of ammonia, and enough wax and detergents, Erma feels any amount of dirt is very temporary.

March is for good menus. A pork-chop-and-cabbage casserole tastes extra good. To make this, we brown the chops, season them. Slice cabbage very thin. Put the chops in a deep casserole and cover with the cabbage, with thinly sliced onion between the layers. Pour over milk to cover. Add plenty of seasoning (both pork and cabbage need plenty). Bake until chops are tender to the questing fork. This is a variable recipe, for you use as many chops as people will need, and as much cabbage as fills your casserole. Baked potatoes are a must, because that milk, onion, pork gravy is delicious on them. Any left-over goes into a good soup the next day. Generally it takes an hour at 350° F. for the dish to get properly done. We always plan on two chops per person, because they are so good.

For an easy supper, we like Texas hash. I chop together a medium onion and 3 stalks of celery and brown them in 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine. I add 1½ pounds hamburger and stir occasionally until brown. Then I add 1 cup of cooked rice and 1 cup of canned tomatoes. I simmer this on top of the range (or use an electric skillet) for twenty minutes. I season with salt, pepper, catchup and a dash of Worcestershire sauce.

In my lifetime, seasonal cooking has gone out. I remember when there were no frozen products at all. We used cabbage and squash and winter carrots. We never had strawberries in January. Now with the mort of freezer foods, nobody need bother about what time of year it is.

However, at Stillmeadow, we still like to poke around in the fruit cellar and bring up escarole, bedded in sand, and to bake acorn squash which we grew ourselves. And the modern canned products are now excellent. Gone are the days of the pallid peas, the limp beans, the few soups. With a little imagination, one could comfortably live with the canned things. They are seasoned better, processed more expertly and have infinite variety.

March is a good month for music too. On a wild and windy night, it is good to play favorite records. Even without a hi-fi, I enjoy them.

I like to tuck up in bed in March with a solid book. A book like The Search for Adam, by Herbert Wendt, not a book to gulp but so enlightening it is worth struggling over.

We seldom stop to think, except when such a book is written, how much we owe

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3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate • 1¾ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon cream of tartar • ¾ teaspoon soda • 1 teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine • 1½ cups sugar • 2 eggs, unbeaten
1 cup milk • 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate. **Sift** flour, cream of tartar, soda, and salt together three times.
Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together until fluffy.
Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add flour, alternately with milk, beating after each addition until smooth.
Add melted chocolate and vanilla; blend.
Pour batter into 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan, lined on bottom with paper.
Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Cool cake; then frost with Easy Chocolate Frosting, using recipe on Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate package.



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to the pioneers of science. They were exiled, they were persecuted, but they persevered. The urge for truth had dominated them, and dominates us today.

Now as winter recedes, the people of the woods begin to emerge. Now and then a weasel glides along the gray stone fences. The pointed face of a squirrel looks up from the feeder as his narrow paws reach for the best grain. The melting snow is patterned with tracks.

And Jonquil, the gentlest golden cocker, brought in a possum one night. A possum on the sofa presented a problem. Jill bore him out wrapped in a paper towel and put him outside the fence. She had just recovered from this when Holly, the Irish, steamed in with a field mouse.

The cockers and Irish are very patient with our vagaries. Although generations of hunting are behind them, they allow us to remove their treasures without a growl. They merely look sad.

Cats are not so kind. Separating a Siamese from a chicken bone takes more diplomacy than is in the United Nations. The difference is that a cat makes her own decisions and sticks to them. A dog doesn't really mind your being unreasonable; he prefers to keep you happy.

As far as records are concerned, we have given up playing the Cornell Bird Songs. No record player can long withstand the wild leapings of five or six dogs. Even if they are all sound asleep, and I tiptoe into the front room and play softly, hoping to learn to identify more birds, the first peep brings them all tumbling in.

One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness: that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that in the long run it is well with the good; in the long run it is ill with the wicked. But this is no science; it is no more than the old doctrine taught long ago by the Hebrew prophets.

JAMES A. FROUDE

About mid-March, Jill begins to get out the boxes of seed packets and sort them. She is utterly absorbed, now moving beets to one end of the cobbler's bench, now putting various lettuces and carrots at the other end. Then she rearranges them.

If I ask her a question, such as whether the pot roast is done, she never answers. She is out in the garden mentally.

"Do you want rosy chard again?" she says. "We had too much last year."

"Well, remember the rabbits," I say.

For the truth is that besides feeding the wild birds, the dogs, the cats, the squirrels, the tame pheasants, we also feed the rabbits handsomely. We have more rabbits than anybody.

When I say that they help themselves, Jill adds that they do. After she has hoed and planted and raised the crops. But I remind her how charming rabbits are, and we can always go to the grocery store and buy food, which they cannot do.

I love the smell of the end of winter, the beginning of spring. The pure smell of melting snow and the rich odor of wet earth and the scent of the dark wet pines are not to be missed.

I think of Edna St. Vincent Millay: "O world, I cannot hold thee close enough."

Since I was a child, the world has been a troubled place, with wars, fears, murder. I can barely remember when it was a peaceful world. One thing remains: to live every day in the best way we can, and to pray, for prayer is a strength in itself.

And it is good to watch the scudding clouds and feel the eternal sequence of the seasons. March has not changed since I walked out with my father to see whether the bulbs were up.

And April is just over the hill, shod in wild sweet violets. END

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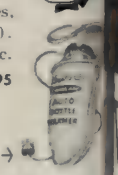


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OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

out the best in both of you. This practice should not be prolonged, however, as the atmosphere around the house becomes heady.

9. All parents make mistakes.

10. Most important: nobody really knows very much about bringing up children, so filter advice through your common sense and apply it sparingly. If you are a good person most of the time, and try to do your best, don't worry. Your kid will turn out all right!

Sincerely,
HUGH CORYELL
Assistant Headmaster,
Maumee Valley Country Day School

Letter From Spain

To the Ladies' Home Journal: Did you ever dream of castles in Spain? Well, I have found how to make that dream come true. You can do it overnight on a nonstop flight New York–Madrid. And on one airline, you can even make the crossing on planes bearing the romantic names Columbus used for his ships: the Niña, the Pinta and the Santa Maria. Fall asleep as you leave New York and awake eleven hours later in the land of your dreams.

Madrid is a spotless city of tree-lined avenues where you can sit in basket chairs at outdoor tables and lazily watch the world go by. It is a city of shady squares, sparkling fountains and women with mantillas and fans. At the hour of the midday siesta, banks and shops put up their shutters and streets are deserted until 4:30. When life starts up again, it goes at an increasing tempo until the early hours.

For an American with dollars to spend, prices are beyond belief. You can taxi almost anywhere for 14 cents. By bus, it



Castle and visitor

costs less than 2 cents. And you can get a splendid dinner for two for $1.50. I am told it is possible to live in Madrid on $1.50 a day.

Of course there is no need to stay in the city at all. You can book a room at a 500-year-old castle, sleep in a duke's personal suite, in much more comfort than its original owner. The Spanish government controls these castles, and candles are all electric.

I spent two nights at Castle Oropesa. Its grand old towers appear against the sky almost as a ruin. Storks swoop down from their nests on its embattled walls. But the bedrooms have tiled floors, and from the enormous windows there is a magnificent view over the valley to a range of snow-capped mountains.

As you enter the great dining hall with its heavy oak furniture, magnificent oil paintings, priceless tapestries and figures clad in full armor on either side of the stone-arched doors, it is easy to picture the past. The great table is piled high with foods, a whole suckling pig as a centerpiece, plates of cold partridge, and tankards of ale.

You can live in these romantic surroundings for $3.00 a day including meals. A dozen such castles are available—all offering a rich storehouse of memories.

Yours sincerely,
OLIVER K. WHITING

Cancer Checkups

Grandview, Idaho

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: The material which the Cancer Society distributes urges women to have regular checkups by our doctors. But when we go for such an exam (and even have symptoms) the doctors take it so lightly! Would an article advising the medical profession to co-operate have to be published in the Medical Journal before doctors would read it?

L. R.

▶ *Some doctors even act as though we were hypochondriac to come in! ED.*

Always Glad to Help

La Lima, Honduras

Dear Editors: Never underestimate the power of the JOURNAL! During the past few years, we have been troubled by thieves who have even entered our homes during the daytime. A friend of ours—a tiny dynamo weighing about 102 pounds—was resting a few afternoons ago when suddenly she heard footsteps. Dashing out to investigate, she found a robber in her living room. Looking around for some kind of weapon to use, she spied the new JOURNAL lying on a table, quickly grabbed it up and, rolling it, began to poke the robber in the ribs and beat him over the head. At such treatment he gave a yell and dashed out of the house.

We have heard of the help the JOURNAL has given to people all over the world, but I'll bet this is the first time you have heard of its being used as a weapon!

Sincerely,
PEGGY COOPER

Toymakers Speak Out

New York City

To the Journal: One of your readers recently asked: Isn't there some brand of toy that will last? As the business magazine of the toy industry, we say Yes. But when you next choose a toy:

First, be sure that it is American-made. A voluntary association, Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A., has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in research to make sure that American toys are safe, durable and give true value for the purchase price.

Second, look for the name of the manufacturer on the toy or on its package. A reputable manufacturer is proud to sign his name and stands ready to back up his product.

Unfortunately, there is a tremendous influx of foreign-made toys which simulate our American products in appearance. If you follow these recommendations, however, I'm sure you will discover a new world of sturdy toys.

Cordially yours,
TOYS AND NOVELTIES
Cy Bernstein, Editor

Dollar an Hour, Carfare and Lunch

Seattle, Washington

Dear Editors: Five days a week from nine until three I'm a working mother. I work for a dollar an hour, carfare and lunch, doing housework and caring for other people's children.

I made plans to go to work when my husband was seriously injured in an industrial accident. However, I had been out of the business world a long time, and soon discovered that employers didn't hire stenographers on a part-time basis. (I could work only during school hours, for I had no intention of neglecting my children for the almighty dollar.) Clerks in department stores must be *experienced* clerks. I couldn't sell, and even my efforts at telephone soliciting ended in failure. Apparently my only specialty was that of being a wife and mother—hardly salable.

A neighbor of mine had just had her fourth baby. She was tired and discouraged, and asked me if I knew someone who would take over while she slept for a week. I suggested an employment agency, but she had already called any number of them with unsatisfactory results. So I halfheartedly offered to help out until she made other arrangements.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

Doll by Madame Alexander

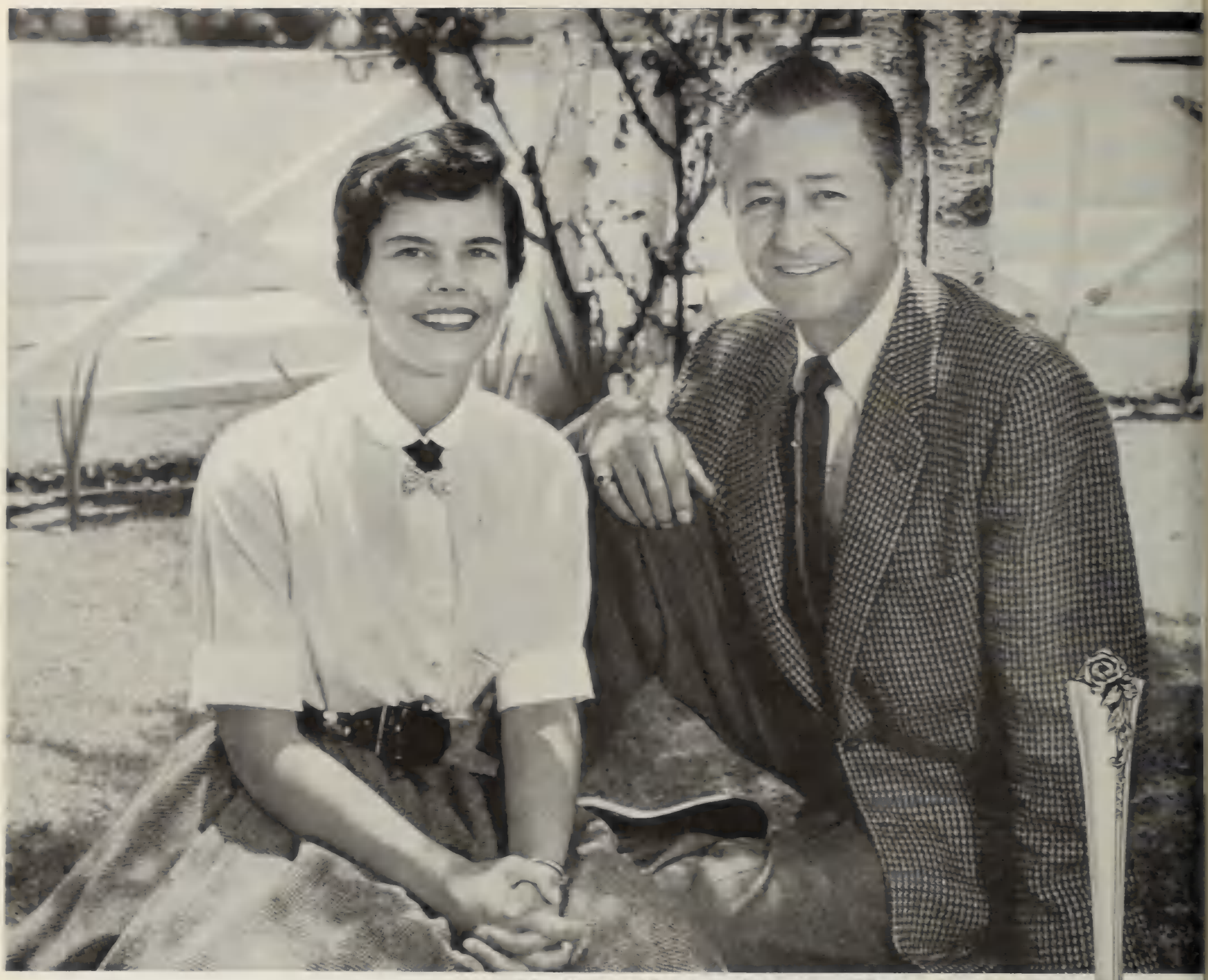
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"Father Knows Best"... how daughters feel about sterling! It was Robert Young who helped Barbara, second of his four real-life daughters, find her sterling pattern—Damask Rose in Heirloom* Sterling. "We didn't see another pattern so altogether perfect for me," says Barbara. See *all* the lovely Heirloom Sterling patterns at your favorite jewelry store or silver department. 6-piece place settings from $29.75. Budget terms, too.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

The next morning I hurried through my own dishes and bedmaking and knocked on my neighbor's door at nine o'clock. I straightened her house, washed dishes and clothes, prepared lunch, ironed and kept the older children under control while she tended to the baby's needs. When I left that afternoon, she was a changed person—and I was six dollars richer. Somehow it didn't seem quite right to accept money for what I had been doing at home for free; but in a short time I was snowed under with phone calls from mothers who needed help desperately.

There were many problems to consider (one the possibility of arriving home after the children's arrival from school), but they were minor compared with the bigger one I had to face myself: the stigma associated with women who "hired out" to do housework for others. My husband took a dim view of my attitude. "If it's going to bother you, don't do it," he said, "but we must all serve in some capacity or another." And almost before I realized what had happened, I was in business.

In general, the advantages outweigh the disadvantages in this work I do. The hours are most favorable. The pay is daily. There's no cash outlay for sheer nylons every week. No lunch money to plan on, because lunch is furnished. Competition in this field is practically nonexistent. In fact, it's a shameful monopoly, and so often I wish it weren't. Because I get tired. But I always go back, for I think of those mothers who are tired, too, because they can't get away from their jobs—the humdrum monotony, crying babies, endless stacks of dishes, diapers forever piling up. In most homes, the regular cleaning wouldn't get done if I weren't available.

I hadn't realized the difficulty mothers faced in trying to locate reliable help, but their stories agreed consistently. Stories of women applying for baby-sitting jobs who obviously disliked children, who took delight in frightening their small charges, or who were too ailing and elderly for housework. On the other hand, if a woman applying for housework is capable and reliable, she can pick and choose among employers. I recognize almost immediately the well-run household, the well-adjusted wife and mother.

Last year I went to work for a mother with five children. An extra pair of hands was a necessity in that household; and after a particularly trying day, the mother remarked, "I'm sure heaven must have a very special place for mothers." However, most mothers don't think that far ahead. The problem is getting through today (or even the next few minutes) with a reasonable amount of sanity left. And that's when I realize how vitally important my job is.

Sincerely,
MARY R. CLAUS

It Burns Me Up!

The designers of household appliances adorned with tortured chrome should be condemned to cleaning the myriad swirls and corrugations for at least one year before putting them on the market. Aside from efficiency, isn't simplicity still good taste?

VENISE THURMON
Pearl, Illinois

Nail-polish brushes that do not reach the bottom of the bottle!

MRS. LOUIS WECKER
Denver, Colorado

Why is nylon or other synthetic lace put on *cotton* clothes which must be ironed? Even with great care, it is almost impossible to keep the hot iron away from the trim, and the children's clothing soon gets a tattered look.

MRS. SIDNEY N. MAY
Sacramento, California

Packaged items that won't pour readily are a real peeve of mine. Paper spouts just won't work in cereal boxes!

MOTHER OF FOUR EATERS
Denver, Colorado

The needless destruction of our majestic, old iron bridges that span the creeks along our country roads. In the maintenance of modern highways with concrete structures, can't they leave "yesteryear's handiwork" just for its rustic beauty?

AUNEAN BROWN
Tioga, Texas



Unretouched photo of Lois Gunas, Red Bank, N. J. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Lois Gunas' hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Can a marriage survive physical brutality?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

SHOULD A HUSBAND STRIKE HIS WIFE?

"My husband and I were married right after graduating from college seven years ago, and have three lovely children. He earns an excellent salary, and is very intelligent and well liked. But he has a violent temper. He often slaps me, sometimes so hard he knocks me down, and once caused me to break three ribs. Our quarrels usually start with some small thing I do which displeases him. He shouts at me, I shout back, and then I get hit. This ends it till next time. But I get more bitter all the time and often won't speak to him for days. Yesterday the children saw him slap me because I had left the door open with the furnace running. Do other wives of similar background get this kind of treatment? If I knew that other wives stand for it, maybe I could stand it better."

Shocking as the letter is, this wife's problem is far from unique. Our research among college couples shows that about one husband in five has struck his wife once or more often during the first half-dozen years of marriage. The proportion is nearly double among noncollege couples, higher still among heavy drinkers.

To some women, the thought of physical abuse from their husbands is intolerable. They would seek separation or divorce rather than submit to frequent such incidents, and if violence is threatened, they say so. The warning may induce the man to change his tactics.

But to be effective, an ultimatum must be backed up by the intention and the means of carrying it out. And some wives, like the one who wrote us, are unable or unwilling to seek a divorce, for financial or religious reasons, out of concern for their children, or because they still love their husbands, despite the difficulties. No large-scale statistics are available, but our evidence suggests that of all wives whose husbands sometimes use force, perhaps half manage to tolerate it.

Why are some men physically cruel to their wives? A very few are sadists, emotionally warped individuals who take pleasure in inflicting pain. In such cases, only expert professional counsel is likely to help.

Far more commonly, the husband's blows are the climax of an outburst of temper, often unleashed by drinking. The outburst is probably his way of letting off steam when the tension produced by accumulated frustrations has become intolerable. Some trivial incident, unrelated to his real grievance, may set off the explosion.

It is impossible to condone such behavior. Despite provocation (which may be greater than the wife realizes) no reasonable man resorts to brutality. But when temper overtakes him, he is not a reasonable man.

It follows that the wife must find ways of relieving pressure *before* it becomes explosive. For her own protection, she must take the initiative in a program of prevention.

Here are a few suggestions for any wife who suffers from her husband's abuse:

Gauge his mood, and govern your actions, suggestions, topics of conversation accordingly. Don't choose a time when he is overtired to discuss serious problems, or comment on his table manners.

Avoid arguments. When a quarrel is brewing, change the subject, introduce a diversion, or find an excuse for leaving the room. Don't try to defend yourself against his criticisms now, even if you are not to blame.

Indulge his whims. If he likes butter, salt and sugar on his oatmeal, serve it that way. Don't invite a quarrel by ignoring or ridiculing his minor preferences.

Help him relax. A pleasant, welcoming atmosphere at home is balm for jangled nerves; small physical attentions like the offer of a cup of tea bring comfort. A change of scene or activity can be a safety valve. It's worth delaying dinner while he works off his resentment against the boss by an hour's gardening or other exercise.

Share his burdens. Encourage him to discuss his problems, annoyances, grievances, as well as his ambitions and achievements. This means improving communication between you. But time your efforts carefully. Don't press his confidence when he is tired or overwrought.

Keep love alive. Naturally, you don't feel affectionate when he is behaving like a bully. But between times, don't be too proud to show him by word and deed that you still value his love. Remember that thwarted sexual drive is a powerful source of frustration.

A difficult assignment? Undoubtedly. Yet happy wives instinctively practice measures like these, not out of fear but out of love and concern for their husbands' welfare. Any wife, whatever her motives, can foster harmony in her home by similar preventive action.

WHO IS JEALOUS?

"We have a problem that I have never seen discussed. My two sons and daughter are married, and we are all very close except for one daughter-in-law. She is very jealous of my son's family. Her parents were divorced when she was ten, so you might think she'd appreciate being admitted to our family circle. Instead, she does pathetic things to keep us apart, and my son is afraid to visit us for more than ten minutes. My husband and I rarely see our little grandson, and she has invited my other son and his wife over only once in two years. Yet she entertains her own mother and brother two or three times a week. We buy her gifts, and Christmas presents for her relatives, and invite them all to share the holidays with us. She comes on special occasions only. My son, a college professor and a scholar, is one of the gentlest persons I know. He loves his wife, but there is a whipped look about him that hurts me. How in the world does one win over a jealous daughter-in-law?"

Let's analyze this letter and speculate about the daughter-in-law's feelings. It seems likely that she feels insecure, as girls deprived of their fathers before adolescence often do. Her insecurity makes her possessive, and she clings to what she has: her husband, child and relatives.

Probably, too, she is uncertain of her ability to measure up to her in-laws' standards. If her educational background is unequal to theirs, she inwardly thinks they look down on her. She fears that gradually their attitudes will undermine her husband's respect for her.

The mother-in-law's letter reflects her high opinion of herself, her husband and her children. The tone strongly suggests that she considers her son's wife his inferior. If this attitude shows up in a letter, can she conceal it from her son and the girl herself?

Does she feel a little resentful that her son doesn't insist on more opportunity to show his mother the respect and affection she considers her due? Admittedly, the son loves his wife. The "whipped look" may only reflect his distress that his mother cannot accept the situation and let him and his wife lead their own life.

We have speculated far beyond the evidence. But one thing is certain: the mother-in-law's tactics and attitude thus far have brought satisfaction to no one. That being the case, it is up to her (not her son or his wife) to modify her position.

Time has a way of healing wounds if they are not repeatedly opened. A breathing spell is badly needed. If you were the mother-in-law in this case, would you be generous enough to grant it?

DO YOU AGREE?

Are sex needs more imperative for husbands than for wives?

In most cases, yes. Unless a wife understands and allows for this difference, it can lead to much tension and disagreement.

ASK YOURSELF:

Do I Interest Him?

Many young wives complain that they find it hard to talk to their husbands. If you feel that your husband seems uninterested in what you have to say, honest "Yes" or "No" answers to these questions may help you to find the reason why.

Can, and do, you intelligently discuss with your husband:

1. **Everyday happenings on his job?**
2. **One hobby or recreation that he enjoys?**
3. **Current news that interests him?**
4. **His dreams for the future?**
5. **Vacation plans for the family?**
6. **The children's needs and their problems?**
7. **Home changes or new furniture you want?**
8. **Personal worries he can help you with?**
9. **Some sport that he likes?**
10. **Neighborhood and community doings?**
11. **Difficult or upsetting aspects of his work?**
12. **Things you hope one day to do?**
13. **Greater financial security for the family?**
14. **Problems (not complaints!) that you have?**

Credit one point for each positive answer, and another point for each matter you *do* discuss with your husband. A total score of 24 or more is very good, a score of 15 or less is low (20 is average). Analyze your score. If you *can*, but *don't*, discuss, you may be the one at fault. If you *can't* discuss intelligently but just rattle on, your need is for more information. Also, your timing may be at fault. Don't try to talk to him when he is tired, preoccupied or irritable!

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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"There's a zipper on the back!"

I congratulated the contractor who tiled our second-floor bathroom twenty-five years ago: still uncracked, unblemished. He seemed slightly embarrassed. Maybe twenty-five years is too long.

If music is therapeutic for modern strain, I wish they'd make it easier to buy exactly the phonograph records you want. Nowadays my batting average is about .200; one tune I want for each four I don't.

Our most live-it-up neighbors now pack an electric skillet, coffee urn and toaster in their car, to eat breakfast more or less in bed, even in a motel on their winter drive southward.

"My husband keeps repeating there can be only one general in a family," confides Betty Comfort, brushing snow off her welcome mat. "But why does he assume so naturally that he *is the general?"*

I'm writing this on a snowy, icy road between Flagstaff, Arizona, and the Grand Canyon. A dozen times I've been cheated of a glimpse of the canyon when nearby. I'm convinced this time it'd be unpatriotic to skip it, ice or no ice.

Another thing we adults learn from our teen-agers is to take off necktie and shoes the minute we come into the house. But to learn to hang the tie on a lamp and center our shoes in the living room will take longer.

Our town's most adamant wag is a one-eyed sportsman who owns a wide assortment of glass eyes: for St. Patrick's day he invariably wears one with a tiny shamrock in the center. Stout fellah.

One of my favorite teen-agers reminds me that kids often inherit their habits from pa and ma. I assume he doesn't mean merely their good traits. So we'd better be careful how we criticize 'em.

We had a dinner guest, a young matron who parachuted down in the Himalaya foothills four months pregnant. She's had two more daughters, but seems calmer and better poised than some girls who aren't even married.

I've made a discovery about income-tax returns: they're not nearly so painful to fill out if you let your beloved wife help you in your lonely arithmetic; then life doesn't seem so stark or oppressive.

I've lost my argument with my Dream Girl that it doesn't raise the temperature to 72° any quicker if you set the thermostat at 90°. Our new dispute: she contends that one ounce of any cocktail appetizer I like a lot will fatten me a pound or more.

Some of our town's deepest thinkers make the same mistakes as Darwin, Marx, Lenin and Freud—they think we're half animal, half machine. . . . They're too pessimistic: this unpredictable breed sometimes produces preview samples who are half-gods.

To my astonishment I discover that several in our neighborhood who live in ten- or fifteen-room houses secretly yearn to live in a one-room cabin or a house trailer. What's happened to the cozy feeling of our "poor boy" days?

Next year I'll remind my favorite teachers at junior high to celebrate Abe's & G.W.'s birthdays the best way: by memorizing a one-minute snatch each from the Gettysburg soliloquy and the Farewell. Better'n shooting off a firecracker.

"If a woman is losing an argument," ponders Peter Comfort, wiggling his toes in a tight pair of shoe skates, "she subpoenas her 'intuition' as a star witness, and then try and prove her wrong!"

Maybe English *ought* to be taught in American public schools as if it were a foreign language: our youngsters abhor it more than Spanish or French. (But Pilgrim's Progress is no lark even in French!)

Maybe the wide-awake states (like Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania) with their four-lane toll roads deserve an extra congressman apiece as a reward. Not to mention New Jersey and Connecticut. (Descendants of railroad haters are now toll-road haters.)

One of our town's fashionable matrons in a burst of candor confessed that modern woman worships, above even men of glamour and wealth, the saintly man. "But we'd never admit it during a samba game!" she hedges.

I'm exploring a hi-fi record-player hookup for our remodeled farmhouse: I gather its components can be scattered all over: in the linen closet, up the fireplace and in the pantry flour bin.

A TV hater on our street has made a deal: if his next-door neighbor lets the kids come to their house for "must" programs, he pays for TV repairs and lets their *kids use his swimming pool.*

My seventh-grade English teacher told me every poem you learn at fourteen lasts forever and is worth $200 to you at forty. Northerners who memorized Snowbound and The First Snowfall in school never forget it even after they've moved to Florida.

Our club's Laertes swears his brain needs exercise as much as his tennis muscles. "Besides my newspaper," he lectures, "I need a good magazine article and some fiction daily, plus ten pages in a good book."

Ah, the problems our children and grandchildren must face! I eavesdropped on a radio thriller: "That wreck is a menace to space travel!" exclaims the hero. "We must disintegrate it!" Unsinkable space wrecks, afloat in interstellar spaces?

Why have there been so few divorces among the fashionables in our town the last few years? Even my Dream Girl, a close student of such phenomena, is puzzled for an answer. My diagnosis is that maybe our fashionables have made a careful study of second marriages.

Our 1957 teen-agers often dazzle us with inner grace: At a father-and-son luncheon club shower of prizes, a sixteen-year-old won a bicycle. "I've got a bike," he said. "Give it to some boy who needs it."

One advantage of being "in business for yourself" in our town: the "small" businessman can wear gaudier clothes. Execs in big corporations must dress more unobtrusively, like their boss' Ivy League friends.

. . . When a dozen friends tell me what a lucky stiff I was to win my Dream Girl as my wife,

. . . Or my daughter-in-law calls me (affectionately, I think) by my first name,

. . . And my daughter proves she's inherited her mother's gift for warm, fascinating letters,

. . . Or our youngest suddenly decides to study chemistry and biology, because he's so fascinated by physics,

. . . And our newly winged lieutenant treats me as an equal when I drive with him to San Francisco on his way to Japan,

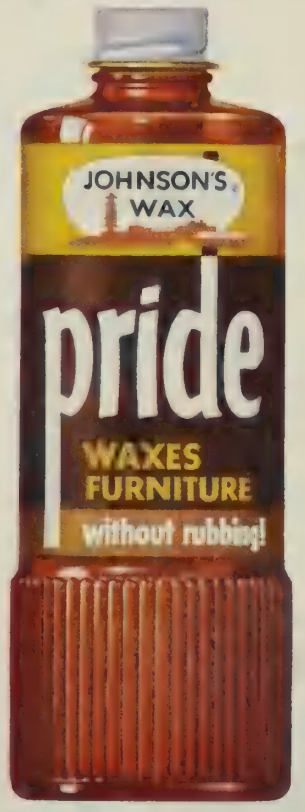
Then my cup runneth over again and I drink from the saucer.



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This pie was made with another shortening. It was baked 30 minutes at 400° oven heat. Compare its appearance with the pie on the right.



This pie was made with golden Fluffo. It was baked for the same time at the same heat as the pie on the left.



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(golden flakiness you've never gotten with any other shortening)



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Fluffo even handles differently; it's so much lighter and fluffier it's a joy to use. Blends with fewer, easier strokes, and the golden color lets you see how perfectly you're mixing cake batter or pie dough. Try Golden Fluffo; how can you possibly miss?

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In March, 1907, Gelett Burgess coined the word "blurb" as "a noise made by a publisher." Won't You Come Over to Philly, Willy? came from Tin Pan Alley, Jack London wrote White Fang, and in some American communities women still took pride in hemming by hand all their sheets and tea towels and table napkins.

"*Nothing is quite so cheap as department-store dummies,*" *believes A Plain Country Woman in the March, 1907,* JOURNAL. "*In the false tinting of their hair and faces, the impossible forms, huge busts and ridiculous waists, young girls absorb dangerous theories regarding fascination and charm.*"

Beauty: "If you have prominent knuckles and wristbones, you can do nothing about it," advises The Lady From Philadelphia. "So do not mourn."

"*Suet should be tried out at least twice a week,*" *believes Mrs. Rorer.* "*It is an extravagant housewife who buys materials for frying. During my thirty-six years of housekeeping, I never bought a pound of lard.*"

Chaperons: "At the theater, opera and evening affairs in general, at restaurants and in traveling, no young woman should go alone with a man who is not a relative."

"No other people on earth, save our own, will tolerate the rocking chair," writes Editor Bok, who calls it "a pernicious habit" and "a diabolical invention, increasing nervousness and causing severe eye strain."

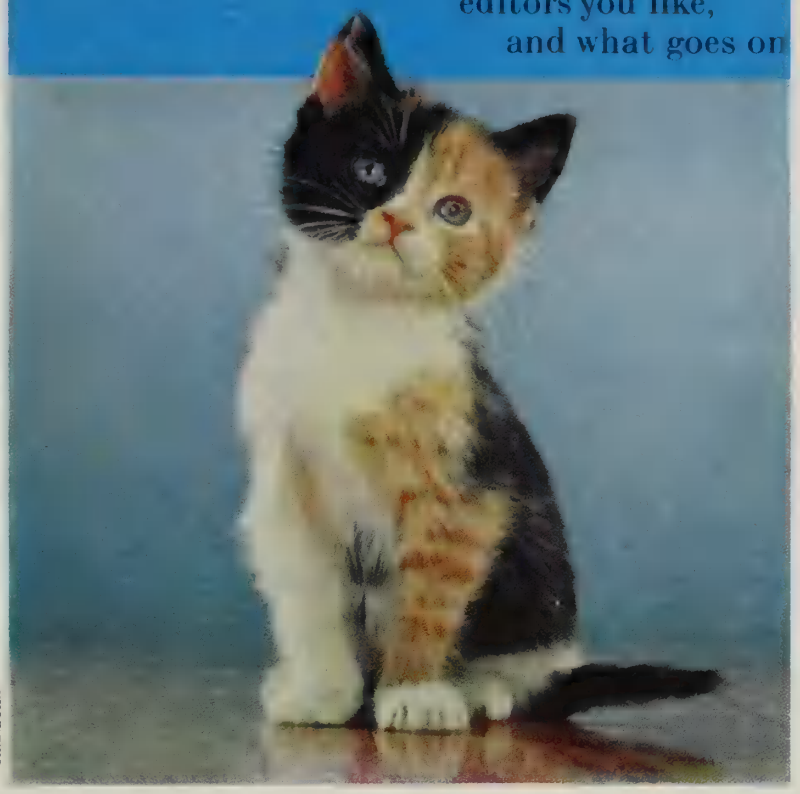
"*How Shall We Furnish Our Home? First, buy only absolutely necessary things,*" *advises the* JOURNAL. "*Second, buy the best article of its kind that can be afforded, and third, pay cash.*"

"*Never buy a cheap bed spring. One of woven wire, properly reinforced, will cost $3 at least.*"

"Your article on telling our children the secret of their birth was so offensive and indecent that I am canceling my subscription," writes a reader. But a church wrote for a hundred copies of this "elevating article."

"Both spring and fall are suitable for marriages. At other times, the physical strength is more taxed than in the milder months."

"A radically modern kitchen has walls, ceiling and floor of cement with rounded corners and is flushed with a hose."



CHANDOHA

Katy, nee Baron . . . best of 28.6 million cats?

The life of an editor is filled with occupational hazards, like being unable to resist buying one of *Walter Chandoha's* photographs of cats. Above is a good example. When this bewitching kitten was born, Walter named her Baron, after *Baron George Wrangel*, who comes here once a year from his villa in Spain to pose with a patch over one eye for those shirt advertisements you see here and there. Later on, it turned out that her name had better be Baroness. Now she's called Katy. Compared with 23.2 million family-owned dogs, there are 28.6 million family-owned cats in this country, and we think Katy is the cutest of them all. They say the prophet Mohammed once cut off the sleeve of his gown rather than disturb his favorite cat that was sleeping on it. Yet Alexander the Great couldn't stand cats, nor could Napoleon. And don't ask if you can have Katy. Not if she had nine *thousand* lives!

Do you cry at the movies? ***Dawn Norman*** *had just come dewy-eyed from* ANASTASIA, *in which the recognition scene between* ***Ingrid Bergman*** *as Anastasia and* ***Helen Hayes*** *as the grandmother was the most cry-compelling she'd ever sat through. Said she turned to see who was sobbing so behind her, and it was* ***Marlene Dietrich.*** "*And I always thought she was so controlled!*"

A box of pink and white camellias has come from Natchez, Mississippi, freshly picked in the garden of Green Leaves, whose mistress, ***Mrs. Melchior Beltzhoover***, reminds us that just ten years ago hers was one of the first families of How America Lives, the same year that ***Richard Pratt's*** eight pages of the glamorous old Natchez homes appeared in the JOURNAL; both features of course calling attention to the now famous Natchez Garden Pilgrimage that takes place annually in March. Mrs. B. recounts what happened subsequently. Pilgrimage attendance figures suddenly became double the population of the town, and continue to grow; the debt on the Mississippi River toll bridge at Natchez became paid in full by 1952 and the toll removed, and six more beautiful historic homes have been restored by greater Pilgrimage proceeds. And now we notice, in the recently published two-volume Guides to Early American Homes, by ***Dorothy*** and ***Richard Pratt***, which tell you how, when and where to visit nearly 1800 of our finest heritage houses, that Natchez gets four times as many pages of pictures and description as any other locality in the country.



Isak Dinesen.

On their Russian journey the *Goulds* dropped off in Copenhagen to visit with *Isak Dinesen*, one of the truly rare storytellers of our time. She's really the Danish Baroness Karen Blixen, and her ancient country house, once a farm, faces the sea a few miles from Hamlet's castle at Elsinore. In her sunny rooms, beautiful with old polished French and Danish furniture, the baroness arranges her own flowers, enormous bouquets with vibrant contrasting colors, and tucked in for added foliage Mrs. Gould was delighted to espy enormous purple cabbage leaves from the vegetable garden.

What was most vivid about the *baroness?* we asked Mr. G. "Her eyes," he decided; "dark above and light below." Is there one word that describes her? we asked. "Yes—mysterious." Her voice varies, he said, between soft and vibrant. Across the room, through another conversation, Mrs. Gould heard her exclaiming, ". . . I love jazz! . . ."

She had been speaking of the years she spent till after the First World War, running her vast coffee plantation in British East Africa—experiences made imperishable in her fascinating book, Out of Africa—and how beautiful, noble, fearless and wise she found the natives there to be.



The baroness and the Goulds.

It was there, speaking only English for so long that she, a Dane, began thinking and writing in English, becoming—like Joseph Conrad, a Pole—a peerless writer of English prose. "She should have received it instead of me," declared Ernest Hemingway when he accepted the Nobel prize for literature in 1954.

"The picture with the baroness between us," said Mrs. Gould, "was taken after a heavenly lunch on her heavenly old china." What did you have for dessert? we asked, knowing Denmark. "Little French pancakes filled with plum-and-apricot jam," said Mrs. Gould with a sigh. "The best I ever ate."

The Blixen homestead.



In their love they had sworn faithfulness to each other, unaware then of the greater challenge to that love than physical honor.

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL

By HOWARD SWIGGETT



THE DURABLE

The loveliest face he would ever see stared straight at him.

The last afternoon of the year was fading over the Hudson and there was utter quiet in the empty offices of Continental Industries Corporation in Rockefeller Center. It was the time set aside every year by Edward Rutledge, the chairman, to examine the personal financial statements of his principal officers. The officers themselves made them up and delivered them to him for his sole consideration. If what they owned and owed was unexceptionable, he destroyed the statements. The purpose was to satisfy him that "no one in a responsible post was in any sort of a jam, or under unusual pressure." Sometimes a word of caution against getting overextended followed, and in rare cases he had even had to warn against parsimony. His highly paid men were expected to live commensurately.

Rutledge had made this year-end rite into a symbol. He was at his desk when all were gone, the last man to leave the ship, the man who thought of everything. "Now let's see if we can't all remember this fall to put the lights out when we leave," he always told the office manager the Monday morning after daylight saving ended. "I'll always remember the shock it was to the late James A. Farrell in 1930 to find that U. S. Steel was spending five hundred thousand dollars a year on office equipment. It's very easy to get complacent."

By right of seniority Harold Titcomb, the head of the mail room, a veteran of fifty years with the corporation, took over the reception desk when Mr. Rutledge returned from lunch on New Year's Eve and the rest of the staff went off to the revels. It was not a hardship. On leaving, the chairman said, "Happy New Year, Harold," and shook hands with him, and Titcomb always found a fifty-dollar bill in his hand. It was a gift from friend to friend.

As the hour drew close to four, Rutledge was about through. In general the statements were very satisfactory. He was particularly pleased by the number of farm investments among the senior officers. He made a note to ask Evans whether, as he supposed, his large increase in common-stock holdings was the result of an inheritance—just as well to let them all know he kept informed.

Well, that was about it and he tore up all the statements except James Peale's. How in the world did Jim happen to have $500 of overdue bills? Well, must be an oversight and listed out of that meticulous rectitude characteristic of Peale.

Titcomb knocked as he was locking the statement in his private-file drawer. He said Mr. Lowry had arrived.

Rutledge had never met Lowry. Earlier in the month there had been a board decision to bring in an outsider as vice-president in charge of foreign operations, and a number of Rutledge's friends had strongly recommended Stephen Lowry, a man of about forty who was just leaving Government service abroad. He had arrived from Europe only a few days before.

Titcomb ushered him in. He was a good-looking fellow with easy, agreeable manners, but his appearance was somewhat startling to Rutledge. It was cold, almost bitter, outside, but Lowry apparently had neither hat nor coat and his face, neck and hands were red as a tramp's with the cold. He wore flannel slacks, a rather old but very expensive tweed jacket, a soft shirt and a gray knitted tie. Now in the summer Rutledge worked in his shirt sleeves as often as any man could in an air-conditioned office, but he did hope there was some sensible reason for this unconventional attire in a job hunter, even a very high-level one.

It was a little disturbing. A corporation office is not a country club or a college campus. He wondered what Titcomb would think of an officer dressed this way. Titcomb was under no difficulty. He took Lowry to be the new herdmaster at Rutledge's large Long Island "dairy farm."

"Well, Mr. Lowry," Rutledge began after the first greetings, "we've been hearing very good things about you, very good things indeed. I hope you're going to want to come with us. Our president, Mr. Johnson, was sorry not to be here this afternoon. We're building a new managing team of younger men which will be good for twenty years. There is no problem about pension or participation rights or seniority rights which we have not thought out and settled. A cordial and even fraternal welcome awaits the right man and I can safely say I don't know a place in any major industry with such opportunities. Is it the sort of thing that appeals to you?"

"Oh, very much so," Lowry replied. He did not think it necessary at that moment to say he was not interested in a "managing team" after the next ten

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

© 1957 by Howard Swiggett


IRE
Joe de Mers



THE BIG

Everyone called him "the kitchen mouse"... even his wife. Who could guess the depths of his courage?

By ROBIN WHITE

Although it was later than usual when Anathan finished work in the kitchen, he took his time closing up for the night. As a rule he did not like to delay, principally because his wife, Tirumbala, had imposed a standing nine-o'clock curfew on his activities, a law Anathan had obeyed more or less dutifully ever since he and his teeth had parted company thirteen years ago. If he was breaking with tradition tonight, he was doing so not through any belated attempt to revolt, but because he had been trapped into indecision. It had been rumored during the day that Prutter *dorai* had decided to get another cook, and Anathan knew Tirumbala would now have it in for him either way, early or late.

With plodding thoroughness, he moved about the dingy room, checking to make sure he had overlooked nothing: fires out, windows bolted, floors sprinkled to keep down the dust; by no conceivable stretch of the imagination could he devise any further excuse to procrastinate. He ran his tongue slowly over his toothless gums. As cook he had worked in a wide variety of missionary bungalows throughout South India. He knew from well-tried experience that whether the kitchen was a big-city kitchen like the bishop's in Madura, or a modest one like the Prutters' here in the village of Meigudy, it made no difference. A practical limit existed to the number of excuses one could concoct at a given time. He had now reached that limit. There was nothing left to do but go home; and since that had its grim aspects, Anathan's face took on an appropriately grim expression, one which he eyed without enthusiasm in the fogged mirror by the door.

His was not an old face, but the particular shape and arrangement of his features—the beaklike nose, elephant ears, prominent forehead and cheekbones, large round eyes pressed too closely together under thin eyebrows—combined unhappily to give him a gaunt, cadaverous appearance, especially pronounced about the mouth, where his barren gums caused his cheeks to sag forlornly as if his time had long since been up.

Naturally Anathan was inclined to be sensitive about this. Often it seemed to him that the root of all his problems, both physical and spiritual, lay in his premature loss of teeth. At any rate, he had more than a sneaking suspicion that Prutter *dorai's* resentment was, for some strange reason, directed against him on this score. Everyone on the bungalow staff, from *lutchee* to chokra boy, knew that Mr. Prutter had long cherished a most ardent and unprovoked dislike for Anathan. The animosity seemed to stem not from any specific cause but rather from some basic difference between the two men. They were, the servants explained in response to all inquiries on the subject, as opposite as night and day.

A swift estimate of Mr. Prutter, on the one hand, might have included such qualifying adjectives as "direct, vigorous, aggressive." Mr. Prutter was all these things. He timed his actions, budgeted everything, measured his stride and the strength of his grip, slept without a pillow, clipped his words and got to the point. In fact, he was so capable and seemed to do everything so much better than anyone else that most people retired without argument to let him do it all, which he did. At any time of the day he could usually be traced by the whirlwind of activity that arose and subsided according to his arrival and departure. He was forever in the thick of it—possibly because he happened to be just that—now dashing off in all directions, now issuing commands. When he spoke it was with a sort of voracious roar, and his words were invariably accompanied by much free-flying spittle. Thus it was altogether fitting that he should be equipped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 213

Anathan's first impulse was to bolt away—fast.
And yet he had seen . . . or had he?
He must get proof.

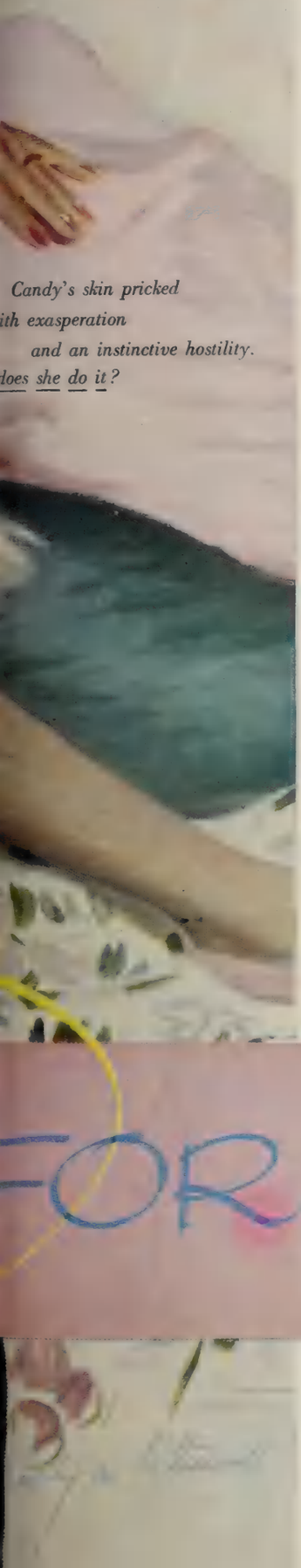
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD LA MOTTE

SECRET




Bachelor

She had already had three husbands . . . wasn't that enough?



Candy's skin pricked with exasperation and an instinctive hostility. does she do it?

"Getting married," Mollie said, looking very pink, "is not being sold into slavery! As I told Adam when I took my new job. So he said I was a slave to interior decoration and if he'd wanted to marry a paper hanger he would have, and *I* said that if he'd wanted to marry a good cleaning woman he should have, and then *he* said I was being illogical and unfair."

To mask her alarmed apprehension, Candy carefully put another log on the fire. "So then what happened?" she asked, dusting her hands.

"So then I came down here—three days early," Mollie said triumphantly. "Just to *show* him."

Candy sat down and put her feet up on the hassock. "Didn't he mind?"

"He was furious." Mollie's tone was one of deep satisfaction. "But Adam has got to learn I am not a *chattel*. I have a right to my own life. I must have my independence!" At Candy's startled glance, she added hastily, "Oh, I don't want to *divorce* Adam, darling! I just want to kill him."

Candy relaxed. "Oh, well, all right. Goodness, you gave me a turn."

Mollie gazed into the fire. "You have no problems with Bill, have you?"

Candy, too, gazed into the fire. . . . To be petty and disloyal? Or to tell Mollie the truth? She sighed deeply: telling the truth was a luxury too tempting to resist. . . . She turned, lowering her voice: "Between you and me, Bill has one really frightful fault. He never thinks anything *I* suggest is any good. He throws cold water on *all* my ideas *all* the time. You must have noticed it."

Mollie began cautiously, "Well, of course Bill is very conservative, but then, most men ——"

"Hi!"

They both jumped. In the doorway stood Clover Tuckwell, her bright gray eyes beaming through round spectacles, her impertinent nose rosy with cold.

"May I come in? I just came over to welcome Mollie."

Greetings were clamorously affectionate. Clover sat down between them, wedging her small feet onto the hassock.

"I need your advice," she announced. "I've got a problem."

"So have we," said Mollie darkly. "Men."

"Oh. M-m-m. Yes." For a moment Candy thought Clover's small, pale face looked a little pinched. No doubt it was the cold, for Clover went on quickly, "My problem is *much* worse. It's Brenda."

"Brenda?" Candy was puzzled.

"Brenda Dickson. Brenda Holmes. Brenda Billings. Toby's first cousin, once removed. I'd like to remove her once and for all." Clover glared like an inflamed female owl. "Brenda has invited herself down to spend New Year's weekend with us. I am planning to slit my veins in a warm bath."

"Why?" Mollie inquired with interest.

"Brenda always makes me feel sort of half-witted and—and bony; as though I'd been in the third grade for years and years."

"What's the matter with her?" Candy demanded.

Clover smiled evilly. "Once, when Brenda was going to a psychoanalyst, she told me she had a persistently recurring dream—that she was the only woman on a battleship."

"*Brenda* needs a psychoanalyst?" Mollie asked incredulously.

"But the maddening part is," Clover went on, "that men take one look at her and marry her. I think she's had three husbands—one of whom belonged to somebody else. Anyway, right now she's at liberty. I think she's coming down to Queenstown to case the joint."

There was a pause. The fire crackled. The east wind rattled the windows. Then Mollie observed dreamily, "It must be awfully stimulating to be a divorcee"; and Candy: "I wish Bill were a bachelor. They're so much more *interesting*."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

FOR Brenda

By Elizabeth Dunn

?!

There are all kinds of parents. "I myself am always sweet-tempered, helpful, loving and kind," says the author of this manual. "Ask anyone. On second thought—just take my word for it." Here, complete and absolutely, is

The Complete Book of Absolutely

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

It sometimes happens, even in the best families, that a baby is born. This is not necessarily cause for alarm. The important thing is to keep your wits about you and borrow some money. Many women attempt to keep a baby without any previous experience, and may not even know what a baby is. A baby is, actually, something like a very small human being in appearance, and comes in two kinds—boy and girl. If you are not certain which yours is, look at its blanket. If the hospital has wrapped it in a blue blanket, it is a boy; if in pink, a girl. Sometimes the hospital may run out of one color or the other and use the wrong kind, but in this case they are supposed to notify you.

Once you know whether your baby is a boy or a girl, it is a good idea to give him a name. It will save endless trouble in later years when you want to call him to clean his room or mow the lawn. (He won't answer anyway, of course, but that's another subject.)

Picking the right name for the baby is beset with difficulties. There are so many to choose from that the new parents are apt to sink into a feeling of utter despair. If you can't decide and you don't happen to have a handy family name that can be used, literature and history are endless sources of handsome and inspirational names, like Calvin Coolidge, Benedict Arnold, Genghis Khan, and so on. If the baby is a girl, movie stars' names are often suitable and lovely, like Rita Hayworth, Dolores Del Rio or Marjorie Main.

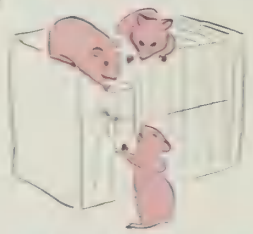
However, the fact is that whatever name you choose, the baby, some years hence, will hate it anyway, and decide to have his friends call him Slats or Rocky, so the whole thing really doesn't make too much difference. If the baby is a girl, however, you can give her a middle name, and as soon as she's old enough to talk, tell her that the middle name is her first name. Then when she's fourteen, and using green ink and putting little circles over the *i*'s instead of dots, and complaining that all the other girls use mascara and eye shadow for school and you're treating her like a baby, she'll decide to use her middle name for a first name, and everything will come out right after all.

When I mentioned that in appearance the baby resembled a very small human being, I meant just that. For it is in appearance only, and the resemblance is slight at that. The truth is that a baby is hopelessly stupid. He can't read or write or do arithmetic or pay his bills. He is perfectly helpless, and you will simply have to do everything for him or he will get his affairs in a mess. There are, however, two things he *can* do. He can eat and he can cry. The latter he can do any time he wants, and he wants to rather often. The former is *very* tricky and will be dealt with later. (That is, I will deal with it later. You'll have to deal with it right now. He's hungry again, and it is your baby.)

Keeping a baby requires a good deal of time, effort, thought and equipment, so unless you are prepared for this, we recommend that you start with a hamster, whose wants are far simpler. For a hamster, you need only a small cage, some cedar shavings, a bottle for water, and some seeds and tiny scraps of celery, lettuce, and so on. If you are determined to try your hand at keeping a baby, you will need to provide yourself with a crib, a folding bath table (which you will never fold) and a carriage (you haven't got a car and *he* has to have his own carriage) to start off with, and later you'll need a playpen, a table with a seat in the middle, a car seat and a car bed (and now you'll *have* to get a car).

Still later you'll need tricycles, bicycles, roller skates, ice skates, plaster casts, sutures, and so on. You will need little knitted sheets, soft little blankets, little smooth towels and washcloths, something mysteriously called a receiving blanket, and lots of puzzling little garments called gowns, wrappers, and so on. Some babies also require caps and bootees, but these can often be obtained at little expense from an enthusiastic grandmother. However, all babies require rubber sheeting and quilted crib pads and diapers.

The diaper, which is the most urgently needed article of apparel, is primarily a square or oblong of absorbent material which fits absolutely nothing. It is too small to be a sheet and too big to be a handkerchief. It is also too big to be a small baby's diaper and too small to be a big baby's diaper. If you closely examine the shape of a diaper and the shape of a baby, you will find *no similarity whatsoever*. A person from another planet coming across a diaper for the first time would never in a million years guess its use.



Unless you can give a baby lots of time, effort and thought, you may do better with hamsters.

Now for those who have never diapered a baby, here is how you do it. You spread out a diaper on a bed or table. Spread out a clean baby in his crib. Look at them both closely. Puzzling, isn't it? Fold the diaper sort of in thirds and then fold up one end of the now-folded-in-thirds diaper about one third of the way. Put it on the baby quickly, pin it wherever you can without sticking yourself, and then hastily hide the whole, ill-fitting thing with some sort of gown or wrapper or receiving blanket. (So *that's* what a receiving blanket is for. I've always wondered. I thought maybe it was for dressing up to receive visitors.)

Remember all this time that the hamster needs only cedar shavings, which are changed weekly.

A baby has no teeth, so unless you handle him very roughly, you need have no worries about biting. However, presently, with considerable travail, teeth slowly appear. It is at this time that you must be on guard. Nevertheless, even before the teeth come in, it is wise not to handle the baby too roughly until he has become accustomed to you. Babies should not be picked up by an arm or a leg. You will notice, too, that babies do not have a fold of skin at the back of the neck, like kittens, and cannot be picked up in this way by the mother's teeth. Babies should not be picked up in such a way that their heads hang down, as their neck muscles are not strong enough to support the head. In fact, I'm not sure there is *any* way to pick up a baby. Maybe it would be best to let him lie there. Later, if you must move him, you could wrap him well in a blanket, and then lift him by it.

There is no serious danger in keeping a baby during the first few months, as he is quite unable to get about by himself. He can't even roll over. He will lie wherever you put him, and his only exercise consists in waving his arms and legs about. (Later he will send away for muscle-building courses, but you needn't worry about that yet.)

Naturally you want to give him freedom to move his arms and legs, but at the same time you want to avoid the possibility of drafts and colds. You therefore try to bundle him up tight in his gowns and wrappers and receiving blankets so he can't kick them off. Some mothers stay awake all night in order to cover up the baby every time he kicks his covers off, while others hermetically seal the entire house so that if he does kick the covers off, there will be no drafts. Still others wake their husbands up every hour and make *him* look to see if the baby is catching a cold. (He isn't, but the husband is.) This dilemma lasts only until the baby is old enough to turn over by himself. By then, as it has become apparent that even a new mother cannot keep him covered, most mothers give up the struggle and go back to sleeping themselves.

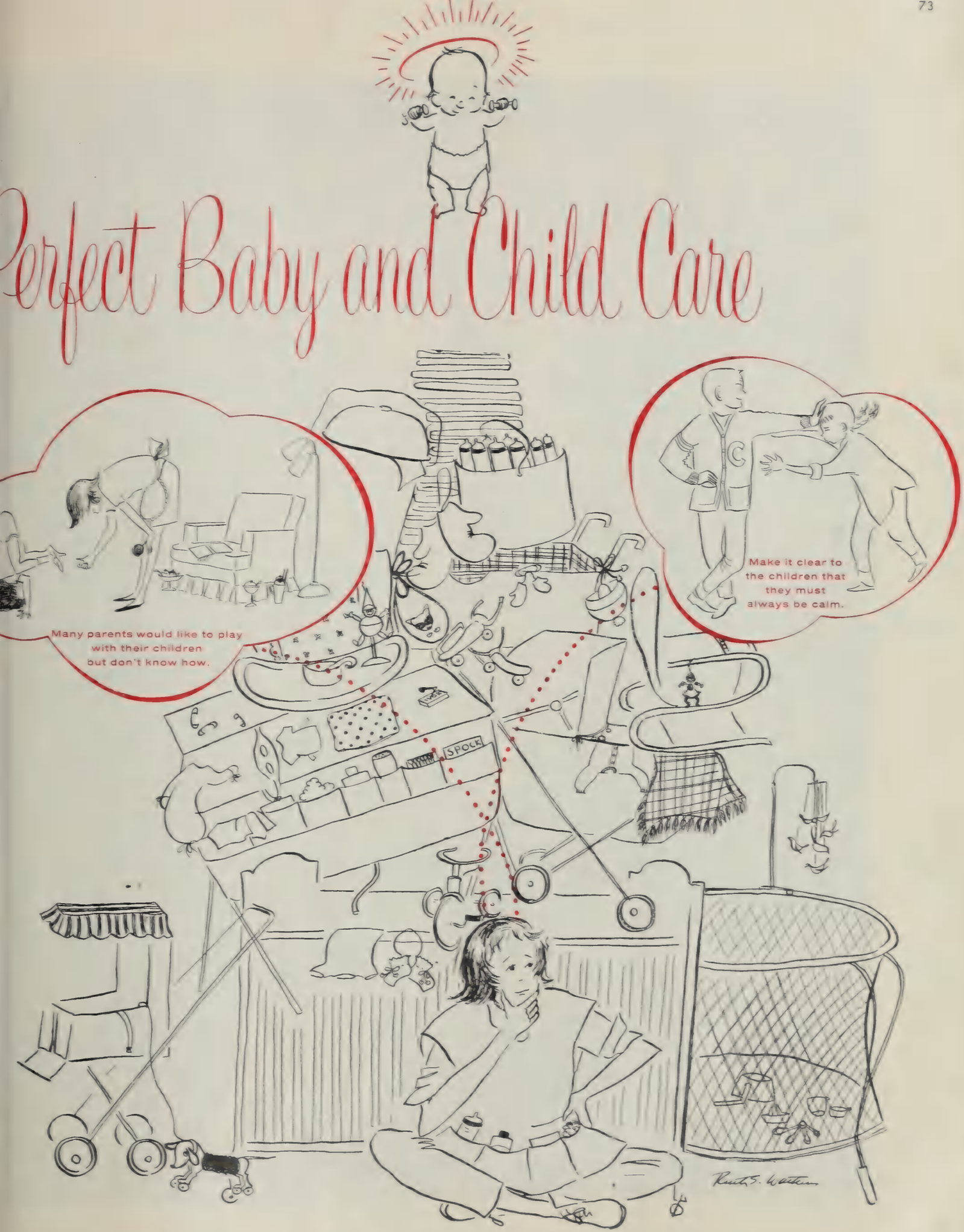
Most babies are fed about every three or four hours during the early CONTINUED ON PAGE 169

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE
IN-ONE-ISSUE
CONDENSED
NON-FICTION BOOK

© 1957 by Elinor Goulding Smith

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ABSOLUTELY PERFECT BABY AND CHILD CARE
is soon to be published in book form
by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Perfect Baby and Child Care



We must all observe certain rules of conduct or everything would be a complete and utter mess.
And that is exactly what it is. Oh, dear.

The Man in the Car

By NANCY TITUS

Everything is wrong tonight; even the car doesn't drive right, thought Martha feverishly. The old station wagon had a drag to it, a heaviness, as it did when she brought home the week's groceries from the Locust Hill village. Yet there was no load: only herself and the three children in the car.

I hope I'm not getting a flat. She had never changed a flat in her life, and what a place for the first attempt! She was driving back from the doctor's along the lonely woods road which wound from the main street of this little community on Long Island's north shore to the drive of the huge, isolated house she and Drum had rented sight unseen two months ago from Chicago, taking it in delight at the prospect of four baths and as many acres, surprise at the low rent, and not a thought for the probable inconveniences. *I'd hate to have to stop here,* she thought, *and I've left the flashlight in the kitchen.*

Whenever Drum went out of town on business the disasters began to accumulate, as though they waited like satanic imps to pounce when she was alone. She had suspected a fever in the baby, Terry, during the afternoon, discovered that his temperature had mounted to 104° while she was feeding supper to Butch and Lisa, who were four and three years old respectively. Disaster one. For Terry had a tendency to convulsions when his temperature rose. Disaster two: the phone was out of order. When she lifted the receiver to call the pediatrician she got nothing but an impenetrable hum. The electricity would probably go next: it failed as frequently as the phone. There had been no other course but to pile the children in the car, bundling Terry against the sharp chill of the October night, and drive to the doctor's home. Her one bit of luck was finding him at dinner.

"Mommy, there's someone on the back seat," said Butch suddenly. He was leaning against the front seat, round chin pressed to the leather. "Somebody went to sleep on it."

"Nonsense!" she said, the more crisply for the nasty jar his cool announcement gave her. "There's no one in the car."

"Under the blankets."

Her heart gave an unpleasant thump. "Don't make things up." She reached to adjust the rear-view mirror as they approached a street lamp.

For a brief second the yellow glare illuminated the car: shone on Martha, her slim figure in the brown suède jacket and tweed skirt, her straight hair and delicate sharp-boned face, was reflected in her gray eyes; caught the soft blue-eyed faces of children. The light passed to the back seat. She glanced in the mirror, seeing nothing but a tumbled pile of plaid car blankets.

Relieved, in spite of knowing the absurdity of her alarm, she said, "You and Lisa must have been in the barn playing in the car this afternoon and put the blankets on the seat."

"We weren't in the barn."

"You don't remember. I don't want to hear any more about it. Lisa, have you still got the prescription we picked up?"

"Yes," said the little girl, clutching the package with chubby hands.

Martha laid a hand against Terry's cheek. He was propped beside her. The skin was still burning. She grabbed the wheel again as they came to a curve and the car gave an odd lurch. Something *was* the matter with it.

Drum, she whispered to herself. *Drum, why must you have a job that takes you off all the time?* She hated being left behind to shift for herself. There were times when she almost hated Drum for leaving her. He was gone when babies were due to be born, when the children were sick, when she needed him most. "You'll manage," he always said cheerfully.

Her mother wrote, "I don't think Drummond should let you stay by yourself, a young girl like you, not twenty-four, who has always been protected." There were times when she agreed with her pampering, possessive mother.

"Mrs. Carroll," he called softly. "Mrs. Carroll, I know you're in there."

If only the phone was working when she reached home. She had reported it from the drugstore. If she could call Drum in Montreal and have the comfort of his warm, sympathetic voice. The quickening of love in his tones always renewed her own love.

The headlights' beams picked out the stone pillars at the entrance to the long drive to the house and she turned. Just then she was sure she heard—felt—a sliding, shifting of weight in the back. In a moment of panic she pictured a drunk staggering out of Moray's Bar in the village, crawling into her car.

Lights were on in the stone gatehouse near the road where Jonas Fielding lived with his young wife. Jonas was a plumber who had tended the pipes of their house for twenty years, since the days when old Pierre Rochefort, the great-uncle of their landlord George Rochefort, had lived there. She slowed before the house which was a quarter of a mile distant from her own. Through the translucent red leaves of the Japanese maple outside the kitchen window she could see Alice Fielding's pretty blond head bent over the sink.

She could run inside crying, "I think there's someone in the car."

She turned around, looking back, but all she saw was the rumpled pile of blankets, and at once sanity returned to her. *I'm getting hysterical.*

She could imagine Jonas stomping out, brusquely impatient, looking in the car and laughing. "There's nothing here, Mrs. Carroll." To Jonas, long accustomed to the rich, she was a nobody. He continued to administer to the intimate innards of the house George Rochefort had inherited from his uncle—along with much other property—because he was paid to do so, but he regarded the Carrolls as upstart sharecroppers. Only this afternoon he had been in the house to tend a stopped-up bathtub, leading the way through the rooms, a dignified and authoritative figure for all his workaday red-and-black plaid shirt and peaked cap. He spoke of the days when the house had been in its elegant glory, peered disparagingly at the meager furnishing with which the Carrolls had tried to fill the enormous rooms. His large nose quivered with disdain, his kinky gray brows lifted at the servantless way they lived.

No, she couldn't turn to Jonas. Alice she did not mind, for she detected a friendly light in the girl's pale blue eyes whenever she was not in the overbearing shadow of her husband, but she couldn't be sure Alice was alone.

Martha cast another look at the back. *It is just the blankets.*

She started up the hill drive. The house loomed ahead, above, a thin spiral of smoke drifting up from the chimney which drew the furnace. The furnace. Inwardly she groaned. She had heard Lou Radiski in the basement while she was readying the children to go out, shaking it down, piling on coal, opening

CONTINUED ON PAGE 223

She was hopelessly trapped--with three small children, miles from help.



ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM



FROM PHIL BURCHMAN

"The press are always criticizing me for my peep-toe shoes," says the Queen, "but I'd like to see them stand all day in high-heeled court shoes." She no longer wears straight skirts in public, because of difficulty involved in getting into and out of cars gracefully, with photographers always at hand.

The nine men and women who make clothes for the Queen of England have the toughest assignment in the fashion business. "The wrong dress can and there is the added problem of making

Royal

She is rich beyond reckoning, youthful, pretty, slim, and she wears a dazzling crown. Yet dressing her is the toughest assignment in the fashion business.

Elizabeth the Queen of England is the world's most distinguished client, but the firms on whom she bestows her custom are distracted by countless formalities and anomalies, by national implications and archaic procedures. The wrong dress can be a slight to a dominion. A slipshod stitch could rock the throne. The dressmaker who designs for the British royal family must understand the modern role of royalty as well as the historical one. He must consider problems which are not only personal and professional but political too. He must swear to make no publicity out of the most photographed girls in the world. He must submit absolutely to their choice. And he must somehow come to terms with fashion while combating the personal royal preference for powder blue. No one, of course, has ever turned the job down.

Today the team of nine men and women mainly concerned with royal dressing consists of four dressmakers, three milliners, a shoemaker and a *corsetière*, all with London salons. They are more than the Queen's subjects, they are her slaves. "We would do anything, anything in the world, to help that girl," one of them assured us with emotion, "if only she would let us."

The reasons she cannot, will not, does not let her designers take over are many and valid.

On state occasions, for which their dresses are always stately, grandiose and new, the royal ladies are the central figures in a pageant. When the Queen went with her husband on a state visit to Sweden, her dressmakers were warned that she would be seen constantly against the vivid Swedish national colors of blue and yellow. When she went to Paris, they had to remember not only that the uniforms of the Garde Républicaine would be scarlet, but also that the Queen would wear the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, a sash in biting clear scarlet. And on British state occasions she wears the peacock-blue corded silk sash of the Order of the Garter pinned with a huge gold-and-diamond star.

Moreover, all the other characters in the pageant must be taken into account. There has never been a day when the family clashed. "I explained to the royal ladies the predominant motifs of the dresses I was designing," says Norman Hartnell about the Coronation, "so there should be no confusion of color." And the family procession was, in fact, the masterpiece of this master of pageant clothes, a mounting crescendo of white and gold echoing the Abbey's golden carpet and golden chandeliers, each successive royal lady more magnificent than the one before, and culminating in the splendid, fragile, opalescent dress of the Queen.

This color teamwork is demonstrated at Ascot, where the six royal ladies (the Queen, Princess Margaret Rose, the Queen Mother, Princess Royal and the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester) turn up on four successive days in four different outfits—and look as harmonious as a bunch of sweet peas.

One dress which symbolizes the political problems involved in dressing royalty was the Queen's wedding dress. It was to be made of British satin, ordered from an impeccable source, the Scottish firm of Winterthur at Dunfermline. But the whisper got around that the silkworms which made it were Italian, and possibly even Japanese. It was unthinkable that Mr. Hartnell should employ enemy silkworms. So the worms were screened for anti-British activities. But they got a clean bill. They were Chinese worms, and Nationalist at that.

Although she does not take so much interest in her personal clothes as the average young woman of her age, the Queen is earnest and careful in her choice of ceremonial dresses. She turned down eight different designs for her Coronation gown. She turned down a dress all white and silver because she thought it was too like her wedding dress. She turned down a dress embroidered with all the emblems of Great Britain, because it did not have the emblems of the dominions. She turned down the idea of copying the youthful

light a dominion . . . a slipshod stitch could rock the throne . . .
very short woman look regal."

Dressmaking

By DRUSILLA BEYFUS and ANNE EDWARDS

ll-white dress worn by Queen Victoria, be-ause Victoria was eighteen and unmarried t the time, whereas she herself was older and narried.

"I made the mistake," says Norman Hart-ell, "of asking for the daffodil of Wales (to embroider on her skirt). 'A daffodil!' ex-laimed the Garter King of Arms. 'On no ac-count will I give you a daffodil. I will give ou the correct emblem of Wales, which is a eek.'" Sadly the dismayed Mr. Hartnell went nto his garden, pulled up a leek and looked t it. In the end the unlovely leek held its head p with the rest, with the pale pink Tudor rose f England, the mauve thistle of Scotland and he green shamrock of Ireland. For it was embroidered in white silk and diamonds with eaves of palest green.

The mere size of a royal order, along with he fantastic handwork involved, is a chal-enge to any dress designer. On a royal tour he Queen is often expected to change six or even times a day.

For her ten days' tour of Sweden, of which ne week was a private visit, the Queen took wardrobe of five coats, five frocks, two suits, our evening dresses, three tiaras and a mink tole—sixteen outfits for a three-day state isit. On her tour of Nigeria (twenty-one days) he wore eighteen new day dresses alone.

It is not vanity which decides the size of er wardrobe. Even for an identical occa-ion in a different town, the Queen would not wear the same outfit. If she wore a special lress for a special occasion in Ottawa, she would not wear the same dress even for a imilar occasion in Montreal. The people of Montreal might feel slighted.

But it is wrong to imagine that the clothes re worn once and thrown away. They are worn hard (two dresses designed for the Queen to wear in Nigeria she wore also in Sweden and one of them she wore again at he wedding of her lady in waiting, Miss Kathryn Stanley). Clothes which do survive re passed on to obscure cousins and aunts.

Every royal dressmaker faces the problem f making three very short women look regal. The Queen is five feet three. Princess Mar-aret is five feet one. The Queen Mother is the ame height as the Queen. All of them wear wo-and-a-half-inch heels, but, more than eight, it is the lavishness and the weight of embroidery on their clothes which give them the richly royal air.

One cocktail dress for the Queen can have as much as four pounds of little gold beads embroidered on precious velvet, all by hand. It takes three hours for one skilled embroider-ess in Hartnell's workshop to embroider a piece of material four inches square with the extraordinary and varied assortment of beads with extraordinary and varied French and English names which he uses on the royal dresses: the glittering beads are called in the dress trade "barrettes," "navettes," "bugles," "pills," "dahlias," "little cogs," "cabou-chons," "chips," "pickled onions," "sea urchins," "copper appliqués" and of course his favorite "sequins." It is Mr. Hartnell's proud claim that never a bead has come loose. To get the job done quickly, five girls work round a frame on the same piece of material, following the designer's penciled outline. Even the pattern of embroidery which ac-companies the sketches of the dresses which he sends to the palace will take four hours to complete.

A strictly formal relationship is maintained by the royal family with all the people who dress them, even though they have known them for years. Hartnell, who has made clothes for them since 1937, must still drive his gleaming Rolls-Royce to the tradesmen's entrance at Buckingham Palace, wait in a little anteroom to be summoned by a ladies' maid, bow twice on leaving the royal pres-ence. The strict form is to bow once as you take your leave, back away, and bow once more at the door.

"It's a problem," said one royal warrant holder, "to bow, take a line on the door han-dle without turning to look behind you, back toward it and hope to find the handle within your grasp." Sometimes they are helped by having a footman hold open the door; some-times, if they are awkward about it, they see a twinkle spark into the royal eyes. Neither the Queen nor her sister has quite got over an urgent desire to giggle at the people who are comically flummoxed by royal etiquette or overdo it.

But if they treat their dressmakers like tradesmen, they extend to them their well-known courtesy to all tradespeople. "The at-mosphere is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 233



DAVID MOOR—PIX



WIDE WORLD

On the Commonwealth Tour, late 1955, Elizabeth changed dresses six or seven times a day—people in Bulawayo might feel slighted if she appeared there in the same dress she'd worn in Nairobi. White gloves are practically a royal symbol, since they can be seen, waving, more easily.

The Queen Mother is regarded by many as better dressed than either of her daughters. All customarily wear pastels or white, for higher visibility. The Queen Mother, with Margaret in background, at an informal dinner and dance at the Regent's Park residence of Winthrop Aldrich, then U. S. ambassador.



FROM PHIL BURCHMAN

"Are the Princess' Dresses Too Daring?" asked a newspaper when Margaret appeared in a strapless evening dress. Next time out, the dress had modest straps. Here, at a banquet during the 1956 Hollywood Command Performance.



The house stands with style in its walk-around landscaping, its night-and-day garden.

HAANEL CASSIDY

e Journal's
ORE HOUSE
THE MONEY
ortfolio #5

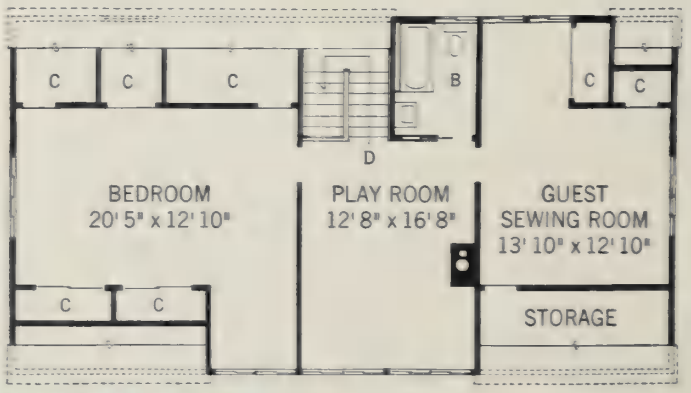
HOUSE NEWS

- *Its view windows, stepsaving plan and built-in conveniences will please the most modern-minded, yet the familiar good looks of its double-sloped roof, shed dormers and crisp trim make it welcome in any neighborhood, new or old.*

- *Weathered gray wood-shingled roof is pretty when new, grows prettier every year. Light color reflects heat, keeping the house cooler, more livable in summer.*

- *Board-and-batten walls wear a stylish pink high-pigment stain; its flat color lasts longer, costs less than most exterior paints.*

- *Plans and working drawings can be obtained for $10 the set from the designers, Williams and Wells, 32 E. 57th Street, N.Y.C.*



SECOND FLOOR

Play room is a bridge between upstairs bedrooms, converts easily to another bedroom if needed. Shed dormers flood second floor with sunlight and air; closets and undereaves storage areas are big, plentiful.



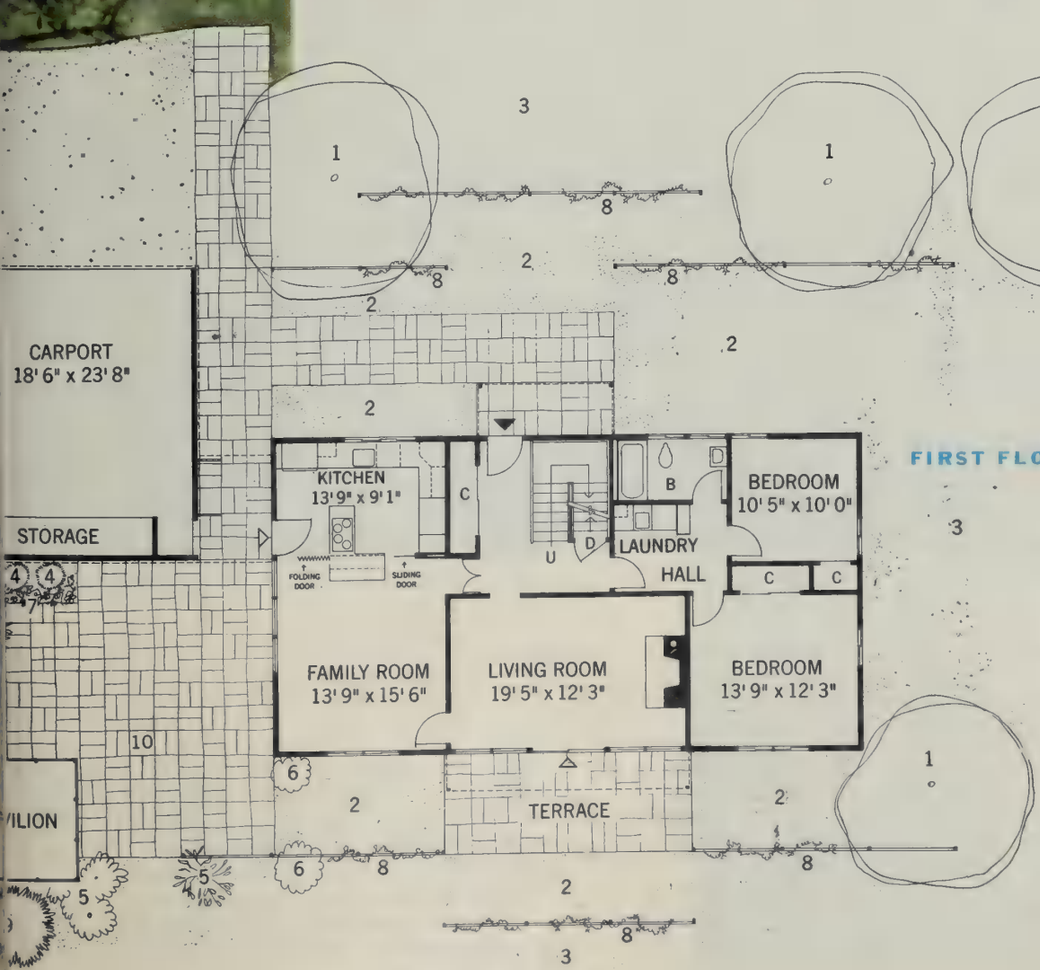
JOURNAL'S More Future FOR THE MONEY House

We designed this house to take today's growing family in its stride. It will always have room for one more—within reason. It lets you face the future with peace of mind. But the rooms to grow up to are built in at the beginning. You can economize at the start by waiting for the final completion of certain rooms until they're wanted. There will never be any need for later costly additions. Fully finished, it's in the $22,000–$28,500 range, depending where you build.

In appearance and performance, the house is as contemporary as they come. Yet in common with all our More for the Money houses, this one takes its cue from the most time-tested feature of true American traditional. It grows upward instead of outward. For it is just as much a fact today as it was in the past, and will be in the future, that more room upstairs is less expensive than more room on one floor—less expensive to build, to heat, to maintain. And far less expensive for future expansion.

The styling is timeless, and when would anyone ever outgrow that family room which can open fully into the kitchen, or be a self-contained dining room by the closing of two doors! Look carefully at a living room that has the rare quality of seclusion without isolation. And finally, consider the sleeping space, the playing space, the storage space upstairs. CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

RICHARD PRATT
Architectural and Garden Editor
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FIRST FLOOR

Center hall provides direct route to work, living, entertaining and sleeping rooms, widens near bedrooms to accommodate complete laundry. Stairs lead up to sleeping floor shown at left, down to basement hobby shop (see photo, p. 86).

GARDEN PLAN

1, Flowering crab apple.
2, Fine-grass areas.
3, Rough-grass areas.
4, Columnar gingkoes.
5, Hybrid rhododendrons.
6, Sorrel trees (oxydendrum).
7, Tulips and chrysanthemums.
8, Flowering quince trained on fences.
9, Japanese yew. 10, Paving.



Luxuries are less expensive to come by in the garden than they are in the house, and the little pavilion is a luxury place de luxe, for lounging, dining, entertaining day or night.

. . . With a garden glamorous night or day

TERRACE NEWS

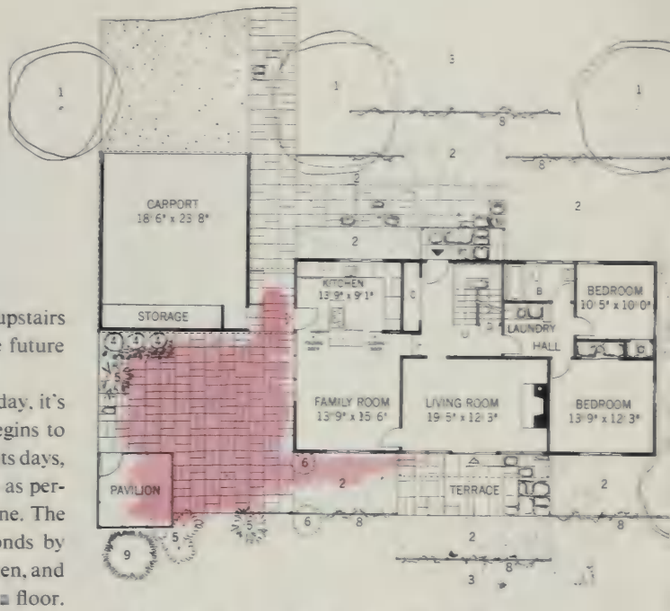
- *A new or used park bench gives more seating space for less money. Exterior enamel preserves its good looks through all the seasons. Repaint it when you repaint the house trim.*

- *Colorful, comfortable canvas-and-wood chairs move out onto the terrace, into the screened pavilion, inside to the family room—whenever and wherever they're needed. Shipped flat, they're easy to assemble; folded flat, they're easy to store.*

- *Bright pillows add comfort to the seating, color to the scheme. Slip-cover them in washable, sunfast fabrics, or use plastic-coated materials, now available in a multitude of shades and textures. A quick wiping with a damp sponge is all the care they require.*



HANNEL CASSIDY



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

But upstairs and down, there's more room for the future every time you turn around.

Though it's lovely and practical by day, it's after dark when this garden really begins to bloom. Its nights are just as usable as its days, and some believe more beautiful. It's as perfect for parties as it is for relaxing alone. The little screened pavilion is a few seconds by wheel tray from the family-room kitchen, and the flagstone paving is as smooth as a floor. The planting is no more in the way than are the pictures on the wall of a room indoors. It is really an open-air room in every sense of the word, and as much a part of the house as any room inside. The vertical battened wall of the carport gives it protection from the street. The attractively new (and delightfully inexpensive) reed fencing is framed here with enormous style and makes a neighborly screen. Three striking columnar ginkgoes rise from a narrow bed in which chrysanthemums follow summer annuals and spring bulbs. Rhododendrons are a year-round attraction, and on the right against the house the flaming foliage of the sorrel tree goes brilliantly with the pink-stained walls. The low JOURNAL reflecting fence completes the enclosure.

But the dramatic note is the illumination. This can be anything from a gentle glow to bright as day. You can spotlight any one particular place, or you can give the whole garden an even over-all luminosity. All wiring is hidden away, of course, and all the fixtures but the Japanese-lanternlike lamps in the pavilion and the fixture on the wall are virtually invisible by day. It's fun here to look forward to the evening, but in house and garden alike it's even more fun to look forward to the future.

Here in the garden by daylight you clearly see close up the low Journal reflecting fence with which the house is framed both front and back, eliminating the future problems of the typical foundation planting.



Serving cart wheels an entire meal from kitchen to pavilion. urs has an upper platform folded on itself, hinged along one ge; the top deck flips back, doubles the carrying surface. etal-mesh basket beneath carries silverware, small etceteras.

Handsome round barbecue brazier lets the whole rty draw closer to the fire on a chilly evening. inged grates on top fold back for easy fueling, cleaning.

Protected, private—but not hemmed in. Even the terrace view has staggered fences, planting between, with no feeling of barrier.

HAROLD FOWLER



. . . With a living room planned for long life

The living room is designed, as is the rest of the house, for a long life. Furnishings are impervious to hard use. Colors are as easy to live with as a cheerful spouse. The placement of the room itself in the general floor plan makes for longevity.

It is, for one thing, a secluded room, a room for gentle leisure and meditation and even for solitude—all virtues growing rarer in current homes and current tempo. It can be closed off, need never be used for transit or entered by the casual caller-at-the-door. Added to that, the living room, between bedrooms and the more inhabited family room, preserves an in-between zone of quiet in the house. With all its privacy, it seems in no way to close in on its occupants. Its outdoor view of trees and sky and its calm interior make it seem larger than its 12'3" x 19'5" dimensions. It has its own entry-exit to terrace, plus its hall entry. Next to it is the kitchen-family room, so that tea can be brought in or a late plate of sandwiches served as spontaneously as the idea occurs. When the family room is overflowing, a husband and wife and friends can always retire to the quiet retreat this room promises.

Its color scheme is pure white and colors of Far Eastern brilliance—Oriental red, Ming yellow, porcelain blue—pools of pleasure to the eye against the dark polished floor. All furnishings are, of course, scaled to the size of the room. A rug makes the fireside area self-contained and leaves half the floor gleaming, serving effectively as a divider, and, again, adding a sense of spaciousness. A husband will like the price tags of practical furnishings classic enough to belong to no passing style. A wife's eyes will light on the fact that daily upkeep of the room will take only minutes, a factor not to be overlooked by one who does her own housework in an ample home.

The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
FOR THE MONEY
Portfolio #5

LIVING-ROOM NEWS

- *New: the walnut cabinet banded in silver-bright magnesium, topped in white plastic, an heirloom of tomorrow with its meeting of mellow wood and modern-marvel fittings to withstand wear.*
- *Tea-and-game table is steel and brass with tripod base and top of opaque glass in deep blue—elegant, eminently practical.*
- *Wood-and-wrought-iron Chinese chest at fireplace is a budget-priced reproduction of a handsome original.*
- *Over the fireplace: a Chinese painting on brass. A scroll or your favorite reproduction, preservatively treated by an art store, could be similarly mounted on dowels and cord for a restful variation from the usual frame.*
- *Flax rug is reversible, moderately priced, in wide choice of colors.*
- *Draperies are of white shantung rayon in an etched leaf design, translucently lovely, at fabric cost of less than $3 a yard. On a ceiling track, they draw to cover entire window wall and sliding glass terrace doors.*
- *Rush-and-pine chairs were bought unfinished at a department store at $10 each, to be enameled, cushioned in gold silk.*
- *Handsome: a bamboo-and-rattan fan chair, favorite for generations, here in teak finish, foam-cushioned, to be ultimately today's.*
- *We show a black-and-brass grate. Or consider here the use of an Oriental hibachi, a black iron grill of fireplace size.*
- *In accessories, the accent is on purity of line and color—lamps of clear amethyst glass, a blue-and-white porcelain ginger box, a white Ming vase. Or substitute brilliant modern ceramics.*



ANTIQUE BRONZE ACCESSORIES FROM YAMANAKA

White wood fireplace wall, candle sconces of slender iron, black slate hearth are foils for brilliant fabrics. Fan chair is cushioned in striped Siamese silk, sofa in red cotton and rayon, tub chairs in a fabric that merges durable linen and lustrous silk.

Airy family room opens on screened patio. Walls are covered in plastic fabric. Family vacation photographs hang on chrome holders behind couch. Louvered-design blinds give privacy, can be whisked clean by vacuum cleaner.



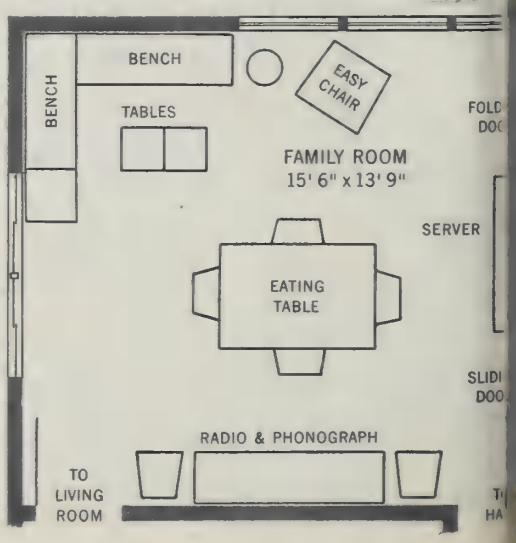
Chest houses radio, record player, discs. TV is portable. Close by are dictionary and reference books, so room can be used for homework.

. . . With family room completely separate

In our plan, two rooms function as one here. The family room and kitchen flow together so easily that the arrangement has the advantage of one large room. No idea could be more practical for the home with children, as we shall soon explain. Yet at the same time the two rooms can separate, so that when the family is grown the room above becomes a dining room and takes on greater formality.

As it stands now, we call it the family room, for its adaptability to the needs of children of all ages. A mother who cooks or a teen-age daughter who hostesses is never cut off from household or social activities—but she can be if she wants to be. A center partition between the two rooms is made up of serving counter with pass-through. A folding door extends at one end of the server, a sliding door at the other. Whether the space functions open or closed, snacks are always easy to prepare, meals easy to serve and the disorder of cooking is shielded from view.

Note the family room's advantages as a gathering spot. It takes hard wear off the living room. It has space for homework, music, games and parties. Teens can move back the table, dance at evening on the blue-and-white floor of durable plastic tile; radio and record player are nearby. Everything cleans. Even the big wall bench is impervious to stains made by the son who tinkers with a car—its pillows are washable plastic in misty green, blue and pinks. Coffee tables in front of it are topped in mosaic tile. The dining table is plastic—a durable surface for puzzles, chess, or the making of Dagwood specials. Through hardest use, colors stay fresh—and the care is minimal.



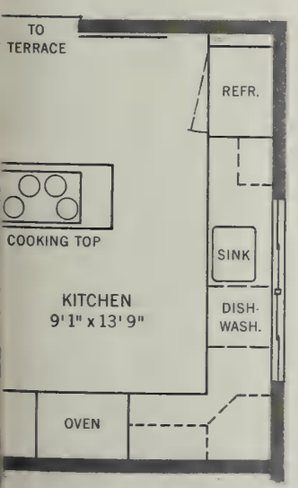
Today you live in the house with husband and growing children, and likely the sliding door and folding door are kept open. Tomorrow the kitchen

. . . or attractively joined to the kitchen

Platinum-finished birch cabinets have a highly resistant finish. In larger cabinets, yellow sliding doors match electric appliances.



STUART



an become the separate
omain of the cook, and the
amily room matures
racefully into a dining room.

With a unique double-L arrangement of essentials, as shown in floor-plan sketch, the kitchen is a pleasure to cook in. All the important areas are grouped to save steps, but still the room is spacious, with no obstructions, with freeways of walking area. The appliances are all electric and built-in, and every one has counter space to neighbor it. All the surface cooking is arranged in a peninsula which connects to the room divider so hot foods can be served really hot into the family room, and a counter extends from it to hold serving dishes or to house a work chair or tall stool.

In location, the room saves steps too. The 6′ wide window over the sink faces the front of the house so that a woman at work can preview the caller about to drop in, or the mail or delivery man arriving. Just beyond the rear door of the kitchen is the carport, a short carrying trip when groceries are brought in from the car. And the kitchen opens directly onto the terrace as well. A slightly inclined ramp from kitchen door to patio floor aids the barbecue giver, because serving carts and portable cooking units can be wheeled out to the grounds. On the other hand, incoming traffic from carport or terrace can be directed to the family room just as well, so that when the kitchen is busy it needn't be interrupted, another advantage of our two-way teamwork of the rooms.

KITCHEN NEWS



- *Built-in appliance center, 12″ high, 12″ wide, has plenty of power behind it for using five appliances at once. Three outlets can be connected to the electric clock for automatic operation—fine for making coffee for early risers or to have it ready for after the movies.*
- *Built-in oven is 24″ wide inside, giving extra capacity for large and hospitable families, and its size allows, too, for baking double batches of any meal for rainy-day storage in the freezer.*
- *Refrigerator stacks on top of freezer at arm height. These two units combined have 13 cubic feet of storage and use a space only 34″ wide.*
- *New hard plastic counter tops have a miniature flower design in beguiling clover pink.*

Cooking hood is revolutionary, developed for submarines—activated charcoal frees air of odors, rustless grease trap can be cleaned in dishwasher, no outer ducts are needed, and it's sturdy enough to double as shelf for extra mixing bowls.



The Journal's
MORE HOUSE
FOR THE MONEY
Portfolio #5



SEWING-GUEST

With sewing machine folded into walnut chest, cutting table cleared, sewing room is serene for guests or as a family quiet spot. Books and radio and light for bed reading are hospitably ready for the aunt or school friend who visits.

LAUNDRY-STORAGE

Washer and dryer in vertical arrangement take up space just 25" wide. Cupboards hold soaps. Cabinets above store luggage. Linen cupboard is at right (not shown). A splitwood blind can close off all laundry area when not in use.



. . . With double-duty rooms on each level

Each of these rooms—one in the basement, one on the first floor, one on the top floor—serves more than one purpose in our home.

Above we show a sewing and guest room on the top story. Sewing work spreads roomily, with machine under a wide window, a plastic-topped table nearby with drop leaf to serve as a cutting surface, supplies all handy. But when a guest arrives, work hides away and even Jennie (the model) finds closet space under the sloping roof.

The laundry-storage area at right backs up to the first floor bathroom and takes some strain off that room. Part of counter lifts to reveal a sink that catches the drip of garments washed by hand or, with mirror above, is a primping spot.

The basement space, shown below, is not only home for an oil-burning air conditioner but can also hold a full-scale hobby area—for ceramics, woodworking, weaving, silverwork—now, or in our home's steadily mellowing future.

UTILITY-HOBBY

At foot of stairs in basement a year-round air conditioner gives clean coolness or heat to order. Whole temperature "plant" takes up little space, leaves room for a tool shop or, here, a pottery studio.

STUART



IDEAS FOR HOME-BUILDERS

- *A hall location for a laundry has great merit—it's a midway point to collect soiled clothes. New appliances like the aqua-colored twosome here are good-looking enough to be used almost anywhere in the house.*
- *When building, lighting is easier to install earlier than later. In guest room, fixture was built in behind valance board connecting bookcases. In laundry, a ceiling fixture was recessed into the storage unit. In the basement, lighting was placed among the ceiling rafters.*
- *For areas below ground level, special floor covering is needed. (Ask when you buy.) In basement we use red tile of vinyl asbestos—suitable, snug and safe for cellar use.*
- *Textured wall covering was chosen for both laundry (in white to make a dark corner lighter) and guest room (in soft pink to give a subtle background). The plastic-coated fabric comes 24" wide and is put up on thoroughly dry walls with a special paste. Material is hardy, holds its color after many scrubbings.*



Hundreds of thousands of wives are struggling, in a halfhearted and futile way, to slim when they ought to begin by improving their marriages. They are caught in a vicious circle: Their marriages are impaired by their overweight, so they overeat to solace themselves for their marital unhappiness, thereby making their marriages still worse. We have had to deal with this problem continually during more than 27 years at the American Institute of Family Relations, and are now using group counseling very successfully. Eight or ten women working together with a counselor, once a week, may make as rapid progress as if each were working alone. Apart from a very few women whose difficulties are due to glandular or other physical defect, no wife need jeopardize her marital happiness by being too fat—and surveys show that if a wife becomes more than 20 pounds overweight, her happiness is likely to be reduced. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Mary Wilson.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: ***"Last night I got upset and went on another eating binge. Clark hasn't made love to me in more than a month. Not that I blame him. How can a man feel genuine warmth for a woman as big as the side of a mountain?"***

HE: ***"Abby and I have been married nine years. Her parents' influence still surpasses my own. Although Abby hasn't said so, my guess is she secretly disapproves of sex. Never in any way has she indicated she wants my love."***

ABBY TELLS HER SIDE:

"I'm what's wrong with my marriage," said Abby, who was twenty-six and had beautiful skin, hair and eyes. The counselor's office was warm, but Abby sat huddled in a shapeless, bulky coat that further increased her size. "I'm five feet seven. I weigh a hundred and ninety-five pounds, and should weigh eighty pounds less. Yet last night I broke my latest diet again. I ate six eggs, four pieces of bread and half a cake, topped off with two quarts of milk. I just couldn't control my appetite.

"With me it seems to be a matter of all or nothing. I can live for weeks skipping breakfast, having a grapefruit for lunch and two lamb chops or a small steak for dinner. Our three young sons seem to be eating every waking minute—our oldest boy must bang the refrigerator door a hundred times a day—and by six P.M. I usually feel as though I were starving and am so irritable I could scream. However, I can steel myself and resist the daily temptation of watching the boys gobble peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, cookies and the kinds of sweets I adore. Then suddenly I get upset over something and go on an eating binge. I get upset easily. Too easily. I've always been supersensitive.

"My husband doesn't work Saturday and Sunday nights—Clark is a C.P.A. who does a great deal of work in the evenings—and yesterday afternoon he suggested we do our major marketing for the week and then take in a movie. Clark and I dropped off the youngsters with my parents, as is customary on our evenings out. I'm an only child myself and there is nothing my parents won't do for me. They are wild about our three boys. Clark and I certainly have no baby-sitting problems. When our gang trooped into my parents' house last night, both my mother and I noticed that Andy—he is our oldest—was wearing a torn pair of pants. I was both humiliated and furious. While I was helping the little boys with their buttons, Andrew had whined for me to help him. When I refused, he dashed into the garage so he could be first in the car; he had not only managed to tear his pants, he had got them filthy with grease. I almost believed he'd done it on purpose. One time Andy deliberately left a sixty-five-dollar bicycle out in a violent rainstorm to pay me back for bathing his baby brother and telling him to bathe himself.

"Andrew is seven and plenty old enough to take care of his clothes; I'd dressed all three youngsters in their best outfits because I like my mother to be proud of her grandchildren. Andy behaves worse than either of the little boys and is twice as destructive and awkward. His clumsiness puts me in mind of myself at that age. I was overgrown too.

"My mother wouldn't let me discipline Andy. Among the three boys, he is her favorite. If I say 'no' to Andy she says 'yes,' and he grins like a Cheshire cat and knows which of us is the boss. Andy sometimes has bad spells of asthma and when he can't attend school—he has a high I.Q., but makes poor marks despite anything I say or do—my mother keeps him. Andy tells everybody he loves her better than he loves me.

"On the way to the shopping area I asked Clark whether he thought Marilyn Monroe was better-looking—some people say the bone structure of my face resembles hers. Clark insisted I was much better-looking and he swore he admired my figure, but I knew he was talking to cheer me up. The fact is my husband thinks I look awful.

"Five nights a week Clark doesn't arrive home until eleven P.M., and by then I'm likely to be sound asleep. Even if I am awake, he doesn't come into the bedroom. Instead he heads for the hobby room he built in a corner of the garage and stays until midnight or later. He collects stamps and stones and coins, does leatherwork and bird watching, is interested in magic and in learning to play the harmonica. I'm bitter and jealous of Clark's hobbies, I know. I can't help it.

"Clark hasn't made love to me in more than a month. Not that I blame him. How can a man feel genuine warmth for a woman as big as the side of a mountain?

"By the time we located a place in the parking area last night I was in tears, accusing Clark of preferring Marilyn Monroe to me, practically hating him for something that wasn't his fault. He went into the supermarket with the list and I flounced off in the opposite direction. There was a penny scale on the sidewalk outside the drugstore. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I habitually lie about my weight and the size dress I wear. It's almost unheard of for me to weigh myself in public—I lock the door before using our bathroom scales—but nobody was in sight. Just as I saw I hadn't lost an ounce and still weighed a hundred and ninety-five, I discovered Clark was standing right behind me staring at the arrow on the scales.

"By then the evening was completely ruined. I was too heartsick to go to any movie. We picked up the boys early. Knowing something was wrong and suspecting poor Clark, my mother tongue-lashed him and did her best to comfort me. She had mended Andy's pants and tightened the buttons on the little boys' shirts and persuaded Aunt Ida, who boards with my parents, to bake one of her cheesecakes. Both my aunt and my mother are inclined to be plump and I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

"I started on the eating binge at my parents' house. When we left there mother gave me a blueberry pie. I ate it all. Then I laid my head on the table and cried. I was miserably disgusted with myself.



DON ONNITZ

91 pounds off—

"My dreams are coming true!"

At 214 pounds, life was a nightmare for Pierrette Lachapelle.
No dates, no decent job, no pretty clothes, no self-respect.
Then "Pete" realized she had to wake up before she could live. Here is her diet story as she has told it to us.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN *Beauty Editor of the Journal*

Dear Journal: Two years ago I tipped the scales at a round, firm, unflattering 214 pounds. Today I weigh 123. In approximately ten months I went from a size 44 to a size 11 or 12. I am 25 years old, and am employed as a secretary by the state government.

Being a nice, normal size has made such a tremendous improvement in my life—physically, mentally, emotionally, socially, professionally—that I would like to share this wonderful experience with everyone. Your diet stories have helped so many people to better health, and certainly more pride and happiness. I believe my experience could also help some other "stylish stout" (how I loathe that expression!). Reducing opened up new horizons for me—I'd like to help do that for someone else.

Thank you for publishing a consistently fine magazine.

Sincerely,
PIERRETTE LACHAPELLE
West Warwick, Rhode Island

There is a saying that "A fat person is really a thin person in prison." When I was a fatty, the "prison" walls encircled my 214-pound, 5'3½" frame and closed down on my heart and my outlook on life.

I was twenty-two years old (Pumpkin Face) before I faced the fact that my misery was self-inflicted. And I realized only I could plan my escape. Parents can urge, friends can coax, doctors can warn, but it's the fatty herself who has to choose between gorging food and eating normally—and thus between heartbreak and happiness.

My decision to diet came on a gray day in February, 1953, when I was at work in the payroll office of a hospital for mental diseases. Caught up in the forlornness of my surroundings, I became suddenly conscious of the fact that I *was part of the place*. I had been an honor-roll student in high school and had had three years of college. Yet, because of my size, I was stuck in a dingy little job that could have been handled by any girl out of grade school. *If I don't do something about my appearance, I'll never get out of here*, I told myself. *I'm going to diet!*

That night, as my parents began their dinner with—as usual—a thick homemade soup, I ate a small broiled steak. As they progressed to meat, potatoes, gravy, buttered vegetables, I had a lettuce-and-tomato salad sprinkled with lemon juice. While they helped themselves to seconds on a rich pudding dessert, I finished my dinner with fruit and black coffee. "Pierrette, you'll starve," mother commiserated. "But Pete *needs* to reduce," daddy encouraged. He was so right.

Many ex-fatties say their only regret about dieting is not having done it sooner. I share this belief for several reasons. Mother has never seen me slim. About the time I started dieting, she began having critical trouble with her eyesight. Before I was halfway through, she had become totally blind. "Don't be sad for me, Pete," she insists, "I can picture how pretty you look—and I can hear the compliments."

When I was a child, teachers considered my singing voice "promising" and encouraged me to train and develop it. By the time I reached my teens, however, I was overwhelmingly self-conscious about my appearance. Whenever I *did* perform, other children would laugh at my monstrous figure stuffed into a matronly dress. And so I gave up my lessons and abandoned the idea of a singing career.

My excess weight cheated me out of achieving another ambition, which was to become a teacher. When I graduated from high school, I enrolled at the College of Education in Providence, Rhode Island. In the second year, part of my course included serving as a student teacher. I couldn't do it. A 200-pound-plus girl looks comical and feels ridiculous romping with youngsters. What's more, it was a physical impossibility for me to keep up with their lively activities. Again, I gave up.

MEASUREMENTS

BEFORE		AFTER
5'3½"	HEIGHT	5'3½"
214 pounds	WEIGHT	123 pounds
44"	BUST	35"
34"	WAIST	23½"
43"	HIPS	34½"
44 (or 24½)	DRESS SIZE	11 or 12

PIERRETTE'S REDUCING DIET—TYPICAL WEEK (*Approximately 900 calories a day*)

Editor's Note: Although milk is occasionally included in her diet, Pierrette did not get at least one pint a day, which the JOURNAL considers essential, especially for young people. We suggest to readers who have their doctor's approval of dieting, and who plan to use "Pete's" diet as a guide, that you include two 8-ounce glasses of nonfat milk in your daily eating plan. This will be adding approximately 170 calories to the total daily calorie count. "Pete's" diet, with the inclusion of the milk, is a nutritious reducing diet of approximately 1100 calories a day.

BREAKFAST (*same every day*)

	CALORIES
½ large grapefruit	100
1 toasted bran muffin	100
1 pat butter (small)	25
Coffee, black	0
	225

LUNCH (*same every day—"Pete" took it to work*)

Bouillon (1 cup)	20
Cheese (1 large slice, Cheddar, Swiss or American)	100
Rye wafers (2)	60
	180

SEVEN DIET DINNERS

Monday

Broiled chicken (¾ large broiler)	225
String beans with sliced mushrooms	30
Large fresh fruit salad (½ apple, ½ orange, ¼ grapefruit, ½ pear, ¼ banana)	125
Coffee, black	0
	380

Tuesday

Roast beef (3 large slices)	350
Large vegetable salad (salad greens combined with shredded carrot, string beans, tomato), lemon juice and celery salt	70
Coffee, black	0
	420

Wednesday

Lamb chops (2 large)	300
Broccoli, lemon juice	20
Sliced tomatoes on lettuce	35
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Coffee, black	0
	440

Thursday

Chopped steak patties (2 large)	350
Spinach, vinegar	20
Large tossed green salad with quartered tomato, lemon juice and celery salt	45
Coffee, black	0
	415

Friday

Broiled swordfish (large serving) *or* poached eggs on toast	240
Asparagus, lemon juice	25
Coleslaw (1 cup), vinegar dressing	30
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Coffee, black	0
	380

Saturday

Broiled steak (large)	375
Stewed tomatoes (½ cup)	25
Mixed green salad (lettuce, water cress, endive, escarole), lemon juice and celery salt	20
Coffee, black	0
	420

Sunday

Roast lamb (3 large slices)	350
Large vegetable salad (shredded cabbage, carrots, string beans, onion, tomato), lemon juice and celery salt	70
Coffee, black	0
	420

BEFORE BEDTIME (*every night*)

Fruit—Select from: apple, banana, peach, pear, orange, ½ grapefruit, plums or apricots (2 fresh or water-packed), grapes (medium bunch)	100
	100



Eighteen years old, 214 pounds. Girls liked me (I wasn't any competition) but boys never formed a line at the door. This party dress was for photographic purposes—as a fatty, I never had a date



FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Here is a totally unretouched photograph of "Pete" as she looks today at 123 pounds. Pete's post-diet career combined with a lively social life keep her busy around the clock—and have successfully canceled out that old desire for too much food.

I had no dates. I was too fat to enjoy athletics. I adored pretty clothes, but they didn't come in my size. The only time I could take my mind off my lonely, pointless life was at mealtime or when I was eating between meals.

Once a friend of mine did persuade me to go to her Halloween party. When I arrived, her home was swarming with cheerful young people. Warmed by such a gala atmosphere, I had almost forgotten my self-consciousness about my appearance, when someone suggested going on a scavenger hunt before having the party refreshments. The girls and boys paired off in couples and streamed out the door. In the excitement, I had been ignored and forgotten. Tearfully I prepared the table, made the coffee and had the ice cream and cake ready for their return. It was a miserable ending to what I had hoped might be a happy evening.

I lost 13 pounds before I went to our family doctor and told him of my determination to stick to my diet. He was happy for me and eager to help. He gave me a calorie chart on which he checked the foods I should include in my diet each day—and *double*-checked the rich, fried, fattening foods I must avoid. My daily calorie allotment was to be approximately 900 calories, and I was to report back to the doctor each week for a physical checkup. In ten months I reduced to 123 pounds.

During my diet I exercised for fifteen minutes each night before bedtime. My favorite exercise is one which can be done at any time, standing, sitting, lying down. All it involves is s-l-o-w-l-y pulling in your abdominal muscles, then s-l-o-w-l-y relaxing them. I'm sure I did this at least 100 times a day, and believe it is the exercise most responsible for helping me keep a firm, flat tummy!

People who hadn't seen me during my diet didn't recognize me. One afternoon, my Cousin Eddie took me to a clambake being attended by an assortment of relatives and friends. An aunt and uncle nudged each other as Eddie and I appeared and quickly spread a rumor that "Eddie has a new girl." Guests, including many who had known me all my life, gathered around to be introduced to the "stranger"!

On the day I was a bridesmaid at a friend's wedding, I wore a waltz-length white dress with a wide red satin sash—*in a size 12!* Feeling thrilled but shy on the occasion of my first big social event, I stood a little away from the group of people surrounding the bride and groom when I heard an attractive usher say to the boy next to him, "I'd like to meet that pretty little girl in the corner." With a rush of pleasure I realized he was speaking of me. No boy had ever before asked to meet me, much less called me pretty!

At 123 pounds I can shop for pretty clothes without steeling myself against a salesgirl's indifference or scorn. I can accept invitations happily and with confidence. I love to dance, to swim, to play tennis—things I could never have done as a fatty.

After I had reduced to 123 pounds, I continued to use my diet as a basic eating plan, *gradually* adding to it. Nowadays, I top off my salad with a small amount of oil dressing, or I have an extra vegetable at dinner, or a custard or gelatin dessert. Very occasionally I have a yen for something rich—a slice of chocolate cake, a sweet roll at breakfast. I still weigh myself faithfully each week, and if I find I have added two or three pounds, I cut out the extras until they have disappeared.

As for work, I am no longer hiding away in a dingy little office. In fact, just recently I have been promoted to the job of "administrative assistant" to my boss. Pardon me if I am sounding very, very grand. It's just that I feel that way too! END

AMERICAN DESIGNERS

These four designers
have the creative spark, the gift
of color and youngness,
and their clothes have "that certain look"
which is especially American.
They believe in simplicity,
in suiting the fashion to the woman,
and in clothes that are easy to live in.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

NORMAN NORELL



"The greatest compliment a woman can receive about her costume is to have someone say, 'What a wonderful way to look.' rather than, 'What a beautiful dress you are wearing.' This means the woman and her dress have blended. therefore she is truly well dressed. A woman should be very aware of every detail she is wearing. but wear them all in a completely *unaware* manner. This is poise. sophistication and elegance."

CLARE POTTER



"The best-dressed women are generally the most uncluttered and simply dressed. We find this same refinement of taste in all the arts—therefore your clothes and the wearing of them reflect very revealingly your expression of personality and taste. I think my first rule for dressing well is to dress to fit the occasion, and then to dress in the most becoming fashion to fit your own particular style."

SOPHIE GIMBEL



"Women should look lovely—and ladylike—and fashions should be keyed to their lives. For ideas, I watch American women to see how they want to look at work, at home, dancing, shopping or spending the day in town—then design clothes as flattering, feminine, functional and as long-lasting as I can possibly make them. I am convinced that fine clothes gain ease and a special chic the longer they are worn."

JAMES GALANOS



"Good fashion emanates from no one place—a well-designed dress should be wearable anywhere in the world and right in any locale. I believe that fashion itself becomes subdued and the personality of the wearer comes through. I rely on brilliant and beautiful fabrics and cut rather than exaggeration or tricks. Simplicity and purity of line are the basis of all good design—these are my working tools."



NORMAN NORELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON

Norman Norell puts chalk-blue wool, fresh as a spring sky, into one of his flawless little suits with the beautiful shoulders, well-turned collar and stalk slenderness for which he is famous. The fabric has a rough, linen texture. The buttons are crystal. Adolfo designed the matching blue felt hat. Sapphire-and-diamond pin is by Seaman Schepps.



CLARE POTTER

Clare Potter with her characteristic love of color designs a flame-red knitted-wool suit to be worn with an Indian printed-silk blouse in shades of red and gold. This is a casual fashion with the easy jacket that is so wearable and so loved by women in the U.S.A. The big rough straw hat is by John Frederics; jeweled pin, by Verdura.

Norman Norell believes that the well-cut wool skirt and silk shirtwaist worn with a matching straight-line coat is one of the smartest and most useful costumes an American woman can own. This one is sand-beige wool, worn with a felt hat by Adolfo, calfskin belt, shoes and handbag. The bracelet is gold; the gloves, white doeskin.

NORMAN NORELL





JAMES GALANOS

James Galanos has the imagination to combine bouffant white organdy with a little charcoal-gray wool-jersey jacket—eternally young. The top of the dress is embroidered organdy, strapless, the jacket is double-breasted. Worn with short gloves. Coiffeurs by Enrico Caruso.

Sophie believes that a woman's clothes should be feminine first of all, and for many years she has been known for her beautiful afternoon and evening chiffons. This year she has designed one in bright green. The scarf may be worn floating or tied in front. Emerald necklace by Seaman Schepps.



SOPHIE

SPRING



Serge suit: short jacket, pleated skirt, piqué collar, Christian Dior, N.Y.



Beige tweed—easy jacket and slim skirt by Philippe Tournaye.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



The silk coat in the just-above-the-knee length, becoming more and more important. A spring-and-summer fashion by Christian Dior, New York, worn early with a black wool dress, black milan hat.

REPORT

• Suits look like a brand-new fashion, worn with wide-brimmed hats of rough straw or starchy leghorn that transfer easily to afternoon silks. Gray flannel makes a new appearance, often with brass buttons, and everybody loves it. The shoulders are small, the waistline never pinched. Jackets are scaled shorter and the skirt with pleats moves gracefully into fashion, looking fresh and young.

• The casual fashion is right everywhere you see it—the suit with a straight jacket, the skirt-and-coat costume, the three-quarter coat, the brimmed felt hat. Its fabrics are flannels, tweeds, surah silks, linen weaves.

Gray flannel suit by Philippe Tournaye; organdy beret, Irene of New York.



Printed-silk suit designed for night or day by Ben Reig. For daytime, with a big red leghorn hat.





ouble-breasted coat, Arthur
blow, hat, Irene of New York.



The coat-and-dress fashion in printed silk with a bright green lining. By Hattie Carnegie.

The pale tweed coat has become a basic in beige and pastels. The silk coat is a city fashion, black or bright, tunic-length or hem-length. Printed-silk dresses have their own matching coats, giving them news and importance. White piqué, looking fresher than ever, is buttoned in oftener than ever in bibs, collars, weskits. Polka dots are late-day fashions in chiffon, and deep-back dinner dresses. Shorter sleeves are coming—longer gloves, more-sizable bags.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Fashion of the blue wool suit by Christian Dior. New York, with a big ballibuntl hat. Pumps with pointed toes by Perugia, gold bracelet, Seaman Schepps.



The silk rajah dress-and-jacket costume, with rough straw hat. Christian Dior.



Beautifully wearable beige tweed coat for any hour, by Ben Gershel, with beige bag and gloves.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



The shirtwaist dress in polka-dot silk by Kaspar is worn with a rough straw hat by John Frederics.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF A PRINT



A soft flattering brim with an open crown, Journal pattern No. 2899*. Gloves, Journal pattern No. 2900*.

This spring you might make a slim coat or even a hat—prints are everywhere. Some are silk, some are cotton and many are sheer. There are stripes, there are borders and an abundance of florals. One of the prettiest fashions is the sheer flowered shirtwaist dress. Another, a sweater trimmed with a print to match a dress. Unexpected fashion for a print is a coat worn over a plain-colored dress, or a bright print cotton hat with a simple dark dress. You will wear these bright prints from now through summer Carolyn, Florence and Dorothy Lee, daughters in this month's How America Lives family, helped us select these fabrics and we photographed each in her favorite print.

By NORA O'LEARY

Pattern Editor of the Journal





Twin polka-dot prints, one yellow and one turquoise, are a happy combination for a classic silk shirtwaist dress and cummerbund. Vogue Design No. S-4748. 10 to 16.

This lovely silk sheer shirtwaist is worn over a slip in a matching print on taffeta. Note the soft tie neckline and the full three-quarter sleeves. Vogue Design No. 9105.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 198. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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*Order from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Price, 25c for each pattern. Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.



Giant roses on silk shantung make an amusing overblouse to wear over a wool dress now . . . later over a linen sheath. The wide waistband ties in front. Vogue Design No. 9094. 10 to 18.

This slim printed coat has an interesting yoke detail and short or three-quarter sleeves. A dress could pick up any one of the lovely colors in the print. Vogue Design No. S-4763. 10 to 18.

A trim young bolero suit is brightened with a gay print lining and cummerbund. The print shows at the pocket too. Vogue Design No. 9123. 10 to 18.

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD





Borders are ever popular, and this turquoise-and-white silk shantung is especially pretty. The border is reversed on the bodice and tiny covered buttons fasten the shoulders. Vogue Design No. 9124.



Dorothy Lee loves separates and liked the idea of a printed tie-silk shirt with a blue silk-shantung skirt. She plans a printed skirt to match her blouse. Blouse, Vogue Design No. 8804. Skirt, No. 9102.



Florence Lee favored the more feminine prints. Her wallpaper floral stripe has a full skirt and a bias-cut bodice taking advantage of the design. She wears a bright ribbon cummerbund. Vogue Design No. 9124.



This silky cotton in nasturtium shades was a flattering choice for Carolyn Lee. Her yellow wool-jersey jacket is above-waist length and bound in the same print. Dress, Vogue Design No. 9109.

SHARLAND

CONCLUSION

Before the *commissaire* left he assured me that he was perfectly satisfied my wife had fallen accidentally from the window. He asked me to call on him in Villars the following day. Only the lawyer now remained, and he had the grace to apologize for his presence. "I only stayed, monsieur," he said, "because I understand, from the conversation I have had with your brother, that he knew nothing whatsoever of the terms of the new Carvalet contract. I thought perhaps a few words now might clarify the position."

"Nothing will clarify the position," I said, "except for my brother to read it, which he is at liberty to do whenever he pleases. I have it upstairs in my dressing room."

Paul hesitated. "I'm sorry to be persistent, especially at this moment," he said, "but you can hardly blame me. From what Maître Talbert has been telling me, the new contract differs from the old on the only vital points. Does that mean everything you told Jacques and me on your return from Paris was a lie?"

"Yes," I said.

"What's that to do with you?" interrupted his mother. "Jean owns the *verrerie*. He had a perfect right to make what arrangements he pleased."

"I try to direct it, don't I?" said Paul. "God knows it's always been a thankless task. But why should Jean lie? What was the point of making fools of us all?"

"I didn't want to make fools of you," I said. "I thought it was the only way to save the *verrerie*. I changed my mind after I came back from Paris. Don't ask me why. You wouldn't understand."

"How did you think you were going to raise the capital?" asked Paul. "Talbert says that under the new terms it would mean running the *verrerie* at a complete loss."

"I don't know. I hadn't thought."

"Monsieur was hoping for an heir?" suggested the lawyer. "No doubt that is why he confided the matter to Madame Jean de Gué? Of course, as things have turned out ——"

He stopped. Discretion overwhelmed him. The *comtesse* stared at him from her chair beside the fire.

"Well?" she said. "Finish your sentence, *maître*. As things have turned out—what?"

The lawyer spoke apologetically to me. "I am sure it is no secret to anyone of the family, monsieur, that under the terms of the marriage settlement you come into a considerable fortune on the death of your wife."

"No secret at all," I said.

"So that in point of fact," the lawyer continued, "whether the terms of the Carvalet contract are favorable or unfavorable, it doesn't matter so very much. Increase of capital will cover the loss."

Nobody seemed to have noticed, or even cared, that Marie-Noël was seated on a stool beside her grandmother, and was listening intently to the conversation.

"Does Monsieur Talbert mean that papa gets some money after all?" she said. "I thought he only got money if I had a brother."

"Be quiet," said her grandmother.

"Yes," said Paul slowly, "I suppose we did know that. But it's not one of the things people discuss in a family. Naturally, every one of us was hoping my sister-in-law would have a son."

The lawyer said nothing.

Paul turned to me. "I'm sorry," he said, "but if you don't mind, I still think it's only fair to me if I see the contract."

I threw the bunch of keys on the table. "It's in the valise in the wardrobe. Go and find it, if you like."

Marie-Noël jumped to her feet. "I'll find it," she said, seizing the keys. She was out of the room before anyone thought of stopping her.

"Really, Paul," said Renée, "you're being very inconsiderate. As Maître Talbert says, the position is changed now, because of poor Françoise's death, and I hardly think this is the moment to start talking business. It makes me feel extremely uncomfortable, and it must be very painful for Jean."

"It's painful for the whole family," said Paul. "I don't want the *verrerie* to benefit because of Françoise. I hate being made a fool of that's all."

Maître Talbert was ill-at-ease. "I apologize," he said. "I would not have mentioned the matter had I known there was this unfortunate misunderstanding between you as to the terms. Naturally, I am at your disposal, monsieur," he said to me, "for a full discussion of this and other matters at any time convenient to you after the funeral."

"The funeral will be on Friday," said the *comtesse*. "I have already arranged it with Monsieur le Curé. My daughter-in-law will be brought home tomorrow and will lie here during Wednesday and Thursday, so that our friends and everyone in the district will have time to pay their respects. I shall of course receive them." The lawyer bowed. "You will have the kindness, *maître*, to see that notification of the death goes to the newspapers this evening. I have written the notices myself." She took some sheets of paper from her lap, and handed them to him.

The sound of Marie-Noël running down the stairs and across the hall could be heard through the door.

"Not so much noise, child," said the *comtesse* as she burst into the room. "One should tread softly in a house of mourning."

Marie-Noël went straight to Paul and gave him the document.

"Have I your permission?" he asked, glancing at me.

"Naturally," I said.

For a while there was no sound except the rustling of paper as Paul turned the crisp pages of the contract. Then he turned to me.

"You realize," he said, his voice expressionless, betraying nothing of what he must have felt, "that this contract goes against all we agreed to before you went to Paris?"

"Yes," I said.

"You've signed the duplicate and returned it to them?"

"I signed it in the office on Saturday, and posted it on the way home."

"Then there's nothing more to be done. As *maman* says, you own the business, you can make what terms you please. It just means that, as far as I am concerned, trying to run it for you becomes impossible."

He stood up and handed me back the contract. His frustrated, harassed face looked suddenly old and tired.

"Heaven knows I don't pretend to have brains," he said, "but if I had gone to Paris I could have done better than that."

For a moment no one spoke. Then the *comtesse* reached for the bell beside the fire. "I think," she said, "that we needn't detain Maître Talbert any longer. A prolonged discussion on the future of the *verrerie* is quite out of place at the present time. And I am sure that he must have plenty to do in Villars, as we have here in the château."

The lawyer shook hands with all of us and followed Gaston from the room.

The *comtesse* turned to me. "You look tired, Jean," she said. "You've had a long, emotional day. Why not have a rest? You have just an hour before we go to church."

"To church?" asked Renée. "Is there an Office?"

"An Office? Of course there is an Office. Didn't you hear me arrange it with CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

"I don't think of you as the head of the family," she said, "nor does anyone. You've never done anything to justify the name."

THE SCAPE

by DAPHNE du MAURIER

Copyright © 1957 by Daphne du Maurier

THE SCAPEGOAT has recently been published in book form by Doubleday & Co., Inc.


OAT



In an Elegant Setting. Our party becomes a buffet distinguished enough for diplomats, or a golden-wedding celebration, when the delicious chicken and lobster is served from an old silver chafing dish. Your favorite linens and china (those blue-and-white Worcester plates!) look their most glamorous. The creamy coconut-sherbet dessert is molded to perfection in a snowy ring; jeweled with red, juicy strawberries. This is a combination of flavors you and your guests will remember!

Fireside Buffet. Our magical menu becomes a Sunday-night supper (or perhaps you're having two tables of bridge) when you spread a turquoise cloth over a table in front of the warm fire. Your chicken and sea food keeps piping hot in an earthenware casserole, in an insulating basket holder. There is a tray of corn sticks; the turquoise-and-white plates are plastic (and how beautiful they are!). This time perhaps you'll skip the dessert, because it's late, but there's a big pot of hot coffee waiting on a tea wagon nearby.



Menu

Celery Stuffed with Caviar (red and black) and Smoky Cheese

Spicy, Tart Tomato Juice

Creamed Sea Food and Chicken with Toasted Corn Bread or Wild Rice

Tossed Green Salad with Herby French Dressing

Coconut Frozen Velvet with Strawberries

Coffee

RECIPES PLANNED FOR EIGHT

Informal Party, Family Style. Could a menu be more adaptable? This is possible too—to bake your corn bread in a ring, fill with the delectable chicken and sea food, and serve it family style, at the dinner table, with the host or hostess doing the honors. The dining table is set with rough green straw mats, the plates are pink-and-green pottery, the mood is casual. This time you'll omit the first course for the sake of easy service, but there'll be salad, and that heavenly dessert!



One



CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS

STUART-FOWLER

superb dinner served 3 ways

Here's a really all-out superb dinner, one that's guaranteed to make you a hostess remembered for fine taste and fine cooking. No passing fancies here. All these dishes will be treasured and served time and again, adaptable to whatever sort of party you're in the mood to give—formal to most informal. Our main dish is a triumph—the happiest possible marriage of chicken and tender sea food! A golden sauce, rich with chicken stock and luscious coral chunks of lobster, sweet-tasting scallops and shrimp. Corn bread is perfect with this; or nutty wild rice, buttered, and laced with onion salt—it's another happy thought for this menu. For the salad bowl, "crisp leaf of the lettuce shall glitter, and cress from the rivulet's bed"—tossed in a fine, spicy French dressing. The perfect ending is our heavenly coconut "frozen velvet," cold and refreshing, filled with plump strawberries. There's hospitality in the air, in March, and good food is the mark of a good party—plus the glowing feeling that comes from hearing, "I've had *such* a wonderful time, thank you so much!"

CREAMED SEA FOOD AND CHICKEN

Maybe you've always envied the children in Lear's "nonsense stories" who could dip into the sea and come up with fish perfectly cooked and covered with shrimp sauce. When you eat this you'll envy CONTINUED ON PAGE 220



ITEMS

from the Journal Kitchen



STUART

Gay halves of grapefruit and steaming oatmeal laced with plump raisins and crunchy pecans or walnuts start a stick-to-the-ribs Sunday breakfast. Delicious as it is decorative—the golden omelet with frizzled ham can have a filling of marinated avocado for a special occasion. Add a hot bread and coffee unlimited.

Families all over the land are rediscovering the special companionship of an early-morning gathering around the breakfast table. Particularly at this time of year when the wind blows chill and the snow piles high in the hedgerows, nothing tastes so good or makes everyone feel so cozy as big bowls of steaming-hot oatmeal with cream. Skimpy breakfasts are out of date, or didn't you know? It's energy you need for extra bounce to carry you through until lunchtime. And oatmeal will give it to you!

Here are half a dozen different ways to serve oatmeal for breakfast, and a new oatmeal diet breakfast that stays with you and adds up to only 221 calories.

1. Cook chopped, pitted dates, dried figs, apricots or cooked, pitted prunes with the oatmeal. No other sweetening needed.

2. Top with jam, marmalade, molasses or maple sirup on occasion.

3. Lace with plumped raisins and chopped pecans or walnuts as we did in the photo above.

4. From time to time serve oatmeal with brown sugar and sour cream.



Choose a favorite from the cereal buffet—or a medley—to crown with fruit and eat with country cream.

5. And for Sunday breakfast, serve the oatmeal in individual casseroles—top with heavy cream—sprinkle with brown sugar and put under moderate broiler heat until sugar bubbles.

6. Sweetened fruits—fresh, frozen or canned—sliced bananas, strawberries, sliced peaches—whatever you happen to have on hand—lend variety as toppers to the oatmeal bowl the year round.

Low-Calorie-Diet Breakfast: One half cup grapefruit juice, one soft-cooked egg, one half cup hot oatmeal with one quarter cup skim milk and one teaspoon honey, and black coffee.

More Cereal Capers Clever the mother who surprises her family with sautéed farina or corn-meal-mush slices with maple sirup. Cook and refrigerate the farina or mush first. . . . Add several tablespoons of molasses or honey to a granular wheat cereal during cooking. . . . And top each dish of cereal flakes or crisp rice cereal with a cinnamon apple ring. . . . Another time, pour chilled strawberry or prune yoghurt over dry cereal in place of milk or cream. Use the containers of fruit-flavored yoghurt or stir strawberry jam or strained prunes into plain yoghurt.

Breadbasket Bounty Pass tiny hot muffins with a spoonful of blackberry or red-currant jelly or jam baked inside each one. . . . A cheese-flake biscuit ring should prove astonishingly popular. Brush twenty packaged unbaked buttermilk biscuits with melted butter and dip in finely grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Stack the circles together, edges down, in a well-greased ring mold. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., about twenty minutes, or until nicely browned. Turn out and serve at once. . . . Here are two more good hot breads to serve with coffee:

Sugar-Plum Cinnamon Rolls: Place the contents of one package unbaked cinnamon rolls on a greased baking sheet. Form a hollow in the top of each roll and fill indentation with a pitted cooked prune. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for eighteen to twenty minutes. Remove from pan immediately. Serve hot.

Stir-and-Roll Scones: In a bowl, sift together two cups flour, one tablespoon baking powder, two tablespoons sugar and one half teaspoon salt. Add one half cup chopped pitted dates and mix into the dry flour mixture. Beat two egg yolks and one egg white. Add one fourth cup salad oil and one fourth cup heavy cream to the eggs. Add to the dry ingredients. Mix with a fork for fifteen strokes. Turn out on a floured board and knead ten turns. Divide dough in half. Roll between sheets of waxed paper to one half inch thickness. Cut into triangles, twelve to a circle. Brush tops with the remaining egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Bake on an ungreased baking sheet in a hot oven, 425° F., for ten to twelve minutes. Makes twenty-four biscuits.

". . . Surely in the morning of the world there must have been bacon and eggs and marmalade. Else why did the first sleeper waken?"

T. EARLE WELBY

Hot Off the Griddle Take a whirl at a batch of fluffy griddlecakes, evenly browned waffles or French toast, and eight-o'clock spirits are sure to soar high. There's nothing quite like a jug of warm maple sirup with any of these, but for adventure's sake ladle fruited cheese over hot waffles. Just soften cream cheese with a little sirup from sweetened fruit or berries. Then fold in some of the fruit. Or when waffle batter is in the mixing stage, you can stir in drained whole-kernel corn and chopped crisp bacon for fun and flavor. . . . Have you discovered that cheese bread and raisin bread make excellent French toast? Give it crunch with a coating of dry cereal flakes just before sizzling on the griddle. . . . Light as eiderdown, these Perfection Pancakes would put a sparkle in anyone's eyes: Mix together until smooth a half cup pancake mix, a half cup corn-muffin mix, two slightly beaten eggs, one tablespoon melted shortening and three fourths cup milk. Bake on a hot griddle, turning once. Cook until golden brown on both sides. Makes about twelve four-inch pancakes. Serve with grilled Canadian bacon or sausages.

Rainbow of Fruit Following church some Sunday, try a switch on the fruit course at brunch by serving a fragrant compote *after* the entree. One simple yet ambrosial trio is canned black cherries, canned peaches and canned figs heated together with a dash of cinnamon. And remember these equally delectable mélanges:

Hot Fruit Compote: Section two oranges. Mix with one No. 2^1_2 can whole apricots and one No. 2^1_2 can greengage plums in a large skillet or—for glamour—a chafing dish. Add one tablespoon shredded orange peel. Simmer until fruits are heated through. Flavor with one half teaspoon almond extract and one tablespoon lemon juice. If you have a chafing dish, this is the time to use it.

Baked Bananas and Plums: Peel and cut four bananas in half lengthwise. Place in a shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with one teaspoon grated lemon rind and one or two tablespoons lemon juice. Drain one No. 2^1_2 can purple plums and reserve one cup sirup. Pit plums and arrange over bananas. Pour sirup over all and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for twenty minutes. Serve warm or chilled as you prefer.

CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS



The Mother

PABLO PICASSO (1881–

The first fifty years of the twentieth century may well be called in future histories of art the "Age of Picasso." Rarely in history has one man so completely dominated and guided the course of art for so long as this fantastically gifted Spaniard. Styles may change, "isms" may come and go, but at the crest of every wave since 1906, Pablo Picasso, smiling, his tongue in his cheek perhaps, rides with the self-assurance which only real genius can give.

When he painted this picture he was scarcely twenty years old, having recently arrived in Paris, the focal point of art during the early twentieth century. His first exhibition of pictures (painted at the same time

CONTINUED ON PAGE 203

21 times for good hot soup



–and 21 *Campbell's Soups* to choose from!

Quick! Nutritious! Delicious!



FIRESIDE SOUP

Barbecuing indoors tonight? Serve smooth, Campbell's **Green Pea** Soup in big mugs. Party-making!



SOUP-PLATE SNACK

While you watch TV, have a tray with cup or bowl of Campbell's **Clam Chowder,** crackers 'n' cheese.



LUNCH-BOX SOUP

Packed with lunch; something special in a vacuum bottle . . . hot Campbell's **Tomato** Soup!



NEIGHBORLY SOUP

When friends drop in, fill up pretty teacups with a friendly, warming soup . . . Campbell's **Chicken Noodle**



SOUP FOR BRUNCH

Choose the Creole charm of **Chicken Gumbo** Soup ...the best of chicken and vegetables, delicately seasoned.



MIDMORNING SOUP

Take a Soup Break – have a pickup with hot, bracing **Beef Broth** (Bouillon)! Tides you over till lunch!



SOUP FOR SUPPER

All-vegetable meal in a bowl! **Vegetarian Vegetable** brings 15 garden-best vegetables to the table.



EARLY-BIRD SOUP

Morning eye opener – tangy Campbell's **Consommé,** Continental style. Warms! Tastes wonderful!



AFTER-SCHOOL SOUP

For the kids – have hot Campbell's **Beef Noodle** Soup waiting. Pep-up snack that won't spoil supper appetites!



4 O'CLOCK SOUP STOP

Make it a healthy, *happy* custom! An afternoon cup o Campbell's **Cream of Celery** – and crackers to nibble



AFTER-THE-GAME SOUP

Pleasant way to snack and relax — have a bracing bowl of Campbell's **Scotch Broth.** Hearty, good fare.



SOUP THROUGH THE MEAL

Here's the easy way to enjoy a variety of nutritious garden vegetables — a mug of **Vegetable** Soup.



SOUP TO START THE MEAL

Try Melba toast and a spoon of Cheddar Cheese on rich, brown **Onion** Soup . . . a French-style treat!



SOUP FOR LUNCH

Pep up lunch with **Pepper Pot** Soup! Quick to fix — with spirited flavor and wholesome nutrition.



SOUP TRAY BEFORE DINNER

While dinner's cooking, have a soup tray in the living room! Serve **Cream of Asparagus** in mugs.



BUFFET-SUPPER SOUP

A great serve-yourself dish . . . **Beef** Soup in a handsome tureen! Make it a Sunday-night specialty.



HOMEWORK SOUP

Arithmetic problems to tax returns . . . any home chore's pleasanter with a cup of **Vegetable Beef** Soup.



SOUP FOR BREAKFAST

New idea at the breakfast table . . . a hot and sparkling soup to start — Campbell's **Chicken with Rice!**



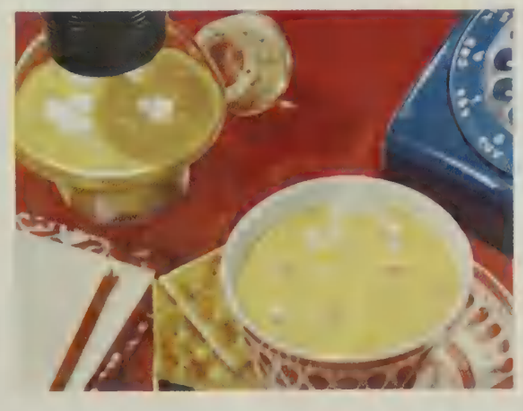
PANTRY RAIDERS' SOUP

From shelf to stove to bowl, only 4 minutes. Campbell's old-fashioned **Bean with Bacon** Soup—a raider's favorite.



AFTER-THE-PARTY SOUP

Say, "Come on back to my house" — for scrambled eggs and Campbell's **Cream of Mushroom** Soup. Easy, fun!



OFF-TO-SLEEP SOUP

A good, warm drink before bed — that sweet dream of a soup — **Cream of Chicken** made the home-kitchen way.





SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS:
Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being.
Proteins—for upkeep and growth. Carbohydrates—for energy.

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

THE SCAPEGOAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

Monsieur le Curé? We go at half past six for a special Mass for Françoise. After that we shall all drive into Villars to the mortuary chapel."

She fumbled for the spectacles hanging beside the crucifix on her bosom, and began to scribble names and addresses on sheets of paper.

I went outside and stood in the grounds beyond the moat. The cattle had come to pasture, and the sun had dipped behind the trees. Soon the mist would rise, encompassing the château, and already, with shutters drawn and windows closed, it stood remote from the evening world, from the jackdaws massing in the woods and the black-and-white cattle cropping the grass.

Paul came and joined me on the terrace. For a moment or two he smoked a cigarette in silence, then nervously he threw it away, saying abruptly:

"I meant what I said just now."

"What did you say?" I asked.

"That it was impossible to run the *verrerie* for you any more."

"What's your reason?" I asked.

"My reason?" He stared down into the moat. "We've never got on: you know that. You asked me to run the *verrerie* for you because nobody else would take it on after Maurice was shot, and you were too idle yourself. I did it for the sake of the family, not for you. At least, up to date, I've respected your business judgment, if nothing else. Now I can't even do that."

His voice, resentful, bitter, sounded as though he had lost all faith, not only in his work but in himself; as if what he had striven to do through the years had come to no account, the purpose gone.

"Supposing," I said slowly, "that in future I rely upon your business judgment, not you on mine?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said in the salon that you had no brains," I said, "but that nevertheless, if you had gone to Paris, you could have done better than I did. You're right; you could have. Suppose, in the future, you take on that part of the business—travel, get the orders, go to Paris, London, get fresh contacts, meet people, go all over the world if you like—while I stay here?"

He straightened himself and looked at me, puzzled, unbelieving. "Are you serious?"

"Yes," I answered. Then, because he looked doubtful still, "Don't you want to travel? Don't you want to get away?"

His laugh was short, mirthless. "Naturally I want to get away. I always have. But there was never the money, nor the opportunity. Nor did you ever make it possible for me."

"I can make it possible for you now," I said.

Constraint, that had for the moment vanished, came near to us again. He looked away from me. "Because you've come into a fortune you're going to play benefactor; is that it?" he asked.

"I hadn't thought of it that way," I said. "It just struck me, suddenly, that your life hasn't been an easy one. I'm sorry."

"It's rather late for regrets after all these years."

"Perhaps. You still haven't answered my question."

"You mean," he said, "that you'd give me a free hand to travel in Europe, or even America, visiting other factories, other small plants like ours, seeing how it is possible to keep going under similar conditions by using more up-to-date methods, so that at the end of six months or so, when I get back, we might incorporate them here at St. Gilles?"

The voice, which had been bitter and resentful, was suddenly interested, alert; and I, who had thought out none of the things he suggested, realized that unwittingly I had stumbled upon an idea that would give his life new meaning. Instead of seeing himself as the younger brother, put upon, overburdened, he would be transformed into the one who made decisions, bringing fresh life to what had been decayed and dying, thereby saving both tradition and himself.

"I believe you could do all that and more," I said. "Talk to Renée, see what she says. I don't want to force you to it."

"Renée." For a moment he frowned, thinking hard; then awkwardly, a little diffident, he said, "It might be the answer for us both. We haven't been very happy—you've known that. If I once got her away from here, everything might be different. She'd stop being bored and dissatisfied, and I'd be a better companion. I wouldn't seem the country boor I do now."

He stood staring in front of him, the new image of himself taking shape and substance, and oddly, with a sort of poignancy, I saw the image too—the Paul he wanted to become, wearing flashier clothes, playing deck quoits on a transatlantic liner. And through his eyes I saw Renée smiling upon him, elegant and sleek, the pair of them enveloped in a little cloud of their own success which would make them kinder to each other.

"Can I discuss this with Renée now?" he asked abruptly. "Before there's any chance of your changing your mind?"

"I shan't change my mind," I said. "Good luck to you, Paul." And foolishly, like an old-fashioned figure in a drawing-room comedy, I put out my hand to him, and he shook it, stiffly, as though sealing a pact. I wondered if this was forgiveness of my own immediate blunders or whether it also included the past that was not mine.

He turned and disappeared into the château, and I went on standing there, watching the black-and-white cattle outlined against the dark trees, feeling the first chill of evening come to me from the long grass. Because no one came to join me, and I was undisturbed, I tried to make my own prayer for Françoise, who was dead through folly and neglect, a prayer which I should not be able to offer later



er special Mass or in the mortuary chapel, re acting her husband's part would make a deceiver.

When the church bell tolled solemnly, aking the stillness, I went and joined the ers in the hall. I saw that we were not to k across to the village, but were to go for- ly in the cars. Both were drawn up below terrace, with Gaston in uniform at the el of the first and Paul at the second, and three women, already in deep black, and rie-Noël, in a dark winter coat, entered the in some order of precedence which had ady been decided upon—the *comtesse*, elf and the child in the Renault, and Paul driving his sister and his wife. Slowly we proceeded through the gateway and over the bridge, and at the same sober pace descended from the cars after two minutes' drive, entered the church, and took our places at the front as we had done on Sunday.

I wondered, kneeling there, listening to the Mass, what petitions went up in fervor or humility from those beside me, whether they asked for the repose of the absent Françoise or pardon for themselves; and it seemed to me that both types of request must by their very likeness fuse, the ultimate purpose of all such prayers being surely the abolition of anxiety and pain.

The Office over, we drove to Villars to stand for a few moments in the mortuary chapel.

It was nearly half past eight by the time we returned to the château, the curé joining us for dinner. The *comtesse*, whom I had never before seen in the dining room, took her place opposite me at the end of the table, and her presence there, despite the solemnity of the occasion, gave sudden warmth and distinction to the room. Only when the curé had taken his departure did the *comtesse*, for the first time, flag; and glancing at her, I saw that she had turned suddenly gray. The beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. Paul had left the salon with the curé, and Blanche, Renée and the child, turning the pages of some book, had noticed nothing.

Quietly I said, "I'm going to take you upstairs." She stared at me as if she did not understand, and then, when I put out my arm to her, she leaned upon it, trembling. I said, loudly, so that the others heard, "I think it would be much better if we went over the lists together in your room."

She straightened herself, gripping my arm more firmly, and as we moved toward the door she said clearly, "*Bon soir, bon soir*, everybody. Don't disturb yourselves. Jean and I have matters we prefer to discuss upstairs."

They all rose instantly, and Blanche, coming forward, said, "You should never have come down, *maman*. It has been too much for you."

Her words had just the necessary sting to waken response, and in a second her mother turned, loosening her hold upon my arm, retorting, "When I want advice from you I'll ask it. There are some four hundred envelopes to address before tomorrow evening. I suggest you make a start tonight, and the child can help."

We went out of the room and climbed the stairs together to the first corridor. As she paused there for a moment to regain breath she said, "Why did I say that? What are the invitations for?"

"The funeral," I said. "The funeral on Friday."

"Whose funeral?"

"Françoise's," I replied. "Françoise died today."

"Of course," she said. "For a moment I had forgotten. I was thinking of that time when we made lists for Blanche's wedding. We had the



Whenever I hear people discussing birth control, I always remember that I was the fifth.

CLARENCE DARROW
The Story of My Life
(Charles Scribner's Sons)

invitations printed, and then none of them were used."

She took my arm again and we mounted the second flight.

Charlotte opened the door for us, and I could see from her face that she was frightened. She darted a look at me, suspicious, anxious, and when the *comtesse* had passed through into the room she whispered to me, "The boxes have gone from the dressing room."

"I know," I said. "I took them away."

"What for?" she said. "I shall need them tonight."

"No," I said.

I pushed by her, following the *comtesse*, and I said, "Undress and get into bed, *maman*. You may sleep, you may not. Either way, it doesn't matter. I shall stay here in the room with you tonight."

Her shadow, reflected on the ceiling, monstrous and overpowering like a witch, seemed part of the heavy curtains, and the hangings to the bed; but when she turned and looked at me the movement dwarfed the shadow, the shadow shrank to the ground, and the smile belonged to the woman who downstairs in the dining room had held court, opposing tragedy with her own wit and pride.

"The tables are turned," she said. "It's a long time since one of us lay in bed and the other watched. You had a temperature of a hundred and five once when you were twelve years old. I sat in your room beside you and bathed your face. Is that what you're prepared to do for me tonight?"

She laughed and waved me from the room, calling to Charlotte. I went out into the corridor and down to the salon, and found the others turning out the lights, preparing to go to their rooms. Marie-Noël went toward the stairs hand in hand with Blanche.

"You'll come and say good night, papa?" she asked.

"Yes," I promised, and went back into the dining room for a cigarette. When I returned again to the hall I found that Renée had not



Only prunes this tender can make pie this tasty

Here's a pie so tasty, you'll love every bite! And its flavor is due to DEL MONTE Brand Prunes—plump and tender, naturally sweet. They cook easily, without getting mushy—DEL MONTE "Natural Flavor" processing sees to that. What prune recipe wouldn't be better for quality like this? Be sure to get DEL MONTE—for all the wonderful ways you use prunes.

PRUNES 'N' CREAM PIE

⅔ cup sugar
¼ cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. cinnamon
1 cup (½ pint) light cream
1 lb. DEL MONTE Prunes, cooked and pitted
Maraschino cherries, if desired
1 9" unbaked pie shell

Combine sugar, flour, salt, cinnamon. Stir in cream. Place the pitted prunes in bottom of pie shell, reserving a few for garnish. Pour filling over. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 45 to 55 minutes, or till set in center. Garnish with prunes (and cherries if desired). Serves 7 to 8.

Del Monte® PRUNES

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followed the others, but was waiting for me on the stairs.

"So you want to get rid of us, Paul and me?" she said. "Have you been planning this ever since you returned from Paris?"

I shook my head. "This evening out on the terrace the idea came to me, that's all. If you dislike the thought, put it out of your head."

She did not say anything for a moment; she seemed to be considering. Then she said slowly, "You've altered, Jean. I don't mean because of today and the terrible shock to all of us; I mean for some little while. You're not the same."

"In what way have I changed?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't just mean you've changed to me. I realize now that you were amusing yourself these past months. You were bored, there was nothing else for you to do, and I happened to be here. You've changed somehow in yourself, become harder, more withdrawn."

"Harder?" I said. "I should have thought the reverse. Softer, weaker in every way."

"Oh, no." She considered me thoughtfully. "I'm not the only one to notice it. Paul said the same thing only a day or two ago, when you burned your hand. You've been more detached, not only to me but to everyone. That's why it surprised us both that you made this suggestion that we should travel, and not you. From your behavior the past week, you gave the impression that the one thing in the world you wanted was to get away."

I stared at her, disconcerted. "I gave that impression?" I said.

"Frankly, yes."

"It isn't true. I've never stopped thinking about all of you, day and night," I told her. "The château, the foundry, *maman*, the child, the whole family—you've been continually in my mind. The last thing I want to do is to go away."

She looked incredulous. "I don't understand you," she said. "I suppose the truth is that I never have. I was a fool to imagine I once did. You were never in love with me for one minute, were you?"

"I'm not in love with you now, Renée," I said. "I don't know about the past, but I rather doubt it."

"You see?" she said. "You are harder. You have changed. You can't even be bothered to pretend any more." She paused, and then slowly, reluctantly, she added, "Did you make that contract cold-bloodedly, deliberately, on the chance that—that what happened today might happen anyway?"

"If you think I made that contract believing Françoise would die, no, Renée," I said.

She drew in her breath. "I'm glad. In the mortuary chapel this evening I was suddenly . . . overwhelmed by everything that had happened. A week ago I couldn't have left St. Gilles, but now"—she turned and began to climb the stairs—"now I know I can't go on living here. I must get away—it's the only hope we have for the future, Paul and I."

I watched her disappear along the corridor, and I wondered whether it was in truth Françoise's death that had caused her shame, or whether it was my reserve, my indifference to her as a woman, that had killed her own desire.

As I switched off the light and climbed the stairs in darkness, it seemed to me that what I had done to these two, Paul and Renée, was not my own doing, nor yet that of Jean de Gué, whose shadow I had become, but the work of a third—someone who was neither he nor I, but a fusion of us both, who had no corporeal existence, who was born not of thought but of intuition and brought release to us both.

Marie-Noël had asked me to say good nigh and presently I turned the handle of her doo expecting to find her still dressed, or at he *prie-dieu*. But the long day had closed upo her at the last. She was in bed, asleep.

I blew out the candles and closed the shu ters. Then I went down the turret stairs an through to the other side of the château, t that other room in the tower. Here there wer no candles burning, only a light beside th bed, and the woman on the pillows was nc asleep. Her eyes, sunk in her gray exhauste face, stared up to mine.

"I thought you weren't coming," she saic

I dragged the chair from beside the stov and pushed it beside the bed. I sat down in and put out my hand to her. She held it fas

"I sent Charlotte to her room," she said. told her, 'Monsieur le Comte is looking afte me tonight. I don't need you.' That's wha you meant me to say, didn't you?"

"Yes, *maman*," I answered.

Her grip tightened, and I knew she woul hold it thus, through the night, as her defens against darkness, and I must not move, nc withdraw it, for if I did the bond would b loosened and the meaning lost.

"I've been thinking," she said. "In a fe days' time, when everything's over, I sha leave this room, an go downstairs to n old one. It's mo practical. I can kee my eye on things

"Just as you like I answered.

"Lying here," s said, "I find n memory goes. I don know if I am in t present or the pa And I have ba dreams."

The gilt clock b side her bed ticke loudly, and the pen dulum, showin through a glass cas moved backwar forward, the tw combining to mak the minutes slow.

"Last night," sh said, "I dreamed yo were not in the cha teau. You were figh ing with the Resis ance once again, ar I was reading the note you smuggled to me, t evening Maurice Duval was shot. I kept rea ing it over and over again until I thought m head would burst. Then, when you gave m the morphine, I didn't dream any more."

"If you dream tonight," I said, "I shall here. It won't matter."

I leaned forward and turned out the lig with my burned hand, and at once the dar ness seemed to press upon me, envelopi me. The despair that was in the shadows i vaded me, and she began to talk and mutter a half-sleep. Sometimes she called out, cursin sometimes she fell into a prayer, once s broke into uncontrollable laughter; but neve as the fragmentary thoughts pursued her, d she clamor for relief, nor yet release n hand. When, just after five o'clock, she f asleep and I leaned forward and looked dow at her, her face seemed to me no longer mask, haggard, but peaceful, relaxed ar oddly beautiful, not even old.

I knew she would continue sleeping, and could leave her. I rose and went out of t room, down through the silent house to t salon, and, opening the shutters, let myse out onto the terrace. I crossed the moat ar walked up the pathway under the chestn trees, and so to the rides, and the stone hur ress standing in the midst of them. The a had the cold clarity that comes just befo dawn.

I sat by the base of the huntress ar waited for the day, and as the sky paled, ar the light came, a white mist, warm ar spongy, cloaked the trees, soon to evaporat leaving them golden-red; and miraculously, soon as the sun topped the plateau beyond t

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

NEXT MONTH

David said, "Gee, mom, I thought you'd be happy for me."

After all, he had brought girls home before, but this was the first one he'd got engaged to. I said, "What about Sally?"

David said, "What about her?"

It all started at Thanksgiving. And from then till June Mrs. Blair coped with crisis after crisis while everything went to pieces—her son's heart, the furnace, and all her hopeful plans.

DAVID'S NEW GIRL

By ANN HEAD

Condensed novel complete in the April JOURNAL



FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

3 good-tasting treats from leftover meats –with the real beef gravy that's always ready

Here's the best friend a leftover ever had. It's rich, brown FRANCO-AMERICAN Beef Gravy. Real beef gravy, with roasting-pan flavor. Low in calories, too. Only about one-fourth as many as homemade gravy because it's made from *lean* beef. Use it to make flavorful dishes like these, or as a pour-over on potatoes, rice, noodles or sandwiches. And remember, it's always ready. Keep a can or two handy on your pantry shelf.

Beef 'N' Gravy on Toast! Combine one can Franco-American Beef Gravy, one cup diced cooked beef and one-half cup drained cooked peas; heat. Serve over freshly toasted white bread.



Beef on Chow Mein Noodles! All you do is spread the crisp fried noodles in a shallow pan and heat in a hot oven. Then heat together 1 cup cubed cooked beef, 1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy, and 1 tbsp. minced parsley. Serve on hot noodles.



Beef-Vegetable Scallop! Meal-in-a-dish—slice 2 medium cooked potatoes; alternate with layers of sliced cooked beef and cooked carrots in a 1-quart casserole. Season. Pour in 1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy. Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes.

FRANCO-AMERICAN
BEEF GRAVY



Made from fine quality beef... ready to serve anytime



"The doctor's coming right away!"

IN AN HOUR of urgent need, you may have had the feeling of relief and reassurance that comes when you know your family doctor will soon step through your doorway. Then you are most aware of how much it means to have a family doctor.

Of course, any physician in your community would respond to an emergency call. It is not quite the same, however, as having your own doctor who has known you and your family through the years. When he comes, you rely on him not only as a physician, but also as a friend.

This warm relationship can be very important . . . as important, in a way, as the doctor's knowledge of medicine. This is because the family physician, in treating a patient, considers not only the current medical phases of the case, but also the patient's personal medical background. Furthermore, a doctor who has year-to-year contact with you can help ease many worries which illness often magnifies.

Whether your doctor is called for a serious emergency or a minor illness, he brings to you the latest developments of medical science. These include new methods of diagnosis, new drugs and treatments for restoring health or controlling many diseases. He also brings to you his own broad knowledge of medicine gained through years of study in schools, hospitals and clinics.

There are other equally good reasons for having a family doctor. When you go to him for periodic health check-ups, he can often detect trouble early and take appropriate action promptly. Moreover, by consulting your doctor periodically, you get his advice about how to help keep in good physical condition . . . with proper diet and sensible habits of work, sleep and relaxation.

Your friend, the family doctor, is the first to know when hospital care is needed . . . and when a specialist should be called to advise and assist him in giving you the latest specialized treatment necessary in your case.

Specialists, because of their detailed knowledge and experience in diagnosing and treating diseases falling within their particular field, are important allies of the family doctor.

Your family doctor will welcome an invitation to become a "part of your family circle." One of the most practical steps, therefore, that you can take for future health and happiness is to consult your family doctor *now* . . . and keep in touch with him over the years.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

village, the village itself awoke. In a moment, so it seemed, there was smoke coming from a chimney, a dog barking, the lowing of cattle. I was no longer isolated, watching apart, numb with exhaustion, but one among many, part of St. Gilles. I thought of the curé waking to the day, his untroubled face clouding as he remembered the disaster at the château. And I thought, also, of the people in the village, unknown to me, who had come to the Mass last night from respect for Françoise, standing with bent heads and eyes averted. Ernest, the driver of the lorry, had been there, and Julie, and her small grandson, Pierre. I knew suddenly, with conviction, that it was not a stranger's curiosity that drew me to them, a sentimental attraction to the picturesque, but something deeper, a desire so intense for their well-being and their future that although akin to love it resembled pain. This longing, strongly felt, was yet somehow impersonal: it did not spring from a wish to stand well with them, and it included, in some curious fashion, not only the village people and those who now seemed part of me, sleeping within the château, but inanimate things beyond—the contour of a hill, a sloping sandy road, the vine clinging to the master's house, the forest trees.

As I sat there by the base of the statue, the sun rose and the morning mist dissolved. The château itself stood out clear-cut, yet sleeping still, until the shutters in a room of the western tower opened suddenly and I saw a figure stand for a moment by the long window. It was Blanche; and her sudden action, flinging wide the shutters of her room, made me wonder whether she, too, had held vigil all the night.

I got up and walked across the park toward the château, and it was not until I had crossed the moat and stood beneath her window that she noticed me. I called up to her, "My hand is troubling me. Would you dress it for me?"

She did not answer, but withdrew into her room, leaving the windows open, from which I concluded that, as always, her silence meant indifference to my presence, but she did not refuse to help me. Going to her room, I knocked but, hearing no answer, turned the handle and entered. She was standing by a table unrolling a fresh dressing. Her face was set, expressionless. She was wearing a dark brown dressing gown, and her hair, swept back from her face and pinned in a bun behind, was as she wore it during the day.

Blanche did not look at me, but putting out her hand took mine in hers and removed the dressing Béla had placed upon it on Sunday night.

"If you made a vow of silence," I said to her, "you broke it yesterday, in the hospital. It isn't valid any more." She did not answer. She went on dressing my hand. "Fifteen years ago," I said, "the death of one person came between us. It took the death of another, yesterday, to loosen your tongue. Wouldn't it be simpler for both of us, and for the family, too, if we made an end to silence?"

My hand seemed suddenly defenseless now it was bare. I could move it, clench the fist, and it no longer hurt. She took the new dressing and covered the burn. It felt fresh and cool and clean.

"It would be simpler for you," she said, without raising her eyes, "just as it was simpler for you to let Françoise die. It has made life easier for you. She's no longer in your way."

"I did not let her die," I said.

"You lied about your blood," she said. "You lied about that contract. You've lied about everything through the years. I don't want to speak to you, now or in the future. We have nothing to say to each other."

She had finished the dressing. She let go my hand. The gesture was final, a dismissal.

"You're wrong," I said. "I have much to say to you. If you accept me as head of the family, you are bound to listen to me, even if you don't agree."

She glanced up at me briefly, and then moved away, replacing the stock of dressings in a chest of drawers. "Coming into a fortune may give you a sense of power," she said, "but it doesn't entitle you to respect. I don't think of you as head of the family, nor does anyone. You've never done anything to justify the name."

I looked about me, at the severity, the coldness, the tortured pictures of the scourged Christ, the crucified Christ, that must face her upon the blank impersonal walls as she lay there in her high narrow bed, and I said to her, "Is that why you hang those pictures there? To remind yourself that you can't forgive?"

She turned and looked at me. "Don't mock my God," she said. "You've destroyed everything else in my life. Leave Him to me."

"Would you have hung them in the master's house?" I asked. "Would they have gone as part of your dowry to Maurice Duval?"

Now at last I had broken down reserve. "How dare you speak of him?" she said. "How dare you even utter his name? Do you think I ever forget one moment, day or night, what you did to him?"

"No," I said, "you haven't forgotten. Nor have I. You can't forgive me—perhaps I can't forgive myself. In that case, why were we both so moved yesterday morning when we discovered that Marie-Noël had gone to the well?"

What I had hoped for, and what I had also feared, then happened. Tears rose in her eyes, ran down her cheeks. She went over to the window and stood beside it looking out, her back defenseless, betraying the emotion that I could not see.

Presently she turned, dry-eyed now, composed. "That exhibition must have pleased you," she said. "It amused you, even as a boy, to see me cry."

"Then perhaps," I said. "Not any more."

"In that case, what are you waiting for?" she asked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115



"I understand some of these birds are quite good to eat."

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RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

I could not ask forgiveness for something I had not done. As scapegoat, I could only bear the fault.

"I was looking in the album last week," I said. "I found the old snapshots of ourselves as children. And later ones as well. Groups at the *verrerie*, with Maurice there among them."

"Well?" she asked. "What of it?"

"Nothing," I answered. "Only that I wished what came about fifteen years ago had never happened."

She stared at me, incredulous, and I supposed that what I was telling her was so alien to anything her brother might have said that she could not accept it.

"You think I'm lying," I said. "I'm not. I mean every word."

"If you want to make your confession," she said, "don't make it to me. It's fifteen years too late." She moved about the room, straightening things already orderly, using preoccupation to disguise emotion. "What use is it to either of us now," she asked, "to come here and accuse yourself? You can't bring Maurice back. You hadn't even the courage to shoot him yourself, but went that night to the *verrerie* pretending to be alone, asking him to hide you; and he came down and opened the door to let you in, and there you stood with your little band of murderers. God may forgive you, Jean. I can't."

She went and stood by the window once again, the air coming fresh and cool into the room. But when I followed and stood beside her, she did not move away.

"From the first you were against Maurice, you and *maman*," she said. "Even in the early days, when he first came to work at the *verrerie*. You were envious because papa thought so much of him. Then later, when papa gave him control and made him master, you began to hate him. Because Maurice came from the people you pretended to despise him. Papa was never like that; he understood. He wouldn't have tried to prevent us marrying, as you did. When the armistice came, and the occupation, you had your chance. So easy, wasn't it, to make murder seem heroic? It happened in other families. Ours wasn't the only one."

She gestured with her hands. It was suddenly over. The past was the past. She turned and looked about her at the alcove set in the tower, bare and simple like a convent cell.

"Now I have this," she said, "instead of the master's house. If I was emotional yesterday morning, you know why."

I think that what endeared her to me most, being alien and a stranger, was that she *tutoyé*'d me still. The custom of a lifetime could not be broken by the silence of fifteen years. There was hope for the future in this if nothing else.

"I want you to go to the master's house and make it yours," I said. "I want you to make it come alive again, as it was when Maurice had it, to be the master now in place of him." Dumfounded, she did not answer, only stared at me in disbelief, and swiftly I went on talking. "I've told Paul he can go. He's only been directing the *verrerie* since the war through a sense of duty—you know that. They ought to get away, to travel, he and Renée. It's the one likelihood they have of pulling their marriage together. Paul has never had a chance of showing what he can do in business, in meeting people, outside St. Gilles. It's time he did."

Perhaps it was the note of urgency in my voice, belying cynicism, that most astounded her. She sat down, not realizing, I believe, that she did so, and stared at me, clasping the arms of her chair.

"Someone of the family has to take over," I said. "I can't. I don't know the first thing about it, and have no desire to learn. If you had married Maurice, you would have shared the *verrerie* between you. When Marie-Noël grows up it will be hers. If she marries, it can be her dowry. Either way, the only person who understands and loves it is yourself. I want it to be your trust, your responsibility, because of Maurice, because of Marie-Noël."

Still she said nothing. I think if I had struck her across the face she could not have been more stunned. "The house is waiting there for you," I said. "It's been waiting for fifteen years. Pictures, china, tables, chairs, even his books, all the things you would have used together. You belong to the *verrerie*, to that house; you could design and engrave again, as you did once, and create something delicate and fragile like the château the child found in the well. And then, instead of sending scent bottles and medicine phials to a firm like Carvalet, who would do better to buy them mass-produced, you could choose your own market, the market Paul will find for you, demanding fine workmanship, artistry, skill."

I paused, exhausted, drained suddenly of energy. And just as holding the mother's hand through the night had seemed to invest me with her own past phantoms of regret, so the eyes of Blanche upon me now, losing their bitterness, becoming reflective, considerate, even kind, gave light somehow to herself, healing her own sorrow, while the loneliness that had been hers was now my loneliness, engulfing me in a darkness that must be carried and endured.

I said to her, "I'm tired. I haven't slept."

"Nor I," she said. "I found I couldn't pray."

"We're quits then," I answered. "We've both been to the depths. But the child went first and wasn't afraid. When you go to the *verrerie*, Blanche, there's something you might do. Get your workmen to clear the rubble and find the spring once more. There ought to be water in the well."

I left her sitting there, and went out of her room and down the corridor to the dressing room. I flung myself on the camp bed, closed my eyes and slept dreamlessly until past ten, when I awoke to find Gaston shaking me by the shoulder, telling me that I had to be at Villars at eleven o'clock.

N N N N N

God does not want us to do extraordinary things: He wants us to do ordinary things extraordinarily well.

BISHOP GORE

N N N N N

I got up, shaved and bathed and dressed again, and went with him into the town. The formalities were soon over. Only the *commissaire* was there. He read me his report and emphasized that the inquiry was now officially closed. When I came out one of the officials told me that someone was waiting to speak to me in an adjoining room. It was Vincent, who helped Béla at L'Antiquaire du Pont, and he had a small package in his hands.

"Forgive me, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "Madame could not get in touch with you in any other way. This package came from Paris yesterday. She knows now it arrived too late. But she wanted me to give it to you, for the little girl."

I took the package from him. "What is it?" I asked.

"Some porcelain was broken," he said. "The little girl, your daughter, asked madame if it could be mended. It was impossible, as I believe madame told you. Instead, she sent to Paris for duplicates. She asked me to beg you not to tell the little girl that they are substitutes. She believes the child would be happier not to know, but to keep them in memory of her mother."

I thanked him, and then, hesitating, asked, "Did madame send any other message?"

"No, Monsieur le Comte. Just that, and her deep sympathy."

When we got back to St. Gilles I saw Marie-Noël waiting for me on the terrace. She ran forward and flung herself upon me. Then she turned and said, "*Gran'mie* was down early, before eleven. She's in the salon preparing it for *maman*. *Maman* is going to lie there all tomorrow, so that visitors can come and pay their last respects." She looked excited, impressed. I noticed she was wearing the locket pinned on to her dark frock. "Madame Yves is helping *gran'mie*," she went on. "She said she was the only person who remembered how things were arranged when my grandfather died. They are arguing now about the position of the table."

She took my hand and led me to the salon. I could hear the sound of voices raised in dis-

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pute. I entered the room with the child. A long table, covered with a lace cloth, stood between the windows and the door. The *comtesse* was sitting on a chair beside the table, and Julie, with another white drapery over her arm, confronted her.

"But I assure you, Madame la Comtesse, the table was more in the center and we did not use the lace cloth but the damask, this one that I have here which I found at the back of the linen cupboard."

"Nonsense," answered the *comtesse*. "We used the lace. The lace belonged to my mother. It was in my mother's family for a hundred years."

"Very possibly, Madame la Comtesse," said Julie. "I don't dispute it. I remember the lace cloth perfectly; you produced it when the children were christened and it made a fine background for the cake. But for mourning, that's another matter. The white damask is more suitable to pay tribute to Madame Jean, just as it did in 1938 for Monsieur le Comte."

"The lace hangs better," said the *comtesse*. "No one would know it wasn't an altar cloth. It would deceive Monsieur le Curé himself."

"Monsieur le Curé perhaps," said Julie. "He is shortsighted. It won't deceive the bishop."

"I don't care," said the *comtesse*. "I prefer the lace."

"In that case," said Julie, "there's no more to be said. The lace it will have to be. And I suppose the damask must go back to the linen cupboard to be forgotten for another twenty years. Who looks after things nowadays at the château? I ask myself. It wasn't like this in the old days."

She sighed, folding the damask cloth on the end of the table.

"What else do you expect," said the *comtesse*, "with servants as they are today? They none of them have any pride in their work."

"Then it's the fault of the mistress," said Julie. "A good mistress makes a good servant. I remember when you used to come down into the kitchen we none of us spoke afterward for half an hour, we were so frightened. Often we couldn't eat. That is how it should be. But today ——" She shook her head, her sentence unfinished.

"I've been ill," said the *comtesse*. "Things have got out of hand. It will be different in future."

"I hope so," said Julie. "It was time."

"You say that because you're jealous," said the *comtesse*. "You always liked coming up here poking your nose into what didn't concern you."

"It does concern me," said Julie. "Anything that happens here to you, Madame la Comtesse, or to any of the family, concerns me. I was born in St. Gilles. The château, the *verrerie*, the village, that's my life."

"You're a tyrant," said the *comtesse*. "I hear your daughter-in-law ran off with a mechanic because you made life impossible for her."

"I a tyrant?" said Julie. "I'm the most tolerant woman in the world, Madame la Comtesse. It was my daughter-in-law who nagged from morning till night. It's a good thing for my Andre she has gone. Now we shall have peace at last."

"You haven't enough to do," said the *comtesse*, "that's your trouble. Poking about in the *verrerie* grounds with a few chickens. In future you can come up to the château twice a week and help me set things in order once again. I was right, though, about the lace cloth."

"You are free to form your own opinion, Madame la Comtesse," said Julie. "I won't argue with you. But if it's the last word I ever utter, I shall insist that it was the damask cloth we used at the funeral of Monsieur le Comte."

They stared across the table at each other in perfect understanding. Then the *comtesse*, aware of my presence for the first time, wished me *bon jour*. "Everything went well?" she asked.

"Yes, *maman*."

"Then we can proceed with the arrangements as planned. You had better help Renee with the addressing of the envelopes. Blanche has disappeared. I suppose, as usual, she's in church. Now go along, both of you. Julie and I have work to do."

We met Gaston in the hall. He was carrying the packet I had left in the car. "Your parcel, Monsieur le Comte," he said.

I took it and went upstairs to the bedroom, the child following me.

"What is it?" she said. "Have you bought something?"

I did not answer. I undid the string and opened the paper. The Copenhagen cat and dog, perfect replicas of the ones that had been broken, lay revealed. I put them on the table where they belonged and then glanced at Marie-Noël. She stood with her hands clasped, smiling.

"You would never know," she said. "You could never tell that anything had happened. They are perfect. Just as if they hadn't been broken. Now I feel myself forgiven. I wish we could stand them in the salon tomorrow, beside the candles, as a symbol."

"I don't think we can," I said. "It might look odd. I think if we leave them here, with all her things, it will mean the same."

We went down to the library, and the lists were waiting for us on the desk. But nobody was there addressing the envelopes, neither Paul nor Renee nor Blanche.

"Where are they?" I said to the child. "Where's everyone gone?"

"I'm not supposed to say," she said, "because *gran'mie* doesn't know. Aunt Renée is in her bedroom, looking through all her winter clothes. She told me, as a great secret, that after the funeral she and Uncle Paul are going away. They're going to travel, and later on, she said, they might even have a small apartment in Paris."

I took the next envelope, and drew the list between us, so that we could share it. "Is Uncle Paul also looking through his clothes?"

"Oh no," she answered, "he's gone down to the *verrerie*. Aunt Blanche isn't in church: she went with him, and that's a secret too. They were afraid that if *gran'mie* knew she would interfere. Aunt Blanche wants to look through the furniture that's stored at the master's house. She said it was a waste nobody lived there, and it ought to be made habitable once again."

"Aunt Blanche said that?" I asked.

"Yes, she told me so this morning. She's going to do something about it. That's why she went down there with Uncle Paul." For a few moments we addressed the envelopes in silence. Then Marie-Noël raised her head and, biting the end of her pen, said, "Rather a dreadful thought came to me just now. I don't know whether to tell it to you or not."

"Go ahead," I said.

"It's just that suddenly," she said, "since *maman* died, everyone is getting what they want. *Gran'mie*, who loves everyone to notice her, has come downstairs; Uncle Paul and Aunt Renee are going to travel, which has made them pleased; Aunt Blanche has gone to look at the master's house, where, long ago, before I was born, she meant to live, so she told me once in private. Even Madame Yves is bustling with the linen, which makes her feel important. You have got the money you wanted. As for me"—she hesitated, her eyes troubled, a little sad—"as for me, I haven't been saddled with a baby brother after all, but have you to myself for the rest of my days."

I looked at her, a phrase forgotten or repressed forcing itself to my consciousness. Something about hunger, something about greed. Through the half-open double doors leading to the dining room I could hear the telephone. The sudden ring was an irritation, interrupting thought, for what she was saying to me seemed suddenly important, needing the right answer.

"The thing is," she said, "would any of these things have happened if *maman* hadn't died?"

Her question, devastating, terrible, seemed to shake the foundation of all belief. "Yes," I said swiftly, "they had to happen, they were bound to happen. It's nothing to do with *maman* dying. If she had lived they would have come about just the same."

Still she looked doubtful, not entirely satisfied. "When the *bon Dieu* arranges things,

verything is for the best," she said, "but some-
mes the devil tempts us in disguise. You re-
ember what it says in St. Matthew—'All
hese things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall
own and worship me'?"

The telephone ceased ringing. Gaston was
nswering it in the lobby. In a moment or two
is footsteps sounded, coming toward us.

"The point is to discover which is which,"
aid Marie-Noël, "who gives us the things we
ant, God or the devil. It must be one or the
ther, but how do you tell?"

Gaston came to the double doors and said,
Monsieur le Comte is wanted on the tele-
hone."

I got up and went through to the lobby in
he hall. I lifted the old-fashioned receiver and
stened.

"Who's there?" I asked.

Someone said, "*Ne quittez pas*," the line
lurred and was indistinct. Then, after a min-
te, another voice, a man's said, "Am I speak-
ng to the Comte de Gué?"

"Yes," I answered. "Who is it? What do
ou want?"

Softly, almost in a whisper, the voice re-
lied, "It's me. Jean de Gué. I've just seen to-
ay's newspaper. I'm coming back."

I waited, not answering. And then in a mo-
ent he spoke again. "You are there?" he
aid. "The *remplaçant*?"

I suppose, because I heard a footstep in the
all—Gaston's per-
aps—caution seized me
nd the conventional
eing who gives orders,
akes them, makes ar-
angements and plans,
poke into the mouth-
iece for me. "Yes," I
aid, "I'm here."

"I'm speaking from
Deauville," he said. "I
ave your car. I intend
driving to St. Gilles
ater in the day. It's
o use arriving before
usk—I might be seen.
suggest we meet at
even."

The cool assurance,
he certainty with which
e spoke, believing I
would fall in with his
lans, made me hate
im the more.

"Where?" I asked.

There was silence for
moment. Then, softly,
e said, "You know the master's house at
he *verrerie*?"

"Yes," I said.

"I'll leave the car on a side track in the
woods," he said, "and come across the or-
hard. Wait for me inside the house. I'll be
here as soon after seven as I can."

He did not say good-by. The telephone
licked as he hung up, and that was all.

I turned from the lobby and went into the
all. Gaston and Germaine were passing into
nd out of the kitchen quarters to the dining
oom with trays for lunch. Outside on the
riveway I could hear a car, the Citroën. It
would be Blanche and Paul returning from
he *verrerie*.

I went into the salon, and the *comtesse* was
till sitting there. Julie had gone, bearing the
amask cloth with her.

"Who was that on the telephone?" she
sked.

"No one of any importance," I replied.
Someone who had seen the morning news-
aper." I went over to her and took her hand.
I want to know how you feel," I said. "I
ouldn't ask you in front of Julie."

She looked up at me and smiled. "We had a
igil, didn't we?" she said. "You slept in your
hair. As for me, I never closed my eyes. If you
hink this business is going to be easy, you're
nistaken."

"I never said it would be easy," I answered.
"It's going to be the hardest thing you've ever
done."

"I have to deny myself peace and pleasant
dreams for your sake," she said. "That's what
it amounts to, doesn't it? Just because you
want me about the place. How do I know you
won't change your mind again and banish me
upstairs?"

"No," I said. "No . . . no!"

My sudden violence amused her. She
reached up and patted my cheek. "You're
spoiled," she said, "that's your trouble. Julie
and I agreed upon it this morning. We all of us
martyr ourselves because of you." She paused,
and then, looking about her with satisfaction,
said, "You know, I was agreeably impressed
by Françoise in the mortuary chapel. She had
breeding, for the first time. I shall be proud for
everyone to come and pay their respects to her
tomorrow. It's a great solace not to be
ashamed of one's daughter-in-law when she is
dead."

Gaston came into the salon and announced
lunch and we left the salon.

The others were already in the dining
room. Glancing at Paul and Blanche, I saw they
had the faces of conspirators—sharing a
secret that had turned out well for both. When
Blanche, saying grace as she always did, looked
at me afterward, not smiling but somehow
confident, assured, I knew that something at
least had been achieved that morning.

As the mother took her seat opposite me I
said, "Now you are back again, where you be-
long, I intend making other changes too. I've
already discussed them with Blanche and Paul
and Renée. Paul isn't going to direct the *ver-
rerie* any more. He's going to travel, taking
Renée with him."

My statement left her unmoved. Forking a
piece of kidney from her plate to the terriers,
who crouched on either side of her, she said,
"An excellent idea. They ought to have gone be-
fore. Who will take his place? Not Jacques, surely? He hasn't the
authority."

"Blanche," I replied. "She knows more
about the *verrerie* than any of us. In future she
will live at the master's house."

Even this failed to excite her. I don't know
what I had expected. Abuse of Blanche per-
haps, mockery, certainly a torrent of words.
Instead she said almost placidly, "I always said
Blanche had a head for business. I don't know
where she gets it from—certainly not from me.
Nor was your father brilliant. He looked upon
the *verrerie* as a family tradition, not as a com-
mercial proposition. But Blanche"—she
raised her head and glanced across the table
at her daughter—"she'll have the tourists
here in no time at all. A shop inside the
gates, selling replicas of the château and the
church, ice creams from Julie at the lodge. It
would have happened long ago, only that the
war intervened."

She went on eating. Paul, throwing a look at
me, said quickly, "You don't disapprove,
then? Either of this plan or the other?"

"Disapprove?" she echoed. "Why should I
disapprove? Both suggestions suit me well.
What in the world would Blanche do with
herself should I decide to come downstairs
every day? Or Renée, either, for that matter."
She glanced at her daughter-in-law. "It's only
when women have nothing to do that they get
into mischief."

THE YOUNG

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

Incomplete music hurts the ear
too young
To hear the chord resolved.
Nor love, nor art
Can show a child how prayer is
lived and sung.
The unclosed circle breaks
the untaught heart.

Blindly, beggingly, ceaselessly
demanding
A prince for every princess,
keys for locks,
We move through dreams of
partial understanding
While time wears down the
faces of the clocks.

And do not say, The young are
fortunate;
But count the hours of
clenched hands and defeat
Till (through what stress?) we
reach the ultimate—
Music resolved and circles
closed, complete.

Speedier shine—
more free time—with



New BRILLO soap pads



Polish off pots and pans fast—have time for things you really enjoy

There's special soap with
Jeweler's Polish in every pad!

Give pans twice the shine in half the time with New Brillo Soap Pads! Brillo whisks away greasy scorch and burned spots fast! Nothing shines aluminum like New Brillo Soap Pads. Wonderful for cleaning glass ovenware, too! *Results guaranteed!* A new utensil free if Brillo fails to clean!



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Soap-filled metal fiber pads
Brillo Cleanser (green box)
Metal fiber pads plus
cake of soap

Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THRIFTIER!
5 and 12 pad boxes!

P.S. to husbands—
Brillo speeds up
your clean-ups, too!







So there was to be no argument. The child was right. Everyone had what they wanted.

As I saw these things I was aware of Marie-Noël, watching me from across the table. "Well?" I said. "What now?"

"Just this," she said. "You've made plans for everyone but yourself. What are you going to do when everybody's gone?"

Her question caught attention from the rest. They all looked at me, curious.

"I shall stay here," I said, "at the château, at St. Gilles. I've no intention of going away. I shall stay here always."

As I spoke I knew what I was going to do. I had remembered the service revolver in the drawer of the library desk. On Saturday I had burned my hand to spare myself humiliation and discovery because I could not use a gun. Today was different. The greatest fool on earth could hardly miss at point-blank range. I should have no remorse and no regret. He would receive the welcome he deserved.

Gaston came with vegetables. Everyone began to talk at once, except myself. The mother, holding me with her eyes, framed with her lips the question, "What's the matter?" I shook my head, gesturing, "Nothing." I could see him climbing into the car at Deauville, driving off, confident, assured of the little world that waited for him, and I wondered whether it was his intention to dismiss me with a handshake and a smile, and then resume the life it had amused him to throw away. If so, his scheme would come to nothing. I was the substance now and he the shadow.

After lunch my opportunity came. Blanche and the child went upstairs for lessons. The mother called the others to see the rearrangement of the salon. I went to the library, crossed over to the desk and pulled open the drawer. I saw the butt of the revolver beside the photograph album. I took it out and opened it, and it was loaded. I slipped the revolver into my coat pocket, went upstairs to the dressing room and put it away in the drawer beside the boxes containing the morphine and the syringe.

When I came downstairs I realized I had been only just in time. They were moving into the library. Paul sat down at the desk, Renée at the table, and both of them began addressing envelopes. The mother, settling herself in a chair where she could watch them, put out her hand to me.

"You're restless," she said. "What's on your mind?"

As I looked at her I reminded myself that it was not her son I was going to kill but someone apart, without emotions, who had no feeling for her or anyone else. She recognized me as her son. In future I should do everything for her that he had failed to do.

"I want to bury the past," I said. "That's the only thing on my mind."

"You've been doing your best to resurrect it," she answered, "with your plan for Blanche."

"No," I said, "that's what you don't understand."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Just as you like," she said. "The whole thing is a conspiracy, of course, to make life more pleasant for yourself. Come and sit down."

She gestured to the chair beside her and I sat down, still holding her hand. Presently, I saw she slept. Paul, turning his head, said quietly, "She's doing much too much."

"No," I said, "it's better this way."

Renée glanced at me from the table. "She ought to be resting upstairs," she said. "Paul is right. She'll have a complete breakdown after the funeral."

"That's my risk," I said, "and my responsibility."

The long afternoon wore on. There was no sound but the scratching of the pens. I looked at the mother's face, asleep, and knew suddenly I must go before she woke. Paul had his back to me, and Renée also. They must none of them know where I was going. Some impulse, like touching wood to ward off danger, made me kiss the mother's hand. Then I rose and went out of the room. No one looked up or called me back.

I fetched the revolver from the dressing room, and went out of the front door onto the terrace and round the side of the château to the garden door. I went through to the park, under the chestnuts, and so out of the *domaine*. Never had the forest seemed more beautiful or more benign, the hot sun gilding the falling leaves.

When I came to the field bordering the *verrerie* grounds I lay down and waited. It was no use entering the master's house until Jacques had gone and the men had stopped work for the day. I remembered I had seen cans of petrol standing in the shed where they kept the lorry. Petrol was necessary for my purpose.

Two hours must have passed. I had no means of telling, without a watch, but of a sudden the air became more chill, the sun had dipped behind the trees, and I was aware of silence. The machinery had ceased. I got up and crossed the orchard, keeping close to the hedge, and stood against the wall of the master's house.

I waited a moment, then, sheltered by the vine, looked in at the office window. The room was empty. Jacques had gone home, and I had the place to myself. I moved along the house to the farther end and climbed through the window once again. The room was full of traces of Blanche and Paul. Some of the furniture had already been shifted,

MARTHA JANE

By MARY WRIGHT LAMB

The night lives in your skin,
and perhaps it dwells within.
(Well, the joys of night outweigh
those of day, little chin.)

Yours, the beauty of the high-
vaulted, thunderclouded sky;
silly April's shades of blue
not for you, little eye!

Your refraction being weak,
in your face the shadows speak.
(Well, a shade is well come by
in July, little cheek.)

tables and chairs pulled forward, pictures moved. She had not wasted time. She knew what she wanted to do. The room was no longer a shell, housing the past, but waited, expectant, for her to bring life to it once more.

I sat waiting, too, for the man I meant to kill. Sunlight went from the room, the shadows grew. In half an hour or less it would be dusk, and when he came, knocking on the window or the door, he would find that what happened to him was his own crime in reverse. He, and not I, would go back fifteen years.

I saw the handle of the door turn first, and because of disuse the knob fell to the floor. The door did not open, for I had bolted it. I crossed the room, picked up the knob and fitted it back. Slowly I withdrew the bolt, holding the revolver ready. I opened the door, and it was thus, I thought, that Maurice Duval must have opened his door that night, and found him standing there in the darkness. As I opened the door a voice—not his—said, "Hullo, is there somebody in the house?" It was not Jean de Gué, it was the curé. We confronted each other, I shaken and nonplused, he smiling, nodding, until his eye, falling upon the revolver, oddly changed.

"Will you allow me?" he said, and he put out his hand and took the revolver from me before I knew what he was about. Then he emptied it, putting the cartridges in the pocket beneath his cassock, and the revolver also.

"I don't like those things," he said. "We had enough of them during the war, and during the occupation too. They caused a lot of damage, and they could do so again."

He looked up at me, and because I was without words, unable to speak, he patted my arm and said, "Don't be angry. You'll be glad that I took it away from you one of these days. You had planned destruction, hadn't you?"

I didn't answer him at once. Then I said, "Yes, father."

"Very well," he said, "we won't discuss it. It's a matter for your own conscience and for God. It's not my business to ask you what is wrong. But it is my business to save life if I can." He looked about him at the darkening room. "I've been visiting André Yves," he said. "Happily, in time, he may recover the use of his arm. He has great endurance. He said to me a week or so ago, 'It might be better if I put an end to myself.' 'Not so, André,' I told him. 'The future begins today. It's a gift, to which we wake each morning. Make use of it, don't throw it away.'" He paused, and then, pointing to the furniture, said, "So it's true then, what Mademoiselle Blanche told me this afternoon at the château? She may come here to live, and it was your suggestion?"

"If she told you so, it's true," I answered.

"Then you certainly would not want to do anything to make her change her mind," he said. "There's an old saying: two wrongs don't make a right. Perhaps, if I had not happened to pass by, something would have happened to cause grief to all of us. There has been tragedy enough in your family without your adding to it."

"I wasn't going to add to tragedy, father," I said. "I hoped to remove the cause."

"By destroying yourself?" he asked. "What good would that do, to you or to them?"

He waited for me to answer. I said nothing.

"Well, now"—he hesitated, turning again to the door—"I can't offer you a ride—I came on my tricycle. I don't see the car outside. How will you go home?"

"I walked," I said, "and I shall return that way."

"Why not walk beside me?" he suggested. "I go very slowly, you know." He drew out his watch. "It's after seven already," he said. "They may be looking for you at the château. I'm dull company on the road, but I'd like you to join me."

"Not tonight, father," I said. "I'd rather be alone."

Still he hesitated, his eyes anxious. "I'm not sure that I'm happy to leave you. You might still do something rash that you'd regret."

"I can't," I said. "You've made it impossible."

He smiled. "I'm glad," he said. "I shall never regret it. As for your gun"—he patted his cassock—"perhaps I'll let you have it back again, one of these days. It will depend upon yourself. *Bon soir*."

He went out the doorway into the dusk. I watched him pass the well without a glance, and so across the ground toward the sheds. I closed the door and bolted it again. As I went to the window facing the orchard, a figure rose from beneath it, gun in hand, and throwing his legs across the sill climbed in. Laughing softly, pointing the gun at my chest, he said:

"That's how I worked it once before, but this was far easier. No sentries on the road, no huts, no blocks, no wire. And instead of a bunch of lads who might give me away under threat, good Monsieur le Curé himself, who happened to pass by. You must admit that luck is always on my side. I was right, wasn't I, to come armed? It was the only thing I didn't leave you in my valise in Le Mans."

He pulled forward two of the chairs that Blanche had moved that morning.

"Sit down," he said. "You don't have to keep your hands up. This isn't a threat, merely a precaution. I've always carried a gun since '41." He sat down in the other chair and straddled it, facing me. The back of it made a resting place for the gun. "So you planned to get rid of me, did you, and stay in St. Gilles? The sudden prospect of a fortune was too much for you? I sympathize. I felt that way myself."

I couldn't see his eyes, but only his features, dimly, which were mine. The absence of light made his presence, although more sinister, somehow easier to bear.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



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LENOX CHINA

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"What happened?" he asked. "How did she die? The notice I read this morning said by accident."

"She fell," I answered, "from the window of her bedroom. She had dropped the locket brooch you brought her back from Paris, and was reaching for it. The *commissaire* of police held an inquiry and was satisfied. Tomorrow they bring her back to St. Gilles, and the funeral is on Friday."

"I read that in the papers," he said. "That's why I returned."

I made no comment. It was not the funeral of his wife which had brought him home, but what her death would mean to him hereafter.

"You know," he said, "I never thought you'd face it. When I left you in that hotel bedroom a week ago today, I imagined you going to the police, telling them your story, and, after many muddled explanations, persuading them to believe it. Instead"—he laughed—"you've succeeded in living a lie for seven whole days. My congratulations. Tell me, has no one had any suspicion?"

"No one," I said.

"What about my mother, and the child?"

"They least of all."

To say this gave me a strange sort of satisfaction that was almost savage. He had not been missed; no one had regretted him.

"I wonder how much you learned," he said. "It amuses me immensely to think of how you dealt with Renée, for instance, who already, before I left, was becoming a bore. And how you kept Françoise pacified. And whether, with misplaced courtesy, you tried to talk to Blanche. As for my mother, her demands can only be dealt with in the future by a doctor. Not our own, needless to say. She'll have to go to a home. I'm already in touch with one, in Paris."

I watched the muzzle of the revolver on the back of his chair. I should never reach it. Expert in trickery as in all things, he would be too quick for me. "There's no need to send her to Paris," I said. "Though she may need medical care at home. She wants to stop the drug. I was with her all last night. She's made the first attempt."

I could feel his eyes upon me in the darkness. "What do you mean?" he asked.

I thought back to the chair beside her bed, to the half-dreams, to the silence, to the threatening shadows that seemed to dissolve and pass. "I sat beside her and she slept," I said. "I held her hand."

His laughter, infectious yet intolerable, rang through the dark room. "My poor friend," he said, "do you imagine that is the way to cure a morphine addict? Tonight she'll be a raving maniac. Charlotte will have to give her a double dose."

"No," I said. "No." But doubt assailed me. Already, when I left her, she had looked tired.

"What else?" he said. "Tell me what else you've done."

What else? I searched my mind. "Paul," I said, "Paul and Renée. They're leaving the château, leaving St. Gilles. They're going to travel, at any rate for six months or a year."

I saw him nod. "That will break up the marriage even sooner," he said. "Renée will find the lover she's been searching for, and Paul feel himself more inferior than ever. Put him in the world and he'll look what he knows he is—a provincial boor. What want of tact, if I may say so, how lacking in finesse. Tell me more."

I remembered, as a boy, playing skittles. One bowled a ball along an alley, and the ninepin at the other end toppled and fell flat. This was what he was doing now to the plans I had conceived through love. It was not love, then, after all, but muddled sentiment.

"You turned down the Carvalet contract, didn't you?" I said. "I signed a new one. The *verrerie* won't close. No one will be out of a job. You'll have to back the loss with capital."

This time he didn't laugh. He whistled. The expression of dismay delighted me. "I suppose I can get out of it," he said. "It may take time. Your other moves were minor blunders, but this is serious. Even with Françoise's money behind me, propping up a dying business is no fun. Whom did you intend to look after things, with Paul away?"

"Blanche," I said.

He leaned forward in his chair, tilting it, and thrust his face close to mine. "You actually spoke to Blanche?" he asked. "And she replied?"

"I did," I said. "She came down here this morning. I told her the *verrerie* was hers from now on. She can do what she likes with it, she can build it up as a dowry for Marie-Noël."

He said nothing for a moment. The upsetting of all his preconceived ideas may have shaken him. I hoped it had.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "it might work. If Blanche took up designing again, and we could turn out cheap gimcrack stuff to attract the tourist, not bothering with Carvalet or any of the other good firms, we might attract a market in this part of the country that would undercut everyone else. Instead of every tourist driving through Villars to Le Mans, they would make a detour to St. Gilles. I believe, without knowing it, you've hit upon a plan." He paused for a moment. "Yes," he said, "the more I think of it, the more I like the idea. You haven't done too badly, on the whole. What about Marie-Noël? Has she seen any visions this week, or dreamed any dreams?"

I did not answer. To tarnish the child was surely the ultimate evil. He might desecrate the mother, mock the sister and the brother; but to give him Marie-Noël as a butt for humor, that I would not do.

"She's all right," I said. "She stood yesterday's tragedy well."

"That doesn't surprise me in the least," he said. "The two of them never got on. Françoise was jealous of the child, and the child knew it. No, I am not surprised. . . . Now, at last, you understand what it means to have a possessive family. And you were prepared to endure it, for the sake of the money. You came down here determined to kill me, so that you could keep yourself in comfort for the rest of your days."

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"You won't believe me," I said, "but I didn't think about the money. I happen to love your family, that's all."

My statement made him laugh once more. "You have the audacity to tell me," he said, that you love my mother, who is without exception the most egotistical, the most rapacious woman I have, in all my experience, ever known; you love Paul, who is an oaf, a weakling; you love Renée—presumably for her body, which I grant you is enchanting, but he has a mind like an empty box; you love Blanche, who is so twisted with repressed sex and frustrated passion that the only stimulation she gets out of life is to kneel before a bleeding crucifix. And I suppose you'll tell me that you love my child for her sweetness and her innocence, which, let me tell you, can be put on for effect. What she really likes is being petted and admired."

I did not argue. What he said was true, according to his light, and perhaps mine too. The point was, it did not matter.

"I agree with you," I said. "Your family are all those things. It doesn't prevent me from loving them. Don't ask me why. I couldn't answer you."

"I have affection for them," he said. "That's understandable. They happen to belong to me. But you have no reason. You've only known them six days. You're an incurable sentimentalist, of course."

"Perhaps."

"Did you see yourself as a savior?"

"No. As a fool."

"That's honest, anyway. And what do you suppose is going to happen now?"

"I don't know. It's up to you."

He scratched his head with the butt of his revolver. I might have sprung at him then, but it wouldn't have worked.

"Exactly," he said. "What happens at St. Gilles is up to me. I can carry through your program if I choose. Or tear it up, depending on my mood. What about you? Shall we walk into the forest and dig a grave? I can easily burn your car. No one would look for you. You'd simply disappear."

"If that's what you decide," I said, "then go ahead. Unless you prefer to throw me down the well."

I couldn't see him, but I could feel his smile. "Have you raked up that one too?" he said. "What a ferret you are. I thought the mud had settled years ago. I suppose you were shocked?"

"I wasn't shocked," I told him. "Your motive puzzled me."

"My motive?" he echoed. "Of course it puzzled you. You haven't been invaded since 1066. Complacency makes all your countrymen smug. We may be ruthless sometimes, but thank God we're none of us hypocrites. Do you also love your image of Maurice Duval?"

I considered a moment. "I regretted him," I said. "What I heard of him seemed to be good."

"Don't you believe it," he said. "He was a climber, like all his kind. Edged his way in with my father, with an eye to the future. Blanche was his greatest card, and I stopped him playing it. It's not very chic, you know, to sit back in comfort and make terms with your country's invaders to save your skin."

I had no answer. The quarrel was not my quarrel, nor the war my war. I only knew that people had suffered and died.

"It's not much use," I said, "discussing Duval or your family. If you intend to kill me, let's get it over. I'm ready."

"I'm not sure I want to kill you," he said. "It seems rather a waste. After all, we've deceived them once, we could do so again. I could let you know, we could arrange a rendezvous, I could disappear for a week or a month and you take my place. What do you think? Of course I might have undone, in the meantime, all that you've tried to do. But that wouldn't bother you. It might even add zest to your stay."

The object of teaching a child is to enable him to get along without his teacher. ELBERT HUBBARD

I hated him so much I could not answer. And, taking my silence for consideration, he went on, "You'd hardly have met my Béla," he said. "She keeps a shop in Villars, and I call her Béla because she pretends she's descended from the kings of Hungary. Cooks like an angel, and that's not her only attraction. I visit her now and again to keep boredom at bay. Naturally, if we come to an agreement, she'll be part of the bargain. You wouldn't regret a visit, I can promise you."

I got up from my chair. Instantly he rose, too, covering me with the gun. "Let's get it over," I said. "I've nothing more to say."

"I have, though," he answered. "Do you realize you haven't asked me any questions? Don't you want to know what I've been doing the past week?"

"No," I said. "Frankly, I don't care. It doesn't concern me."

"But it does concern you," he insisted. "It concerns you very much. Sit down again and I'll enlighten you." He snapped a lighter, which I realized, in the light of the flame, was mine. And then I saw that his coat was also mine. But not the one I had been wearing in Le Mans. "You see?" he said. "I played the game fair, just as you did. If you were taking my place, then it was only sporting to take yours. I went to London. I went to your flat. I only flew back today."

I stared back at him, or rather not at him but at his shadow. "You went to my flat?" I said. "You used my things?" The duplicity, the outrage, seemed to me overwhelming. I could not believe it.

"Why not?" he said. "That's what you did at St. Gilles. I left you my family. You used them in the way you've described. You can hardly blame me for playing the game in reverse."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

I tried to think. I tried to picture the scene. The hall porters would merely nod and say good morning or good night. The woman who cleaned my flat never came until after half past ten, when I had already left. Most people believed me away on the last week of holiday. There was no reason for anyone to telephone, to write. "How did you know where to go? How did you manage?"

"My poor idiot," he replied, "your card was in your valise, your notebook, your checks, your keys, your passport—all the things I was likely to need. To take over your very retiring personality proved the easiest thing in the world. I enjoyed myself. Your flat was a haven of rest. After the turmoil of St. Gilles I felt I was in paradise. I rifled your drawers, read all your letters, deciphered your lecture notes, cashed your checks. I spent five days in complete and utter idleness, which was just what I needed."

The humor, and the justice, struck me at last. I had played about with human life; he had not. I had done my best to change his household; he had merely yawned and taken his ease. I had meddled; he had only spied. Then I remembered that he had, after all, returned.

"If you enjoyed my London solitude so much," I asked, "what made you come back again to France?"

I felt him watch me in the darkness. He did not answer immediately, and when he did it was almost with embarrassment.

"That's where I have to apologize," he said, "but not more so, I think, than you, who by altering that contract may have let me in for very heavy loss. The fact is"—he paused—"the fact is, five days in London were enough. I couldn't have continued your dull, virtuous existence. The easiest thing to do, as I intended using your name and personality, was to change your mode of living. This was, to tell you the truth, just what I did."

It is always the best policy to speak the truth, unless of course you are an exceptionally good liar.

JEROME K. JEROME

I did not understand. I could not follow what he was trying to tell me. "What do you mean?" I said. "How could you change my life?"

I heard him sigh in the darkness. "It may come as a shock," he said, "just as what you have been doing at St. Gilles has come as a shock to me. First I wrote to the university, resigning your job. Then I told your landlord that I was going abroad and wanted to give up the lease of your flat, and, flats being as few and far between in London as they are in Paris, he was only too glad for me—or rather for you—to get out at once. I instructed a firm of auctioneers to sell your furniture. Finally, having found out from your bank statement how much money you had in the bank, I cashed a check for just that amount. It was, if you remember, a couple of hundred pounds. Not a fortune, but enough to tide me over comfortably for a month or two, until something else turned up."

I tried to grasp what he was telling me, to make myself realize that he was speaking of something which had actually happened. "The French currency," I said. "You couldn't do it. How could you have changed two hundred pounds into francs? They wouldn't have given you more than the tourist allowance, and I had already spent three quarters of that."

He put his cigarette stub on the floor and crushed it with his foot. "That," he said, "was the cream of the joke. I have a friend who arranges these things. I did not see him, but he happened to be in London. I should never have known of his arrival, but for the fact that you gave him your address. I couldn't imagine why, but in the circumstances it was a heaven-sent opportunity. When he telephoned, I was never more surprised in my life, and it was then, of course, that I realized you were at St. Gilles. The point is that if I don't kill you, and if you won't agree to my little plan of deception that we share each other's lives from time to time, what are you going to do? There *is* no future for you."

The full meaning of his words was forced upon me. Unless I liked to make a fool of myself by writing to the university and saying it was all a mistake—that I had decided not to resign after all—I had no work. I had no money, save for one or two modest investments. I had no flat, and if I didn't get back to London soon I should have no furniture. I did not exist.

"Of course," he said, "I didn't intend to come home. I was going to amuse myself spending your money over here. My friend is a wizard with currency, and he would have banked it anywhere I told him. I had in mind, to start off with, some little niche in Sicily or Greece. I would have taken Béla with me as a companion. She might have palled in time, but not at first. Hungarian women have the strangest charm. But now"— he broke off, and I could dimly see the shrug of the shoulders—"poor Françoise dying has rather changed my plans. Instead of being an impoverished provincial count I might, with any luck, be a millionaire. Fate, or whoever arranges these things, has done what I wanted."

He stood up, the gun still pointing at me.

"It's a curious thing," he said, "and shows weakness of character. But apart from the money, and the sudden upheaval of plans, while I was driving from Deauville this afternoon I felt myself moved. The country was looking beautiful, the colors were exquisite. It is, after all, my country, and where I belong. The château, heaven knows, is falling to pieces and the grounds are unkept and ragged, but I don't really mind. If you've been born in a place, it does something to you. I neglect it, and curse it, and fight against all that it does to me, just as I curse my mother, for the self-same reason. And yet"—he laughed, and I saw him gesture with his hand—"and yet, driving south from Deauville, I felt I wanted her. In a strange sort of way I missed her, while I was gone. She's a devil and a brute, but I understand her and she understands me, and that's more than you can say, after your seven days."

Suddenly, with geniality, almost with affection, he shook my shoulder.

"Come on," he said, "I don't want to kill you. In many ways I'm grateful for what you've done." He pulled out a wallet—mine. "This will keep you for some considerable time," he said. "At any time you decide upon deception for a few days, I'll be delighted to oblige. What about it? Shall we play charades again now, and start to strip?"

I thought of the curé. I tried to remember what the curé had said. Something about the future, and every day a gift. He was now back in St. Gilles, putting away his tricycle. At the château they were waiting for dinner. They would be wondering where I had gone. Marie-Noël, anxious, perhaps, at my absence, was waiting for me on the terrace. I began to take off my coat.

The exchange of clothes in the darkness was macabre, even terrible. It meant, with every garment shed, a loss of the self I had found. When I stood at last, naked, in front of him, and he had his revolver pointing at me still, I said, "Finish me off, I don't want to live."

"Nonsense," he answered. "No one refuses life. Besides, I don't want to kill you. The point has gone."

He began throwing off his clothes as he spoke, and seeing that I fumbled with them as I put them on, he said, "What have you done to your hand?"

"I burned it," I said. "I burned it in a fire."

"How careless," he said. "Does it mean you're not able to drive the car?"

"No," I said.

"You'd better hand over the dressing. I can't appear without it."

The clothes, that had once been mine, seemed shrunken, small. The suit he had picked from my wardrobe in the flat was one I seldom wore. As I stood before him, dressed and ready, it was like wearing some sort of garment long outgrown, almost as if a man



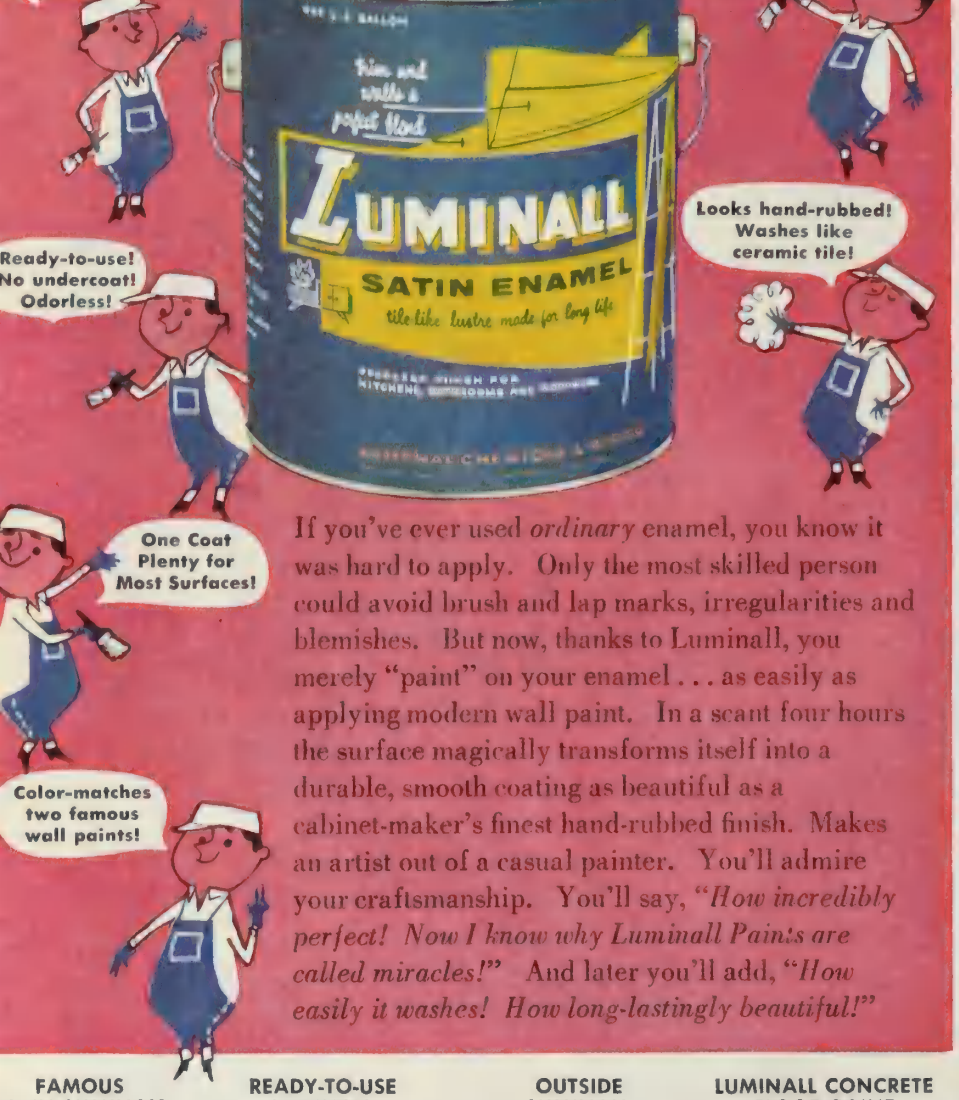
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struggled once again into his schoolboy clothes.

He sighed in satisfaction. "That's better," he said. "I feel like myself again." He moved toward the window. "We'd better go out this way," he said. "It's safer. That gossip Julie may be in her lodge. There's another wicked old rascal for you. I suppose you loved her too."

He climbed from the window and I followed him. The scent of the tumbled orchard filled the air. I brushed the vine with my shoulder as I passed.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I shall have to ask you to walk in front of me. The instinct acquired in wartime compels me to walk behind. Go on. I'll direct you to the place where I've left your car."

I stumbled across the orchard and the field. The dark woods closed upon us. Even now it might suit his plan to kill me and have done with me forever. I walked on, through darkness, undergrowth and moss, and now I had no present and no past; the self who stumbled had no heart or mind.

"There's the car," he said suddenly.

The Ford, shabby, familiar, was drawn up beside the forest track. It seemed to me, like my clothes, a phase outgrown. I patted the bonnet with my hand.

"Get in," he said.

I settled myself in the well-known seat, switched on the lights and the ignition.

"Back her out into the track," he said.

He got in beside me and we drove along the path. We turned into the forest road, and so along it to the top of the hill. Below us were the village lights, and the clock struck eight.

"It may not be easy," I said slowly. "They have become different. Your mother, I mean, and Blanche, and Paul, and Renée. Only the child is the same. The child hasn't changed."

He laughed. "Even if she had, she'd soon be mine again. I'm the only one who matters in her world."

We drove down the lime avenue and across the bridge. When I came to the gateway I stopped the car.

"I won't go any farther," I said. "It wouldn't be safe."

He got out and stood for a moment, an animal, sniffing the air. "It's good," he said. "It's part of the place. It's St. Gilles."

Now at last, when all decisions had been taken, he emptied his gun. He put it, with the cartridges, into his pocket.

"Good luck," he said, and then, with a smile, "Listen." He put his two fingers in his mouth and whistled. The sound was shrill and long. It was answered almost instantly by César in his kennel. He began to bark. Not savagely, not as he would do to a stranger, but excitedly, high-pitched, the bark changing to a howl, to a whine. The sound went on and on, filling the air. "You didn't learn that trick?" he asked. "Of course not, how could you know?"

He smiled, and waved his hand, and passed through the gateway on to the drive. Looking toward the terrace steps, I saw a figure waiting there, the glow from the fanlight above the door shining upon her. It was Marie-Noël. When she saw the figure striding up the drive she gave a cry and ran down the steps toward him. I saw him swing her up in his arms and climb the steps. They went inside the château. The dog was whining still. I got into the car and drove away.

What I did was automatic. I don't remember thinking anything. I turned the car up the lime avenue and then to the right, on the road to Villars. I drove cautiously because my injured hand was awkward still, and the part of my brain that was working told me I couldn't afford to make a mistake and risk landing the Ford and myself in a ditch. I concentrated on holding the wheel and watching the road, and the effort of doing so shut out thoughts of anything else.

Coming into Villars was a relief. The country roads held menace: they were nerve cells leading back to St. Gilles. Villars was lighted and had solidity, and people strolling in th streets. I turned down past the market plac and stopped the car just short of the *porte d ville*. I looked across the canal and saw tha the long window of Béla's room was opene wide onto the balcony, and was lighted to She was at home. When I saw the light, and th open window, something stirred within m that had been frozen since Jean de Gué and had changed clothes in the darkness. The iro clamp was between me and the château, no between me and her. She was outside the tabo The light in her window was consoling, kindl It seemed to stand for reality, too, for th things that were true. It seemed to me tha this was important, to know the false from th true, and I could no longer distinguish betwee either. Béla could tell me. Béla would know.

I left the car and went over the footbridge t the balcony. I walked in through the ope window. The room was empty, but I could hea her moving about in the kitchen. I stood ther waiting, and in a moment she was with me. Sh stood in the doorway, looking at me, and the she shut the door and came toward me.

"I didn't expect you," she said. "If I known you were coming I would have waite dinner for you."

"I'm not hungry," I said. "I don't want an thing."

"You look ill," she said. "Sit down. I'll g you a drink."

I sat down in the deep chair. I did not kno what I was going to say to her. She gave m cognac, and watched me while I drank. T cognac brought some sort of warmth to m but the numbness remained. I felt the solid of the arm of the chair u der my hand, and it w safety.

"Have you been in t mortuary chapel?" sh said.

"No," I said, "no, was there this morning I paused. "Thank you f the porcelain. The chi was pleased. She believe they were the old one mended. It was right of you to sugge that."

"Yes," she said, "I thought it better th way."

She looked at me with compassion. N doubt I seemed to her strained and queer. S must believe I was still shaken by the shock Françoise's death. It might be better to let h think that. Yet I could not be sure. I want something for myself alone.

"I came," I said, "because I was not su when I would see you again."

"I understand," she answered. "Natura the next few days, the next weeks, are goi to be very hard for you."

The next days . . . the next weeks. They c not exist. It was not easy to tell her that.

"The child," she asked, "is she all right?"

"She's been wonderful," I said. "Yes, sh quite all right."

"And your mother?"

"My mother too."

She was still watching me. An odd silen seemed to come between us. I felt I mu justify myself, give her some explanation.

"I want to thank you," I said. "You shown me great understanding all this pa week. I'm very grateful to you."

She did not answer. And suddenly I comprehension come into her eyes, the flash intuition that sweeps an adult hearing the co fession of a child. In a moment she was knel ing by my side. "He has come back then?" s said. "The other one?" I looked at her. She p her hands on my shoulders. "I might ha known it," she said. "He saw the notice in t paper. That brought him back."

Her words gave me such a sense of ov powering relief that all feeling of strain a tension went from me. It was like the stanc ing of a wound, the cessation of pain, t blotting out of fear. I put down the cognac a did something infantile and absurd. I laid m head on her shoulder and closed my eyes.

"Why you?" I asked. "Why you and n body else? Why not the mother, why not t child?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

I would rather that the people should wonder why I wasn't President than why I am.

SALMON P. CHASE





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

I felt her hands on my head, soothing, gentle. It was surrender. It was peace.

"I suppose I was not easy to deceive," she said. "I did not realize at first—I could not have told from looking at you, from conversation, any more than they could. It was not till later that I knew."

"What did I do?" I said.

She laughed, and the laugh was not mocking, as it might have been, or easy, or gay, but had a strange quality of warmth, of understanding.

"It was not what you did," she said, "but what you were. A woman would have to be a great fool not to distinguish between one man and another, making love." I felt rebuffed. Yet still I did not mind, because she was with me. "You have something," she said, "that he doesn't possess. That's how I knew."

"What do I have?" I asked.

"You may call it *tendresse*," she said. "I don't know another word for it." Then abruptly she asked my name.

"John," I said. "We share even that. Shall I tell you what happened?"

"If you want to," she said. "I can guess a great deal. The past is done with, for both of you. The future is what matters now."

"Yes," I said, "but not mine, theirs."

As I said this I knew with urgency, with conviction, that what I was saying was right and true. The old self of Le Mans was dead. The shadow of Jean de Gué had also vanished. In their place was something else that as yet had no substance, no flesh, no blood, but was born of feeling, that could not die, and it was like a flame, contained in the body's shell.

"I love them," I said. "I'm part of them now, forever. That's what I want you to understand. I shall never see them again, but because of them I live."

"I understand," she said, "and it could be the same for them. Because of you they also live."

"If I could believe that," I said, "then nothing matters. Then everything is all right. But he's gone back to them. It's going to be as it was before. It will start all over again—the carelessness, the unhappiness, the suffering, the pain. If that were to happen, I should want to go out now and hang myself on the nearest tree. Even now ——" I stared over her shoulder at the darkness outside the window, and it was as though I stood beside him inside the château, and I saw him smile, and I saw the mother look at him, and the child, and Blanche, and Paul and Renee, and Julie, too, and her son André.

"I want them to be happy," I said. "Not his sort of happiness, but the kind that is buried inside them, locked up, that I know is there. Béla, it exists, I've seen it, like a light or a hunger, waiting to be released."

I stopped, because what I said was perhaps nonsense. I couldn't explain myself. "He's a devil," I said, "and they belong to him again."

"No," she said, "that's where you're wrong. He's not a devil. He's a human, ordinary man, just like yourself."

She rose and drew the curtains, and then came back to me again. "Remember, I know him," she said, "his weakness and his strength, his good points and his bad. If he were a devil I shouldn't waste my time here in Villars. I should have left him long ago."

I wanted to believe her, but I could not be sure, when a woman loves a man, how true is her judgment. To see no evil could be the one blindness. Little by little I told her what I knew, the bits and pieces of the past I had put together during the week that had gone. Some of it she knew already; some of it she guessed. Yet as I talked, wishing to condemn him, it was as if it was the shadow I condemned, the man who had moved and spoken and acted in his place, and not Jean de Gué at all.

"It's no use," I said at last. "I'm not describing the man you know."

"You are," she answered, "but you're describing yourself as well."

There was the fear. Which one of us was real? Who lived, and who had died? It struck me suddenly that if I should now look at myself in a mirror I should see no reflection.

"Béla," I said, "hold me. Tell me my name."

"You are John," she said, "you are John, who changed places with Jean de Gué. You lived his life for a week. You came here twice to my house and you loved me as John, not as Jean de Gué. Is that reality for you? Does that help you to become yourself?"

I touched her hair and her face and her hands, and there was no falsity about her, no pretense.

"You've given something to all of us," she said—"to me, to his mother, to his sister, to his child. Just now I called it *tendresse*. Whatever it is, it can't be destroyed. It's taken root. It will go on growing. In future we shall look for you in Jean, not for Jean in you." She smiled, and put her hands on my shoulders. "Do you realize I know nothing about you?" she said. "I don't know where you come from, or where you are going, or anything at all except that your name is John."

"There is no more to know," I said. "Let's leave it at that."

"If he hadn't come back," she asked, "what was he going to do?"

"He was going to travel," I told her. "He was going to take you with him. Or so he said. Would you have gone?"

She did not answer at once. For the first time she seemed nonplused. "He's been my lover for three years," she said. "He's familiar, part of my daily existence. I believe he's fond of me. But he would soon find someone else."

"No," I said. "He would never find anyone else."

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"You forget," I said. "I've lived his life for a week."

I looked at the window and the curtain she had drawn across it.

"Why did you draw the curtain?" I asked.

"It's a signal," she said. "He doesn't come in when it's drawn. It means I'm not alone."

The same thought, then, had come to both of us. Once he had dined, and said *bon soir* to the child, and left his mother in the tower room alone, he might go down to the car once again, and drive from St. Gilles to Villars, and cross the footbridge as I had done. He belonged here, just as he did there. He was the man in possession, I the intruder.

"Béla," I said, "he doesn't know I've been here. He need never know, unless it comes out through Gaston, which is unlikely. Keep it from him, if you can."

I got up from the chair. She said, "What are you going to do?"

"Leave the house," I answered, "before he comes. If I know anything of him, he'll need you tonight."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "I could leave the curtain drawn," she said.

When she said this I remembered what he had done to me. I remembered how he had not only taken up his own life once again, but had destroyed the one that had been mine. I no longer had a job, or a roof in London, or anything that belonged to me but a suit of clothes, and the Ford, and a wallet containing some French money.

"I asked you a question a moment ago," I said to her, "but you never answered it. I asked if you would have gone with him, traveling, had he suggested it."

"I suppose so," she said, "if I felt he wanted me."

"It would have been a sudden plan," I said, "without much warning. Remember, he couldn't have shown himself in Villars, in case he was recognized."

"He wouldn't have come to Villars," she said. "He would have written to me, or telegraphed, or even telephoned, asking me to join him."

"And you would have gone?"

She hesitated for one brief moment. "Yes," she said, "yes, I should have gone."

I glanced at the window. "Pull the curtain back when I've left the house," I said. "I'll go down the stairs and through the door to the street."

She followed me out of the room to the passage beyond. "What about your hand?"

"My hand?"

"It has no dressing."

She went to the bathroom and fetched an oilskin packet, similar to the one she had used on Sunday. As she held my hand, and dressed it, I thought of Blanche, who had done the same for me in the morning, and I thought of the mother, whose hand had lain in mine throughout the night. I remembered, too, the firm, warm clasp of the child.

"Look after them," I said. "You can do it, but nobody else. Perhaps he'll listen to you. Help him to love them."

"He loves them already," she said. "I want you to believe it. It wasn't just the money that brought him back."

"I wonder," I said. "I wonder."

When she had dressed my hand and I was ready to leave, she said to me, "Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"I have a car outside," I answered, "the one he took from me a week ago. The one he would have driven you in, to Sicily or Greece."

She came with me down the stairs, and standing there, at the dark entrance to the shop, she paused a moment before opening the barred door and letting me out into the night. In a troubled voice she said, "You're not going to harm yourself in any way? You haven't said to yourself, 'This is the end'?"

"No," I said, "it isn't the end. It may be the beginning."

She drew back the bolts from the door. "A week ago," I told her, "I was a man named John, who didn't know what to do with failure. I thought of a place I might go to, to find out. Then I met Jean de Gué, and went to St. Gilles instead."

"And now you are John again," she answered, "but you don't have to worry about failure. It doesn't exist for you any more. You learned what to do with failure at St. Gilles."

"I didn't learn what to do with it," I said, "it merely became transformed. It turned into love for St. Gilles. So the problem remains the same. What do I do with love?"

She opened the door. The shops and houses opposite were shuttered and closed. There was nobody in the street.

"You give it away," she said, "but the trouble is, it stays with you just the same. Like water in a well. The spring remains, under the dried depths." She put her arms round me and kissed me. "Will you write to me?" she asked.

"I expect so."

"And you know where you're going?"

"I know where I'm going."

"Will you be there long?"

"I've no idea."

"This place, is it far away?"

"Oddly enough no. Only about fifty kilometers."

"If they could have shown you there what to do with failure, can they also show you what to do with love?"

"I believe so. I believe they'll give me the answer you've given me now."

I kissed her, and then I went out into the street. I heard her shut the door and bolt it behind me. I went under the *porte de ville*, and climbed into the car, and reached for my maps. They were where I had left them, in the pocket beside the driver's seat. I found the route I had marked with a blue cross a week ago. The road would take me to the Forêt de la Trappe and to the abbey after leaving Mortagne. I might be able to get there in not more than an hour, or an hour and a half.

I put down the map, and glancing up at her window I saw that she had pulled the curtain back once more. The light was shining from the window down to the canal and the footbridge. I backed the car, and turned and went up the avenue, and as I passed the hospital I saw the Renault drawn up beside the pavement. It was not outside the hospital entrance, but by the smaller gate, leading to the mortuary chapel. It was empty, and there was no sign of Gaston. Whoever had come in the car had gone in to pay tribute alone.

I drove to the network of roads at the top of the town, turned left and took the road to Bellême and Mortagne. END

NEXT MONTH

"WHAT I COULDN'T BEAR WAS FEELING I'D MISSED EVERYTHING A WOMAN VALUES . . ."

Lucy and Dana, married fifteen years, have two little boys. She worked to help her husband through school, now feels cheated of "gaiety and romance as a bride—being cherished as a young wife." Her husband says, "It's time for Lucy to behave like a grown woman." Read her side of the story, then his and then what the marriage counselor says in "Can This Marriage be Saved?"

REDUCING DIET FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE TO EAT

Here are delicious dishes for every day of the week and every meal guaranteed to come within the low-calorie allowance for each day. What's more, you can prepare the main dishes in advance and store them in the freezer.

THEY DIDN'T WANT A LONG ENGAGEMENT

David's eyes, fixed on Angela's upturned face, held that look of startled wonder. What if she was only 19 and he had a year more of college? What if his parents—and hers—objected? Ann Head writes of young love and its problems in "David's New Girl," complete novel condensed in this issue.

CAN YOU NAME AMERICA'S TEN RICHEST MEN?

Who are they, each with at least $200,000,000? How are they different in personality from the great majority who never will amass a million and a half? Margaret Parton will tell you in "Who are America's Ten Richest Men?"

THE $100 WARDROBE

Would you like a suit of importance, a dress of charm and a coat of versatility, all purchasable for $100? See them and the accessories to wear with them, plus eight more pages of fashion news, all in four-color photographs.

"CAST OFF THE DARKNESS"

Peter Putnam's true story of an amazing year in his own life, the complete book condensed in this issue. Also Part II of "The Durable Fire," new novel by Howard Swiggett. (See page 66 for Part I.)

THE GARDEN USED EIGHT MONTHS OF THE YEAR

You can plan and plant to make your garden a true outdoor extension of the house. Richard Pratt tells how with a variety of blooms and used brick, cement squares and gravel to provide all-winter underfooting.

Also pages of recipes, menus, a new house plan and many other features, all coming

IN THE APRIL JOURNAL



CLEAN CLEAR THROUGH

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FAB Is The Hard-Working,
Heavy-Duty Detergent
For The Whole Family Wash
... And Dishes, Of Course!



HOMER PAGE

DOROTHY HARPER ▲

By all medical logic Dorothy Harper should have died nine years ago. Yet today she does all her own work, looks after her four children, and works as a photographer's model. Uterine cancer is one of the most curable if caught in time, yet 34,000 women develop it each year—and only 5000 live.

These 7 were Saved

Cancer is a disease of time.
These seven are now alive and well because
they acted before time had run out.

By PATRICIA

Last year 250,000 Americans were killed by cancer. This is certainly a tragic fact. But more tragic still is the truth that at least 75,000 of these men, women and children died needlessly. The medicines, hospitals, surgeons were ready and waiting to save them. But these 75,000 never came, or they came too late.

For cancer is a disease of time. These are the stories of seven who acted before time had run out. They are alive and well.

In the last fifteen years over $150,000,000 has been spent for cancer research. These seven histories tell how you may profit from that research and the knowledge it has uncovered.



SID AVERY

▲ ARTHUR COE

Arthur Coe felt perfectly healthy except for an annoying small sore on his lip. But his doctor said, "Arthur, I'll tell you right out, that's cancer." Every year 3500 Americans die of skin cancer, the most curable of all.

"The funny thing," says young Ruth Namiat, "is that I hadn't noticed it before. It seemed to be there suddenly and without warning. On the side of my right breast there was a lump, the size—the doctor said—of an olive. I don't know just how to describe it. You couldn't see it. But you could feel it. It was movable, and harder and firmer than the tissue around it."

Mrs. Namiat is an attractive 33, dark-haired, tan and healthy, the mother of two young sons.

"I didn't feel sick at all," she added. "Robert was five then, and Alan was just a year old. That kept me working hard, but I felt just fine."

Mrs. Namiat's husband, Sam, urged her to go to her family doctor, and she did. The doctor was very matter-of-fact. He couldn't say whether it was malignant or not. Two out of three breast lumps are not. "A surgeon will have to make a biopsy," he explained: "take a piece of the tissue and examine it under the microscope. This is the only way we can be certain."

Ruth Namiat didn't react at first. "But I had an hour's ride home on the train," she says, "and I started thinking—about Sam and the boys, about how young I was. By the time I got home I was hysterical, really hysterical with fear."

That was on a Tuesday. Thursday she saw a specialist at New York's Memorial Hospital. He made an appointment for surgery.

"While you are asleep on the operating table the doctor takes a biopsy specimen, and they send the specimen to the lab."

These quick studies are made by the frozen-section method. A bit of tissue is taken from the tumor. It is quick-frozen at once, sliced into extremely thin sections, and studied under the microscope. In a few minutes the report goes to the operating room. If it is positive, the surgeons remove the tumor, together with a great deal of the surrounding tissue.

"I had to sign a paper," says Mrs. Namiat, "consenting to both the biopsy and the operation, if the latter proved necessary."

JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Tuesday morning Ruth Namiat went into the operating room. Twenty-four hours later she awoke. "I knew what had happened before they told me," she says. "My whole right side ached, and I knew what they had had to do."

Mrs. Namiat's operation was a radical mastectomy. Her right breast was removed, and the surrounding tissue all the way to the lymph glands under the right arm. Cancer surgery must often be radical. The rapidly growing, disordered cells invade everywhere. To hope for a cure, the surgeons must remove every last cell.

"In eight days I was home," Ruth Namiat continues. "My mother had been taking care of the children, and she went on helping out. I couldn't raise my right arm much at all. It was some time before I could use it normally, though for many women it's just a couple of weeks.

"Each day I stood facing the wall, painfully walking my fingers upward, trying to bring my arm a fraction of an inch higher. It wasn't easy, but I was so grateful to be alive.

"Even so, the first year was pretty hard. It wasn't just the discomfort. It was my vanity, I guess. That sort of thing isn't easy for a young woman to accept. And yet, a little blow to the vanity is such a small price to pay for your life."

Ruth Namiat acted in time. "But," one surgeon points out, "she discovered her cancer by accident. Had she examined her breasts properly, every month, she would have found the lump when it was much smaller."

Every year some 52,000 American women develop cancer of the breast. It is the most common cancer among women, and every year over 22,000 women die of this cancer, many of them because it was not detected in time.

◀ NATHAN HIRSCH

Twenty years ago, a black mole on Nathan Hirsch's shoulder was diagnosed as melanoma, the dread black cancer. He was expected to live eight months, but today he works hard and lives happily.

*These seven people have been willing to tell their stories to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL because they believe that doing so will aid the lifesaving program of the American Cancer Society.



MICHAEL HOLLANDER

◀ MYRTLE BURT

No one could tell Myrtle Burt whether she had come in time. "I simply left myself in God's hands," she says, "and those of the surgeon." Her case involved radical surgery, but "Frank and I still enjoy our lives." 51,000 others were not so fortunate.

People* from Cancer



RUTH NAMIAT ▶

Ruth Namiat "didn't feel sick at all," saw her doctor only because of her husband's urging. One week later she went into the operating room for the mastectomy which saved her life. An estimated 70 per cent are curable, yet last year 22,000 women died of cancer of the breast.

and RON DEUTSCH

Not all breast cancer is curable. But experts think that 70 per cent of this cancer's victims should live. The American Cancer Society has a pamphlet which shows you how to examine your breast for breast cancer. It has a film on this subject, too, which you may see by calling the local unit of the society.

Many women mistakenly believe that a lump is the only warning sign. It is the only early sign as a rule. But there are other later signals: changes in the shape of the breast or an elevation of it, dimpling or puckering of the skin, changes or irritations of the nipple.

Ruth Namiat knows these things now, and looks for them. "I didn't know until later," she says, "but while I was in the hospital my mother discovered a similar lump in her breast. I'll never understand why, but she told no one. It was a year and a half before she saw a doctor. She was operated on too late."

At 75, Arthur Coe is a small, spry man who looks years younger. When at 65 he was retired by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, he went right back to work as a father. "We put up the wood framework that you plaster over," he says, "and I worked at it for two years before I had any trouble."

Mr. Coe's trouble was a small sore spot on the right side of his lower lip. It was annoying, but he felt perfectly healthy otherwise. "I put some ointments and washes on it," says Catherine Coe, "but they didn't seem to do much good."

In a few weeks the sore had become scaly, and then it began to open. Coe was certain it was "just a cold sore." But it had come just where he held nails between his lips. "It began to hurt so I couldn't hold the nails any more," he says, "and I figured we'd take a little vacation we'd planned, and let it heal."

"I wasn't at all sure about that," says Catherine Coe. "I got a magnifying glass, and it looked kind of festering and raw inside, and the raw place kept growing. I told him to go to the doctor, but he wouldn't."

Arthur Coe's "cold sore" continued its inexorable growth. It began to weep a little, and his lip became tender, began to interfere somewhat with his eating. When the Coes returned home, Arthur went to see the doctor.

The doctor studied the sore and said, "Arthur, I'll tell you right out that's cancer."

"I wasn't scared," says Coe. "The doctor said he was pretty sure it could be cured, and made an appointment with a specialist for the next day. The specialist took a look, and made a test. Then he took a picture of it and put me on a table. They lowered a big, heavy mask over my face, with a little hole in it that fit over the sore. I just lay there a few minutes, then I went home."

The mask over Arthur Coe's face was protecting him against the low-voltage X rays aimed at the cancer on his lip. Five times more he went back to the table. "After the sixth treatment," says Coe, "I went back, and the doctor looked at it, and he said, 'I think that's got it.'"

That was in 1948. Two years later Arthur Coe had only a small subdued scar on his lower lip. But beneath a dental bridge on his upper jaw Coe began to feel a soreness. Catherine Coe examined the area, and saw a small whitish, raw patch on the gum. "I think it's back," she said.

Coe went directly to the cancer specialist, who, on examination, made arrangements for Coe to be admitted to St. Vincent's Hospital. "He'd done all right before," Coe says, "so I didn't even ask any questions. Two days later they wheeled me into an operating room for minor surgery and that's all I knew for a couple hours. Two days later I was home, and after a couple of weeks the soreness was all gone."

Arthur Coe still sees his doctor every six months, a common-sense precaution for any man his age to take. And he recognizes that in his story there is a quiet drama. For these simple procedures were a battle for his life.

It is not hard to see a skin cancer in time or cancer of the lip or mouth. It is not hidden. Skin cancer appears usually on the exposed parts of the body. It starts usually as a scaly patch, a sore, a pimple or a blister. Home remedies will not affect it, and it usually becomes an open sore, *a sore that will not heal.* Three weeks, say the experts, is time enough to give such a blemish. Then see your doctor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 231



ABBOT MILLS



SID AVERY

◀ ELIZABETH CLEMENTE

"One thing I learned: Don't be afraid of operations. Operations are to save *lives." An operation in time saved Mrs. Clemente from an advanced case of stomach cancer. Only 5 to 6 per cent of those who develop stomach cancer survive. The tragic reason is time.*

WALTER MONTAGUE ▶

Walter Montague is occasionally a little short of breath since the pneumonectomy that saved him from lung cancer, but he is well. Of the 30,000 Americans who develop lung cancer yearly, not more than 1500 are still alive after five years.

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HOW IMPORTANT IS BREAST FEEDING?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Where nursing remains unpleasant or painful the reason is usually an ingrained feeling of disgust and guilt. In a few cases these attitudes are intense and clear-cut. More often they are mild and unconscious and then they merely decrease the pleasure of nursing and the enthusiasm for it.

Somewhat similar to disgust is a feeling of shame about the use of the breasts for nursing, because of the other connotations they have. In many parts of the world, including "civilized" regions, the breasts are thought of primarily for nursing and women feel little embarrassment in nursing a baby even in public. But in America, partly perhaps because of the decline in breast feeding but probably also for other less obvious reasons, the breasts seem to have come to be thought of primarily as objects of attractiveness, to be noticed, to be featured in dress, talked about, joked about. This strong emphasis on the appeal of breasts probably helps to make nursing an embarrassing matter for women who are more modest or self-conscious than average. They anticipate difficulty in finding sufficient privacy to nurse at certain times, and even dread slightly the prospect of having to refer to it in conversation. This detracts from the desire to nurse and from the ease and pleasure with which it is done. Is there anything that can be done about the occasional problems of disgust and shame? There has certainly been a steady trend away from prudishness in the past fifty years. Most American children being brought up nowadays are allowed to feel comfortable and friendly toward their bodies. This has probably played a part in the recent increased enthusiasm for breast feeding and will do still more in the future. A woman whose overly strong sense of disgust or shame is a serious problem (interfering, for instance, with her marital adjustment) can get help from a psychiatrist. But meanwhile I would not urge a woman who could not easily overcome such feelings to nurse against her wishes.

Jealousy comes more from self-love than from true love. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

The attitudes of friends and relatives will affect the inexperienced young woman. If they believe in breast feeding, it helps her tremendously in feeling that it's the natural thing to do and that she'll make a go of it. But the fact is that in many American communities today breast feeding, instead of being the regular, the accepted way to feed a baby, has become the unusual method. Normal everyday people quite naturally prefer to do the usual thing, to be like everyone else, unless there is a special reason against it. So in some families and in some towns a woman has to be ready to admit she is different if she nurses, ready to answer questions and even arguments. Breast feeding has acquired a reputation—which I don't think it should have—of being difficult to succeed at. A mother trying it for the first time usually has a few friends who have tried and given up. Unfortunately, a surprising proportion of the women who have failed seem determined to persuade the new mother that she can't succeed, either, and that she ought to stop. Such attitudes are hard for a sensitive woman to ignore. But I believe myself that if she knows ahead of time what she may be up against, she'll be less bothered when the arguments come.

To sum up the problem of the attitudes that discourage nursing, it seems to me that there is not a great deal that we professional people and other enthusiasts can do or should do *directly* to persuade reluctant expectant mothers, aside from showing our belief in it and correcting misconceptions. Some of the doubters will come around to a positive attitude later in pregnancy. Those who don't change their minds know their own feelings and we'd better respect them, not just to be polite but for the benefit of mother and baby.

There is reason to hope that some of the adverse attitudes will weaken because of the trends of the times.

I believe that the greatest contribution of the doctors and nurses will come in helping those mothers who already want to nurse to accomplish it more easily and more often, in the hospital and especially on getting home. If in that way we can gain a higher percentage of successes, it may in turn change attitudes somewhat. I want to discuss the possibilities in another article.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—Ed.

THE DURABLE FIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

years. By that time he hoped to have made enough money to retire to something more interesting than business.

Rutledge continued: "You probably know that our original unit, the rolling mill, began as the century did. Their annual sales were about seventy-five thousand dollars. This year our whole operation isn't a great deal less than several thousand times that in fifty countries. Yet in another sense we've always remained a small company. We've grown, if I may say so, like a tree from our own strength."

This last firmly held article of faith was not wholly true. The growth had of course come largely from consolidations with and purchases of other companies, yet, in the sense Rutledge intended, it was true. The founder had been a man of deep social consciousness, aware, as few of his generation had been, of responsibilities toward the community for the safety of its labor at work and for every man's right to better himself.

"You'll find us very conservative about the way to do business and you'll find us as daring as a pure scientist about new ways to improve a product or reduce a cost or junk an obsolete machine. If, as I suppose, you have investigated us as we have you, you may feel our policies haven't been too unsuccessful." He said it with a pleased and almost boyish smile. "Now do this for me if you will. I have been rather curious about it. Just sketch for me the sort of business day, I mean a typical day, in your Government position."

"Well, I arrive at the office a little before nine and read the cables from Washington," Lowry told him.

"Now what would they be about? I'm not asking for Government secrets."

"I've served in six European and Near East countries since 1946, and of course the cables vary according to the host country, as we call it. But they follow a general pattern. Washington will cable authority to let the host country purchase hand pumps for an environmental sanitation project, provided bidding is open to U. S. suppliers and that procurement procedure follows agreed-upon standards, something which we will already have told them has been agreed. The next will tell us that the program recommendations for next year must be ready in a week. This will be in reply to a question from us asking for policy guide lines, which of course they will disregard."

"You mean that sort of thing happens under the present administration?"

"They're much alike," Lowry said.

"That's very interesting, very. Go on, tell me more."

Lowry smiled. "Well, the bombs really start bursting in air when one says that a constituent of a senator, from any state you like, has written him about personally seeing U. S. fertilizer soaking up rain in an open freight car in the middle of a famine area. We are ordered to see the Minister of Agriculture forthwith, direct him to cease and desist from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133



Stop Dry Skin Problems in these 5 "Danger Zones"

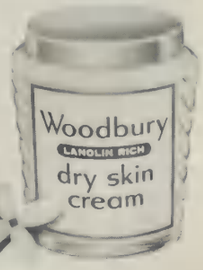


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

ing fertilizer and to reply in such form the cable can be shown the senator."

How'd you ever get anything accomned? Do you mean to say the Government no confidence in its men in the field?"

Oh, sure, lots of confidence, but those are e of the limitations of the democratic cess."

utledge shook his head. "Do you see much ne—uh—host-country politicians?"

Oh, sure. One from some remote part is ounced. He wants a grant for vocational ning of high-school-age boys in his locality, ch is likely otherwise to go communist. explain the central channels through ch you must work. He will bid you good You glance at your appointments. At six have your telephone talk with Washingand at six-thirty you're to confer with the nomic Counselor. You have to dress for ner at the Turkish Embassy at eight. You your visitor to do you the honor of having ink with you at seven-fifteen. He accepts behalf of himself, his wife and a few relas of hers living in the capital."

utledge frowned slightly. The note of y in Lowry's voice annoyed him a little. hat would the conference with the Eco- nic Counselor with?"

Oh, his analysis stimates, current eign-exchange ds. Perhaps most n the probable eign-exchange tages a year or head."

Your friends tell you're a terrific ker, Mr. Lowry," ledge said.

Well, I have a d deal of health energy."

I think I can mise you that e would not be frustrations as describe with

Then it may not as much fun," wry replied dly.

hough by no ns a grim fellow, ledge did not like the word "fun" applied to ness. He thought he had better say so. "If ness were fun, children could handle it," bserved. "Tell me, did you ever hear of mond Fosdick?"

Yes."

About thirty-five years ago Fosdick cked some of us by saying it was an edud man's duty to work against the idea that ness was the be-all and-end-all of life. at's your answer to that?"

efore Lowry replied there was a knock on door. Rutledge turned in evident surprise said, "Come in." Titcomb entered, and ed the door behind him.

Excuse my interrupting you, Mr. Rutledge. st didn't know what to do. Mr. Cramer's side and says he just dropped in for a ute to pay his respects. I did my best to lain ——"

h, bring him in, bring him in," Rutledge , getting up. "You'll forgive my breaking a moment?"

Certainly. Would you like me to wait in ther room?" Lowry replied.

No, no, want you to meet him. It'll just be inute. . . . Well, Mr. Cramer, delighted to you," Rutledge said as Titcomb showed in with some asperity. "This is Mr. vry, I think I mentioned to you. Mr. vry, our good friend, Mr. Cramer. Thought were in Chicago."

Cramer, a stocky man of about fifty-five, l bundled up against the weather in belted iel's-hair coat and muffler, beamed at n from behind his spectacles, and shook ds.

Just stopped for a moment to pay my rects and wish you a happy and prosperous New Year," he said. His voice was very low, its tone flat but unusually distinct.

"Very glad you did," Rutledge said heartily. "Mrs. Cramer with you?"

"No, mother decided not to come on from the West at this time. Our boy is just back from Korea and I'll be with them for New Year's in the morning. Great joy to us to have him back safely."

"I know it must be," Rutledge said.

Cramer smiled and said he must get to his train and after he had shaken hands again with Mr. Lowry, Rutledge walked to the door with him.

"Awfully nice of you to stop in this way. I do appreciate it. My love to your family," Rutledge said and, when Cramer had gone, turned back to Lowry to say, "Now that was a characteristically nice thing of Cramer. He's a remarkable man."

"Is he in the company?"

"No. We met him . . . oh, twenty years ago when his firm was our auditors; and then in the thirties the Founders Trust put him in a variety of shaky situations, all of which he got back on their feet, made a great reputation. We got him for our engine company in Illinois at one time. He's an industrial adviser to a number of important banks and corporations, but it's never gone to his head." He glanced at his watch. There was a great deal more he wanted to ask Lowry. "Tell me," Rutledge said; "you went in the Army in 1940, I understand, and from there straight into Foreign Service?"

"Yes."

"What did you do before that? I've got some record of it, but just refresh my memory."

"I graduated from college in '34 and did various things for five years, none of them very well."

"What were they?"

"You will recall," Lowry replied, "that it was a little hard at the time to get any job, much less settle on your lifework?"

"I do," Rutledge said with a smile. "There's been quite a change. I understand now that 'leading industrialists' sit at 'round tables' over 'the problem of *attracting* the bright young men who will become the business leaders of tomorrow.' I haven't come to that, but we're always interested in talent. However, about you. Who attracted you?"

"I was in a publisher's for a year. I drove a truck for the Loyalist Relief in Spain for two years and I was in the foreign department of the Founders Trust just before I went in the Army."

"I see," Rutledge said. Well, it could have been worse, but offhand it was not very impressive. *Still, let's see—three years out, a boy, of, say, twenty-five or so, he did see the light and went in a bank. St. Paul was older than that before he saw it on the road to Damascus. Henry Ford was a failure for a good many years.* "By the way, you're married, as I recall?"

"Oh, yes; three children."

Despite some reservations, Rutledge was inclined to go ahead. Unquestionably Lowry would broaden the organization and Rutledge was aware that uniformity was as dangerous in a business as complacency. And he must essentially be the right man or there would not be a folder of letters from important men saying that he was. And it was getting late.

"I haven't told you very much of what you'd do here, don't think it's necessary," Rutledge said. "We simply want our whole foreign operation headed up. I suppose we'd both better think it over, but I'd say that I'm ninety-nine per cent ready to go ahead. How do you feel?"

"I'd like to know something more about the general setup and the other men at what would be my level."

"Good question," Rutledge said, getting up and going over to draw an organization chart down from a rack on the wall. "Our subsidiaries are almost entirely autonomous except for foreign sales. Their financial supervision, as you see, is under Charley Curtis, our treasurer and senior vice-president. Operations under Calvin Hewitt. Leslie Evans has engineering—in broad terms: design, plants, new models. An outstanding man. There, as you see, Jim Peale has been spread too thin—an eye on the foreign business as well as progress and development. Expansion, in other words. New fields, diversification. All of them men you'll like. That enough?"

"Yes, for the moment."

"The assistant vice-presidents you'll get to know," Rutledge told him. "The new head of our foreign business will be on the same level as these other men. The board set thirty-five thousand as his start-off salary. Henry Dennison told me he explained the management pool to you, and our stock-option plan. We haven't made a lot of millionaires here, but on the other hand—well, a man can make a decent living and have something to look forward to."

WHO AM I?

Well . . .

1. To the supermarket I am a basket on wheels.
2. To the Blue Cross I am No. 645832.
3. To the hairdresser I am a head of hair.
4. To the garageman I am a dope.
5. To the taximan I am ears.
6. To the postman I am an address.
7. To the dress shop I am a size.
8. To repairmen I am a nuisance.
9. To the children I am a fuddy-duddy.
10. To my husband—oh, blessed relief—I am *me.*

ALBERTE WRIGHT



They both smiled at the magnificent understatement.

"Right now," Rutledge went on, "some of the men who have been with us as little as five years have a very handsome paper profit in their options, though of course you never know how the market will turn. Oh, there are two small formalities: physical examination; and I know you won't take this other one amiss, but we ask a man coming in at your level to give us a complete statement of his affairs. I'm the only one, literally the only one to see it. All officers make such a report to me at the year's end. You can see the reason for doing it at the start."

Lowry said he did and would be glad to comply. Rutledge went over to his closet for his hat and coat.

"You leave your things at the door?"

"I didn't have any," Lowry said.

The thing is not as absolutely clear-cut as I'd like it to be, Rutledge thought. There was one person on whose judgment of men he had come greatly to rely. "Look here," he said, "Mrs. Rutledge is waiting for me in the car downstairs and we're going to the Waldorf for a drink. It's an annual practice of ours and there's a story connected with it may interest you. We went there, just by chance, a New Year's Eve afternoon in the late thirties. As it happened, one of the Austrian Rothschilds had landed here as a refugee that morning and as we were having our drink he came in with two gorillas if I ever saw one." He had turned to face Lowry and suddenly stopped dead in the story. "Well, no matter," he said in evident embarrassment.

Lowry, puzzled, said, "Oh, come, tell me the rest."

"No, no, just forget it. What I was going to suggest was that you come along with us."

"Are you still suggesting it?" Lowry asked with a grin.

"Yes, I'd like you to meet Mrs. Rutledge," he said and then began to laugh. "Oh, I'll have to tell you. The fact is I've had great confidence in her opinions since that day; in business, I mean—always had it in other things. Rothschild sat down at a table with these gorillas and they proceeded to go to work on him. He was pale, droopy and exhausted. You could just see these two confidence men taking him over and I said to my wife, 'That's a pathetic sight.' 'It certainly is,' she said; 'in an hour Rothschild'll have their shirts.' I want to see what she thinks of you."

"I'll be delighted, but my wife's also waiting for me at the hotel."

"Well, fine, we'll pick her up too."

"Couldn't Mrs. Rutledge and you come to us? They've given us a sitting room. Why don't you do that, unless Rothschild's waiting for you?" Lowry asked.

It was not a bad idea. Seeing Mrs. Lowry as hostess, even in a hotel sitting room, Mrs. Rutledge could make a very clear assessment. They went down to the car after leaving greetings and a handclasp with Titcomb, who sprinted ahead to relieve Rutledge of the need of ringing for an elevator.

Mrs. Rutledge, bundled in furs and smelling of flowers, was waiting in a limousine.

"Susan," Rutledge said, "this is Mr. Lowry I told you about and he's asked us to go up to the hotel where they're staying for a drink and I said we'd love to. Mrs. Lowry is there. Is that all right?"

"Why, darling, of course, how delightful. Get in next to me, Mr. Lowry, before you freeze. Here, take half the robe. What would your mother say if she saw you without a coat in this weather?"

Rosalie Lowry, the water running for her bath, did not hear the telephone ring when her husband called from the lobby to tell her he had arrived and that Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge were with him.

He took them up to what Mrs. Rutledge thought was a very homelike sitting room for a hotel. There was domestic amenity: two vases of flowers and a half-dozen new books on the table and desk; a leather traveling frame with pictures of two young boys and a younger sister; the framed photograph of a handsome man, another evidently of the hostess, sun bathing on a beach. But a pleasant disorder went with it: a pile of laundered shirts and some shopping items half opened; letters and cards, some still unopened.

He put away their coats, settled them comfortably, went into the bedroom, and as he closed the door behind him they heard a shower running.

The sight of his wife unclothed or clothed had continuously waylaid Lowry for almost twelve years. He stared appreciatively at her standing in the tub as she gasped with surprise and cold water, and turned her back.

"'Good afternoon, sir,'" Lowry said. "The Rutledges are outside waiting for a drink."

"Oh, good," she said, turning off the water and stepping out. "Then it went well? You think it's settled?"

"Oh, I think so. How long will you be?"

She took off her shower cap and shook out her pale bronze hair. "Just a few minutes. Is she silks or tweeds?"

"Silks."

"That blue thing be all right?"

"Perfect."

"I'll hurry. What's he like?"

"Very nice. Earnest but nice about it."

"My wife will be here in just a moment. She's delighted you could come," Lowry said to the Rutledges as he asked the operator for room service.

"Is this your wife?" Mrs. Rutledge asked, picking up the photograph of the barely covered sun bather. Her husband had spotted it as soon as Lowry had left the room. He had been of two minds about it: that Mrs. Lowry, having no warning of their arrival, had had no chance to put it away; but it was not the sort of picture which in his view you left around for waiters and bellhops to gape at.

Lowry nodded as he ordered some champagne.

"How perfectly lovely she is. And these are the children? Are they here?"

"No, they're in school abroad."

"Mrs. Lowry an American girl?" Rutledge asked.

"No, Estonian."

Rutledge looked again at the picture.

When Lowry crossed the room to admit the waiter, his wife entered from the bedroom. She wore a blue velvet hostess gown and her actual looks startled Rutledge more than the picture had. She was beautiful, rather tall, with a manner all easy cordiality.

"We were admiring your lovely children," Mrs. Rutledge said. "When do they join you?"

"Not until summer. They're in school in Switzerland. My brother"—she pointed to the photograph of the handsome man—"and his wife are having an eye on them. We feel that much as we'd miss them, getting a place to live would be so difficult, to say nothing of the right schools, that they'd better stay."

"We also thought it would be fun to be alone for a while," Lowry said.

There was that word "fun" again, Rutledge thought. At the same time he assessed the large sapphire ring and diamond clip his hostess was wearing and they gave him a comfortable feeling that Lowry had "private means."

"You've been in America before, of course," he said to Mrs. Lowry.

"No, I haven't. Stephen has been back frequently, but the difficulty and expense of moving young children about led me to stay with them."

Rutledge turned to Stephen. "I'm curious, Lowry, as to why you stayed so long in Europe. You'd more than paid the debt we all owe our country several years ago, I should have thought." Actually he was a little more than curious. He was a little troubled lest Lowry might be one of those voluntary expatriates who did not think the American scene cultured enough for them. He was not looking for a man like that.

"I sometimes think it was because of the flowers," Rosalie said.

If he had heard correctly, Mrs. Lowry had now said something which really disturbed him. Of course he was fond of flowers himself

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

PARADISE

As early as 3000 B.C., gardens were highly prized in the hot, dry Near East. Frequently a wall was built around a particularly fertile spot adjacent to a rich man's home. Such a cool, green retreat was a mark of easy, cultured living—far more significant than the modern patio with barbecue pit.

From terms for "around" and "heap," a watered clump of fruit trees surrounded on all sides by heaps of stones was given a special name. Eventually it took the form *pairidaeza*. Prominent in sacred literature of several peoples, the term for a walled garden entered modern speech as *paradise*.

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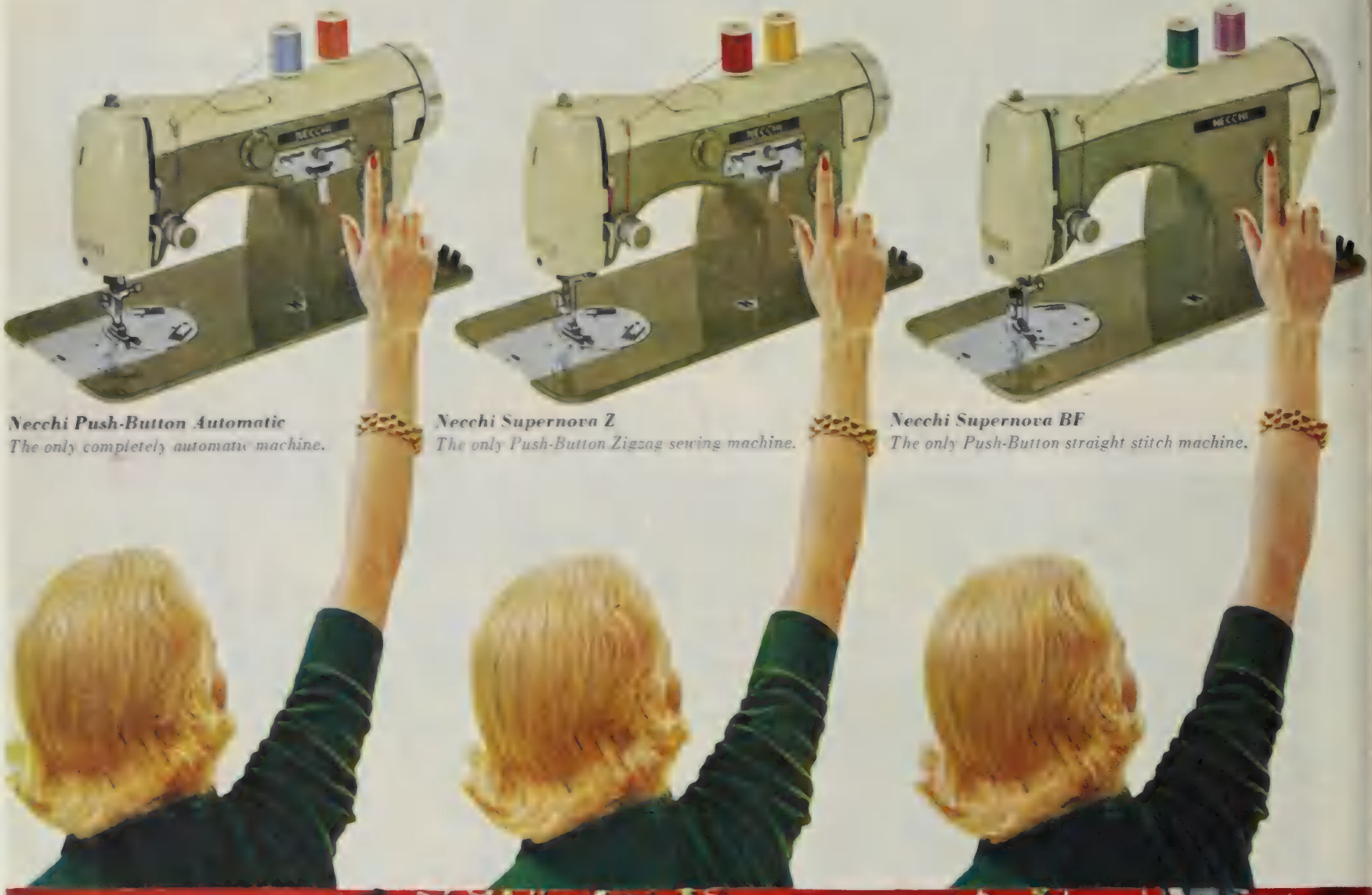
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

Annual flower-show prizes to him were proof of that.

"I think that's the most delightful reason," Mrs. Rutledge said, "and I know exactly what you mean."

"In my view," Rutledge said, "the street-corner vendors of flowers you see all over Europe are the direct result of the general low standard of living and the general obsolescence of their industry. You'd agree with me on that, Lowry?"

"I'd agree that the product of flower sales won't buy many cars or TVs," Lowry said.

"Do you like New York, Mrs. Lowry?" Rutledge asked her.

"It's very exciting. The great office buildings around Rockefeller Center make me speechless with awe. Please don't think I'm being critical of my new country when I say the lack of trees and parks also makes me speechless for another reason."

"Oh, come, we have parks. Look out your window," Rutledge said.

"But there's only one. I made Stephen take me around. We saw Washington and Stuyvesant squares, and we saw Gramercy, but"—she shook her head—"they are not as beautiful as they should be."

"Well, we have a very mixed population in New York, lots of vandalism in the parks. They come out in droves in the spring and tear down my dogwoods and lilacs."

"They wouldn't," Mrs. Lowry replied, "if New York had city parks like those not only in Paris or London or Rome but in all the little countries, like my own along the Baltic."

Rutledge had had to deal with a wide variety of difficulties raised by wives of new associates. But there was something disturbingly foreign about a woman making an issue of flowers and parks. At the same time, she seemed to be a sensible enough woman. Mrs. Rutledge was asking her about the capitals Lowry had been posted to and she was talking freely, easily, without any name dropping.

"We're a rather closely knit family at C. I. C.," Rutledge heard his wife saying, "and I'm sure you'll like most of the wives."

"I can only hope they'll like me," Mrs. Lowry replied so modestly that Rutledge forgot about parks and flowers. Obviously she intended to "enter in." He realized that the long training in tact and adjustment which she had as the wife of a Government official would be most valuable.

"New York is the most friendly city in the world," he said; "that's what you'll find."

Mrs. Lowry half turned her head. "In Paris," she said, "the gendarmes shake hands when they meet. The bus drivers lean out to shake hands when they pull up beside each other. Small children shake hands when they're through playing in the parks. Concierges ——"

"That's not real friendliness. That's affectation," Rutledge replied. "Have you any clubs, Lowry?"

"Only Yale nonresident, I'm afraid."

"Well, we'll take care of that. The University and the Hounds are the natural places for you at present, and I'm a governor of one and Jim Peale of the other."

Lowry smiled. "Jim Peale is my oldest friend."

"Now I never knew that. Why in the world didn't he say something?"

"I asked him not to," Lowry replied. "There's a rule my father taught me: 'Make friends through business but don't go in business with your friends.'"

"That's very well put, very. What did your father do?" Rutledge asked. He was very pleased. This was a man with his head on the right way.

"He had the Lowry Equipment Company in Ohio."

"Oh, of course, I remember."

The telephone rang and Lowry said, "I think that's the Peales now. They're dining with us."

"I'm actually shaking," Mrs. Lowry said to Mrs. Rutledge. "I've never met either of them."

"You'll like them."

Lowry hung up the telephone and hurried out to the elevator to receive them. His wife stood anxiously waiting, hoping, almost praying that she would find favor in the eyes of the man, reunion with whom meant so much to her husband. They had been like brothers through school and college and now in the prime of their lives, after long separation, there could be a renewal, a deepening of all the ties of comradeship. She would like Peale whatever he was, if only he liked her and did not feel that Lowry had thrown away his life by his illogical, impetuous marriage.

Then the three blew in to and with gay greetings, and a cheery scolding from Rutledge for not having told him. Peale came straight to her, arms extended. She was aware of his good looks, his athletic figure, perhaps a trifle too straight and erect.

"I should have been there to have done this at your wedding," he said, kissing her. She laughed and kissed him.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said.

"Lucky man," Mrs. Rutledge said.

"It's our wedding anniversary," Lowry told her.

"How do you like him, Edward?" Peale asked Rutledge.

"How can he help it?" Evelyn Peale asked, looking up at Lowry. She was dark and slight, tired-looking but effusive as befitted the occasion.

"Don't know about him. Like his wife. That's enough. Well, all good things come to an end, and we must be off," Rutledge said.

Down in the elevator, out to their car and in it, Mrs. Rutledge was bubbling with enthusiasm over the Lowrys. Rutledge had fallen silent.

"Darling, what's the matter?" she asked. "Why didn't you kiss your hostess? You were the best-looking man there."

He took her ungloved hand under the robe. "I don't know," he said. "I suddenly feel rather depressed."

"Why, dear, how unlike you. You liked them, didn't you?"

Special Additions in How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

By BET HART

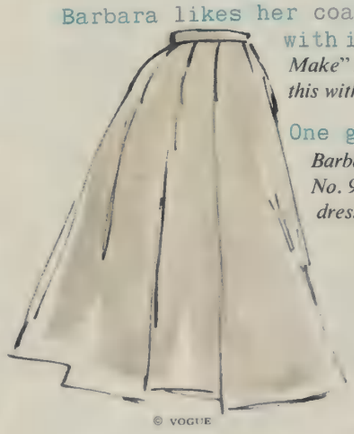
Barbara J. is undecided (but only momentarily) about her new purchase for spring and the future—a coat. Her thinking, *before* she buys, follows along these lines: The coat must go over practically everything in her wardrobe (and prettily too), including purchases from last season she will wear now. Also, Barbara has absolutely no intentions of buying new accessories even for such an important purchase as this! This means the coat must be worn with her black pumps, her beige clutch bag and black carryall, and either one or both of her hats—remember her satin head clip and beige beret? . . . We say Barbara hesitates momentarily, only because her fashion calculating is clear and sure—very heartening for those of us who procrastinate about such things. And in this case, Barbara goes directly to her fashion find. She sees a coat, tries it—and buys it. (We admit she looks around afterward just to make *doubly* sure she has found the best fashion buy!) The coat is in a lovely beige rayon tweed flecked with white, fully lined and boasting a row of brass buttons. The price: a wonderful $17.95. Barbara looks to the future and decides that on the first trip to the cleaner's she will have it waterproofed—the perfect solution for wear on damp days in spring and summer as well as sunny ones!



PRIGENT

Barbara about to leave the office for the day. Her new coat worn over her (unseen) blue wool dress from last month. Her not-so-new accessories—beige clutch bag, black pumps and white gloves—do have a new spring polish. Her turquoise scarf is a gay accent for the beige, but equally practical against March winds to keep a pretty hairdo in place!

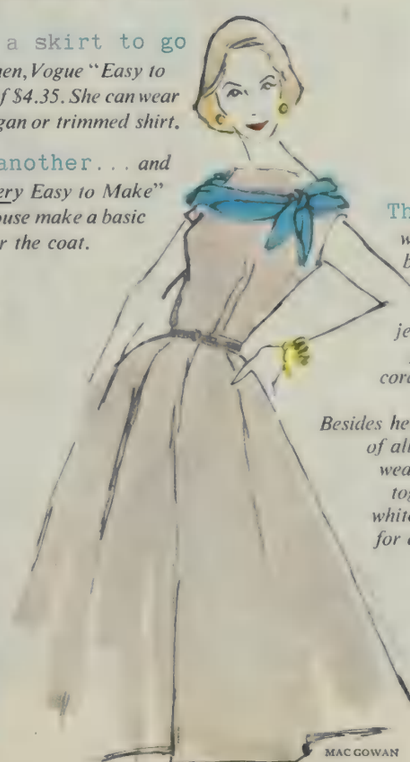
Barbara likes her coat so well she makes a skirt to go with it! *This in a silk-and-rayon linen, Vogue "Easy to Make" Design No. 9119*, costs her all of $4.35. She can wear this with her black sweater, white cardigan or trimmed shirt.*



© VOGUE

One good thing leads to another . . . *and Barbara makes a blouse, Vogue "Very Easy to Make" No. 9116*—$2.93. The skirt and blouse make a basic dress, a perfect costume worn under the coat.*





MAC GOWAN

The "dress" *with her narrow black belt, turquoise scarf and gold jewelry. Equally pretty with her coral cummerbund for accent. Besides her costume look of all beige, she can wear the separates together with her white cardigan and, for a dressier look, with her coral bolero she made last fall.*

Barbara J.'s Spring Fashion $'s

January....	Silk polka-dot dress and white cardigan	$23.00
February...	Blue wool suit-dress	22.95
March.....	Beige tweed coat	17.95
	Beige skirt and blouse	7.28
	Total	$71.18

*For back view, sizes and prices, see page 231



"Yes, I like them very much."

"Don't be depressed tonight and don't think about the business until after New Year's."

"I always think about it," he said.

When Rosalie Lowry had told the Rutledges that she was actually shaking because of the Peales' arrival it had been quite true and arose from even more than anxiety over the first meeting with her husband's closest friend. In spite of all her social experience as Lowry's wife, the prospect of America was frightening to her. In Europe, Lowry had been hers in a special way—Europe was not his country as it was hers. There were aspects of life there which she understood at times better than he did. In general, the people they met were as new to him as they were to her, and he did not know people like Jim Peale, who had been important to him before she had. The large figure of her brother, Armas Lainvee, was always in the background. She knew what Foreign Aid was meant to accomplish and understood and was proud of what her husband's part in it was.

She was in complete agreement with him that he must return to and make his way in his own country, and that their children should be American in outlook and education. But she felt a great unease about American life. Now Lowry would need her less. There would be little in their new life, so she felt, on which her opinion would be useful.

Yet, as the year went to its wine-bright end in laughter and reminiscence and midnight kisses, she had more and more the feeling that the Peale she was with was not the friend, closer than a brother, whom Lowry had described to her. She could not put her finger on it. She supposed it was natural for Peale, during dinner, to talk quite a bit about C. I. C., but she thought Peale's reference to some great party in Sutton Place they had "gotten out of" to be with the Lowrys seemed rather unnecessary. Peale made a ponderous observation on the political situation and Lowry said:

"Jim, what a judicious remark from you. He's not getting judicious, is he, Evelyn? He was once, though, to great effect. I've never forgotten. It was when he told me you were engaged. I knew you were seeing a lot of each other, but I had no idea that it was at that stage, and I said, 'Isn't this rather sudden?' And Jim, in that wonderful superior way of his, said, 'As Proust has well said, "Everyone who is not in love imagines that one chooses the person one loves after endless deliberation."' Have I got it right, Jim?"

"Substantially," Peale replied.

"I proceeded on the same lines with Rosalie," Lowry said.

It seemed to Rosalie that Evelyn Peale might have replied, but she sat silent.

"Oh, I must tell you," Lowry went on. "This afternoon Rutledge had just asked me what I thought of a statement by one of the Fosdicks to the effect that educated men should resist the idea of business as the be-all and end-all of life, and I was about to launch into a hearty affirmative when we were interrupted, and he forgot to come back to it."

"Just as well you didn't," Peale said. "I don't think he would have liked it."

But all this judicious propriety was certainly not the whole of Peale. He seemed to talk to her more easily than to Lowry and did so absorbedly and even gaily. He made some reference to being tired after the strain of a hard autumn's work and she thought sympathetically that, after all, Lowry and she had been on holiday for three weeks.

He said something else, about wishing he could get away from immensities, so sadly that for a moment her heart went out to him and she found herself touching his hand and saying comforting little things to him as she did to her children. He told her she was very stirring and she tried to draw her hand away, not having meant to be that at all. He kept her hand in his but spoke of having met and liked her brother, Armas, in Paris three years before while she was away. Told her how devoted he himself had always been to Lowry's mother—both his parents had died before he entered Yale—and to his sister, and what a charming scamp Dahlgren, Stephen's older brother, was. And he talked a good deal about his eighty-five-foot auxiliary schooner and what fun they would all have on it next summer.

Sometime after eleven, Evelyn, across the room, called, "Rosalie, if I do two card tricks will you do your Spanish dance I'm hearing about?"

"I can't," Rosalie said. "The costume has disappeared."

"Do it in that," Peale said, trying to find music on the radio. "There, won't that do? Sounds like Bolero."

She hesitated a moment, rose, felt the rhythm sweep around her and began to dance. She had the feeling it was the unwisest thing she could do, but a happy year was almost at its end and who knew the future, and it was fun to please, and she danced well, her robe swirling in great spirals around her. Then, glancing at Peale's rapt face, she sank to the floor in obeisance and held out her hand to Lowry to lift her to her feet.

"Oh," she said, "I never thought, we haven't any cards."

"And the trick's only for children," Evelyn said. "And it's almost twelve and we must dance the New Year in." She switched the dial to a dance band and turned to Stephen. Peale pushed a table aside.

"Fill the glasses for midnight," Rosalie said to him.

"Come, there's no time," he said. They danced a moment, Peale holding her too close, the seconds ticking away. Then the dance tune dwindled away into Auld Lang Syne.

Stephen stopped beside them. "I forget how it goes, that wonderful passage: 'They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor as if it were the light that shall unite all who belong to one another.'" He handed Evelyn to her husband and took Rosalie in his arms.

"Forever?" he whispered as he kissed her.

"Everything," she answered.

Then they joined the singing coming over the air and drained their glasses to each other.

An hour later when the Peales left, Lowry asked her eagerly how she liked them.

"Darling," she said, "I can't think of anyone I don't like. Come to bed, tell me how much you love me and tell me everything you first thought about me."

Lowry, loosening his tie, looked at her. "I want to kiss you," he said.

"I am not opposed to anything."

"Well," he said, "then I have to shave, lest I mar that magnolia skin."

"That's very thoughtful of you," she replied, kicking her slippers across the room. "I'll watch you shave. Do you remember the first time I did?"

Late in 1942, Capt. Stephen Lowry, an American officer on duty in London, was somewhat mutinous at having missed the landings in North Africa. In the course of his duties he learned of Operation Sardine, a two-man mission to the Norwegian Resistance, and volunteered for it.

In mid-December he was called before his C.O. regarding his application.

Colonel Channing, in peacetime the senior partner of a Stock Exchange firm, looked at the well-built, well-uniformed Lowry affably, which was to say that he appeared to have some pity for a man so badly put together in such an atrocious uniform.

"What do you regard as your special qualifications for Sardine? I presume you speak Norwegian?"

"No, sir. My main qualification is my high rating in the cold-climate tests."

"Well, if that were the most important we could send an Eskimo. I presume you are really animated by the spirit of adventure, the desire to travel at Government expense, meet new people. And I suppose it's pure coincidence that you apply just as Colonel Nedberg asks for you?"

"Not entirely, sir. I suggested to him that the Norwegians might like to see they have other allies than the British."

"It is not a desire for a posthumous Medal of Honor?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"You're just all healthy mind in healthy body?"

"Well, yes, sir, though I shouldn't have put it that way."

"Good, that's the type I like to see made expendable. By the way, you have no allergy to fish, have you?"

"No, sir."

"Very fortunate, as there are likely to be a great many fish about." He glanced at his wrist watch. "You will report to Colonel Nedberg in ten minutes and after a twenty minutes' talk you will both come back here and give me a detailed outline of *how* you will carry out this mission. Assuming that it does not overtax you mentally or physically, this is what you will do: Land on the Norwegian coast at the Resistance Rendezvous Twenty-seven where the local clergy, Pastor Larsen, will receive you. Nedberg will proceed to the neighborhood of Ordmark and prepare or be supplied with a report of the extent of sabotage at the heavy-water plant. This will be in terms comprehensible to the scientists. You will bring it out three days later. You will select and bring out with you that Resistance officer who impresses you as being most likely to be of value to the monitoring and broadcasting people. The officer must speak, in addition to a Scandinavian language, Russian and German. If your choice is a poor one, you will return to your native land on a slow boat for assignment to Motor Transport."

There were four men in the room of the Norwegian fisherman's log hut: Lowry; Col. Norodd Nedberg, from the Norwegian forces in London; a Lutheran pastor named Larsen the head of the local Underground; and another Resistance officer. The room was warm but Lowry and Nedberg, stripped of their soaking clothes, were being briskly toweled by the other two and, whether from immersion or nerves, were still shaking. The room smelled of fish and wet clothes. On the table two oiled-silk packages were open. In one were a dozen cigarette cases and in the other twenty vials of amphetamine tablets.

Outside the hut the moonless night was silent except as the snow itself creaked with the cold.

The door to the hut's other room opened slowly and an unseen hand dropped their dried clothes inside and closed the door. Lowry and Nedberg got into them. The warmth was slowly restoring their souls, and Nedberg, a signal officer, picking up one of the cigarette cases, opened it and began to explain in rapid Norwegian the workings of the wireless receiving sets inside them. The Resistance officer, haggard and drawn, glanced at his wrist watch and helped himself to an amphetamine tablet. Then he apparently began to repeat back to Nedberg the instruction he had received. Several times Nedberg stopped and corrected him.

Then over their shoulders Lowry saw the door slowly open again and around the corner of it peered what he was sure was the loveliest face he would ever see, and, staring straight at him, its owner smiled. It was a face of beauty and of ancient courtly race, he thought—like that of one of the young grand duchesses of the last czar. The cheekbones were high and far enough apart to give ample space for the wide dark blue eyes. The nose was tiptilted in the slightest degree and the lips were full but decorous. The girl's short hair was a pale bronze color.

She asked the pastor something. An assent rumbled out of his vast beard and she withdrew.

When the rubber boat which had brought Nedberg and him in from the British submarine tipped them into the icy fiord, Lowry had considered that a misbegotten sense of duty and patriotism had led him to volunteer for the mission. Now he could plainly see the hand of God had been in the affair. This was a face worth going through great perils and deep waters to see.

Its owner reappeared with some mugs of tea and four glasses of schnapps. The pastor said in English she was Officer Lainvee, of their group, and she shook hands with both newcomers. She wore stained pants, rough sweater, and fisherman boots to the knee. As the men drank, whatever was feminine about her seemed to dissolve and her attitude was as grave, soldierly and alert as theirs.

Nedberg, putting down his glass, began in rapid Norwegian what Lowry understood was a fill-in on the North African landings and the successes there. Dropping an occasional explanatory line in English to Lowry, he continued as to the objectives of their mission. After Lowry's departure, Nedberg would remain with them. London wanted an officer brought back with Lowry, familiar with the terrain and the extent of Resistance operations, but who was also a fluent Russo-German-Balto linguist.

The last provoked a long argument which Lowry could not follow. They all laughed at something that was said and Nedberg told him only the herring gutter had the qualifications.

"Who's the herring gutter?" Lowry asked.

"Lainvee."

"She guts herring?"

"Yes, that is the reason for her ancient fishlike smell."

"What's her first name?" Nedberg asked.

"Rosalie," he said. "She's an Estonian, escaped in June, '40, in a boat to Sweden and came over the mountains alone."

The talk went on as to Nedberg's move to Ordmark.

The herring gutter helped herself to the amphetamine, and went out with the pastor.

Nedberg left in the early-morning darkness, and when he was gone the pastor began his nontechnical account to Lowry of what had happened at Ordmark. Lowry ventured to ask what would be done about the linguist wanted by London. The pastor said Lainvee would see what was possible after she had had some sleep, and proceeded with a briefing on details of Resistance plans.

It was not until late afternoon that Lowry saw the herring gutter when she appeared with a loaf of bread and proceeded to make tea for them. Communication was difficult not only across the language barrier—though he had the feeling she spoke and understood more English than she pretended to—but because it was difficult to talk about what he wanted to.

The peril they were in and in which she continuously lived, the cold silence without and within the room—so that the slightest sound was like a tocsin—anxiety for Nedberg perhaps appearing closely pursued, the dread responsibility for meeting the scheduled submarine, fear that he himself might not play his part as he wished, all this in the presence of such stirring appeal as he had never faced, disguised though it was by her fisherman attire—all made it difficult to speak.

She asked him how much German he spoke. He said he knew a good many words and constructions but understood only if someone spoke slowly enough for him to think out the meaning.

"It is so that I am the same in English," she replied.

"Where have you studied?" he asked her.

"At university in Tallin, and I was some in Vienna a little."

"Do you mind my asking what your father did?"

"What does that mean?"

"What was your father?"

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"He was lawyer. His life was very hard. He must work for years by himself to get education because the Russians would not let us go to the university then."

"What did his father do?"

"Do? He was peasant like all Estonians."

From pantomime and what he always insisted to her later was his extrasensory perception of language, he acquired, during the next hour, a considerable knowledge of Estonia and of Rosalie. Somehow from her voice, face and gesture he began to get a picture of life in Estonia on the farm of her grandfather, in her father's apartment in Tallin and her family's small summer house on the Baltic dunes where at midsummer you could read the epic *Kalevipoeg* until midnight or sing around the fires on St. John's Eve as the flames were fed so the flax would grow long. Once she sang a bar of one of the songs in a deep contralto, and years after found the English words for him:

"Wild wailing winds of misfortune and sorrow,
Wizards from Finland, ride by on the blast."

They were interrupted by the pastor coming to summon her to record reports from Resistance officers who had come. Left alone with the pastor, Lowry questioned him about her. The pastor said her history was not an unusual one. On the terrible fourteenth of June, the Red forces had entered Tallin and by night found and arrested the Estonian leaders. The men, her father among them, were packed in cattle cars for Siberia in the morning. Her brother had got away. She had no idea where. Her mother and older sister had been jailed. Their fate was unknown. As for Rosalie—with her beauty there had, he supposed, been the inevitable fate. He had not asked her about it. Like most Estonians, her hatred of Russians and Nazis was equal. A woman of the Norwegian Resistance had told him Lainvee had suffered greatly, but where all suffered who was to say which was the greatest?

After supper Lowry insisted on taking the night picket on the Ordmark road by himself. The exhausted three agreed reluctantly and after Hansen had briefed him on signals and directions, the pastor took him aside. Rosalie was already asleep in her clothes. "I have watched you," the pastor said. "I remind you that the safety of us all and many of our comrades may depend on your alertness. The moon will be up. Think not of the moon but of our enemies."

All the frozen, lonely night Lowry kept his wits and senses at the trigger for the enemy, but underneath them he was powerless to keep his mind away from Officer Lainvee. Duty and desire fought inside of him. Certainly she met the requirements for the Resistance officer to return with him, or at least Channing had not made maleness one of them. But to bring her out only to lose her in the great complex of London was intolerable.

His relief came out at seven o'clock and back in the hut he found Officer Lainvee getting breakfast. "You have not found an officer to go to London?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"My orders are to bring out the best choice I can make. The Government in Exile has given the same to Colonel Nedberg. Therefore, I assume you will go with me."

"I will not go. It is too easy," she replied, pouring some coffee.

"It is not a matter for your decision. But there is another side to it. May I talk to you about it?"

"So then talk," she said, handing him a plate of smoking herring and a piece of bread.

He was ravenously hungry and began simultaneously on the herring and a labored exposition of his feelings, during which to his own astonishment he found himself saying he wished them to go "as man and wife."

"Such are the orders?" she demanded.

"No," he said, trying to set forth the depth and tenderness of his feeling for her.

"It is so that you wish me simply to go to bed with you?" she asked angrily. "One of them has told you I wish to go to America. You think I will do that to go?"

"No, no, I don't mean that. I desire to protect you in London because ——"

She burst into a torrent at the close of which she spat on the floor. "That is what peasants do," she told him. It was done, he thought, with the grace of a grand duchess. She grabbed her coat and left the hut and he did not see her alone again that day. Pastor Larsen told him she was seeking an officer to go to London.

The next afternoon about dusk Nedberg arrived from the neighborhood of Ordmark. Lowry, waiting on the snowy road, saw the skier come over the brow of the hill and swoop down. He ran to him and found a man close to total exhaustion. Nedberg gasped out that he had the detailed report on the sabotage of the heavy-water installation, and that all was well. Lowry gave him a drink from his vacuum bottle of coffee and schnapps and with Nedberg leaning heavily on him, stopping at intervals with exhaustion and drowsiness, made a slow way back to the hut. They stripped him and the pastor massaged him with warm fish oil, rolled him in blankets and left him to sleep.

He was awake at ten the next morning, seeming fully restored. Lowry felt he could speak of what with him now ranked with if slightly after winning of the war.

"Noroddl," he said, "I should like to talk to you about a personal matter."

"So then, talk about it," Nedberg replied.

"It is my desire to marry Rosalie Lainvee."

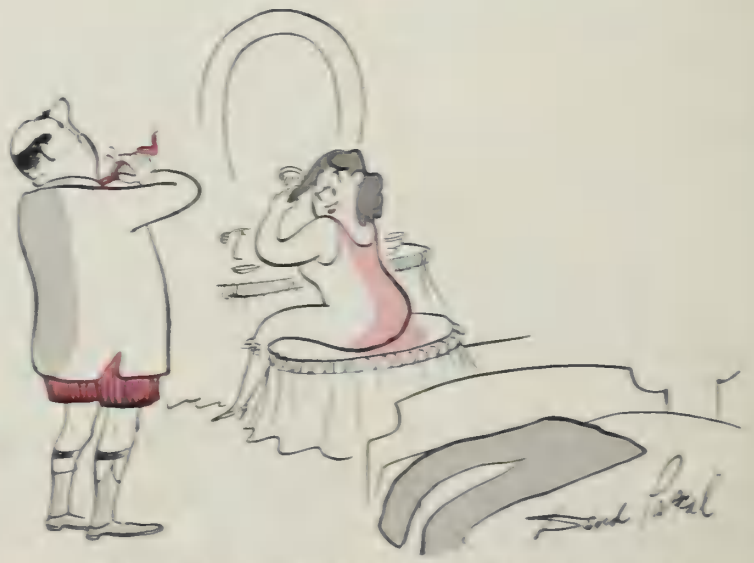
"So then ask her."

"I have tried to do so and there is considerable language barrier. Will you see what you can do? I would like the pastor to marry us at once."

"She is disinclined to you?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid so, I expect nothing."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140



"Why, Henry, I never realized what pretty knees you have."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

"That may be the trouble."

"I desire only to love and serve her."

"That, my comrade, has little appeal to women. Has she said no?"

"I think so. I can't leave her here."

"I have it in mind to speak to her then, but I don't know whether I will have success. Where is she?"

Lowry glanced at his watch. "She's monitoring until eleven."

Nedberg got up. "I go," he said.

Half an hour later he returned with Rosalie, looking annoyed but grand-ducal in her herring-gutter clothes. The nod she gave Lowry was a jerk of the head.

"Many problems," Nedberg said. "First it must be said that Officer Lainvee has found no suitable officer to go to London. It therefore appears that if you carry out your orders to bring out the most suitable officer available, she must go with you. That should end the matter."

"It does not wholly end it since I desire to marry her. If she will do that she will be able to go to America, whatever happens to me. I will change my will and my insurance and everything else."

"Do you understand?" Nedberg asked Rosalie.

"I did not understand and I did not listen," she told him.

"You mean marriage?" Nedberg asked Lowry. "That is, marriage legal and binding, not going to bed. There has maybe been misunderstanding."

"I mean it—for better, for worse, till death do us part."

"Hum, expressive. Is it original?" Nedberg asked, looking at the ceiling, and then translating for Rosalie.

At that a torrent of words poured out of her in a long declaration.

"What she is saying is she doesn't love you. That is in effect. At the same time it doesn't seem wholly hopeless since she hates Russia and Germany, the invaders of Estonia, and would like to live in America after the war. I myself did not understand all, as she spoke a great deal in Estonian. Wait, she is beginning again. . . . Hum, yes—you see, you seem to think she is aristocrat. She is not aristocrat but of peasant stock like all Estonians. Now she wants to know how old you are, how many brothers and sisters you have and are your parents living. Maybe this is progress. No, she says never mind, but she is born May, 1918."

"December, 1913. Please ask if I am repulsive to her."

"Oh, we needn't ask that. Quite foolish. She is now saying you're just dreamer."

"Dreamer or not, what is her answer?"

"You desire me to put the direct question?"

"Yes."

Nedberg did so and as Rosalie began her reply, he said to Lowry, "We had better sit down, this will be a long speech."

"I prefer to stand," Lowry replied and did so at excessive attention.

Her voice rose and fell in cadence and volume, but there was no break in the flood of words. It stopped at last in a gesture of seeming defiance, after which her hands clasped her breasts.

"Well, now," Nedberg said, glancing at his notes, "whether you are well advised to marry a woman of so many words, I do not know. Still, time and circumstances may alter that. Under many restrictions, mainly having little to do, so it seems to me, with reality, she will marry you. Oh, yes, are you Lutheran?"

"Something like that."

Nedberg informed her and she nodded.

"There is no implication of permanence. It is for her a means of escape. However, she will not disgrace you. She will have to be married in these herring-gutter clothes, not very nice for either of you. Also you must understand she had, well, an unpleasant time when the Red army entered Tallin."

"I understand."

"She also has doubts about the official situation. If in the getaway she is wounded or lost you are to carry out your duty, as to the Ordmark report, as though she were a male comrade. That is indispensable to her and I may say, as your senior officer, to me."

"I accept it."

"She is just saying that you have no obligation to go ahead with this just because you began it. She is content to leave matters as they were."

To a degree Pastor Larsen proved more difficult than Rosalie. He became completely the Lutheran clergyman, concerned with illegalities and the absence of orthodox procedure.

"I do not know whether my vows and the laws of church permit this. Waiving the question of banns, serious enough in itself, there will have been no registry. I do not think I can pronounce you man and wife."

"The situation is also difficult for me," Lowry replied. "Under the regulations of our Army I cannot marry



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without my commanding officer's permission. I will ask it at once on arriving in London. I believe my record and this mission will make him grant it at once on compassionate grounds."

"Then why not wait for that?"

"Because I do not wish to take her away under the promise of marriage."

"She is going as a polylingual Resistance officer."

"If she goes only as that, not only may I lose her but I cannot give her the protection I would wish."

"But if your commanding officer refuses?"

"Then I desire to be able to say we are married and pay the penalty."

"What would it be?"

"Loss of my commission and drafting into the Army."

"I must think about this," the pastor said, "and talk to Colonel Nedberg."

Later in the day the pastor talked again with Lowry. "In our folkways a betrothal, before witnesses, has the solemnity of marriage, carrying with it binding rights and privileges. Perhaps I could betroth you before God. More than that I cannot, since you tell me you are not of your own will allowed to take final vows."

"Will she not think it a subterfuge of mine?" Lowry asked.

"No, she will understand quite well, as would any Nordic maiden."

After the ceremony and a meager feast it was evident that whether as bridegroom or betrothed, Pastor Larsen, Nedberg and Rosalie expected that Lowry would not spend the night alone. His heart had been touched to the quick when Rosalie, shed of her fisherman

X X X X X X X

Everybody thinks of changing humanity and nobody thinks of changing himself. TOLSTOY

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clothes, had come in in a white dress with Pastor Larsen. She had made her faint responses in Norwegian and he, as the questions and vows were translated for him, in English. Somewhere Nedberg had found an old-fashioned gold ring, too large for her finger, which she had had to clutch to hold the ring.

In his exultation he had no doubts about the wisdom or rightness of what he had done. What concerned him was that she should understand he really meant what he said and recognized that she was to be won, if at all, only by waiting. But he tried to lighten the shadowy room and her sorrowful face with his own high spirits.

Whatever their private emotions, sleep itself was nothing to be trifled with at a Resistance point. Their own and many other lives depended on that great nourishment.

He took two blankets from the five in the bunk, spread them on the floor, and indicated he would sleep on them and she in the bunk.

"No, no," she said firmly in an Anglo-German dialect. "It is so you are betrothed bridegroom and now you have rights." She indicated by speech and gesture she knew what was expected of a bride and would not be something else. They wrestled linguistically over what the something was and she finally tried "*objet de pitié, charité, l'on qui ne fait pas son devoir*. I know men are pre-date-ory animals at wedding," she concluded in English.

"Predatory? I'm not predatory."

"You will be cold," she said, pointing to the floor.

"It doesn't matter."

He removed his boots and socks and rolled up in the blanket. It was certainly very cold. He heard her moving around for a minute or so and then she blew out the candle.

"Good night," he said. "Sleep well."

After a long pause she said good night.

He was not sure how much time had passed when she spoke to him again. He had been unable to sleep, less because of desire than the problems and anxieties thronging through his mind.

"It is *schrecklich* cold," she said. "I need those blankets. Get in this bed before we die."

He obeyed at once, bringing the blankets with him. She was lying with her face to the wall in her fisherman clothes, but her icy feet touched his as he lay down.

"I am sorry it all smells of herring but I was so cold. I thank you very much."

In the morning, though she sat on the edge of the bunk gravely watching him shave, she made no reference to them or their situation and was as much a Resistance officer alone with him as when they were joined by Nedberg and the pastor.

Lowry wished he had something he could give these devoted men he was leaving behind and did bring the pastor to accept his wrist watch.

"Have you any of your own money with you?" Rosalie asked in the afternoon when they were alone.

"Plenty. What would you like?"

"I would like to give the old woman who went a long distance in the snow, to borrow her daughter's wedding dress, a present."

"Of course. What about a hundred dollars? I have plenty."

"No, no—far too much. Would you please give me twenty-five? What kind of money is it?"

"Swedish kroner."

"Oh, good, thank you. I will be back in plenty of time."

He felt really married as he gave her the first of what he hoped would be a great deal of money.

They supped late, the pastor with them, so that the wait before going down to the shore would be as brief as possible. Half an hour before the moment fixed, the pastor, looking at Lowry's watch on his wrist, asked them to kneel while he invoked the protection of God for them all. Kneeling in the dim candlelight, head bowed, Lowry felt Rosalie's cold fingers reach for his and then her hand firmly clasping

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

his. It was the closest physical contact there had been between them and he felt, as Amen was said, a consecration he was sure would be with him forever.

From the submarine's base in the Orkneys they were flown late the next night to London and Colonel Channing received them at his flat at three in the morning.

"Sir," Lowry said, "this is Officer Lainvee of the Norwegian Resistance. . . . And this is Colonel Nedberg's report on the heavy-water plant."

Rosalie clicked the heels of her fisherman's boots and stared straight ahead while Channing glanced at the report. As Rosalie was in the midst of an uncovered yawn, Channing, without looking up, asked, "Is the officer fatigued, Lowry?" As he asked it, Rosalie toppled over on the floor in a faint.

Lowry knelt, picked her up and put her in a chair with head between her knees.

"The officer, sir, is a very brave woman who has not eaten or slept in some time," Lowry replied.

"Lowry, I am very sorry. I really didn't notice. I'll get some brandy," Channing said. He came back with it and to Lowry's astonishment was as considerate and helpful as a woman.

Rosalie opened her eyes a little dazed, tried to apologize and get to her feet.

"She must get right to bed," Channing said. "What a beauty! She can stay here. I'll send for a nurse."

"There is a friend I can stay with, colonel," she said. "You must not think me weakling."

"Would you like some tea? What would you like?"

"To give you my papers and to tell you I shall do my best in any duty you give me," she said, added, "sir."

"Call the motor pool and have a car sent at once, Lowry. I think I'd better get you some breakfast."

"I could not eat, thank you. I will be all right in a very few hours. Will you please read my leader's notes on me?" Rosalie asked.

Channing looked carefully at the paper in Pastor Larsen's writing. "You seem to have chosen well," he said.

"Thank you very much, sir. We were very fortunate."

"Shall we say two o'clock at my office? No, I'm afraid it must be no later than noon. Can you both report then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Help yourself to anything there is until the car comes." He picked up the telephone and asked for the duty officer at the Scientific Office.

The car took them through the now early morning to his two-room-and-bath flat off Russell Square, Rosalie dozing during the drive.

"When will shops be open?" she asked. "I need a great many things."

"Some by nine-thirty. We can sleep till then. Or you can go on sleeping. Make a list of what you want."

They walked up the stairs to the small ugly rooms.

"Were you ashamed I fainted? I was. Oh, bed and sheets," she said as he put on the lights. "Close the door until I call you." When he did, her clothes were on the floor and she in bed. "Please take them to the cats. I am sure there are many fishes' heads in them. Is there soap I can wash my hair with and any scissors for manicure? And any sweet powder even if I am a peasant? Have you a robe? Wake me when you go out. Bring me slacks and tricot. Lipstick it may be you can. Thank you," she said, and slept.

He set the alarm for 9:30 and lay down in the other room. Wrapped in his robe, he wakened him just before the alarm went off.

"I'm all rested and have bathed and washed my hair. And put out the things for breakfast. Where is cloth for ——" she asked, running a finger along a grimy tabletop.

"Dust?"

"I think so."

"I don't know of any," he said softly. "Take an old shirt. I'll have a quick shave and shower and get in a uniform."

In the sub, at the Orkneys, in the plane and until she fainted at Colonel Channing's, her speech and manner had been undistinguishable from that of any officer returning from a mission. Toward him she had been reserved and largely unsmiling. He sensed her troubled feelings in wanting to do what was expected of her, and was so touched by it he almost told her, "Look, we needn't stay married if you can't stand it. Your happiness is all I want." But what real "happiness" was she likely to find in a war-torn capital in the midst of a war far from won? With him she had some measure of protection.

"Well, I'll hurry," he said and closed the bedroom door after him.

When he came out, dark hair wet and brushed after the shower, dressed in a custom-made uniform, she looked at him in amazement and made a very guttural remark.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said *Sa Puha Jumal*, an exclamation in Estonia. It's compliment."

"I see," he replied, looking in the mirror.

He returned in an hour with a small gold wedding ring engraved "S. L. to R. L." He showed it to her.

"How is possible?" she asked.

"I stood with pistol to the engraver's head. It took twenty minutes. May I put it on?"

She nodded and held out her finger. His hope for a kiss came to nought. He had a small bunch of flowers in an old newspaper, and slacks and jersey from the PX. And a trench coat lined with wool. She shook her head over them all rather ominously, he thought, and then looked up at him.

"There is nothing different?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

She gave two deep sniffs and stood with her nose in the air. "I bathed again after you went out. You can't tell after all the soap, it is still fish?"

"Oh, no, it's lovely."

"Thank you. I have thought so. Any lipstick?"

He handed it to her.

"I come," she said, going into the bedroom with the slacks and jersey.

"The right size?" he called in a moment.

"You will see soon."

The door opened and he turned to see her looking, as he thought, like a page from a fashion magazine.

"Never will I touch any fishes again," she said.

"You're wonderfully beautiful."

"Thank you. You may kiss me, if you like. You are very good to me."

He took her in his arms eagerly, but she only brushed his lips with hers, and then leaning back her head said, "Don't be angry or laugh, but it is a little embarrassing for me and breakfast is ready."

To have the descendant of Estonian peasants, the herring gutter, the Resistance officer and the fashion model before him, all in one, was marvelously exciting and romantic, but as she set the table and served the orange juice and the creamed chicken and poured his coffee it came over him, in a great wave of revelation, that though he had gone a long way to do it he had really married the well-brought-up little girl next door whom he had known all his life. The Lord had indeed made of one blood all the nations of the earth.

At noon they reported to Colonel Channing. He saw Rosalie first alone while Lowry waited nervously in the anteroom. It was after one when she appeared, looking somewhat drawn and anxious.

"It is all right, I think," she said quickly to Lowry. "This is where I go." She showed him a pass to the Ministry of Information. "For monitoring. I will meet you at five today, other days very late."

"At home?"

She nodded and went down the stairs. Channing motioned Lowry to come in. The ensuing interrogation was long and searching, but made no reference to Rosalie. When it was completed Channing told him he was to go to Norwegian headquarters and repeat the report. He gave no indication of the degree of his own satisfaction with what Lowry had said.

Lowry, rising to leave, asked if he might speak to the colonel as man to man. Channing nodded coldly. Lowry asked whether the colonel felt the mission had been satisfactorily accomplished. Channing said the answer would depend in part on the value placed on his information by the Norwegian headquarters.

Subject, then, Lowry said, to how the Norwegians viewed his report, he desired the colonel's permission to marry Officer Lainvee immediately.

"Then," asked Channing, "you do not regard the ceremony performed by Pastor Larsen as sufficient? Or are you trying to evade the penalty of what you have done?"

Lowry, startled, realized that Channing could have learned of it only from Rosalie, and why she had suddenly decided to tell Channing distressed him—or had Channing in questioning her caught the scent of it and then caught her? He told Channing that he regarded himself as bound by the betrothal ceremony and that, though he had no desire to evade the consequences of his behavior, he

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hoped that circumstances and compassion would justify permission to marry.

"Before you went on Sardine, you applied for combat duty in Northwest Africa. The application has been approved and your E.T.D. is five days off," Channing replied.

The assignment he had so earnestly sought lost, for the moment, some of its attraction. He expressed his thanks but said it made the permission more vital to him.

"You will be informed of the decision in due course," Channing said.

Three Norwegian officers questioned Lowry for over an hour and he had the feeling as he left that their report to Channing would be ■ commendation, even a high one. But he made his way to his rooms a prey to the most gloomy emotions.

He found Rosalie already there poring over an English grammar. She looked up at him with obvious concern.

"Are you angry with me? Please don't be."

"Of course not. What happened with Channing?"

"I am very sorry, but he is like a devil in some ways. He was examining me in most minute fashion. Everything, everything you said or did in Norway. He had a sheet of paper with hours marked on it and he made notes as I answered him. Then he said, 'Now let us go back to Colonel Nedberg's return from Ordmark—the night before you left. What time did the three of you separate?' and I answered, 'After the betrothal. Captain Lowry and I went to the other hut.'"

"Oh, Rosalie ——" Lowry blurted out.

"I know, I could die. What have I done to you?"

"I don't know. It doesn't matter if you will only marry me."

"I have married you already."

"What more did Channing say?"

"I tried to explain. And I said I would do anything asked of me for the Allied cause."

"I asked him for permission to marry you and he would give no answer except to say that I am to rejoin my regiment in North Africa in five days. I had asked to do that before I went to Norway."

"Five days?" she gasped, getting to her feet. Then she said, "Whatever will be, I am bound to you if you want me to be."

"By love?"

"No, I cannot say that, but by promise and duty. You may think you love me, but it is not I am sure."

"Do you want it to be?"

She made a gesture of what he regarded as unnecessarily cruel indifference. He said he would take her to dine at the Savoy as soon as he had washed. He closed the bedroom door behind him and noticed the twin beds had been freshly made. In the bathroom the shelf had been neatened to make room for a modest array of her new toilet articles. He was examining them all with consuming interest when she knocked gently on the door.

"Yes?" he said, opening it.

She held out an official envelope. He tore it open, glanced at the signature, "Alexander Channing, USA, commanding ——" and saw the words "Permission to marry is granted ——"

"Oh, it's all right."

"I guessed. Look," she said, holding out a personal card of Colonel Channing's on which he had written *The brave deserve the fair. Floreat Estonia!* "It came with a bottle of champagne."

"No caviar?"

"Please do not speak even of the eggs of fishes," she said.

"Are you happy?" he demanded. "For heaven's sake, say so."

"I am not happy that you go to Africa. But this minute I am."

"Happy—say it."

"It is so."

To blow into the Savoy beside a beautiful girl with bronze-gold hair, the observed of all observers, whom he scarcely knew but who was his somewhat unlawful wife was really, he thought, the splendor and crown of life.

●

In the soft luxury of the broad hotel bed in New York they talked about it, their recollections supplementing each other's, asking and answering questions as they had scores of times.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that when you came back after the first day in London, you found me studying an English grammar? I was so smart to do that. I knew I must quickly speak good, fluent English."

"I thought your dialect was enchanting," he said.

"You would have been exasperated by it in a short time. I was half in love with you, you had such nice manners and habits, and I hadn't planned to fall in love. You made me forget every unhappy thing and I felt deliciously wicked and more than acquiescent, oh, much more."

"You talked about being faithful, do you remember?"

"Of course. We both swore we would be, which was utter madness at the time. How could we know? You made a big to-do about my being free but that I must promise not to be unfaithful when I was angry or lonely or because I pitied somebody. What a time I had understanding all the words. But promising those three things left no way to be unfaithful."

"I didn't forbid it if you fell in love."

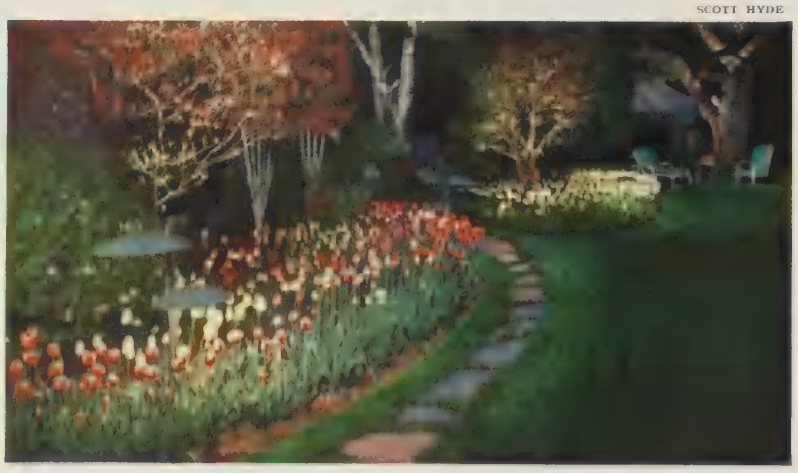
"Oh, 'fell in love'; you were already beginning to be dominant and I knew I wouldn't dare fall in love or you might throw me out a window."

"You confessed to being without physical modesty."

"That is an absolute lie. I never said such a thing, and it wasn't that night besides. I said all Nordic people, especially Balts, loved sun and air all over them," and, "*Connais tu le pays wo die Citronen blumen*," she sang. "You see, I am still polyglot and you were never to think because I took all my clothes off it

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SCOTT HYDE

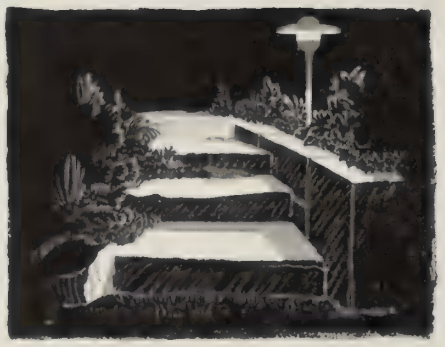


● *At tulip time: flowers are lighted but eye glare is spared with mushroom-shaped fixtures, green to blend with foliage, portable for shifting with seasons.*

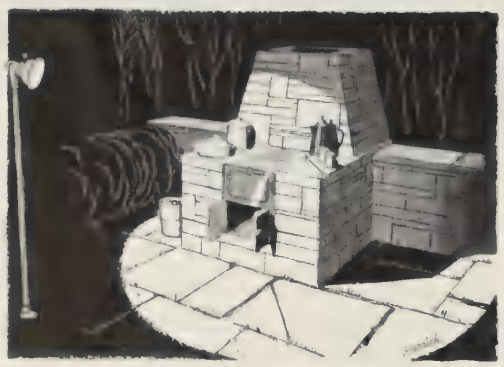
New beauty at night...with light

By MARGARET DAVIDSON.
Homemaking Editor of the Journal

At night, terrace and gardens can be lighted for both drama and safety. Guiding beams that outline paths and steps and driveways save falls, and well-lighted grounds are less often molested than dark hideaways. In our Portfolio House of this month, for example, all outdoor lights can be controlled from a switch in the master bedroom. Plus safety factors, you give new dimension to night entertaining with your outdoor lighting, when softly lit flower beds are in view beyond windows—and, of course, threads of light help lead the way for first-time visitors or late-arriving guests.

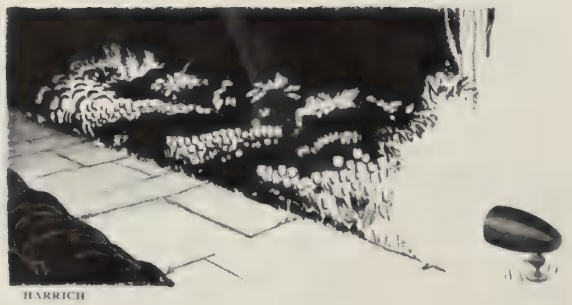


● *Small shaded light illuminates steps. Some have spiked ends for movability. But for permanent installation (and best idea for new homes), wire underground, with connections for stationary lighting—and ask for extra waterproof outlets for lawn mower or radio.*



● *Portable lamp stand can be carried to work or play spots as needed—here, it helps as you make those late trips to the barbecue to bring in utensils before the morning dew. Many fixtures now available use weather-defying bulbs which actually need no shield—but with the neighbors in mind, lighting should be shaded or directed so as not to glare.*

● *To cast light along a whole walkway: this swivel fixture, staked in ground, can be concealed by foliage. Others have mountings for attaching to trees, under eaves, where they hardly show.*



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

meant anything else at all. But I never said that at the Savoy, Mr. Long-Remember."

He remembered how she awoke laughing, that divine morning, and how ever after in the weal or woe of their life she had been *riante* with him. He remembered when he first discovered the full beauty of the word. After the triumphal entry into Tunis, his general had taken him and a number of younger officers who had distinguished themselves to be presented to the frock-coated bey. They had all been astonished by "the democratic manners and Western ways" of the potentate. Lowry saw an old, thick red book on the table. It was a Larousse dictionary, and he opened it to *riante*. It might, he thought, have been the definition of Rosalie: *Qui annonce de la gaieté; agréable à la vue, agréable à l'esprit.*

•

In September, 1943, while he was fighting in Southern Italy, a son was born to Rosalie in London. Lowry was of course tremendously pleased and proud, but when at the end of the year, after being wounded, he was ordered to go with the Overlord planners to London, he felt for the moment a most unworthy jealousy of his small son, whose mother he had so briefly known. His feelings horrified himself.

Two weeks after her son's birth, Rosalie had reported for duty at the ministry, to be told it was felt best that she not return. In reply to her normal surprised questions there had been assurances of high satisfaction with her work, but she was told she could not cable her husband about it.

"But he will think me a quitter, a weakling," she protested.

The official to whom she was talking said, "There can be small doubt that the Nazi forces in Estonia are trapped and will be taken or slain by the Red army. Our ally will occupy the whole Baltic. You are known to be anti-Russian ——"

"Anti-Russian! God in heaven, my father, my mother, my sister, I ——"

"I know, but there is a great desire in high quarters to keep the Russians happy. The Russians list your name among undesirables and, reviewing your case, it is felt no real hardship is involved in pleasing them. I have ventured to say that in pleasing them 'the last case of the man will be worse than the first,' but one man or woman matters little."

Her dark-lashed blue eyes filled with tears. "That is true if one individual is sacrificed to save many. This will save no one. There is nothing I can do?" she asked after a moment.

"Nothing," he said, "except to regard it as nothing."

She knew, of course, only approximately when Stephen would arrive. It was in a moonlight week and the thought of his flight across Biscay filled her with terror. It took a moment, whenever door or telephone bell rang, before she could speak. Absurd alarms filled her mind—that he had the wrong address or that the house would be bombed just before he came and he never be able to find them. Or that on meeting, one or the other would feel a sudden overwhelming revulsion toward the other. Memories of the white summer midnights of her girlhood in Estonia, filled with the scent of pines and flowers, thronged in her mind; the sea bathing, the beach fires at Midsummer's Eve.

An almost unknown man would arrive in the small unattractive flat. She had met him in the clothes of a herring gutter. Now she would have to receive him in the drab garments of wartime austerity—without, as she thought, memory or prospect of daintiness, or of ever having been together in a pretty room or in the sun. And what they had missed she did not then see would ever be recovered or compensated for. When he came, two strangers would find themselves shut off together in repellent intimacy.

Coming up from Gib in the long moonlit night Lowry was also the prey of warring emotions. He felt no doubt that he was going to what was his heart's desire. Precious as their small son was to her, she did not write of him as though he were their flesh and blood. It was Madonna and Child, not the Holy Family. But he said to himself all this was to be expected.

How was he to begin with her, how be natural, how make it clear he still expected to win her? Yet he was sensible enough to see that to revert to the austerity of their Norwegian night would be more ridiculous than chivalrous. Still, better be ridiculous than arrogant or possessive about what he did not really possess.

He rang the bell of her flat late the next afternoon. The plane had landed in the morning in Southwest England but the train had not left until noon, coming up through a dismal landscape.

He could not hear her coming and the sudden opening of the door startled him. They stared at each other a few seconds. She wore a blouse and slacks and her thick glorious hair was page-boy length.

"Oh, darling," she said. "It *is* all right. I was so frightened it wouldn't be." She kissed him. He pushed his bedding roll through the door with his foot, shed his bag and coat, closed the door with an elbow and resumed kissing her.

"There was no trouble from the moment we saw each other," she said afterward. "I can't imagine what I was so afraid of."

She led him to the crib in the bedroom and he looked down in awe at the sleeper. "I am very inexperienced about people like this," he said, staring at their son.

"I know, so was I, but he's very companionable. How do you think you will like him?"

"I like him already," he said, touching the tiny fingers.

"He grows on you. Dear, I feel terribly keyed up. Can we have a drink and talk a moment?"

"Can I get it?" he asked.

"No, I will. Sit down; it's a very ugly room, but it's all lit up now. Stephen, do you think we'll get along all right? Do you want to know I haven't had any 'pity' from anybody?"

"I ——"

"Don't say. It doesn't matter—or not now, anyhow."

He opened his kit bag and took out a small package. "It isn't much," he said. "I got it in Algiers from a French officer when I first went out. It had come two thousand miles across Africa and a Roman officer might have brought it from Carthage to his bride in Rome."

In the package was a necklace of ivory and gold, antique, barbaric and beautiful. She gave a little gasp of pleasure, put it around her neck.

"To have a husband come home isn't as frightening as I thought."

"Have you been very frightened about it?" Stephen asked.

"Sometimes, yes, particularly yesterday and this morning. Before that, when I was worried about whether you were safe I had a special train of thought I took comfort in. I'd make myself forget there was war and I'd say, 'Well, now he's washing his hands, or putting on his coat, now he's writing a letter ——'"

"Oh, I know. I did the same sort of thing, visualizing you brushing your hair, or dressing, or getting off a bus, unlocking the door, doing your breakfast dishes, eating with your pretty manners."

"I had no idea I would like you so much. You know what?—as you Americans say with your awful usage."

"No, what?"

"*Ma armaston sind*, I love you. But why do I love a stupid fellow I hardly know who doesn't know enough to say he likes my hair

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

HAPPY ENDING

By ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

The heroes of another day
That fiction used to crown
As "debonair" and
"devil-may-care"
Or "dashing," steeped in
"savoir-faire."
Have given way to sterner clay
That's "lean and hard and
brown."

And heroines, once of a hue
Allied to "cream" and
"peaches"
With "violet eyes" and
contours seen
To match a "Tanagra
figurine."
Are "tall," "tanned," but for
the inch or two
That a Bikini reaches.

But though the girls and boys
we know
Are of a different feather.
And "Daisys," "Mabels,"
"Drews" and "Dirks"
Are "Lindas," "Marilyns,"
"Jims" and "Kirks,"
Their object now, as long ago,
Is still to get together!







give your hands extra protection with Trushay

There's one simple reason why you should use Trushay on your hands. Trushay is *richer* in beauty-protecting ingredients than all other leading lotions. That's why more and more women are using it. Trushay doesn't simply protect hands—it gives them *extra* protection when they need it most. And it's so wonderful to use. Just a few drops are all you need to feel Trushay's richness melt into your hands and give them a feeling of softness all over. Yet with all these advantages, extra-rich Trushay is priced just the same as ordinary lotions. There isn't a reason in the world to settle for anything less!

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(yes...even to perfect whiteness)



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

is long, and who, after I give him a child, esn't say my figure is perfect—doesn't mpliment me for learning so much hard nglish usage for him, doesn't think I'm very nart not to spoil my skin with those austerity aps? A stupid fellow who thinks, 'Oh, well, is so I married a peasant, they're not accus- med to anything. I'll just give her another aby and keep her quiet.' You may, you know. have decided on three as soon as possible."

Now breathless beside him, ecstasy ebbing vinely away as silently as light, she whis- ered sleepily, "What are you thinking?"

He kissed her passionately again. "I was inking two things—how much I love you d how soon we can get some breakfast."

"You're such a blessing," she murmured, ecause so was I. Peasants always think of od."

On Monday morning, a little after ten. owry appeared at Rutledge's office with his nancial statement and received a most rdial welcome. Rutledge had already talked Peale about his bills and, as he had first essed, found they were a complete oversight. ith his anxieties relieved, he had his usual nguine feeling that the new year would be a record breaker, and he was pleased to see that Lowry was properly dressed for an office.

"I don't think we need any palaver," Rutledge said. "I take it you're satisfied, and I am. I propose you settle down with us tomorrow and I have asked your principal associates to lunch with us at the club. That agreeable?"

"Very much so," Lowry replied. "I would like to say how much I appreciate your confidence and to assure you I shall give everything I have to justify it. Here is the statement of my affairs you asked for."

Rutledge unfolded it and read with the slow care of a man to whom reading was not a pleasure. Lowry was not fully prepared for the look of almost appalled amazement that came over Rutledge's face. The brief statement showed total assets of some $8000. There were no liabilities, but that a man past forty should have accumulated so little, or have had nothing of his own to start with, profoundly shocked him.

"This is the whole thing?" he asked.

"I am afraid it is."

Rutledge gave a little cluck of dismay. "I suppose we have to consider you've not been in a profit-making organization. I suppose there are a good many reasons for this—inadequate Government pay, growing family ——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

William and the train



By POLLY TOLAND

William and I have visited the Train quite often. We have found it asleep in the station. We have peered down at it when it has wonderfully gone underneath the bridge, at the very moment we stood on top; and, best of all, the engineer has tooted his whistle at us, making the Train talk. But this time, we have gone for a ride on the Train.

William holds my ticket, because he's too little to have one, and he gives it to the conductor. "Is *he* the postman's brother?" asks William in a loud whisper.

"I don't know." The idea has never occurred to me.

"No," says William. "He's too dark blue. The postman's much lighter blue. But they may be friends?"

We wonder where everyone is going. We wonder why the seats are green. We wonder why blue jeans are hanging from someone's wash line. William wants me to ask the lady in front if the bird on her hat is dead. I decline, but the lady (who has a nice smile) turns round to William and says it is. We go under the bridge. We hear the whistle toot. We get off at our own station. William has really met the Train.

"Good-by, dear Train," says William tenderly to its square, retreating back.

"Good-by, dear Train," I say. And I'm talking to the Train. I'd never really met it until William introduced us.

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to condition the water,
soften fabrics,
rinse newness
into clothes

1957 HOTPOINT WONDERINSE WASHER

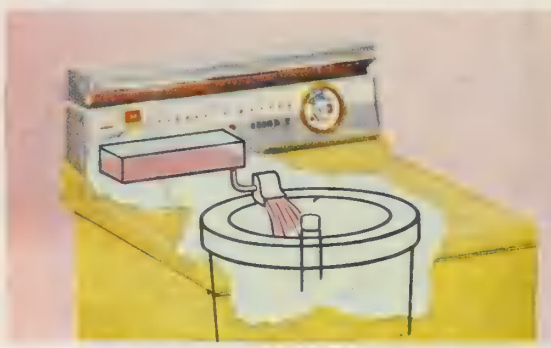
No matter how wonderfully an automatic washer may *wash* clothes, it's *really* no more efficient than its rinsing action. And in the 1957 Hotpoint, remarkable things happen during the rinse cycle. We call it WONDERINSE . . . you'll call it wonderful.

You simply press a button when you start the washer. Automatically, at exactly the right time, the new WONDERINSE chemical — Rinse-Rite — is injected into the final rinse water.

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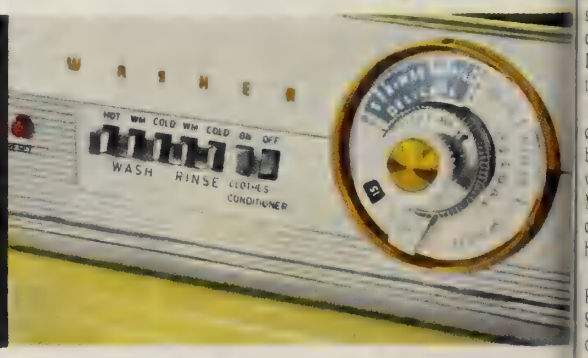
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He stopped in the middle of his sentence. Another case of a man they had taken on several years ago flashed through his mind. Only after he had been with them a month had he revealed the complicated domestic situation which required the company to be on notice as to the payment of monthly alimony to a previous wife and his three children.

Rutledge cleared his throat. "Your wife and children are your only dependents?"

"Yes, though I've had to help my sister occasionally. Her husband's a chemistry professor in a small college and they've had a rather hard time."

"I see. But your present marriage—that is to say, you have no other family?"

Lowry laughed. "Oh, no. No other family, no other marriage, no breach-of-promise suits pending."

"Well, I didn't mean that, of course," Rutledge replied, his relief tempered by the levity. "Your mother's provided for? I apologize for this seeming to pry, but I take it to be my duty to know just what my juniors are up against."

"My mother has her own money from my father's estate. She has a farm in Ohio which shows a profit."

"From what?"

"Beef cattle, mainly."

"What did you get for your father's company when he died?"

"Only about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I was at the war at the time and my brother handled it. I don't imply I should have done better."

"You could hardly have done worse. A hundred and fifty for Lowry Equipment? He must have been out of his mind. Let me see, do I know your brother?"

"Dahlgren."

"Dahlgren—not Dolly Lowry?"

"I'm afraid so."

Rutledge gave a great sigh. "I just never connected the two. I was with two other men in Guy Eliot's office at the Founders when your brother came in and announced that Guy Eliot was a Fascist and wanted to do business with Hitler. Then he went to the Times and Tribune and tried to get them to publish a letter about him."

"I know," Lowry said, "he's a rather difficult fellow."

"He's been divorced twice, hasn't he?" Rutledge said.

"Yes. If this changes the picture, you're not bound in any way."

Rutledge was not sure whether this independence pleased or displeased him. "Where is your brother now?" he asked.

"He has a small job in Stonington, Connecticut."

"It's not a question of my being bound. The question is, are you the best man for the job? I'm prepared to believe you are, but I'd like some assurance I now have the full story," Rutledge replied.

"I haven't concealed anything. You asked for a financial statement. You have it. I didn't suppose the price of a factory sold in 1944 concerned you and I assumed you knew Dahlgren was my brother and I don't regard the fact that he is as a disgrace."

"Now, now," Rutledge protested, "I'm not criticizing you. I have a very heavy responsibility and if I seem irritable I apologize." He wished, however, he could ask directly about Mrs. Lowry's record. Suppose she were a communist. Still, the State Department must have been satisfied on that point

"You may be wondering about my wife. Her whole family was killed or exiled by the Soviets in 1940 except for one brother, her only known living relative."

"Who is he?"

"Armas Lainvee. He's the senior partner of the very rich French banking firm of Delacroix and Company."

"Oh, is that so? Fine. We know them well," Rutledge said, enormously relieved and affable.

"However, you'd better know that my mother was the actress Joan Denney, and that she started her career in the Follies," Lowry told him curtly, getting to his feet.

"My dear boy," Rutledge said, beaming, "that beautiful lady is your mother? Well, if I had to go through all this to find that out, it's worth it. Now let's wash out all this other nonsense and get to work. Go for your physical this afternoon—it's just routine—meet me here at nine-thirty in the morning and we'll all lunch privately at the club."

Going down the carpeted hall, Lowry asked a passing clerk where Mr. Peale's office was. He found Peale in and told him all was settled.

"Well, I knew it would be," Peale said, "unless you told Rutledge what you told me the other night. Do you remember?"

"Certainly I remember. I don't expect to talk to Rutledge as I might to you. I was only expressing to you and the girls my objection to devoting the next twenty years to business. I hope to make enough in ten to do something more valuable or more interesting in the next ten after them."

"You'll find it doesn't work that way," Peale replied. "What does Rosalie think about all this?"

"Well, you know she's just a beautiful peasant girl."

"Has she ever heard a word of her family?"

"Only her brother, whom you've met."

"Terrible thing," Peale said. "Is she still affected by it?"

"She seldom speaks of it, but I know that even now she still hopes to hear."

"Was her sister as beautiful as she is?"

"I really don't know. I should think from looking at her and Armas it ran in the family."

"You know I somehow can't picture Rosalie except as she was the other night, gay and laughing yet wonderfully understanding and sympathetic. Was that true about her and the fisherman's clothes?"

"Oh, yes."

"I hope you appreciate her," Peale said curtly. "I didn't make a bad impression on her, I hope. I did get a little tight."

"You both made more than an impression," Lowry said, and feeling it was time Evelyn's name was mentioned added, "She felt she had always known Evelyn." He felt he ought to say more about Evelyn and that perhaps she had not wholly approved of all the gaiety.

She had soberly said to the sleepy Peale on the way home, "I do hope that all this drinking and nonsense isn't to be characteristic of seeing the Lowrys. I must say I couldn't picture her in the Resistance. She seemed to have so little."

"She's beautiful," Peale said. "Don't you think so?"

"She evidently does and rather flaunts it, I thought."

"You mean the dance?"

"The dance and other things."

"But the dance was your doing," he said, and fell asleep in the corner of the car.

Luncheon the next day was in most ways what Lowry had grown accustomed to in Europe. There were a dozen well-dressed, well-informed men, friendly and easy to talk to. It was hard to realize they were all, except Rutledge and Johnson, in one way or another his rivals. Yet under their ease Lowry got a feeling of marked self-consciousness about three of them—Peale, Hewitt and Evans—as though each had long ago decided on the impression it was most advisable for him to make and conformed strictly to it.

Charles Curtis, the treasurer, was about the age of Rutledge, rather scholarly looking, cordial but reserved in manner. In appearance Calvin Hewitt was the most striking, with the fine figure of a college oarsman who with the years has put on a moderate amount of weight. He had been the handsomest man in his class in college and in most gatherings still was. His face was unlined and in repose had something spiritual about it, blotted out by the breezy manner of a good fellow, and a

Atlas had a great reputation, but I'd like to have seen him try to carry a mattress upstairs.

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fund of bawdy stories told in a chuckling undertone to everyone but Rutledge and Johnson. His juniors roared as he told them.

Leslie Evans struck Lowry as rather colorless. He was particularly interested in meeting Thomas Johnson, the president, who Rutledge had said would succeed him at his retirement. He was thick-set, of medium height, about fifty-five. His very dark blue suit was the best in the room and there was an unmistakable air of great ability, alertness and affability about him. He listened more attentively than Rutledge and spoke less, but he gave the impression that he would always know what to do and that it would be the right thing for all concerned. And from every outward thing about him it was hard to believe he had started life as a steel puddler.

The talk turned to where Lowry was going to live and all the considerations that went into it. He explained that he had until summer, when the children arrived, to decide on a permanent place, and would look for a furnished apartment in town until then.

There was manifest cordiality about getting him and his wife for dinner—what's a good time for my wife to reach yours or can we fix a time now? It was all as nice as could be, and though he was not looking for "good talk," "the art of conversation," "the latest books and plays and music," it all sounded about as stirring as a commuter's train schedule.

Yet when the coffee had been poured and Rutledge made a little speech it was stirring. What major industry had set out to do, it had done better than anyone else from distribution to pure research. When any Point Four program could accomplish what Aramco, for example, had in Saudi Arabia for the welfare of the people there, he, Rutledge, would turn C. I. C. over to the socialists. Competition and incentive were the basic reasons for it. Aramco knew, just as C. I. C. knew, that if

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156



"to travel in good taste... seek both leisure and style"

SAYS: *Mary Lou West*
Travel Consultant, Union Pacific Railroad

That calm unhurried look belongs to the smart traveler. All day she keeps the rested refreshed look. It's actually the relaxation that does it—relaxation of Domeliner travel in the West. The style key word is *comfort*—like western living—easy and gracious.

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Dear Miss West: I am thinking about a trip in the West, and would appreciate your telling me about these items:

- ☐ What should I wear for a transcontinental trip?
- ☐ How can I get tickets without standing in line?
- ☐ Can I go right through without changing trains?
- ☐ How much should I tip for service when I travel?
- ☐ Can you arrange other accommodations besides rail?
- ☐ Please advise me about a trip from_____ to_____

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____ Phone_____



Blender catering for youngsters brightens up their lives and appetites! Sure-to-please specialties—in amounts for four:

RAINBOW GLASS is layered puréed fruit. Use 1 cup raspberries and 1 of peaches—the frozen kind partly thawed—each blended separately with 2 quartered marshmallows. Place one above the other in juice glasses or custard cups. Try other fruits, canned, fresh or frozen. A little lemon improves bland fruits. Vegetable coloring perks up pale ones.

SPACE-CADET COCKTAIL is chilled tomato juice (one 10-ounce can) whirled in the blender with ½ stalk celery, chopped, and a small sprig of parsley. Serve while frothy and foamy.

ALL-STAR SANDWICH when ■ gang gathers after school is a sturdy baked-bean spread. Strain 1-pound can beans, add ⅓ cup sliced cucumber pickle, 1 slice onion, and blend to consistency of crunchy peanut butter.

CONFETTI SOUP is 1 cup leftover cooked vegetables (peas, carrots, broccoli, or a combination of several) whizzed in the blender with 2 cups seasoned milk or stock, 1 tablespoon flour and 1 slice onion. Bring to a boil, then serve in a colorful bowl topped with dry puffed cereal.

CIRCUS LEMONADE takes its color from 1 package frozen strawberries, thawed, blended with ¼ cup each of lemon juice and sugar. Add 1 pint water, a tray of ice cubes.

APRICOT IGLOOS are mounds of sherbet made from 2 cups canned or cooked dried apricots blended with 1 cup of the juice, 6 quartered marshmallows and juice of ½ lemon. Whip until smooth and freeze. For extra lightness, blend when frozen to the mushy stage (half the amount at a time) and continue freezing.

YIPPEE WAFFLES earn their name when 1 cup diced ham or cheese, smoothed in the blender with 1 cup water, is stirred into a package of waffle mix. Then add remaining liquids called for on the package. Count on seconds of these.

Really new taste discovery!



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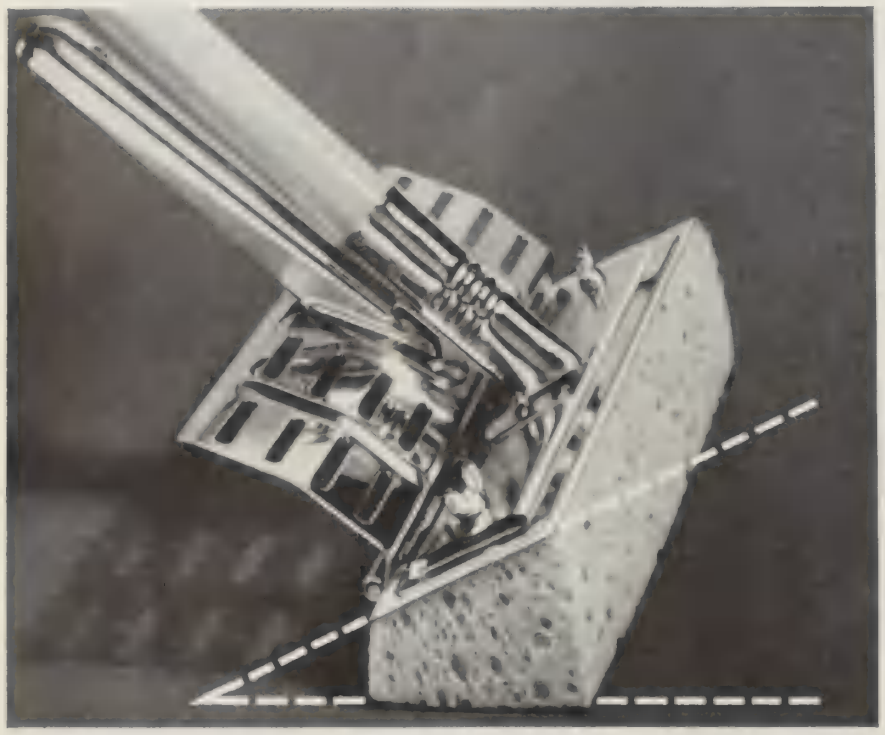
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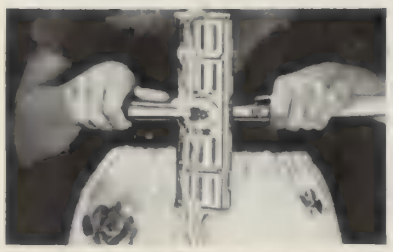


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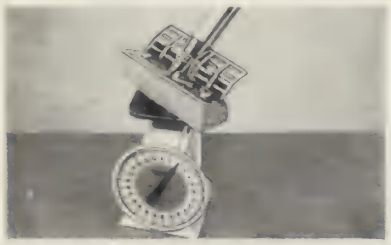
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O-Cedar Sponge Mops are ruggedly built, too, with all metal parts completely chrome plated for longer service. That's why they're guaranteed for five full years! Model "76" (shown) only $4.50 wherever cleaning supplies are sold. New deluxe model "88" with king-size 11-inch sponge that squeezes from the handle, only $5.95.

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O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

they didn't do it, Texas or Shell or another competitor would. And for doing it they received the magnificent incentive of about five cents for every dollar of sales. What gave him the greatest satisfaction was the very meagerness of that incentive. A return like that left no room for doubts as to how the rewards were distributed. But profit wasn't the only thing they were in business for. He had had another great satisfaction in the last few days. In his talks with Stephen Lowry, who was joining them today, he had been able to say with complete truth that every man at the table—and the whole organization—would receive him, help him, and *accept help and advice from him*, as though he had long been one of them. Well, he could see from Charley Curtis' face that it was time to go back and count the money and he suggested they do so.

Lowry spent the afternoon reading a mass of reports and in several talks with members of the staff. He was fascinated by reports of activities of FOA and the Point Four program, with which he was familiar, and the detailed and usually well-grounded reports on their personnel, high and low, whom he knew. He had not realized how attentive American business was to the quality of Government personnel abroad.

One report had this to say of his own visit to Turkey:

"I went to a cocktail party at the embassy to meet Mr. Stephen Lowry, here on a special investigation for FOA. I had heard there was an internal row about his coming as a consequence of his somewhat ruthless correction of abuses by Americans and others, which you probably read about in Time magazine. However, he made an excellent impression on everyone, Turkish and American, and put America on the map culturally by asking to be taken over the route of the Ten Thousand to the sea. The Minister of Education took him in his own car. On the trip Lowry 'happened' to discuss some farm-school problems with the minister, who, having heard Lowry call out '*Thalassa, Thalassa*' at the right moment on the road, yielded on some restrictions he had insisted upon, the project was confirmed and we will build the schools and dig the ditches. (Photostat of our contract attached.) Lowry told me it was all luck and the idea was on the spur of the moment. I talked to his wife, a foreigner, very attractive, and she said he knew how to go a long way around to get his own way. Too bad there aren't more like him."

There is little use to talk about your child to anyone; other people either have one or haven't.

DON HEROLD
Dictionary of Humorous Quotations
Edited by Evan Esar
(Doubleday & Company, Inc.)

A little after four Rosalie made her first telephone call to him at the office. He had sent her to a renting agent and she had been apartment hunting all day. She had found one they could sublet furnished, four rooms and bath, high up in Gramercy Square. Could he meet her there? She wanted to move that night before the hotel bankrupted them. This was only $225 a month. She went on to say that it was very attractively furnished. The people had gone to Florida for five months. "I'm sure they are nice people—they have a desk and books, comfortable old chairs. Very pretty china and lamps and things like that." Could he come now?

"Oh, I think so. In about twenty minutes."

He stopped to tell Jim Peale he was leaving and why, and to his surprise Peale looked ■ little dismayed. "Gramercy Park?" Peale said. "I don't think that's any place for you to live. Why the rush?"

"We want to get settled and economize. Nothing disreputable about Gramercy, is there?"

"Well, no, not disreputable, but I never knew anybody who lived there. Children play in it and the Players' Club's down there, but I think you're rushing it. Call them up and say you've changed your mind and I'll get hold of a fellow at Douglas Elliman's."

"Can't wait. Rosalie's there now."

To his surprise Peale went to the elevator with him, saying, "Really, Steve, this sort of thing is more important than you seem to realize. How big is it?"

"Four and bath."

"But listen, four rooms! You can't live in four rooms. How are you going to have people to dinner?"

"Just have four, one in each room. So-long."

The next night the men of C. I. C. were all eagerly awaited by their wives, for, whatever their positions, it was Wednesday. The back of the work week was broken, and the last of the leftovers from Sunday dinner gone. The money market was also easier, even if it was another week till payday.

Of course the eager waiting was not in every case a happy one. Though the devoted Mrs. Thomas Johnson waited eagerly to learn whether her husband had kept his promise to go for a cardiogram "by Wednesday anyhow, I promise you, dear," Wednesday was the night that stretched Paula Hewitt's nerves to the limit. Either the hearty Hewitt was all fun and husbandly cheer or sometime during the evening he would say, "Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. So-and-so's probably going to be in town Friday and wants me to have dinner. I'll have to do it, I haven't seen him in years." He had an inexhaustible list of these mysterious characters. What it meant was that Hewitt's current girl could see him Friday. It was always to be "an early dinner, I'll certainly get the ten-three." Thursday night when anticipation was rising in him he might say, "I think I'll drive in tomorrow. Those late trains are so ghastly." In that case his wife knew that toward midnight Friday he would call up and say, "Look, I've been a bad boy and drunk more than I should have and I really don't want to risk driving out. Do you mind if I ——" Whereupon she took two sleeping pills.

At times the intervals between such Fridays were so long that she thought they were done with, and when on ■ Wednesday the careful overtures began again she first half believed them and then felt too humiliated and spiritless to question them. More recently she had made it a practice to have two Martinis, very dry, before Hewitt's arrival both Wednesday and Thursday, so that she only half heard the casually elaborate details.

It was quite different on Wednesdays at the Titcombs'. The missus got dinner in ■ pretty little silk number protected by a big apron and they had "a nice glass of sherry wine" together before dinner—Wednesday and Saturday only. An evening of cultured comfort over WQXR followed. Looking at his wife, Titcomb would think to himself, *I just wish Mr. Rutledge or Mr. Johnson or Mr. Hewitt or some of the other big boys could have a home life like mine. I've seen a lot in my time and though I'm getting old hope to see more, but I never have and never will see anything as pretty as my wife's face and ways. Everything in the world ■ man could want in this little apartment.*

Whatever the sad or happy excitement of these people on this Wednesday, it was less than that of the wives of Lowry and Peale, who had lunched together at the Colony and who could hardly wait to tell their husbands of their impressions.

"Jim, I am not exaggerating," Evelyn Peale told him. "She's proposing to do her own cooking, except on special occasions, and to make their beds. I'm not sure, but I shouldn't be surprised if they were going to do the dinner dishes together."

"This may be only temporary."

"Temporary! What will Edward Rutledge think if he hears it?"

"Well, you don't need to tell him. I can speak privately to Stephen."

"It won't do any good. It's some crazy philosophy of theirs. Do you realize that they expect to 'save up' for things? That sapphire of hers and that clip they saved for. They 'saved up' to go to the Pyrenees and buy a car. They seem to have no plan for life."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

NOW! DROMEDARY COMBINES ITS *Treasured Historic Recipes* with "STAY-FRESH MAGIC"



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

"Well, it may be a queer one, but it's certainly a plan. It might even be better than spending all we do."

"Are you suggesting I'm extravagant? If you are, I shall be glad to do the housework."

"Don't be touchy. I'm not complaining."

"It sounded that way. Another thing is the way she talks about them in the most adolescent fashion. Of course I like her and I intend to do all I can for her, as I told her; at which she coolly informed me that unless they were working on what she calls their principal errors—they go to libraries and make notes about them—all they like to do after dinner winter evenings is to go to bed and read. I realized on New Year's Eve that she's inclined to be very sexy."

"Is that so bad in a wife?"

"I don't know what you're implying. I do hope you understand I can't become 'best friends' with a foreign woman I don't feel easy about simply because her husband is your oldest friend. I've asked them to dine with us Saturday. The Johnsons are coming, and the Guy Eliots. I had thought we'd have some bridge. But she doesn't play bridge."

"We could play post office," Peale said. "It seems to me you've worked yourself up about nothing."

"Thank you. By the way, the grocer would like a check. And what about the school bill? I'm on a committee there next week, and I shouldn't like to feel uneasy."

"I said I would pay both bills this week, and I will tomorrow."

"Well, you better get dressed. The Dunhams are taking us to the theater."

"Any mail?"

"Other than bills, there's a letter for you—from Venezuela. It's on your bureau."

Left alone, Evelyn, staring sulkily into the fireplace, felt a sense of general irritation with the world and of uneasiness about herself. Life was not easy on $50,000 a year before taxes at the standard she felt herself expected to maintain. Cars, a summer cottage, education, servants, entertainment took so much and you were expected, so at least Jim had taught her to believe, to display a little more each year.

A sense of thin ice under them affected all their relations. She was sustained in part by a bond of martyr-camaraderie with her friends and other wives like her. Even when they had wads of money, most of them wore themselves out with "activities" and some with isms. Those still climbing felt the same stresses she did—so they bought a fine boat, like the Peales' new one, on long-term installments, not for the pleasure it would give them but because it had something to do with business success.

In the absence of all this, it was the sense of contentment about Rosalie which annoyed her. Cows, not women, were supposed to be contented. When Rosalie had told her they liked best to go to bed and read on winter nights, she had asked somewhat coldly what about the summer.

"Oh, the summer nights are rapturous. We lie on the grass and look at the stars."

For all her irritation she wished she could go to Jim and say, "Let's go to bed and read tonight. We've seen that play. I couldn't tell Narcissa so."

The children's nurse came in to say they were ready to be tucked in and she went to the nursery to her maternal duty. She felt a gulf even between herself and them. Rosalie had said most of what she knew of English and American literature she had learned from reading aloud to the children. The Peale children could read; and besides, they had their own television.

Lowry, having comfortably come down in an East Side local to 23rd Street, strode along the cold sidewalks to Gramercy Park in excellent spirits. His second business day had gone well. He had lunched alone with Thomas Johnson, liking him even more than at first sight. Johnson said he had been at a symposium at the Harvard School of Business Administration over the holidays and there had been a discussion of why men "kept at it" so often after the financial rewards had ceased to matter. The general feeling had been men liked the power they exercised. He said in his case he liked his job, he liked his associates, and he had a very happy time in his office. He thought most men with any sense did. He said that prison reform and the rehabilitation of offenders was his greatest outside interest. He had got into it, he was frank to say, because when he was young an older brother of his had served a long prison term.

"When he finally came out we were all hopeless about what he could do. I went up to meet him and while I was waiting I happened to fall into conversation with the Jewish chaplain of the prison. I told him why I was there and how despondent I was. His careworn face lit up and he said to me—I remember his exact words—'After half a lifetime in this work, I tell you most people, including offenders like your brother, have an insatiable appetite, when properly aroused, for the good life and self-betterment. And never forget it.' I never have. We have no children and I've been able, thanks to my wife's feeling about it, to start a foundation, a small one as such things go, for this work of rehabilitation. We live rather simply relatively because of the commitments we've made."

Lowry wanted to ask how the brother had come out, but it seemed too delicate a question to ask.

"Let's go in the other room and have some coffee, though I am not supposed to have it," Johnson said. "Would you be interested in what became of my brother?"

"Very much so," Lowry told him. "I wanted to ask."

"He's the minister of a large church in Kansas City and has served for many years on the state Parole Board. His oldest boy is a Rhodes scholar."

Over the coffee Johnson said that he hoped Lowry would not let himself be rushed about anything, particularly a foreign inspection trip, and "If Edward gets impulsive about it have a word with me. The main thing is to get



he feel of the whole business. However, I shouldn't hesitate if I were you to take charge right off and make the decisions."

"I did that with Halleck this morning on that cable from Turkey, where I happened to know the local situation."

"Oh, I am glad you did. Halleck wasn't sure about bothering you and I sent him in. I was interested to know that Jim Peale and you were such old friends. I happen to know another old friend of yours and your wife very intimately."

"Oh, who?"

"Alec Channing, the man with the kindest heart and the most intolerable exterior—'intolerant' may be the word—in New York. It's extraordinary what excellent Intelligence officers stockbrokers make. I told Alec it's because their minds have lain fallow for years while the rest of us wore ourselves out. Though actually I have never been able to understand how a specialist executes an order on the floor."

Lowry laughed. "Neither have I."

"Tell me, where are you living? At a hotel?"

"Oh, no, we were there only for a space over the holidays. We've taken a small apartment in Gramercy Park until summer."

"Well, I think that's very sensible. I'm glad to hear it."

The warm lobby of the apartment was pleasant after the twenty-degree cold outside, and the elevator rose with old-fashioned dignity through the not unpleasant odors of cooking.

As he unlocked his door, Rosalie's head poked out of the kitchen. "Modest drinks in living room in two minutes," she told Stephen. "Darling, it's ages since morning. *Sa Puha Jumal*, you're cold. I have much to tell you. Oh, these were in that other trunk." And she opened her apron coat on Spanish dancer's pantaloons flared at the ankles and a white Spanish blouse.

"How was your lunch?"

"I have shocked Evelyn Peale and it may ruin your friendship. But *dépêche-toi*. Oh, the fireplace burns beautifully and the concierge told us where to buy cannel coal on Third Avenue. And, darling, you should have seen me marketing on Third Avenue. Great bags of food very cheap—how good I don't know. You wheel the bags around like babies. But none of the shopkeepers smiles at you as they do at home—I mean in Europe."

When he came into the living room, Rosalie was on the sofa before the fire mixing highballs.

"All go well with you?" she asked.

"Oh, very. Also much to tell," and he sank on the sofa beside her. They kissed fondly and she sank back against his arm.

"This is not," she said, "what the James Peales do when he comes home."

"Poor fellow. What do they do?"

"They dress for dinner with important people. Darling, are you sure you still know Jim? Because the picture you've given me of him isn't Evelyn's. You did think at times in Europe that his letters were getting a little pompous."

"Well, he does seem to think and do the correct thing with a lot of determination. What about Evelyn, though?"

"Well, first, she's unhappy."

"Did she tell you?"

"Oh, no, but she never spoke a happy word or had a happy thought the whole time. She took it for granted to start with that I felt the same way. I think everything I said shocked her. You know, how we bought this blouse and pantaloons while we were walking the Route de Ria to find Pablo Casals' house and how we lay by the Route that night watching

Humans, like horses, cannot kick and go forward at the same time.

E. L. BENEDICT

the stars. Things like that, or the pictures you took of me in the wild flowers in Rhodes looking across at Asia Minor—well she is either shocked or thinks we're not *type sérieux*. She seemed to imply that if a man and woman were happy together they were traitors to some higher loyalty. Her life is made up of the most unimportant outward things—money, position, social obligations. What's Calvin Hewitt like?"

"Oh, I don't know. Nice enough fellow."

"And they're not particularly happy," Evelyn said. "I met Mrs. Hewitt, who was lunching at the Colony. There's much rivalry between Jim and Hewitt as to who will succeed Mr. Johnson when Mr. Johnson succeeds Mr. Rutledge. The Peales' life is based on his succeeding. Did you know that?"

"He hasn't spoken of it. I should think he'd win easily over Hewitt. But I don't imagine it's imminent."

"I used to think the idea of a man *running* for President of the United States must be the funniest sight. But everybody's running here. Darling, don't run, just stay still with me. Oh, and I wrote long letters to each of the children. They're open on the desk, so put a postscript on each one."

He sat down at the desk where the three letters were waiting.

"My, you've had a busy day," he said, reaching for a pen.

"When I left Evelyn and Mrs. Hewitt, I made another call. I wondered what they would have said if they knew."

"Where'd you go?"

"The Estonian Relief Committee on East Thirty-fourth Street."

He put down his pen and went over to her. "Nothing?" he asked gently.

She shook her head, her eyes full of tears. "Nothing, except brave people, a little restaurant and an Estonian newspaper and a bulletin board with questions like mine tacked on it. I wrote one, too, and someone had to help me with words I'd forgotten: '. . . Wanted by their sister and daughter, Rosalie Lainvee Lowry.'"

(To be Continued)



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NEW IDEA! TUNA-BAKE

Suggests Elsie, the Borden Cow

1 (7-oz.) can tuna fish **¼ cup chopped onion** **¼ cup chopped celery**
2 (8-oz.) cans tomato sauce **1 cup water**
¾ teaspoon salt **¼ teaspoon oregano** **¼ teaspoon pepper**
1 cup (4-oz.) elbow macaroni, cooked
1 (1½ oz.) canister of Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese

Drain tuna, reserving 3 tablespoons oil. Cook onions and celery in oil until soft. Add tomato sauce, water and seasoning. Simmer, covered 15 minutes. Arrange layers of macaroni, tuna and sauce in greased 1-quart casserole. Sprinkle each layer of sauce generously with Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese. It's the only blend of *two* great Italian cheeses – dry, sharp Parmesan and rich, full-flavored Romano. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 minutes or until sauce bubbles. Makes 4 servings.

P.S. Borden's exclusive blend of two popular Italian cheeses perks up every hot bite of many casseroles.

And here's an idea. Keep a big 3-oz. canister handy at all times – so your family can shake new cheese excitement on spaghetti, onion soup, hot vegetables, salads, eggs, etc. It shakes easily because the holes are extra-large. Keeps fresh for days without refrigeration. And *only* Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano tastes so great!

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When You Shop For Food

OLD FAVORITES with a DIFFERENCE

A filling meat-and-vegetable soup, a luscious lamb-and-Lima stew, tangy trout fillets baked with potatoes—they'll pique the family's interest in late-winter meals!

By MARIAN O'BRIEN

Meals are fun in March, at our house. There is tender new spring lamb in the markets, and bunches of slender, young green onions and water cress (my favorite sign of spring)—and I can see one or two cheery clumps of crocuses through our kitchen window. Suppose we take *minestrone* as the basis for a really superb spring supper. Ours is full of rich rewards—there are golden carrot cubes, some of those new green onions, neatly chopped, celery and cabbage chunks bobbing about in the steaming, meaty broth, gently flavored with salt pork. The wonderful thing about *minestrone* is that any vegetable can be substituted here—beets, spinach, cut green beans are delicious—or any of them can be omitted if you haven't them on hand. And I always like to ladle my Easy Minestrone from a lovely old cooky jar. Soup stays hotter in a dish of this sort, and it's welcome as spring's first proverbial swallow—this touch of the unexpected.

Easy Minestrone
Bread Sticks
Salata Mista
Cold Pears, Cream Cheese

Easy Minestrone

Dice ¼ pound lean salt pork quite fine (about ¼-inch cubes) and sauté gently in a deep kettle or Dutch oven until crisp and brown. Now add 2 quarts hot water, 1½ cups tomato juice, one 10½-ounce can condensed black-bean soup, six beef bouillon cubes, one #303 can kidney beans, sauce and all, and one cup each diced raw carrots, celery, turnips, shredded cabbage, new green onions and, if you wish, shredded spinach. (We prefer ours without spinach; however, I've included it here, because true Italian *minestrone* sometimes includes it.) Now add, for the seasoning, one teaspoon sweet basil, one teaspoon monosodium glutamate and ½ teaspoon salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Bring to a boil, cover, and cook, stirring occasionally, about one hour. Then I add either ¾ cup raw rice or ¾ cup spaghetti, broken up very fine, and cook about thirty minutes longer, stirring again once in a while. This makes three quarts, about 12 servings, but you'll want that much, so that you will have some for freezing or reheating. Pass a bowl of freshly grated Parmesan cheese with the soup for sprinkling over each serving. Some recipes advise stirring a cup of the cheese into the soup before serving, but we prefer ours the other way; then we can add much or little according to our tastes.

For the *salata mista:* wash, dry and chill any of the greens—you will find endive, romaine and escarole in good supply at this season—and toss with a dressing of one part tarragon vinegar to four parts olive oil. Add a handful of sliced radishes and four anchovy fillets, chopped, and away you go!

Another easy dinner with a whiff of spring to it is the following menu based on a ragout of lamb and Lima beans. I serve it in a bowl of daffodil yellow. Bordered with a narrow ruff of bright green chopped parsley, it's the prettiest thing you ever saw. (But this stew would be pretty in anything!)

Ragout of Lamb and Limas
Braised Celery
Orange-and-Onion Salad
Gingerbread
Ice-Cream Sauce

Ragout of Lamb and Limas

Have your butcher bone and cut the gristle from a 3-pound piece of lamb shoulder. Then cut up the meat into one- to two-inch pieces. Place in a heavy pan. Cover the meat with two cups water. Add one cup chopped onion, one bay leaf, crushed. Cook, covered, for about one hour. Remove the meat from the broth. Save the broth. Roll the meat in ¼ cup flour to which one teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika have been added. Brown the meat in 3 tablespoons bacon drippings until well browned on



Steaming minestrone in a gay cooky jar, doubling as tureen; fresh-grated Parmesan to spoon on top; a green salad with tarragon and anchovies.

all sides. Add 2 tablespoons flour and mix well. Then add 18 small peeled pearl onions, one #2 can tomatoes, 1½ cups meat broth, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, ¼ teaspoon marjoram, ¼ teaspoon thyme and 1 cup sour cream. Mix well. Simmer one 10-ounce package frozen Lima beans for ten minutes. Drain and add to the meat. Pour into a 6-cup casserole. Top with crumbled bacon and bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven (325° F.).

Orange-and-Onion Salad

This is a combination to make your family sit up and take notice in the nicest of ways. Just peel the oranges, allowing one per person, and slice crosswise in ¼-inch slices. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves, and sprinkle with finely chopped green onions. Top with a dusting of coarsely ground black pepper. Add a tablespoon of olive oil, garnish with a few black olives and serve.

Ice-Cream Sauce

Make the gingerbread from your favorite mix. You'll want to add this ice-cream sauce to your regular cooking repertoire. Whip ½ pint heavy cream until thick and glossy. Then, with the same beater, beat one egg until thick and foamy. Beat in 4 tablespoons sugar, a pinch of salt and ⅓ cup melted butter. Fold this into the whipped cream with 1 teaspoon rum flavoring. Chill and serve with warm gingerbread.

For the final menu, the essential thing is a platter with fascination. My own favorite fish platter is cerulean blue and came straight from the florist, filled with a fascinating arrangement of dried leaves and everlasting flowers. When these finally blew away on the household winds, the dish remained—and it cries aloud for trout to fill it.

Trout in Paper
With Tiny Potatoes
and Mushroom Sauce
Buttered Brussels Sprouts
Relish-Tray Salad
Pineapple Sherbet
Quick Brownies

Trout in Paper

Cut 4 pieces of aluminum foil, 12″x9″. Fold in half the long way. Thaw 4 frozen trout. Clean and dry, but do not remove heads. Place in a skillet ½ cup water, ½ cup tarragon-flavored vinegar, 1 green onion, chopped, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and ½ teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil. Place the trout in the pan. Cover. Reduce heat. Simmer gently for 10–15 minutes. Watch closely so liquid does not boil away. When fish are done, remove carefully from pan and drain. Discard broth. When cool, remove heads, tails and skin. Split fish down the back and remove backbone and other bones. Separate each fish into 2 fillets.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a saucepan. Add 1 green onion, chopped, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and ½ teaspoon salt. Cook gently until onion is tender. Add 1 can undiluted cream-of-mushroom soup. Cook gently until smooth. Lay one fillet on one half of a folded foil square. Spread with sauce. Top with another fillet. Place about 3 small white canned potatoes around the fish. Add more sauce. Sprinkle with paprika and a teaspoon of chopped parsley. Fold the paper over carefully and close with a double fold around all edges. Place on baking sheet and heat in a hot, 400° F., oven for 15 minutes. Serve in foil wrapper. Makes 4 servings.

For dessert I use "store" bought pineapple sherbet, and make my brownies in a piepan and cut in wedges.





Fishsticks HAWAIIAN

2 packages 4 Fishermen Fishsticks
2 cups canned pineapple juice
¼ cup sugar • ¼ cup vinegar
¼ teaspoon garlic salt (optional)
1 teaspoon soy sauce (optional)
9-ounce can sliced pineapple (4 slices)
1 green pepper • ¼ cup water
3 tablespoons cornstarch

Heat fishsticks according to directions on package. Meanwhile, put pineapple juice, sugar, garlic salt, vinegar and soy sauce in saucepan and bring to boil. Cut pineapple slices into four pieces and green pepper in 1" squares. Add to pineapple juice. Blend together cornstarch and water and stir into hot mixture. Cook for a few minutes, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Serve hot over fishsticks, with rice if desired. Makes 4 servings.

Tropical Island Magic...

with 4 Fishermen® Fishsticks

THE PREMIUM BRAND

Look at this exotic, eye-appealing way *you* can serve fishsticks some night this week. Start with 4 Fishermen Fishsticks—the premium-quality kind, cut from snow-white center fillets. (Takes 3 pounds of fresh fish to make our half-pound package!) Each flaky, quick-frozen fishstick is crisply, tenderly encrusted in our golden egg-batter... ready to heat and serve simply if time's short ... worth fixing sumptuously when you're in a gourmet mood. Try 4 Fishermen Fishsticks. They cost a bit more, but your first taste tells you why. *Fulham Brothers, Inc., Boston, Mass.*



BACHELOR FOR BRENDA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

"That's my problem," Clover said. "An nteresting bachelor for Brenda."

"How about Tiny?" Candy asked.

Clover nodded. "He's the only one, really. ou remember him, Mollie?"

"The Polish giant with a name like a mouthl of olive pits?"

"Timakalowski," Candy put in.

"I shall have to hand him over to Brenda," lover said sadly, "at a stylish little dinner arty on New Year's Eve, in the gracious ome of Mr. and Mrs. Toby Tuckwell. The uests will be Mr. and Mrs. Adam Campbell, Ir. and Mrs. William Stewart ——"

Mollie sighed. "Why does everybody have go to *every* place *always* with their *hus-ands?* Why can't we just once in a while ——"

Inside Candy's mind there exploded that urst of light, resemling the rockets' red lare, which invariably eralded pure inspiraon. She sat up straight. But we can! Let's give wo dinner parties!"

"I don't see ——" Iollie began.

"Two *simultaneous* arties!" Candy was cared away. "I'll give one ere and Clover can give ie other one in *her* ouse—and we'll split p every married couple! lover takes Bill ——"

"And you take To-y!" Clover shrieked.

"I'll take Mollie ——"

"—— and I'll take dam!" Clover said, nocking her spectacles deways. "Candy, this the work of sheer gens! We'll start a new shion. We'll shatter utworn social customs ith one blow. 'e'll ——"

"And who," Mollie terrupted levelly, "will ke Brenda III?"

There was a short but ghly charged silence. hen Clover said heroilly, "I'll take Brenda. he's *my* husband's first ousin."

"Once removed," said andy. "No, *I'll* take renda."

Mollie said she wished make an important suggestion. "Don't you ink both parties should meet after dinner? ecause if Brenda the Beautiful is going to ork on Tiny ——"

"Of course," Candy agreed. "We'll finish nner about nine o'clock—and then your arty can come over here and we'll all see the ew Year in together."

After a somewhat acrimonious discussion, was finally agreed that Clover would keep er own husband and invite Bill Stewart and Iollie Campbell to her dinner; while Candy ould have as her guests Adam Campbell, ny Timakalowski and Brenda. By the time ill came home the details were complete.

Candy waited tactfully until dinner was ver, and Mollie had gone upstairs in response popular demand to say good night to the ildren. Then, with a combination of offandedness and enthusiasm (a balance exemely difficult to maintain), she told Bill out the New Year's Eve party. As the doubt his black eyes deepened to alarm and then ded to familiar inscrutability, Candy found erself talking faster, sounding more enthusstic and far less offhand. Finally ——

"Don't you think it's going to be fun?"

Bill slowly unfolded the evening paper. andy waited; the back of her neck felt as ough someone had wound up her spine ith a winch. *If only just this one time he'd say Yes." If only he'd ——*

"Well"—Bill hesitated—"to tell you the truth, I don't see the reason for all this splitting up, but if *you* do ——"

Candy found that she was breathing rather hard. "Yes, I do. I've explained it all to you—but I *knew* you'd act like this!"

Bill blinked. "But I like to go to parties with you, Candy. I always have. Particularly"—he grinned at her—"in my own house. After all, you *asked* me if I thought it would be fun and I ——"

"And you said 'No,'" Candy quavered. "You always do say 'No.' You won't ever do anything *new*. You just dig your heels in like a—like a dead albatross."

"A what?" Bill looked stunned.

"Well, an ancient mariner. You know perfectly *well* what I mean. Here's this marvelous idea ——"

"Well, I just don't happen to think it's so marvelous," Bill said reasonably. "But I didn't say 'No'; I just said ——"

"You always throw cold water." Candy was horrified to feel tears burning her eyelids. "You take all the fun out of everything. You ——"

Mollie's steps sounded on the stairs.

"Well, I'm sorry," Bill said stiffly. "Let's forget it, shall we?"

"By all means," Candy agreed with icy dignity, and Mollie came into the living room. She glanced quickly from one face to the other, and said brightly:

"When you've finished the paper, Bill, how about beating me hollow at canasta?"

"Love to!" Bill put the paper down. "Just what I need. I'll get the card table."

Candy went upstairs to tuck in the children. "*Love to.*" *Just what he needs, and he'll get the card table. But if I'd suggested it ——*

It was early on New Year's Eve.

"Dear," said Candy graciously, "I wonder if you'd mind *not* using that ash tray? The room is all ready for the party."

"Oh—certainly, sweet." Bill hurriedly took his cigarette over to the fire.

Mollie said to Adam, "Darling, I do hope you're not too tired after that plane trip?"

"Oh, not at all, thank you," said Adam. "I feel fine. Er—do *you* feel all right, darling?"

"Splendid, thank you," Mollie replied, in a tone of stately cordiality.

"And do you feel rested, Candy?" Bill asked chivalrously.

"Yes, thank you, I am quite rested," said Candy, and found herself bowing her head with benign dignity.

We sound like an evening with Queen Victoria, Candy thought. *We all know that I'm simply furious at Bill, and Adam is in a tearing rage with Mollie. I wonder if all married couples behave this way, when they've engaged in battle?*

"Well—seven-twenty-five. We'd better start, Mollie." Bill held out her coat.

The sight of Bill escorting Mollie to the gate roused in Candy a very odd sensation. She wrenched her attention back to Adam, who was staring intently after his wife.

"The others will be here any minute," Candy said brightly. "Shall we go and sit down by the fire?"

They sat down by the fire. A heavy silence fell. *If only I didn't know him so well,* Candy

KNOW SOMETHING

By J. P. WOOD

When Janice says, "Know something?"
And stands there two feet high
And cocks her head and looks at me
With blue and serious eye,

My heart melts, and I say, "No. What?"
"Know something?" Janice says. "Last night
There was a moon,
And everything was light."

"Know something?" Janice sometimes says,
"Know what I did today?
I made a cake and pie for you.
Of course, they're only clay."

"Oh, thanks!" And I wait greedily,
I like clay cakes and such,
Hoping she will say, "Know what?
I love you very much!"



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Put fresh goodness and tempting new texture right into your favorite cakes—and into salads, cookies, candies, hot breads, desserts, too! Just stir in crunchy, flavorful pieces of *Diamond* Walnuts. Then use the golden halves for festive garnishing. You'll love the compliments you'll get! All because you worked wonders with *Diamond* Walnuts, the choicest you can buy.



Now! Really fresh shelled walnuts in handy vacuum cans: You always get the choicest shelled walnuts when you buy *Diamond* Walnuts in vacuum-sealed cans. Brimful of crisp halves and pieces—always economical! Lid reseals tightly, kernels stay fresh and sweet in your refrigerator. In convenient 8-oz. (2 cup) and 4-oz. (1 cup) sizes.

Get *Diamond* Walnuts in-the-shell too, in 1-lb. cellophane bags. They're thin-shelled, fun to crack—full of plump, meaty kernels. Two full cups from each thrifty pound bag!

Add more imagination to your cooking: Always keep both kinds of *Diamond* Walnuts on your shelf!





Bake a spice cake that turns out of the pan picture pretty, and tempting with crunchy *Diamond* Walnuts.

DIAMOND UPSIDE-DOWN SPICE CAKE

⅓ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup granulated sugar
1 No. 303 can sliced cling peaches, drained
Maraschino cherries
Diamond Walnut halves
¾ cup coarsely chopped *Diamond* Walnuts
1 package spice cake mix

Melt butter in 10" skillet. Sprinkle with sugar. Arrange sliced peaches, cherries and plump *Diamond* Walnut halves. Sprinkle with ¼ cup of the crisp chopped *Diamond* Walnuts. Make spice cake as package directs. Stir in remaining walnuts. Fill skillet ¾ full. Use remaining batter for cup cakes. Bake cake at temperature package directs, 40 to 45 minutes. (Bake cup cakes along with cake for 20 minutes.) Cool 10 minutes. Turn cake upside down on plate. Serve warm with plain or whipped cream.

thought desperately, *I could ask him how he likes Queenstown, or what business he's in, or* ——

"How is Gay?" she asked loudly, and at the same instant Adam said:

"How are David and Sarah?"

"Fine," they told each other with one voice and twin smiles of blinding brilliance.

The doorbell rang.

Candy breathed a passionate prayer to whatever saint was in charge of hospitality, and Luella showed Mr. Timakalowski into the living room.

Candy had never seen Tiny in a dinner coat before; the sight was impressive.

"Goodness—how tall are you, Tiny?" she blurted.

Tiny's carved-looking face broke into a shining grin. "I gnaw—I gnaw. I am the Colossus of the Crossroads. I should be shrank. But"—he turned to Adam—"I am speaking improved new English, no? More words. I shaw you: This evening I am sheveled, no? I am turned up in peccable taste. Am I not? And you, too, Adam."

Adam looked at Candy with a trapped expression—and the doorbell rang again. Luella opened the door, and Brenda Billings swept into the living room.

For a matter of seconds nobody spoke: Brenda was indubitably breath-taking. She was nearly as tall as Adam, and incredibly slender; her pale yellow, gold-encrusted sari bared one rounded white shoulder and displayed every line of her figure. Her hair was crow-black and glossy, her skin creamy, her long eyes liquid. In curious contrast to her exotic appearance, Brenda was as cool and remote as a languid goddess.

Candy found her wits. "Brenda—how nice to see you! I'm Candy Stewart."

"Of course, darling." Brenda's smile was courteous, impersonal and faintly amused. Her dark glance slid from Adam to Tiny Timakalowski, and back to Candy again. She waited.

Hastily, Candy introduced both men; and as they all sat down again, Clover's words came back to her: "*As though I'd been in the third grade for years and years.*" . . . Candy's skin pricked with exasperation and an instinctive hostility. *How does she do it?*

"—— perfectly ghastly trip," Brenda was saying in her slow velvety voice. She held a cigarette in long fingers, and Adam leaped to her side with a lighted match. "Don't you loathe planes, Mr. Campbell?" Her tone was a lazy caress; she lifted her incredible eyes to Adam (*She's got eyelashes like a horse*, Candy thought) and dropped them again. The cigarette was lit.

"—— so silly about traveling alone." Brenda turned her superb profile toward Adam, her great eyes upon Tiny. "Last year—it was really too bloodcurdling—I was visiting the Maharaja of Pindarwarl and the angel insisted upon lending me his own plane ——"

Tiny's white teeth gleamed suddenly. "Not this little soocide machine?"

Brenda showed her first sign of animation. "That miniature guided missile! You've flown it, perhaps?"

Tiny's grin broadened. "I am too smott. 'No, no,' I say to the raja. 'Bobo, my friend, old ducks you cannot put into new bottles. Give me the Douglas, Bobo—weeth pilot, copilot, and maybe stoodess.' So safely I wang my way home."

Brenda's smooth black eyebrows lifted. "I thought Poles were so daring," she murmured. "You *are* a Pole, Mr. Timakalowski?"

"A Pole, yes—but not a full," said Tiny.

Brenda gazed at her feet, bare in gold sandals.

Adam said hastily, "Ah—haven't I seen you on the stage, Mrs. Billings?"

"Brenda," corrected Brenda, and her eyelashes appeared to reach out and stroke Adam's face. "I'm afraid not, Mr. Campbell ——"

"Adam," said Adam.

"Adam," repeated Brenda softly. "Alfred Hitchcock was so cunning about it. He said, 'Brenda, my gel'—you know the divine way he talks—'any time you're hard up, come straight along to me!' But of course I never ——"

"But he should have snapped at you, dear madame," Tiny purred. "With a film, you would be spacktocular. I am ollways telling Alfred he is to weemin like the Paid Piper of Hamlet. Weemin are following him about until he spoils."

With an enormous effort, Brenda lifted her eyelashes, but in the look she gave Tiny there was no suggestion of a caress.

Candy cleared her throat. "That's the most heavenly dress, Brenda."

"Marvelous," Adam muttered reverently, as one giving the responses at vespers.

Brenda glanced down as though to remind herself of what she was wearing. "Oh, aren't you sweet!" she breathed. "Michelle made it, of course—for one of her own models, and nobody else could get into it. Wasn't I lucky?" She

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

CHAIR

A chair is a movable seat with a back—a form distinct from the divan or sofa, stationary resting places much used in Oriental countries. Chairs were known in ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, but they were relatively scarce, being reserved for the posts of dignity and state. Stools, chests and benches were the seats of the common people, while *the chair* was the place of honor of the chief or elder, the officer or the ruler, the distinguished or the privileged in general. This special significance survives in such expressions as to *take the chair*, to *address the chair*, to *occupy the chair* in a university, or to be *chaired* as a tribute of honor as the winner of a contest or competition. In the sixteenth century chairs were increasing in number, but were still angular and uncomfortable, stately but not easy. In the seventeenth century elegance and comfort became more usual; upholstery covered the whole frame, superseding a loose cushion or two. In the eighteenth century great social changes were taking place. People in general were no longer so deeply concerned with being impressive toward their inferiors, or deferential toward their superiors. Relaxing in soft wide cushions became permissible, and lolling and sprawling became general as times changed and the middle classes became numerous and powerful. The sedan chair, an interesting development, was a vehicle for one passenger, useful in old cities with narrow streets, and borne not on wheels or runners, but by man power with carrying poles. The rocking chair, invented about 1725, is a distinctly American creation and became common about 1800. One of the most amusing sights this writer saw in Spain was a magnificent ducal ballroom, rich in ancestral grandee portraits, crystal chandeliers and priceless antique furniture. In one corner of this splendid formal room stood a row of outsize Boston rockers, ordinary in wood and workmanship. In these alien but restful chairs, said our smiling hostess, would sit the dowager chaperons of stately balls, while youth and beauty circled about over the polished floor. In such ways do the inventions and customs of one country influence another.

MARY K. BLACKMAR

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WIN new $29.95 General Electric Toast-R-Oven in Log Cabin-Downyflake Sweepstakes

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You can be the lucky winner of this brand-new kind of toaster. Top section is a pop-up toaster. Oven drawer below makes oven-style toast, melted cheese sandwiches, keeps toast and Downyflake Waffles warm as you make them, right at the table.

All entries must be hand written and postmarked not later than April 30, 1957, and received not later than May 10, 1957. Offer good in U. S. A. and territories except states of Conn., Neb., N. J. and Wis. Employees of General Foods Corp. and Waffle Corp. of America and their advertising agencies and families are not eligible. Winners will be selected by drawing, and will be notified by June 15, 1957.

(If you win, your grocer wins too.) Send in self-addressed envelope if you want the list of winners.

5 new ways to have fun* with fruit cocktail!

Feel like having fun? Fun with foods you like? Fun with folks you love? Then ring a rainbow 'round your meals—a rainbow of fruit cocktail!

Couldn't be easier, for all five fruits are ready to use, right from the can. Couldn't be *better*, either, 'specially these quick new ways. Try one this very day—just for fun!

canned fruit cocktail from California

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*dessert fun!

Freeze unopened fruit cocktail overnight in freezer compartment. Slide fruit out and cut in frosty circles (or scoop out with spoon). Top with whipped cream—and you've fixed a party dazzler!



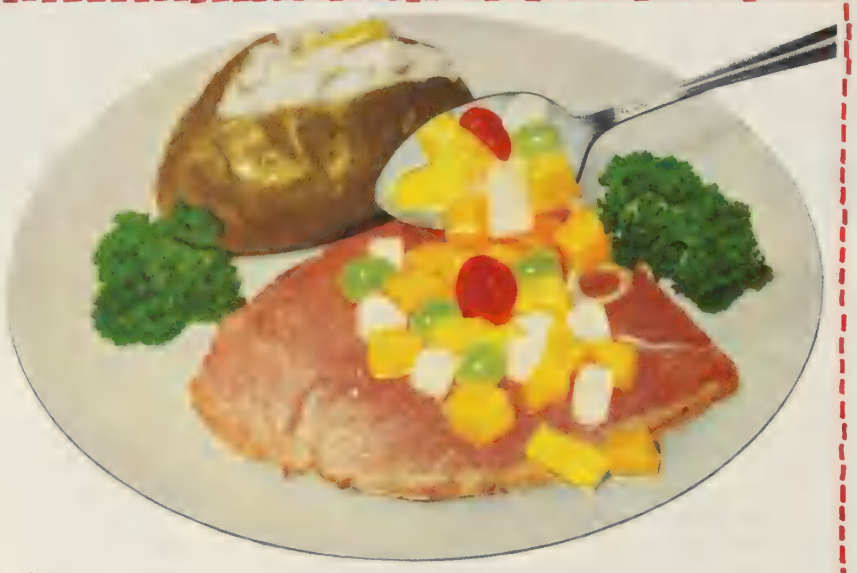
*salad fun!

Combine drained fruit cocktail, chopped walnuts and marshmallow bits. Spoon onto crisp lettuce. (And for a heavenly dressing, simply blend mayonnaise with a little fruit cocktail syrup.)



*first-course fun!

Speedy way to dress up any dinner! All you do is pile chilled fruit cocktail high in fruit cups, and drizzle a spoonful of undiluted frozen orange juice concentrate on top. Good! Easy!



*main-dish fun!

Drain one #2½ can fruit cocktail. Set aside fruit while you boil syrup until thick. Add ¼ cup brown sugar, 1½ tablespoons vinegar, fruit cocktail. Heat and pour steaming hot on ham.



*breakfast fun!

Wide-awake idea for sleepyheads! Next time you serve up waffles or pancakes at your house, try topping them with colorful fruit cocktail. Then pour on maple syrup, same as always.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

dded kindly, "It's an Indian sari, you know, arling."

"Yes," said Candy mildly. "I did know."

"Fine feathers make up for the bird," announced Tiny. "And this is the real Macaw."

"Dinner's ready, ma'am," said Luella from he doorway.

Candy leaped to her feet. Brenda rose racefully. Adam fell over a footstool; and ney went into the dining room.

During dinner, Candy had very little to do, xcept mumble directions at Luella (who, usy with her inventory of the lady guest with er dress half off, paid no attention whatever), nd observe the effect of Brenda's beauty upon ne party. Adam was as totally disorganized s Luella, though possibly for different reaons; but it was Tiny who was most astonshing.

For Tiny, the chivalrous, the protective, the ientle Giant, had become before their very yes both formidable and merciless. After very Name that Brenda dropped, Tiny ropped one more glittering; and every Peronage with whom Brenda was on close erms, Tiny knew more intimately—and aparently since childhood's earliest hour. By ne time Luella had dizzily served dessert, irenda's creamy throat was patched with an nbecoming rose. Adam was eating fast, sayng little, and glowering blackly across the able at Tiny.

The sound of the Tuckwell dinner party oming up the path fell on Candy's ears like ne marching of relief troops to a small, eleaguered army. She opened the door o them; as the others crowded into the livng room, she hissed at Clover, "How was ?"

Clover, having left off her spectacles in onor of the New Year, glared at her blindly. I'm *exhausted*. I never gave such an *awful* arty in my life. Bill hardly said a word—just dgeted about and kept crossing his legs. oby stared at me the whole time as though e was sure he'd seen me somewhere before. nd Mollie never stopped talking once. She ept saying 'As *Adam* says ——' It was posively uncanny. How was yours?"

Candy opened her mouth, closed it, and pened it again. Clover nodded. "'The dear odhpur of Sowhat *insisted* on giving me his rgest elephant.' I told you so. Does Tiny ant her?"

Candy emitted a short bark. "Tiny wants er dead! Clover, do you realize we have *hree more hours* of this?"

Simultaneously, they looked at the party. Mollie, ravishing in white chiffon, was sitting iagonally across the room; her eyes were ery bright and her charming mouth was urved into the small, sweet, relentless smile nat Candy knew all too well. Unaware of anger, Adam hovered awkwardly beside renda's chair; Toby and Bill stood stolidly n front of the fire, staring at Brenda like weedledum and Tweedledee. Only Tiny eemed utterly relaxed, completely unconcerned; but his brilliant blue eyes were watchful.

Mollie said flutingly, "Tell me, Brenda—don't you *do* something?"

Brenda gave a small half shrug, a small half smile. Her eyelashes fell and rose again. (*Like somebody hauling up awnings*, Candy thought.) Then she said with cool detachment, "I model, darling. Just for fun."

Mollie observed, with an air of cool detachment all her own, "Of course. I suppose you'd be terribly bored if you didn't use your mind at *all*."

The room stirred a little; only Tiny sat motionless. But Mollie had underestimated her opponent.

"Oh, darling!" Brenda gurgled. "I don't use my *mind* to model! As a matter of fact, I haven't any mind to speak of." She directed the full force of her long black eyes at Adam.

"Nonsense!" Adam said hoarsely.

Brenda turned swiftly. "But don't *you*—er—'do' something, Mollie? Interior decorating, isn't it? Fascinating, I should think. Of course I could never be a career woman. I'm much too old-fashioned; at heart, I'm just a homebody."

Mollie lifted her extremely pretty chin and laughed deliciously. "Me—a career woman! I'm a wife first and an interior decorator afterward—*long* afterward." Candy saw a startled movement from Adam. "I've tried it," Mollie went on, "just as an experiment, of course, and it's not for me *at all*. As a matter of fact, beginning next week, I'm working only in the mornings—just for fun, as you say. The afternoons I shall give to my little girl, Gay, and the evenings, of course, belong to Adam! I do think one's husband deserves one's best self, don't you?"

Candy held her breath. Brenda took out a cigarette and held it poised in her long, exquisite fingers. Tiny leaned over and offered his cigarette case to Mollie, who took one.

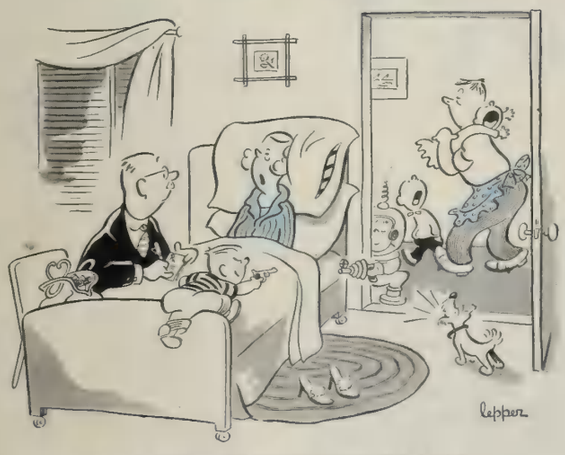
"No matter how many—er—selves one has," Mollie added with an enchanting smile. "Thank you, Tiny—and thank *you*, Adam, darling. I think Brenda needs a match too."

All at once the room was full of movement. Toby Tuckwell was urging Clover to sit down on the sofa. Adam and Mollie were laughing. . . . And the pantry door was closing behind Bill. Candy slipped out of the room and into the pantry.

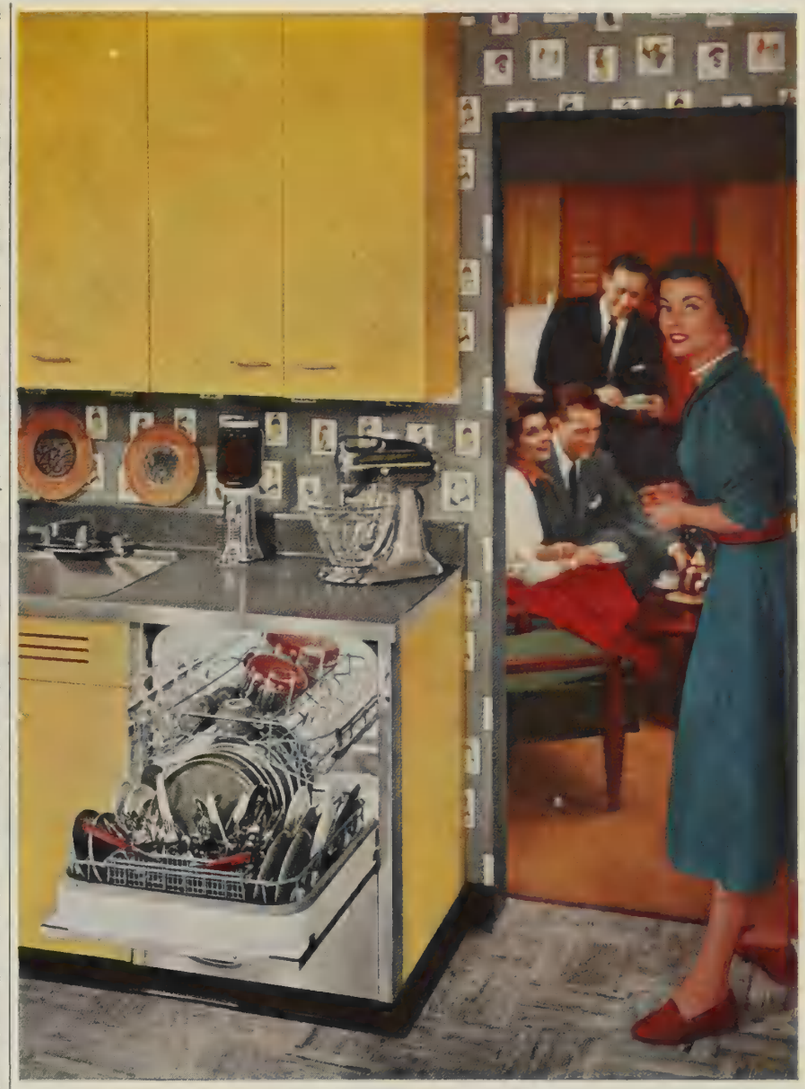
"Oh, darling," she burst out, "I'm so sorry—this is a *ghastly* party! It's—oh, Bill, why did you *let* me?" She looked up at him; his black eyes were smiling at her and his hand closed warmly over her own. "No," she said in a rush, "that's not fair, is it? Husbands shouldn't have to keep their wives from behaving idiotically, should they? Wives have to do that for themselves."

"Don't worry, sweet," Bill said. "We'll save this party yet. I am about to make my world-famous punch."

"What—'Smiling, the boy dropped dead'?" Candy said excitedly. "Goodness, Bill, you



"Please, doctor, no miracle drugs. This is the nearest thing to a rest I've had in ten years."



How to stop being a Ghostess

by KitchenAid

You know what a ghostess is: that's a hostess who disappears right after the meal. And leaves her guests with that awkward choice—pitch in with the dishes, or try to ignore those stacks of soiled tableware.

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haven't made it in years! Have we got all the ——"

"Leave it to me. You go and get tray—glasses—ice," Bill ordered. "And put the kettle on."

Candy paused in the kitchen door. "I always thought that men were supposed to be the visionaries. You know—dreamy, impractical ——"

"Only," said Bill, "about unimportant things, like the future of the human race." He bent suddenly and kissed her. "You give wonderful parties, sweet."

"When *you're* at them," said Candy, and rushed into the kitchen.

"What is *in* this?" Adam demanded enthusiastically, taking his second cup.

"White wine?" Mollie suggested, tasting carefully.

"And brandy," Toby added with relish. "I'm sure of *that*."

"I am testing vodka!" said Tiny in a muted roar.

"Is that *all?*" Clover Tuckwell asked in a high voice.

Bill looked sinister. "There's a secret ingredient."

Clover drank, considered deeply, drank again, and then screamed triumphantly, "*Tea!*"

Gently Brenda put down her glass. No one paid any attention.

Mollie said, "Plus a scant cup of deadly nightshade, I *think*."

"And a li'l' ole smidgin of vanilla." Clover giggled—and kept on giggling. Toby looked at her carefully.

"Baby?" he said.

Clover jumped and stared at him. "Wh-what?"

"You're tired, baby," said Toby. "You haven't been looking right. I'm going to take you home—the others will see the New Year in."

"Oh, but Toby ——" Clover began weakly.

Tiny stood up, filling the room with h craggy vastness. "Toby is right, little Clover For you, it is Home, Home on the Wrench.

Clover got up: the relief in her face was un mistakable. "Toby will come back, won't you Toby? To take Brenda home."

Tiny smiled. "Brenda I will esquirt my self."

But Brenda had moved gracefully to th door. "I think I'll go along with Toby an Clover. You won't mind, will you, darling Actually, that plane trip ——"

"I've got an awfully good detective story can lend you," Mollie said sweetly, "*if* you're going to spend a long, lonely evening."

Brenda faced her from the doorwa "Thanks, no, darling. Unless I am *special* stimulated, I always go right to sleep. It's great blessing."

"Oh, for everyone," Mollie agreed co dially. "I mean, of course, everyone wh *can*. Good night, Clover, my pet. I do thin Toby is right."

Tiny watched the three departing guest disappear into the darkness. "That Clove she is a love child, no?" he said fondly.

"Well, no," Bill told him firmly. "Def nitely no."

"But Brenda," Tiny said. "This Brenda- she is not what you call the Mother Hubb type, yes?"

"Tiny," Mollie demanded, "tell me: excep for her looks, what has Brenda got to offer man that we haven't?"

Tiny drank a glass of punch. As he put t glass down, immense crystalline tears welle up in his blue eyes and rolled down his fa onto his immaculate shirt front. He made n attempt to hide them, or even to wipe the away. They continued to fall steadily; Tin said, smiling through them like a rainbo across a waterfall:

"This is because I am Polish, and life mak us sod; people makes us sod. Brenda mak me sod. You say what has Brenda to give man—but the beeg question is: What can man give Brenda? Not himself—no. It only one thing Brenda wants: a picture Brenda. Men are for her not men—but mi rors. Ollways." He sat down and mopped h eyes. "She does not gnaw—Brenda—wh fun is to be a wooman. Sometimes wick, some times strong, but ollways herself." He ble his nose. "You three—Candy, Mollie an leetle Clover—you gnaw this. You are *weem* Why is nobody offering me this delicious looking little cakes?"

Benne biscuits were pressed upon Tiny, wh stood, raising his glass. "I am making toast

"Do, Tiny dear," Mollie urged.

"To weemin!" said Tiny. "Because they a here to stay!"

"Happy New Year!" said Bill.

"You know, in many ways," Mollie o served with an air of dispassionate justic "men are really rather remarkable."

Clover and Candy considered this.

"Well, they're logical," Candy conceded.

"And courageous," Mollie added gene ously. "For instance, they don't have perm nents. They just have *hair*."

Clover said in a ruminative way that course when you came to think of it men cou do pretty extraordinary things, like changi the flint in a cigarette lighter. "And parki backward and left-handed. Or right-hande whichever it is I mean."

All three pondered this. Then Mollie mu mured. "Parking is such sweet sorrow," a Candy observed, with an air of discovery, th their vocabularies were extraordinary too. mean words like 'sump pump.'"

"And 'grommet,'" contributed Molli "What *is* a grommet?"

Clover, the small-boat sailor, replie promptly, "Sort of a metal eye."

"Like Brenda's," Candy explained. "Bren gave Tiny the grommet."

This, mysteriously, unhinged their reason Mollie, wiping her eyes, said, "One thing m *never* do is giggle. They're so factual. Po things, what they miss! Maybe Brenda is fi on facts."

"Brenda is fine," said Clover, "on the fa of life."

"*Those* old things," said Mollie. "Let's ha some coffee."

Hold this page about arm's length from your face. Keeping your eyes on the blue dot between the sun and the tomatoes bring the page slowly to your nose. Hold it there a few seconds... presto! The sun kisses the tomato. Try this with the Mortons and tomato juice.





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When it rains it pours

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ABSOLUTELY PERFECT BABY AND CHILD CARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

eeks. Day *and* night. Night *and* day. Two 'clock in the morning, for instance. Six 'clock in the morning, too, for instance. nd he can be very difficult about it. Some-mes the pediatrician says the baby needs take five and a half ounces of milk and e'll take only four and a half. Then you ave to stay up an extra hour or so, hop-ng that maybe he just has a bubble and then e'll take one more ounce. You have got to et that one ounce into him at all costs, or he ill die of starvation, or get rickets. Coax im, urge him, beg him, and above all pay no ttention to your husband, who is now stand-ng around urging you to go back to bed and leep. What does *he* know about babies?

If, after all your efforts, the baby absolutely efuses the rest of his milk, call the pediatri-ian. He'll be *glad* to chat with you at three 'clock in the morning. He was just sitting round with nothing to do anyway.

A hamster is fed daily. His food is placed in is cage, and he can eat it whenever he feels like t. It is not necessary to weigh or measure it.

A baby's things must be very clean, or he ill get terrible germs. It is wise to boil every-hing he comes in contact with. The little bot-le of water for him to drink, for instance, nust be boiled constantly. You never know when he might want a drink of water, and wa-er spoils rapidly, even when carefully refrig-rated. (Of course *how* you're going to know when he wants a drink of water is another uestion, as he can't talk. Still, a bottle of wa-

The only way any woman may remain forever young is to grow old gracefully. DR. W. BERAN WOLFE

er is a good thing to keep around to be one of he things you can try when he cries and you lon't know why. He won't want the water, of ourse, but it kills time.)

Boil the baby's little vitamin droppers and poons and rattles and stuffed animals. Boil is clothes and boil his diapers. Boil the little lass jars that hold his cotton swabs and safety ins. Boil his bootees and caps. And when he's ld enough to crawl around in the park and ut all the gravel and grass in his mouth, you o right on boiling all his things at home. You vouldn't want him to be dirty, would you?

Presently, if the weather is fine and mild and he baby has obligingly gained some weight, he pediatrician will announce that you may ow take him out for an airing in the carriage. However, the pediatrician has no understand-ng of the problems involved. He has said you *nay* take him out, but he has not explained when or how. After all, you can't jounce a aby around in a carriage too soon after he as eaten or he may "spit up." In a brand-ew infant, digestion is not always absolutely ertain which direction it's going in, and "spit-ing up" is the euphemism describing the re-ulting confusion. Incidentally, baby raising is raught with euphemisms like this which you night as well get used to.

The question is not *may* he be taken out, but ather, *can* he be taken out? Perhaps it would e best to wait. It's a little cool today anyway, nd the wind is coming from the east. After ll, there *is* oxygen in the house, isn't there? Open a window, and wait a month or so. No eed to rush things. If you start letting him o out now, what will he have to look for-vard to when he's eighteen?

Besides, if you do manage to get the baby ut, how many sweaters should you put on im? First ask the baby's father. Then ask a randmother or two. Then ask a couple of unts. After you've had all their opinions, ut on as many as you possibly can.

Some new mothers call up the pediatrician nd ask *him* how many sweaters the baby hould wear, but this is foolish. *He* doesn't know how windy it is in your neighborhood. The best way is just to go out, tucking several extra sweaters and blankets in the foot of the carriage (along with a milk bottle, a water bottle, some vitamins—in case he develops anemia on the way—and a first-aid kit, some diapers, some oil, some cotton swabs, some pins, a few extra crib pads, a couple of stuffed toys, a few milligrams of ascorbic acid and a freshly sterilized rattle) and then talk it over with all the mothers you meet outdoors.

The first mother you meet with a young baby has only one sweater on hers. She is toughening him up. "You've got yours much too hot," she says. "He'll get all perspired and then he'll catch a cold." She seems very authoritative about this, so you remove a few sweaters. The next mother you meet has six sweaters on her baby—"It's so chilly today. Aren't you afraid your baby will get pneumonia? He looks a little blue already."

By the time you get the baby's clothing and blankets adjusted to the proper warmth, it's time to go home and take them all off again. And you can feel well satisfied with the outing. The baby has had *lots* of exercise.

A hamster requires no clothing of any kind.

In the beginning, all you have to cram into the baby is milk and vitamins, but one day the pediatrician will say, "Now you may start the baby on mashed banana." Or baby cereals. Or something mushy. Here again it is easy enough for the pediatrician to say it. He doesn't have to come and get it into the baby. That's your department. Should you feed him the mashed banana *before* he drinks his milk, when he's very hungry and therefore more likely to try something new? Or, if he's very hungry, will something other than milk make him very angry and unable to take solid food

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as long as he lives? Or if you give it to him after the milk, when he's feeling full, will he reject it because he's not hungry, and never in his entire life eat solid food?

In fact, is it even possible to feed a baby anything but milk? This is a crucial moment. The baby cannot go through life living on milk. *The doctor has spoken.* You have got to get that food into him. Get on the phone again. Consult all your relatives who have ever had babies. Go out and consult all the other mothers in your neighborhood. Ask the elevator man on the way.

You will soon find that you are the *only one* who has any difficulty in the matter. The first mother you meet didn't give her baby *mashed banana. She* gave hers cereal. What kind of pediatrician do you have anyway? And there is no problem about when to give it. She gave hers the cereal before the milk, and the baby didn't like it, but she got it into him anyway. "After all," she says, "the baby doesn't know what's good for him." The second mother didn't give hers solid food till he was six months old. What kind of pediatrician do you have, anyway? And she gave it *after* the milk, and he loved it the very first time. The third mother gave hers strained liver when he was only four weeks old, and what kind of pediatrician do you have anyway? She gave it in the *middle* of the feeding. It made him throw up, but after all, it's the *experience* that counts.

So you go home again, and you try it before the milk, during the milk and after the milk. But yours doesn't like it any time. So you try cereal. He doesn't like that either.

Now a *problem* has developed. Here is this baby and he refuses to eat his solid food. ("Solid" in this case is a euphemism for "squushy.") Are you a failure as a parent? Is he a failure as a baby? Is the pediatrician a failure as a pediatrician? *Would* the baby rather have a hot pastrami sandwich?

This brings us to the primary rule of baby raising, which is the solution to this and all subsequent problems. This rule must be followed faithfully, and you should make it a habit to repeat it to yourself ten times a day. It is the *Golden Rule* of raising babies. LIE. Lie to your mother, lie to your sisters and aunts and, above all, lie to all the other mothers you meet on the street. When a newer mother than you asks for your help, tell her you never had the least trouble. *Your* baby just *loved* his mashed banana on the first try.

The age at which a baby walks varies greatly with the individual, some managing it by a year while others may wait till they are eighteen months old. Some babies creep or crawl first at varying ages, some stand up first. I myself had a child who learned to sit when he was six months old and then never did another thing till he was eighteen months old. He never crawled or crept or stood up or moved around and, what's worse, he didn't even *care*. He just sat there with his two parents standing over him imploring him to move around just a *little* bit, and he just went right on playing with his little pegs and blocks and *laughed*. He didn't care that every other child in the park was galloping around pushing little push toys and pulling little pull toys. He just sat and smiled. After a time, we got into the hands of a capable neurologist who treated us with sedatives until the child got up and started pulling the lamps off all the tables. It was during this period that I was first working on THE RULE.

We proceeded to have a second child who crept around at five months and was pulling the lamps off the tables by a year. However, in spite of all this activity he didn't walk till he was eighteen months old either. This entirely proves my point, which, in the face of the entire medical profession, I still believe to be true: LAMP TABLES SHOULD BE STEADIER.

During the first week or two after the baby is born, some mothers have a baby nurse to help out. Others must make do with a grandmother or other unfortunate relative who is unwillingly pressed into service.

The grandmother is not necessarily antagonistic, but the professional baby nurse must be handled cautiously. Her sole aim, in her job, is to protect the baby from the doctor at all costs. Your doctor does everything exactly the opposite of the way *she* has always found best. What kind of pediatrician do you have anyway? Furthermore, your own ideas on child raising are simply the result of inexperience, and though she is amused by them, naturally she wants to set you right as soon as possible. If the doctor says, "Put the vitamins in the milk," she will suggest that it is far better to give him the vitamins on a spoon. Actually the baby is likely to survive no matter which way you do it, but *you* don't know that, and *she knows* that you don't know it. However, as you don't know that she knows that you don't know, the entire situation becomes extremely complicated.

If the baby develops a slight rash during the ensuing argument, and the doctor recommends ointment A, she will immediately announce that she has always used ointment B and has every intention of doing so now, as the baby is her responsibility during the term of her employment. The natural solution is to terminate the employment at that very moment, and try ointment A. When it doesn't work, and that perfidious doctor now suggests ointment B which does work, you can go to the drugstore and get ointment C as you have now broken out in a rash yourself.

The firing of the nurse is an excellent prophylactic measure, and once she is out of the house the wounds will heal rapidly. In a few months or years you will find yourself back in that same robust health you enjoyed before.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



"If there's one thing I hate, it's a dog that likes me!"



Can't you just see how good they'll taste in glass?

Often guesswork's fun, but not when you're planning meals. When you buy foods in glass you know what you're getting ... and you can tell how good they will be. And things stay good in glass. Pickles, for instance, stay sweet or sour, just as they should, even when you don't finish them first time round. Look for more foods you enjoy in clear, sparkling glass.

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Can not upset your stomach



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

However, first you must get through the teething and the toilet training before you can get to the eighth square and be a queen.

Some babies have considerable trouble with teething. They may cry a lot and be fretful, and wake during the night for no apparent reason and in general make more fuss than you do for the extraction of an impacted lower third molar. Don't let the baby fool you. No matter how much he cries during the appearance of his first little incisors, they can't possibly hurt him all *that* much. He's just making a big fuss over nothing and acting like a *baby*. Sometimes during this trying period a little paregoric, judiciously used, is helpful. If you drink a lot of it, it will help you to sleep through the baby's crying. Some people rub paregoric on the baby's gums, but after all, let's not be silly.

The most important question that arises between the ages of one and two is, "Does he stay dry yet?" and the mother who cannot answer "Yes" must go to the back of the park and study Spock and Gesell and fold diapers. No matter what happens from now on, she has lost caste. It is therefore *necessary* to get *your* baby trained before any of the others so that you can be the one to ask the question first and feel the natural pride in your baby that is your right. After all, what did you get him for if not to be able to brag about him?

In trying to train a baby, the first step is to provide yourself with still another euphemism—a toidy seat. This object is intended to keep the baby from being alarmed and is actually designed for his own protection. However, immediately upon spotting it he becomes strongly suspicious. He thinks that someone is trying to civilize him and break his spirit. Your job, therefore, while strapping him firmly into the little seat with buckles and ropes and chains, is to convince him that you are totally disinterested in whether he ever becomes civilized or not. Evince utter nonchalance during the time he is sitting there. Hum, inspect your fingernails, pluck at the loose thread where your skirt is coming down, and when that ungrateful baby fails you utterly, there is always THE RULE to rely on. THE RULE will never fail you.

It is extremely noticeable during the first year or two of baby raising that the house, which up till now you have thought of as a sort of home, has become increasingly filled with junk. There are folding bath tables in the bedrooms, playpens in the living room, high chairs in the kitchen, wash lines and drying racks everywhere, and baby carriages in the hallway. It's *discouraging*.

As the baby grows you can gradually start to get rid of some of this. He is outgrowing the baby carriage, the playpen and the bath table, and he will soon outgrow the crib and the high chair too. However, the baby carriage is soon replaced with a tricycle, the playpen with a desk, the high chair with a little table and chairs, the crib with a bed, and so on, and in addition you now have a phonograph, a rocking horse, a swing hanging from a doorway, and any minute now you are going to find yourself with microscopes, punching bags, and a hamster in a cage on a bureau.

The hamster requires no special toys or furniture. What's more, he doesn't need a pet.

Worst of all, just as you were about to get rid of all that stuff and clear out the house, the next baby, or *sibling*, arrives, throwing the first baby into a perfect fury, throwing the house into a state of chaos, and throwing the parents into a state of shock, for they have now only two choices: to find a bigger place to live, or to sleep snuggled up on a couch in the living room. The only member of the family who is now possibly better off than he was before is the new baby, and he doubts it.

Whatever experience the parents gained from the first baby—and it was plenty—can now come in handy, and make the raising of the second a snap, as they will know exactly what to do in each situation. At least they would if that foolish baby would only stick to the rules so carefully established by the first baby. You'd think he would. He has the same parents, the same crib, the same toys—but no. This one has to be an individual for some blockheaded reason, and this one, though perfectly willing to eat his mashed banana, will not drink any milk.

For the next few years utter chaos ensues. It not only ensues. It positively pursues, overtakes and finally outdistances you.

No two members of the family eat the same food at the same time, no two get up or go to bed at the same time, and the only thing you can count on their all doing together is making more laundry than ever before. This brings us to the second rule, which is extremely important. Do not go on to the next lesson until you have thoroughly memorized this rule. Write it a hundred times, and say it over to yourself at odd moments while you're feeding the baby and putting all the books back in the bookcase for the fourteenth time. The rule is, OH, WHAT'S THE USE? Say it to yourself right now. There, doesn't that help a lot? Say it when the older child spills a whole glass of orange juice on his overalls for the third time that meal, say it when the baby rubs his spinach in his hair, say it when your husband comes home and says he's tired of hamburgers for the fourth night in a row. Say it when a child steps on a graham cracker on the living-room rug just as you put the carpet sweeper back in the closet, and say it every night, *with feeling*, just before you go to sleep. And when the baby wakes you a half hour later, it won't hurt a bit to say it again. *He* doesn't understand English anyway.

THE ONE-YEAR-OLD

(After reading the appropriate chapter in Infant and Child Culture of Today, by Arnold Gesell and Frances Ilg)

By JOHN UPDIKE

Wakes wet; is promptly toileted;
Jargons to himself; is fed;

Executively grips a cup;
Quadrupedal, will sit up

Unaided; laughs; applauds;
enjoys
Baths and manipulative toys;

Socializes (parents: shun
Excess acculturation);

Demonstrates prehension; will
Masticate yet seldom spill;

Creeps (gross motor drives are
strong);
And jargons, jargons all day long.

Table manners are nonexistent in infancy, and progress yearly to worse, worst and absolutely abominable. Of course you can't expect too much of a small baby. Table manners and etiquette are not inborn, and at the beginning you will simply have to wash the strained carrots out of his hair and ears for him, as he does not yet know how to use a napkin. Indeed, if you were to give him a napkin, he would probably just throw it on the floor anyway. Of course by the time he's nine or ten, you can certainly give him a napkin to use, and he will not throw it on the floor. He will drop it on the floor.

Table manners are extremely important, as any adult member of a civilized society knows. We must all observe certain rules of conduct at table or everything would be a complete and utter mess. And that is exactly what it is when there is a child at the table—a complete and utter mess dominated largely by catchup. Indeed, one of the primary rules in breaking children to the table is to *keep all knowledge of catchup from them as long as possible.* Catchup is one of the most dangerous of all foods in consistency and color (as well as

iod of extraction from the bottle), with ard, chocolate sirup and grape juice as ers-up.

the case of the first child, it is not so to keep him from learning about catchup. will not find out about it until he is old igh to visit another child's home for n. After that, of course, his eyes will be ed, and you can no longer hope to keep om him. But in the case of succeeding lren, the oldest child is likely to spill the s, and you are then faced with the impos- situation of a child of two or three know- about, and insisting on using, catchup. her dangerous foods are potato chips ch break, fall on the floor and are promptly ed on), peanuts (which leave mounds of s and little brown papery skins on the '), milk, plain or chocolate (which leaves s all over the place), and the ice-cream or ice-cream sandwich or ice cream on ick. These are all foods to be avoided the child is twenty-two or -three, and he ld then eat them outside the home.

ne of the few real advantages of having nly child is the possibility of keeping him relatively safe diet of lamb chops and burger until he is old enough to handle more dangerous items of food. Corn on cob is another food strictly to be avoided ong as possible. I have seen corn cobs fly en or twenty feet in the hands of a deter- ed child, striking a cat with considerable e at the end of the flight. Sometimes the g cob may strike the glass and china on table before reaching the cat, overturning cream pitcher and the catchup bottle, and ering considerable butter which then gets tively embedded in the cat's fur. And she desperately idiosyncratic animal who hap- s to detest butter in her fur.

s a matter of fact, there is *no* food which ot without certain hazards. A skillful child get pretty good distance with a piece of t beef or a particularly buttery bit of aragus when he really tries. A good simple hod of coping with these problems is to k entirely to frankfurters without mustard, and raw carrots, both of which can be firmly grasped in the hands and are neither drippy, gooey, brittle nor crumbly. The frankfurter is a *bit* buttery, of course, and the roll a *bit* crumbly, but life has its sorrows and you cannot expect to raise children without some trouble.

During the early years of childhood, the children eat alone in the kitchen, well shrouded in plastic aprons and bibs and helmets. The mother, too, is thoroughly hooded and gowned and shielded for the fray. But after a time the mother feels that it is time for the children to start to learn to eat properly, and to learn by example through watching the parents. Besides, she is good and sick and tired of fixing two sets of meals at two different times, and feels it would be worth almost anything to be able to cook one meal for the whole family.

Unfortunately, what happens is that the children's manners improve not one whit, as they now have access to more dangerous foods, and after a time the parents' own manners deteriorate to the point where even they start knocking over milk glasses and mustard pots. The fact is that when you have said for the third quiet, patient time, "Move your milk glass back from the edge of the table, dear," and nothing has happened, the quietness and patience are apt to dissolve into, "For heaven's sake, *will* you move that glass?" And as you reach to do it yourself when there continues to be no response, there is a crash, and a splash, followed by a dash for a mop. For you have succeeded in knocking over not only the milk glass, but the sugar bowl, the cream pitcher (Limoges), a glass of tomato juice and a little pannikin of melted butter, to the intense delight of the children who shriek merrily and resolve to knock over lots more things because it's such *fun!* What a good time everyone is having!

Of course as the children grow older, their co-ordination develops amazingly. They become capable of building tiny exquisitely fine model ships, preparing a section of a fly's wing for a microscope slide, winding the coil for an electromagnet, soldering neatly and cleanly or making thirty yards of horse reins without dropping a stitch. Yet the minute they approach the breakfast table, shredded wheat is behind their ears, in the farthest reaches of the pot cupboards, in the cat's bed. (And that same idiosyncratic cat doesn't like shredded wheat in her bed. I think you ought to get rid of that cat—she's a troublemaker.) And the table is embellished with little heaps of sugar in a lake of milk. Pretty. "I couldn't help it," they say plaintively, should you venture to complain. "It was just an accident." Yet those same hands that are not capable of pouring milk from a pitcher into a bowl of cereal were only yesterday carefully and delicately hitching up the wires of a radio set without a slip.

Some children early in life develop rigid likes and dislikes when it comes to food, and no matter how much you may explain to him that a well-brought-up child eats whatever is put in front of him, he will starve rather than touch a turnip. (And I can't say that I blame him either.) He feels the same way about spinach, broccoli, carrots, asparagus, peas, string beans, Lima beans, wax beans, rutabagas, Jerusalem artichokes, beets, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, eggplant, mushrooms, parsnips, squash and tomatoes. And he *hates* parsley. It will do no good whatever to tell him that some child in China or India would be glad to have it. He will simply reply that he would be delighted to let the little child in India have it.

You could try forcing him to eat the parsnips by shoving them into him with brute force. But he might then get the perfectly crazy idea that he not only hates parsnips, but parents too. On the whole, probably the only thing to do is wait till he gets beriberi (which is imminent) and then say, "See? I told you so." Or, he may turn out to be immune to beriberi, and you may simply have to resign yourself to the awful fact that a malevolent fate has inflicted on you a child who will never, in his entire life, eat parsnips. Here you may well use Rule 2.

Some particularly sneaky little children like to make out that they don't eat anything at all, and get their parents perfectly frantic. They sit down at the table at mealtimes, and toy with their food until the parents turn blue with frustration. Alas, the parents don't know that this pathetic little creature has just partaken of: two slices of bread liberally coated with peanut butter, three stalks of celery, a glass of chocolate milk, half a package of Spanish peanuts, two chocolate almond bars, most of a pound of cherries, three slices of bologna and half a package of cereal. Sometime the next day the mother will call the pediatrician, as she does regularly, to complain that her child *will not eat*, and she doesn't see how he can survive.

This is a hopeless situation. The mother will never find out the truth, because the child is no fool—he knows that if he tells what he ate, he'll be scolded for spoiling his appetite just before dinner. This whole family will go through life believing that this particular child lives on air. He weighs eighty-two pounds, but his mother is convinced that he is starving to death, and terribly fragile. Oh, well. That's the way it goes sometimes.

There are all kinds of parents. They are all, from their own point of view, perfectly wonderful, intelligent, understanding, self-sacrificing people. They are all, from their children's point of view, horrible monsters who are too strict, ignorant, old, ill-tempered and cruel. Some parents really are the one, some really are the other, and most fit somewhere in between. (I myself naturally fall into the first category, as I am always sweet-tempered, helpful, loving, kind, tolerant, loyal, beautiful, a superb cook, elegantly groomed, soft-spoken, well-mannered, and good at algebra. In short, I am a perfect mother. Ask anyone. On second thought, just take my word for it.)

Among the vast majority of average parents, the mother is apt to be more indulgent than the father. The father is traditionally the disciplinarian. When the child runs over the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175



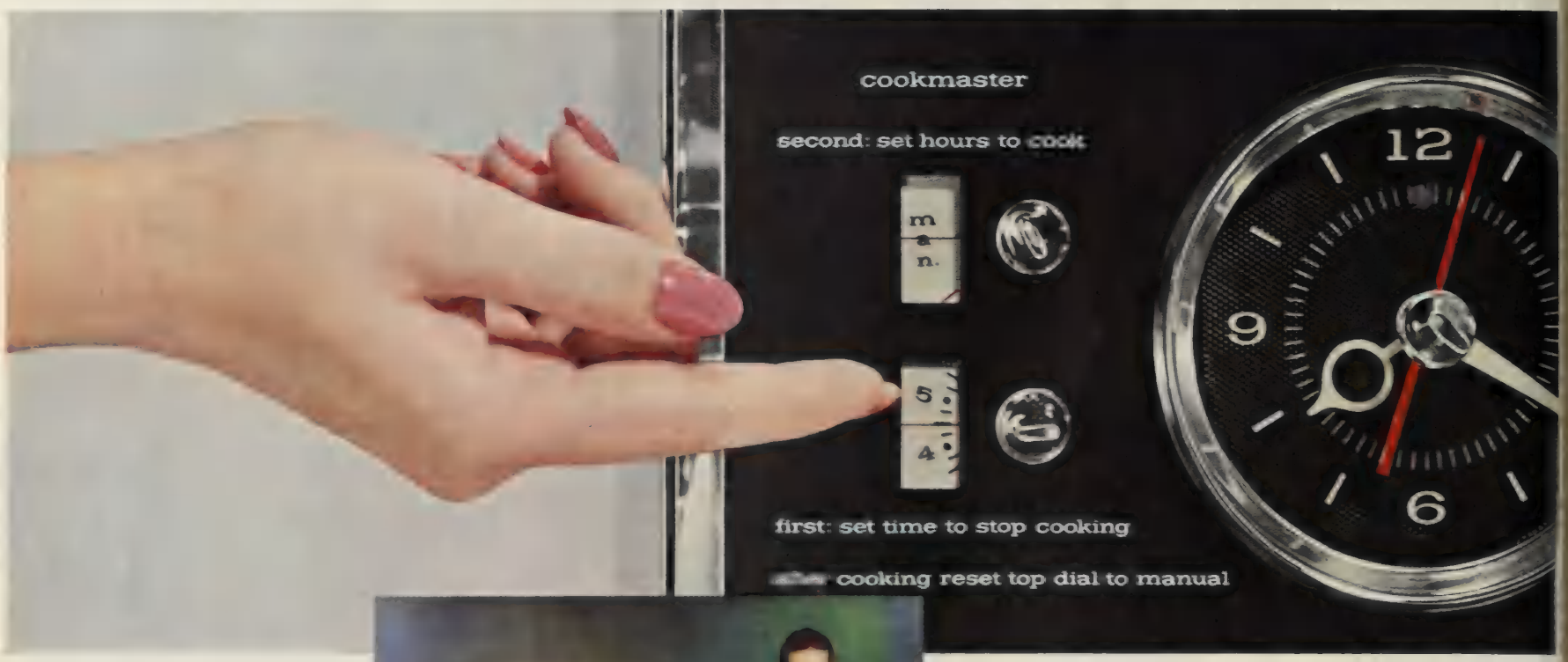
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 173

mailman with his tricycle, leaves the scene of the accident, shows little remorse (even though the mailman's shin is barked) and when finally cracked down is just about to run over an old lady, the parents react differently.

"But he's so little," the mother says. "He didn't mean to do it. He's an angel, really. He'd feel terrible if he really hurt anyone." (He wouldn't, actually.)

The father says, "He's a born criminal. He should be punished so he'll learn a lesson. He's headed straight for reform school. If you let him get away with this sort of thing now, he'll be holding up garages by the time he's twelve."

This simply demonstrates that both parents are absolutely nutty. The truth is that the child is one of that vast number of perfectly mediocre children who are neither angels nor criminals. He simply doesn't know how to steer very well, and what the parents should do is to let him practice steering in the family car till he's skillful enough to handle a tricycle safely. Not all children are expert tricyclists. Perhaps this particular child's gifts lie in another direction. He might be better off taking up the study of classic languages for a while till his father cools off, and the mailman's shin heals.

Hamsters do not ride tricycles.

Discipline is, in any case, a knotty problem for most parents. The question is, which acts require discipline, and what degree of punishment should be inflicted?

Spanking, hitting with old sneakers, throwing andirons, locking the child in a dungeon with nothing but bread and water for a week are frowned upon by modern child psychologists. And by modern children too. (Frowned upon for the parents, that is. These things are simply the signs of a healthy, outgoing personality on the part of a child.) For one thing, it may give the child a feeling that someone is angry with him. And for another thing, he may hit back, and he is getting awfully strong.

Some modern parents solve these problems by sitting down quietly with the offending child, reasoning with him, explaining why his act was wrong, and then discussing the suitable punishment. In this way the child is made to understand clearly just what he has done that is wrong, and as he has helped to decide on his own punishment, his resentment toward the parents is greatly lessened. However, this resolution of the problem, though possibly excellent for the child, is less so for the parents, who retire to their room with a blinding headache and an ice bag.

Perhaps the best way to handle these problems as they come up is to react to the situation by flying off the handle, blowing your top, turning blue and screaming till exhausted. This leaves no doubt in anyone's mind that the parents are displeased by the child's little misdemeanor, including the neighbors for three blocks around. This method of dealing with infractions of rules has several advantages. By the time the parent is through screaming he is in such a state of exhaustion that he is too limp to bother thinking up a punishment. The child (who has long since learned to ignore the screaming) thus gets off scot-free. The parents are so conscience-stricken at having overshot the mark (after all, all the child *did* was to start a neighborhood "confidential" magazine) that they later apologize to the child, and buy him a new filter for his camera to make it up to him. *Everyone* is happy.

Of course far better than punishments is preventive discipline, in which you warn the child ahead of time that Mrs. Willoughby down the street is crotchety, and doesn't like children riding their bikes through her rhododendrons. Suggest that they ride their bikes through Mrs. Hemingway's evergreens, as she is away for the summer anyhow. This avoids later quarreling and punishments.

There are some children who are not always by instinct absolutely clean and neat. Some parents are distressed by this rakish, devil-may-care attitude on the part of their children, and wonder how in the world, when they themselves are so extremely neat, their children have acquired such very untidy ways. They are further distressed when the accumulated rubbish and debris of the child's room overflows the bounds and comes billowing down the stairs and spreads out into the living room, the dining room, the kitchen, the back hall, the stair well, the front-hall closet, the cellar, the front porch, the back porch, the linen closet, the attic, the laundry, the parents' bedroom, all the bathrooms and the front yard.

These children have a peculiar ability to pick their way through mounds of rubbish, without squashing too many things, look bewilderedly about them, and say, "What mess? Where?" Or, equally, they may look down, puzzled, at a T shirt stiff with paint and soft-boiled egg and root beer, flick at it with a finger, and say, "Dirty? Where?" They may also look you straight in the eye, with a clear, frank, open countenance, and say, "Of course I brushed my teeth," with the evidence of the dry toothbrush not two feet away. They do sometimes, at gun point, wash their hands, but only the palms as far as the wrists. That is the rule. They will not go beyond the wrist, nor would they consider it playing the game to wash the backs of the hands. However, as few parents have a gun permit, most of these children never wash their hands at all.

The child's room is a sight to make strong men faint and induces in mothers a condition characterized by trembling, pallor, dysphasia, weakness, hyperchlorhydria (which is associated with the ulcer that has just developed) and hyperbulia.

The room is characterized by litter to a depth of two to three feet, except under the bed where it is perhaps only six inches deep. You can see no article of furniture, each being buried completely and emerging as simply a higher mound of rubbish. You once, many years before, saw an occasional bureau top (let me see, was it maple?) or a desk top (birch—I *think*), but alas, they are only a memory now.

Some parents feel that this situation is entirely hopeless, and that they must resign themselves to living in a sea of clutter till the children get married, or at least run away from home, or go to sea, or join the French Foreign Legion, or something.

Others attempt ineffectively to stem the mounting tide by periodically carting rubbish out of the house in grocery-store boxes and crates. This is usually futile, because the child stands by wailing piteously, "Don't throw *that* away—I *need* that." "That" happens to be a collection of peculiarly repulsive torn and sticky balloons for which he has some unimaginable (but intensely important) project in mind, like melting them down in your oven and creating something wonderful out of them. In fact, each loathsome object that you dare to touch turns out to be something really necessary. You can't throw those away—those are his bottles that he is going to fill with colored water. You can't throw that tattered old rag away—that's his favorite hand puppet. You can't throw out that beat-up old orange crate—that's his mouse house. And so on and so on and so on, ad infinitum.

Sometimes a few small bits of torn paper or a broken crayon actually *is* removed from the child's room, whereupon the other child instantly pounces on it with glad cries that it is *just* what he has always wanted, and drags it off to add to his own collection. Often there may be a *complete interchange* of possessions and sometimes for a moment or two while the exchange is going on and things are being stirred about, you may for a moment or two, if you are alert and look *sharp*, find a tiny bit of floor to sweep. Of course if you don't move fast enough, it gets covered up again and the chance is gone for months—possibly years.

Some mothers treat this problem by standing in the hall (which is, as a matter of fact, the only place they can find *to* stand) and screaming. This method, though giving remarkable relief to the mother, gives little relief to anyone else and fails utterly to result in any improvement in the children's rooms. Oh, dear.

Another method which I have experimented with myself is to turn on the vacuum cleaner and first let it suck up anything that will fit in the nozzle. Then reverse it, stand back and let it blow. Something always does result from this method—that I guarantee—but the result may be unpredictable.

My husband's method is one which you may wish to try for yourself. In this method, the parents prepare a little bundle on a stick, give each child fifty cents, and tell him he is now old enough to be on his own. Pack a toothbrush and a clean pair of socks and one clean set of underwear in his little bundle. He'd never dream of using them, but it's wise to put them in anyway, in case the S.P.C.C. decides to interfere. Should this fail, you can try leaving the children at home, and prepare a little bundle for yourself. However, in this case you'll need a great deal more than fifty cents.

The average intelligent, thoughtful, careful, educated, loving parent wants his child to have a healthy, outgoing personality, and strives in every way to accomplish this, even

Of all the paths that lead to a woman's heart, pity is the straightest.

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going so far as to read the complete works of Gesell & Ilg, Spock, Levine, Freud, Reik, and so on.

The only trouble with this endeavor is that it is *entirely wrong*. These misguided parents are *reading the wrong books*. The only really good book on the subject is this one.

Actually, a sickly, ingoing personality is far more desirable than a healthy, outgoing one, especially from the parents' point of view.

What really is meant by a healthy, outgoing personality? It means that the child is going to clutter up the house with hordes of horrid little friends, all drinking soda pop, stomping up and down the stairs, engaging in nefarious activities like wrestling and sliding down banisters, putting their grubby little hands on your new slip covers, playing phonographs, filling your kitchen with chemical equipment, screaming, slamming doors, and generally making life unbearable.

On the other hand, a child with a sickly, ingoing personality who isn't well rounded at all, but merely well focused on one particular interest, will come home quietly after school, with no friends at all. He will quietly help himself to his soda pop, go to his room and read till dinnertime. The house is peaceful, quiet, ungrubby and prosperous. For *this* child doesn't need the baseball bats, the swim fins, the Pogo sticks, the roller skates, the bicycles. All he needs is to be taken to the public library once in a while and he's happy.

How do you help a child to achieve a sickly, ingoing personality? This is something that is worked at gradually by the whole family, and you can't accomplish miracles overnight. Most often it is the parents themselves who must change their ways, as children learn more by example than by teaching. Active parents who go springing about on tennis courts or running around and flinging balls and making their blood *circulate* are not going to be very successful at raising ingoing children. These people should practice going limp all over until they have lost some of their excess muscle tone. Then when Saturday comes around and all the other people are organizing picnics and ball games and getting all sticky and red in the face, the ingoing family can stay comfortably at home, reading and playing a snappy game of chess.

If your child is unfortunately already an outgoing type, due to your having too assiduously read your Spock and Gesell, and having carelessly allowed him to grow up with his spirit untrammeled, it isn't too late to start now to correct this condition. When he brings friends home from school tell them they may not stay to play and caution them not to slam the door as they go out. It's a start. And the saving in refreshments alone will get your taxes paid up before you know it.

Most parents realize the importance of healthy, happy, wholesome family fun, in which all the family take part. This helps to give the children a sense of *belonging*. I don't know what it gives the parents.

A great many parents would *like* to spend time with their children and play with them, but actually don't know how. Really, there are many games for the whole family, in which every member can participate, even the smallest. As the sizes of families range from very small to utter madness, all my suggestions for games are carefully planned to be suitable for any number and for any ages.

A rainy Saturday or Sunday afternoon is the best possible time for family fun, and here is a game you will all enjoy. It requires no equipment other than pencils, paper and a phonograph. Each member of the family sits on the floor, forming a circle. They then count off by twos, thus forming two teams. Just to make it more exciting, give the teams names, like the Tigers and the Bears, or the Lilies and the Azaleas. One of the children (and this is an excellent job for the littlest) may hand round paper and pencils. Another child then starts a record on the phonograph. Any good record will do, though Duke Ellington is a better choice. The parents have previously hidden in their pockets thirty-five cents per child. When the music starts each player writes as fast as he can all the rivers of South America beginning with the letter *Y*. Allow about ninety seconds for this. Then the child tending the phonograph turns it off, and collects the papers and pencils, the parents distribute the thirty-five cents to each child and the parents choose to see which one drives the children down to the movie house for the kiddie matinee complete with chaperon. They're showing The Monster From the Moon and The Horror From Outer Space, which should be a *good* double bill.

Another simple little game that the whole family will enjoy is one that we play often, as it requires no special equipment. In this game, the father offers a prize to the child who can maintain absolute silence for the longest period of time, and the prize increases with the length of time the game lasts. Some children become quite adept at this game, learning after some practice to keep silent for as much as ten or twelve minutes at a time. This game is not only *grand fun* for everyone, but is truly educational as well, for if the prizes awarded to the winners are halfway decent, the children learn from practical experience that SILENCE IS TRULY GOLDEN. Sometimes caramels or jawbreakers judiciously offered just before the game starts can help to prolong the fun.

Another jolly little game that we all enjoy is called "hide." This is similar to "hide and seek," but in "hide" the children all run and find good hiding places. While they are hiding, the parents settle down comfortably in the living room and read the Sunday papers. This is a game that is full of merriment for all, as well as being wholesome and beneficial to the parents.

The minute a baby is born, certain health questions arise and do not lie down again for a long time. It is important for the mother to have an understanding of the rules for maintaining health, and a knowledge of how to handle the minor illnesses that should not require the services of a doctor.

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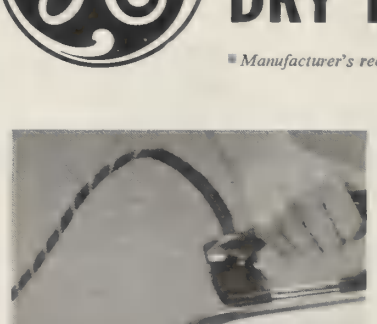
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he very first question in the mind of every mother (and every old mother too) is, "ow much should a baby sleep?" The answer simple. A baby should sleep as much as is nanly possible. What else has he got to do? ring the first few weeks he should sleep all -time, just waking up long enough to get ugh milk into him to put him back to sleep in. That answers how much a baby *should* p, if he has any consideration whatever his mother. But how much *does* a baby p? Unfortunately the answer to this ques- n is not simple, as the amount of sleep ies from baby to baby. The usual amount ot enough to give the mother enough sleep, even time to finish folding the diapers and ilizing things.

When the baby is a little older and no longer ps all the time between feedings, how ny naps should he take? Well, he *should* e three. He should have a really nice long in the morning, and two decent ones in afternoon. However, some babies get ng with only two naps. Some get along h only one nap. Some get along with no s at all. That is the kind of inconsiderate ies I raised. However, they got along utifully. I didn't get along nearly so well. As the child grows older and passes the ping age, the next question of course is, ow much sleep does a school-age child re- ire at night?" Not wishing to be unscientific out this important question, I didn't de- nd on guesswork or my own limited experi- e. I went right to the children themselves, d asked about a hundred children of this what time they went to bed. So, from the rse's mouth, I can answer that question ctly. The proper bedtime for a school-age ld is one o'clock in the morning. (Perhaps I

I'm a self-made man, but I think if I had it to do over again, I'd call in someone else. ROLAND YOUNG

ght to state, in the interest of scientific ac- racy, that although I personally directed s research, the actual questioning was done my children.)

The second most urgent question in the nd of the new mother is, "How much ould a baby eat?" The answer is simple. He ould eat as much as you can stuff into him, eferably more than any other baby in the ighborhood. If he doesn't, simply remem- r Rule 1. As he grows older, the problem anges somewhat. He may go through the ges during which he may appear to eat thing at all, but he will surely, sooner or er, go on to a third stage in which the oblem is, "How can we afford to go on feed- g this monster?" For he has suddenly turned to a bottomless maw which is constantly aving third and fourth helpings with count- s between-meal meals. This is possibly the ost trying time of all, as the food bills ount and the mother is in a state of exhaus- n from carrying home all that peanut tter. The parents, meanwhile, have taken to ting less and less, and permanent worry es have developed on their foreheads below e mother's graying hair and the father's ceding hair.

here are certain minor illnesses which the other should be able to recognize and treat th little difficulty.

The most common is the head cold. If a ild starts sneezing and his nose starts run- ng, he may very likely have a cold in the ead. On the other hand, it might be the begin- ng of measles, chicken pox, mumps, whoop- g cough, German measles, roseola or allergy chicken feathers. As a matter of fact, ere's really no telling what it might be. If at e end of a week he is all better, chances are was only a head cold. However, if at the d of a week he is all covered with spots, it ay turn out to be measles. In any case, the ost perfectly scientific, medical, hygienic, nsible treatment is to put the offending child bed and give him an aspirin and a pile of mic books.

Keep in mind that comic books should be administered with caution, as they can sometimes lead to unexpected side effects such as drowsiness, nausea, and so on, and may even, in some cases, have a deleterious effect on the brain when given in large doses too frequently. When in doubt, or at the first indications of any of these symptoms, change the treatment immediately to a dose of real, old-fashioned, hard-cover books which may be obtained without prescription at any good library.

In the event of stomach-ache, nausea, pallor, fever, and so on, the diagnosis is simple. He either ate something or he's coming down with something or it's a virus or maybe it's appendicitis or maybe he's taken an overdose of peanut butter or maybe—well it could be almost anything. In the meantime you can be perfectly safe in putting him to bed and not giving him an aspirin till the doctor comes and says it's either something he ate, or a virus, or he's coming down with something, etc., etc.

He feels perfectly fine, but he is covered with red spots. In this case it's very likely poison ivy. Or maybe it's poison oak. Or poison sumac. Maybe it's chicken pox? Measles? German measles? An allergy to fish? Mosquito bites? What in the world is it? A person doesn't just break out in red spots for no reason at all, does he?

A bruise is easily recognized by a characteristic blackish-bluish mark on the skin. It is not necessary to put the child to bed when he exhibits this symptom.

A cut is easily recognized by a characteristic cut appearance of the skin. If it is also bleeding, you can be almost certain that a cut has taken place. Stick a bandage on it.

Many children get mumps, measles, chicken pox, and so on. It is quite possible to live through these episodes. However, should the father come down with them, too, my advice to the mother is to escape to some remote mountain region of South America and start life all over again. As a spinster.



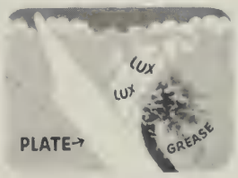
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Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, mother of 5



bringing up baby®

Department of Self-Education

Isn't it remarkable how soon babies come to the conclusion that everything is to be eaten or at least tasted – from toes to toys – fingers to food – crib bars to bonnet ribbons. New mothers often worry about this, but by and large this nibbling does no harm since most things baby touches are spanking clean. On the plus side: the mouth is baby's first great teacher. With it he learns taste, texture, shape and one of the great pleasures of life: the enjoyment of good food.

Speaking of Taste and Texture

Here's smooth going for baby's mealtime. Gerber Strained Bananas, like all good-tasting Gerber Strained Foods, have a delicate flavor and the smooth, nice-on-the-tongue texture that appeals to unsophisticated palates. Only fully ripe fruit (secret of easy digestibility) is used . . . and special processing preserves fresh banana flavor and appealing color. Best of all, you are assured of a uniform, just-right degree of ripeness.



Foolproof Way to Tub a Toy



Before sudsing baby's favorite squeak toy, place a strip of adhesive tape over the squeak mechanism to prevent water from damaging the merry noisemaker. Important: when buying toys of any kind check the labels for assurance of washability.

How to Turn Sighs to Smiles

Even the most contented babies suffer from plain old-fashioned crankiness, from time to time, for no apparent reason. A few helps:

- ***Change of scene.*** A social session in another room usually works wonders.
- ***Music hath charms.*** Background radio music will often lull a little one.
- ***Fun and games.*** A bit of a romp often helps baby exchange whimpers for gurgles of glee.

Suggestion for a Sit-up Baby

Has baby arrived at the sit-up stage? Remember that those little back muscles are weak at first, so try not to leave him propped up too long at a time. Watch for these fatigue signals: slumping forward or sliding from buttocks to small of back.

Feature of the Month

(BREAKFAST BLISS FOR BABY)

Gerber Strained Orange Juice
1 Serving of any Gerber Cereal
(Rice, Barley, Oatmeal, Cereal Food)
2 tablespoons of Gerber Strained
Egg Yolks



Serve orange juice at room temperature. Mix cereal with milk or formula, fold in egg yolks and serve. The result: a good-tasting breakfast that gives baby the benefit of these important nutritional factors: iron, calcium and important B-vitamins in the cereal – vitamin A and protein in the egg yolks – precious vitamin C in the orange juice.

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Sibling rivalry is a condition that is rampant in middle- and upper-income families of the United States, where it was invented by child psychologists. In the lowest-income groups, where it is not against the rules for the parents to slug it out with the children, it is less commonly found.

At the very beginning of sibling rivalry, when it was first invented, people believed that the prevention or cure lay in cosseting the oldest child and presenting him with little gifts until he became accustomed to the baby. However, when the baby then fell victim of the disease, it seemed that there was no cure possible and sibling rivalry would have to be considered as inevitable as death and taxes. This, as it happens, is true. However, I intend to show the condition can be alleviated.

Many parents faced with this situation do not know how to cope with it correctly, as they do not have sufficient understanding of the basic causes underlying this difficult emotional phenomenon.

In nearly all cases of sibling rivalry the main cause is *the birth of a second child.* Once having acquired an understanding of this underlying cause, we can go on if we keep our chin up and make a real effort.

The birth of the second baby causes feelings of antagonism and insecurity on the part of the first child, who expresses these feelings in direct physical form, thus causing feelings of antagonism and insecurity on the part of the second child, followed by feelings of antagonism and insecurity on the part of the parents. THE FAILURE OF THE PARENTS TO ACT ON THESE FEELINGS IS CALLED PARENTAL LOVE.

It is wise to prepare the first child ahead of time for the arrival of the second baby. (It may be wise for somebody to prepare the parents too.) Plans should be carefully made so that the home life will not be too much altered by the second child, so the first child will not feel that the new baby is threatening his place in the family. This means, of course, that the new baby should refrain from crying and demanding attention while the older child is around. He should be made to understand that he ought not to get hungry and need feeding at a moment when the mother is busy playing a game with the older child, nor should he attempt to divert the mother's attention from the older child by such obvious methods as needing a diaper change.

There. That takes care of that. Now if someone will just think up a way to assure the *second* child that the *first* is not a threat, we'll be all set.

Should these methods fail, and sibling rivalry occur, there are steps that can be taken.

The first rule in sibling-rivalry control is to SEPARATE THE CHILDREN AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ANY BLEEDING. Secondly, DO NOT PERMIT THE USE OF FIREARMS. Third, NEVER LET A ROUND LAST MORE THAN SIX MINUTES.

It is important that the parents show no favoritism. When the children have one of their little altercations, be fair. Listen carefully to the plaintiff and the defendant. Make it clear to the children that they must be calm and not raise their strident little voices. Only parents are allowed to scream.

When each child has had a fair chance to tell his side of the story, and each has had a chance for a rebuttal and a summing up, and when the whole thing has become utterly incomprehensible (except that it all began because the defendant refused to allow the plaintiff the use of his woodburning tool, with which the plaintiff had intended to burn a beautiful design into the woodwork of his room—which is at present very ugly, being just plain, freshly painted white—on the grounds that plaintiff had, only three weeks before, refused defendant use of his scissors with which he had intended to cut out some pretty designs on his plain green bedspread, and name calling had ensued) you may throw back your head and howl. This helps to keep down blood pressure, which may have been rising rapidly.

After this, the best way to settle the problem justly is to go out the front door, slamming it behind you, and go buy a new hat, preferably expensive. Get one with lots of feathers on it—that's the best kind.

There. That'll teach those foolish children not to squabble.

Of course you must understand that a certain amount of little quarrels and tiffs is normal and natural. Remember that the children really love each other underneath it all. (All right, boys. Go to your corners. Round Two is over.) They really do.

The main thing is to make certain that each child feels secure in his parents' love. Yes, I love you, Rosemary. I love you, too, Billy. I love you, Ermentrude. I love you, Sam. I love you, Marguerite. I love you, Harry. I love you, Bettina. I love you, Arthur. I love you, Clarissa. I love you, Bertram. I love you, Dorothy. I love you, Carl. I love you, Elizabeth. I love you, Montmorency. I love you, Yvette. (Elizabeth, give Carl back his penknife; Carl, give Marguerite back her paper clip; Marguerite, give Harry back his notebook; Harry, give Billy back his toy truck; Billy, give Yvette back her eyeglasses; Yvette, give Montmorency back his baseball bat; Montmorency, give Dorothy back her diamond bracelet; Dorothy, give Bertram back his typewriter—don't *throw* it; Bertram, give Rosemary back her shotgun; Rosemary, give Arthur back his Siamese fighting fish; Arthur, give Bettina back her socks; Bettina, give Sam back his unabridged dictionary; Sam, give Clarissa back her eyelash curler; Clarissa, give Ermentrude back her snowshoe; Ermentrude, give Elizabeth back her chignon. For heaven's sake, brush it *off* first.) When each child is thus assured of his parents' love, the sibling rivalry disappears. (*Who* threw that candlestick at Montmorency?)

Sibling rivalry does not always take the obvious form of quarreling over possessions and privileges. Sometimes it may be expressed in *attempts to gain the attention of the parents* by, for example, seeing who can be told the most number of times to pick his napkin up off the floor or who can get the most stitches in his head or who has the most cavities or, most commonly, who can catch the most colds and it counts extra if the cold is accompanied by a fever. These pitifully obvious efforts to attract attention should be frowned upon as they benefit no one but the doctor and the dentist and they've already been to Europe.

Sometimes the older child torments the younger by refusing to answer questions, merely saying monotonously over and over, "Shakespeare never repeats, why should I?" or "If you don't know I won't tell you." This drives the younger child to a frenzy of frustration, the mother out of the house, and the cat under the bed. I spent an entire childhood with an older sister so devoted to the sentence "Shakespeare never repeats, why should I?" that my entire personality became permanently warped and developed a decided starboard list.

A frequent cause of sibling rivalry is the fact that one child has straight hair and the other wavy hair. (Whomever could I be thinking of?) Or that one fortunate child gets to wear braces on his teeth while the other

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WITH THE CHILDREN

Old lady to little girl: "When I die, I am going to leave all my money to my cat!" Quickly the small child asked, "And when you die, will you please leave your cat to me?"

A Martha's Vineyard grammar-school student was asked to write a few sentences about Napoleon. He started: "Napoleon was an off-Islander."

"He's a friend, but not a real good friend. For instance, I don't like to go fishing with him."

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Twin Sink Dish Drainer with detachable silverware cup. $2.29.
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Tredeasy Floor Mat. Sponge rubber insert eases fatigue in stand-up jobs. Two sizes: $3.98, $4.98.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

has to make out as best he can without a wire or rubber band to his name.

An even more frequent cause of trouble between children is the fact that, in some families, *the older children are somehow larger than the younger children.* This causes feelings of inferiority and helplessness in the younger ones, not in the least alleviated by the older ones' being allowed to stay up later, ride their bikes farther, get a bigger allowance and be in a higher grade at school. It may help if you *have the smaller children in the family first.*

Sibling rivalry is deepened and exaggerated by having children all of the same sex, by having children of opposite sexes, by spacing the children farther apart, by spacing them closer together, by having fewer children, by having more children, or by giving one a red toothbrush and the other a blue toothbrush. It is important for parents to understand these factors, and to take them into consideration before making any move at all, unless it's to a larger house.

We have all heard of *heredity* and *environment* and the part they play in the formation of the child's character and personality.

Heredity is an extremely complex subject, far too technical for the average nonbiological person to understand. Stated in its simplest form, it is that when two brown-haired parents suddenly give birth to a red-haired child, everybody has to rack his brain to remember Great-aunt Sarah on the father's side and Second Cousin Mildred on the mother's side, both of whom were violently red-haired, or people are going to think it's funny. Unfortunately, having now remembered Great-aunt Sarah's red hair, you may also now remember her terrible temper, her disagreeable habit of telling people exactly what she thought of them, and her susceptibility to hives, and wonder if this redheaded child you have just produced is going to inherit these tendencies along with the red hair. However, as Second Cousin Mildred was an easygoing type who slopped through life with her slip showing and got along wonderfully with everyone, it's hard to say.

When you consider that for every dominant factor showing in the parents (such as brown hair, curly hair, brown eyes, and so on) each parent might or might not also be carrying a recessive trait (blond hair, blue eyes, and so on) you can see that having a baby may be considered to be, at best, *a complete gamble.* When you further consider that, in addition to the two parents, this baby also has four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on, the possibilities are staggering.

When buying a hamster or a kitten, you may look them over carefully, and choose the most active and alert one with the prettiest fur, the brightest eyes, and so on. (It is difficult to look over a baby ahead of time.)

Frequently, when two people marry, they are *complete strangers* to each other. (Actually this is a good thing, as it often takes weeks or even months before they find out that the other member of the marriage never puts his cigarette stubs really out.) So it often happens that a surprised parent will find himself the possessor of a baby about whom his wife's family exclaim in amazement, "Why, he's the very image of Aunt Hannah!" and the puzzled father has never even heard of Aunt Hannah before. This can be disconcerting until his own family appears and joyfully announces that the baby actually looks comically like his paternal great-grandfather, which is even more puzzling, as this particular great-grandfather had a full beard, and it's hard to say what he looked like. However, everyone is now happy except the baby, who is hungry and cross and wishes everyone would go away.

The arrival of each subsequent baby is greeted by exclamations over his remarkable resemblance to or dissimilarity to all previous children of these same parents, and either way it is considered to be highly unusual. I was so unlike my older sister that all I ever heard as a child was, "She doesn't look *anything* like her sister, does she?" This I understood to be a disparagement of my *excessive* height, *straight brown* hair, *large* feet, *slitty* eyes, and so on. The very same people who were so astonished at this difference between us are now equally astonished by the strong resemblance of my own two children. "My," they say in wonderment, "they certainly do look a lot *alike*, don't they! Why, you can hardly tell them apart!" (This is perfectly silly, as one is half a head taller than the other and two years older.) I take these remarks to be a disparagement of my ability to produce highly individual children, though I do feel that my husband should bear part of the blame.

The instant that fertilization of the ovum has taken place, *heredity is all over the lot*, and everything from that point on is intensely irrevocable. That baby is going to be whatever has been allotted to him in the shuffling of the genes or chromosomes (I told you this was highly technical) and he's stuck with it. (Now take my hair, for instance. No, never mind.)

However, a lot can be done to help matters. As soon as the child is born, the parents should start a special savings account for the orthodontist and the analyst. *And never forget that a good hairdresser can work wonders.* (That is, for everyone but me. I've never found a good hairdresser who would accept the challenge of my hair. They're afraid I'll spoil their reputation.)

The hairdresser brings us to environment.

Environment is far easier to understand than heredity. Once you understand exactly what heredity is, *environment is everything else.* A simple scientific experiment will prove that heredity is far and away the most important factor, with environment running a poor second. Take a newborn baby. Look at him. No, *really* look at him. There, you see what I mean? Born stubborn. And there isn't a thing you can do about it except dig your heels in for the struggle.

For the past twenty or thirty years, desperate parents have been driving themselves mad. They took children who were happily gifted

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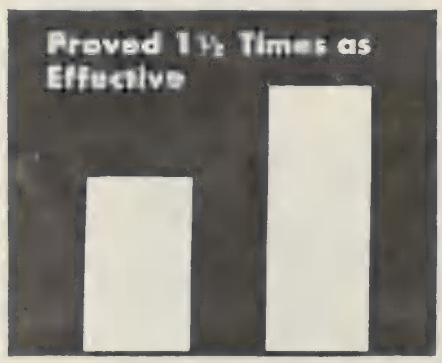
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ARRID with Perstop*, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains, keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet.



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th athletic ability and tried to turn them o good spellers, and they took children th a gift for music and tried to make accom- shed diving experts out of them. While Mrs. is unhappily saying, "Oh, if only Billy could ay tennis as well as Jimmy!" Mrs. Y is just unhappily saying, "Oh, if only Jimmy could ad as well as Billy!" Now if Mrs. X and rs. Y will just relax for a minute, I can make em both happy.

The latest scientific word on this whole mis- able subject comes directly from the labora- ry of the world's foremost expert—me. I ve made an enormous and intensified study this question, although unfortunately I was able to acquire only two children for my work, due to circumstances beyond my con- trol. (Let me see that checkbook. I could have sworn there was enough left for that oil- burner repair bill.) The results of ten years of devoted slavery in my laboratory prove con- clusively that *all good qualities in a child are the result of environment, while all the bad ones are the result of poor heredity on the side of the other parent.*

There. Now that lets all us parents off the hook, and we can all go back to sleeping at night.

It is a curiously unknown but readily ob- servable fact that as the children grow up, the parents' I.Q.'s go down. This is best stated in a simple mathematical law: The parents' I.Q. is in inverse ratio to the square of the children's ages. Any natural law is a statement which most accurately describes an observed phe- nomenon. This law, which I like to call Smith's Law of Reciprocal Stupidity in the Parent- Child Interrelationship, describes the phe- nomenon noticed in every family in which the parent replies to the child's questions, "Huh? Whadja say?"

This law is a direct contradiction to the pre- viously stated belief on the part of psycholo- gists that the intelligence quotient is a perma- nent indication of mental ability, regardless of learning, education, age or other changing fac- tors. This error on the part of the intelligence testers was a naïve and wishful thought, due, no doubt, to insufficient testing. The parents were not available for testing as they were all home doing laundry, playing cassino with minors, feeding babies strained squash, and so

What on earth would a man do with himself if something did not stand in his way? H. G. WELLS

on, all of which can be very well done on an I.Q. of 60 to 80. The error is doubtless also due in part to the fact that the psychologists were parents themselves.

As the psychologists have failed to explore this phenomenon, I have had to go into the matter to a small degree myself and I have come to the following inescapable conclu- sions. The parents' I.Q.'s start plummeting on the day of the first baby's birth and continue to plummet for years and years and years un- til suddenly one day they wake up and there they are—middle-aged, and with the mentality of a bright ape.

The parents do not notice the change at this time, as they are too busy. Fortunately the tasks at which they are engaged (opening and closing little stair gates, blowing up inflatable toys, mixing flour and water, finding lost roller-skate keys, cutting fingernails, doing jigsaw puzzles with four pieces missing, play- ing dot games and ticktacktoe, picking up po- tato chips from the floor, and so on) do not require their former high intelligence. And as they are likely to associate mainly with other parents in the same condition, the low state of their I.Q. continues to go unnoticed. It is when the children get to the fourth and fifth grades, about, that they first begin to notice that something is wrong.

The discovery is first made when a child comes home from school and demands help in dividing four hundred and eighty-seven by ninety-two. How in the world can this be ac- complished? Ninety-two clearly won't go into forty-eight and there isn't a zero in sight to help out. *Somewhere a cog has slipped.* You can solve the problem for a while by explain- ing that you're busy helping his younger brother with his horse reins (which he intends to sew into a little coat one of these days when he gets through making two hundred plaster spaniel dogs that he is making with a mold he has, which he will paint nicely and sell for five cents apiece, which will net him hundreds and hundreds of dollars with which he can buy more wool for longer and longer horse reins) or that you're busy helping the baby who is having trouble nesting six plastic hollow blocks (and it's *hard*).

But it won't help for very long because soon he comes home again and wants help in mul- tiplying three eighths by seven ninths. You console yourself by telling yourself that this is perfectly silly as no one is ever, in real life, go- ing to have to multiply three eighths by seven ninths. In fact, all the arithmetic you've needed to know for years and years now is how to subtract $141 from $412, and even that isn't hard as all you have to do is write out the check and the bank will be glad to do the arithmetic for you. Sometimes you subtract $412 from $141, and then the bank will do the arithmetic even faster for you. You'll hear from them before the ink is dry on the check. *The bank is your friend.* Nevertheless, the dis- covery that you cannot do this simple arith- metical multiplication is disquieting, as you are perfectly certain that you once were able to do it. *Another cog has slipped.*

Oh, well, it's only arithmetic.

Then one day a sweet little voice says, "Mommy, what is a participial clause?" and all you can say is, "Huh?" Or "What were the events leading to the War of 1812?" and you say, "Well, uh." Or, "What is the real sig- nificance of the Jones-Robinson Act of 1922?" At this point you are faced with the ineluctable realization that you really don't know a thing,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 183

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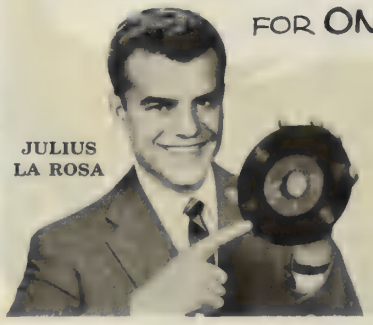
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181

and it might be better for the world at large if you were to give up voluntarily your rights as a citizen and cease voting.

Was Major André one of the good guys or one of the bad guys?

Who was Metternich?

How do you extract a square root?

What is a monocotyledon, and which part of a carrot is the cortex?

Is Australia a big island or a small continent?

What became of the Ottoman Empire?

How many rods to a mile and how many pecks to a bushel?

Do you think I should go on the $64,000 Question?

All this time those children are sopping up foolish information. They're learning to figure out if one pound of peaches costs twenty-nine cents, how much will a pound and a half cost? (There's really no need for this. The man in the supermarket will write it on the paper bag for you.) They are figuring out things like how far a fly will go if he keeps flying back and forth the length of a freight train that is going from New York to Buffalo at sixty miles an hour. They are learning to mispronounce words like Himalaya. (They say Him-a-*lay*-a, when everyone *knows* it should be Him-*ahl*-yuh.)

You may find it helpful to mislay your eyeglasses frequently.

Remind them you are the only one in the family who knows the recipe for brownies.

Tell them that you really know the answer, but for their own good you would prefer that they look it up for themselves. Explain to them the importance of learning to use reference books and libraries.

When all else fails, keep reminding them that although your algebra may be a trifle rusty, and your French verbs have momentarily forsaken you (though they'll surely be right back at any moment now), and your European history is just a little weak, and you've sort of forgotten the main points of American history, and your Latin has kind of gone, and your chemistry has just not been in use lately (though it's all just on the tip of your tongue and any minute now you'll be able to come up with the formula for water), still, *they haven't yet acquired any wisdom.* You simply have to keep plugging away at this. Remind them of it constantly. Point out to them daily that you are older than they are and *you have learned a great deal that isn't in textbooks.*

If you believe in the Lord, He will do half the work—but the last half. He helps those who help themselves.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS
The Forbes Scrap Book
(B. C. Forbes & Sons Publishing Co., Inc.)

Most people believe it is important to help children to develop a sense of responsibility in the early years so that later, as adult men and women, they may become good citizens and useful members of society. A sense of responsibility can be developed even in younger children. It has to be, because otherwise a child will come home from school, having lost one of his shoes, and upon having his attention called to this slight disorder in his dress, he will say carelessly, "It was Susie's fault." He threw his shoe at Susie, and Susie refused to pick it up and return it. (Susie has no sense of responsibility either.) When last seen, the shoe was being taken home by a beagle who lives in quite another part of town. (The beagle is the only one so far with any sense of responsibility. At least he knew better than to leave a perfectly good shoe lying around on a playground.)

In order to develop this sense of responsibility, the child needs to have a feeling of importance, a feeling that trust is being placed in him. (Of course he should only have a *feeling* that trust is being placed in him. You don't want to carry this character building too far, or there won't be a shoe left in the house.)

One way to help the child develop reliability and responsibility is to establish an allowance which he must learn to spend in a sensible way on his own needs.

The weekly allowance is pretty much a universal custom, but the big question is, "How much?" Of course this depends greatly on the age of the child, the number of children in the family and the economic status of the father. It also depends greatly on how much Peggy gets. (It doesn't matter who Peggy is. Peggy is the mythical character brought into every family discussion. Peggy gets $20 a week for spending money. Peggy is allowed to stay up to watch Dragnet and Medic every week. Peggy goes to the movies all the time. Peggy has chocolate milk for breakfast. Peggy's mother lets her have supper in the television room. Peggy can't read. Peggy smokes cigarettes whenever she feels like it. Peggy drinks coffee. Peggy is seven years old.) However, in the puzzling question of how much allowance to give, there are two simple rules by which you can guide yourself. The first is to keep close to the standard established by the other families in your neighborhood. The second is to give what you think is the proper amount regardless of what the other families do. If you keep these two rules clearly in mind at all times, you can't go wrong.

The hamster is never given an allowance as he simply stores it in his pouches and the money is then permanently out of circulation, which is not good for the economy of the country.

Remember that in the matter of allowances, the amount of money is not important. It is the idea that this money is entrusted to the child to spend as he sees fit. It helps him to learn the importance of spending wisely, the importance of saving, and the impossibility of buying a good camera.

When the allowance is decided upon, the parents must discuss with the child just what he is expected to pay for with this money. Is it purely spending money or must he also pay for his own school supplies, camera film, and so on? Let us take, for example, a child whose allowance is twenty-five cents a week. Should he simply squander this money on toys, games, microscopes, tricks, crayons, stamps, ice-cream cones, encyclopedias and other foolish things? Or should he pay for the lost shoe? (Should Susie pay for the lost shoe? Should the beagle pay for the lost shoe?) If this child is allowed to grow up without paying for that shoe, he may go through life losing shoes without ever feeling responsible for them. On the other hand, at twenty-five cents a week, he will be without shoes for quite a while, and the neighbors may think it's funny.

It is important for the parents to maintain their hold on reality at this time, and to put out of their minds all memories of five-cent ice-cream cones, five-cent jelly apples, five-cent candy bars, five-cent magazines, five-cent subway fares, five-cent telephone calls and five-cent cigars. It is also important for the parents to put out of their minds all thoughts of savings accounts, winter coats and the other fripperies of their youth. It is simply not realistic to expect a child these days to take care of all his needs, clothes, carfares, lunches, spending money, and so on, on an allowance of a quarter a week. If you expect all that, you will have to raise him to fifty cents.

Every child should take his share of the family's work around the house and grounds. In this way he learns to share responsibilities with the other members of the family unit. There are many jobs that even the smallest children can do, such as emptying wastebaskets and ash trays, watering plants, feeding pets, and then later they can advance to helping to make the beds, raking leaves, shoveling snow, washing windows, watering the lawn, raking the gravel in the driveway, and so on. Any child can certainly help with setting the table and clearing away, as well as washing and drying dishes.

That is, they *can*—the only trouble is, they *won't*. Which is just as well, because if they *do* you wish they *didn't*.

They mean to, of course. They really *want* to rake the driveway. In fact, they're abso-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

How your Chubby bunny can be a graceful honey



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183

ly dying to rake the driveway. There isn't thing in this world they'd rather do than e the driveway. Why, they'd rather rake t driveway than go to the frozen-custard nd for a triple-dip Martian Special de Luxe. e only trouble is that just this minute y're excruciatingly busy digging a moat in back yard and filling it with water. And en they get through with that, they have to te out ten words for spelling, collect three tty autumn leaves, and find samples of five erent kinds of cloth for homework. Even nother has to understand that homework nes first.

Of course children really enjoy having jobs do. It's just that these particular jobs are t worthy of their enormous capabilities. hat they'd really like to do is paint and paper whole house, take over all the driving, ild an entire roomful of bookshelves, pave whole driveway with concrete all by themves, cook the entire dinner, and repaint the . One row of radishes is too much trouble, t what they'd really like is to plant a half e of corn. Meanwhile they're far too busy d too tired to carry e wastebasket wnstairs for you. You hold a family uncil and you all ree that the chil- en aren't babies y more and that ey're old enough help and to take a real responsi- ity. Everyone de- les on his particu- job and all is rmony and joy.

"I'll do it every y," he says. "Don't u give it another ought. I'll attend it and you won't ve to remind me." Then Monday mes and Monday es, and Tuesday mes and Tuesday es. By Friday you cide it's time to ention it. It's not at you mind leaves the lawn, but u've been cut off om civilization for ree days now. The ailman, milkman, l-truck driver and ocery-store delivery man have decided ot to risk it. This is sensible of them. The cat as been lost for two days too.

The following Monday you mention it gain. "Gee, I'm sorry," he says with feeling. I meant to, but I'll do it right now." Ten inutes later you find him lying on the floor of is room reading (without his eyeglasses and the gathering dusk). Now you have two oices. You can demand that he get up and o it right this minute or you can say to yourelf, "Oh, well. He still has plenty of time to row up." This is by far the wiser of the two ecause if you decide on the first he will stumle around outside for a half hour, unable to nd the leaf rake. When it finally turns up, anging on the hook on the garage wall where has been kept for twelve years, it will be too ark to rake leaves anyway.

Sometimes they can be induced actually to ake a bed by the simple expedient of refusing o feed them any breakfast until they do. This equires enormous will power on the part of he mother as they will now almost certainly e late for school, and if they're late to school who'll suffer? The mother. "That lazy slob of Mrs. Smith," everyone will say. "Wouldn't ou think she could at least get her children to chool on time?" So it all ends up by the nother having to drive the children to school, which is too bad, because the walk to and from chool is about the only fresh air they get and t took longer for the mother than making a couple of beds anyway.

However, she now has to make the beds nyway because she has gone upstairs and taken a look at them. She could leave them the way they are and figure that, as they made them, so they must lie in them, but to tell the truth the children are still growing and their bones are still soft and she fears that if they sleep in those beds it will permanently injure their spines. I mean, bumps and wrinkles are one thing, but when roller skates and books and globes are stirred in with the sheets and blankets ——

If forced to empty an ash tray, they do it all right. Half and half. Half in the trash basket and half on the floor. If the half on the floor is pointed out, they say, "Where? I don't see anything."

My children washed the car once. And they did a fine job of it too. That car really shone. However, unfortunately they had forgotten to close the car windows when they started and when they finished there was still a lot of water left in the hose so they washed the garage too. Then there was still more water so they washed off the whole outside of the house, and it was really an unhappy coincidence that they forgot to close the house windows too.

Character building is very hard on parents. It is often hard on relatives, pets, storekeepers, and so on. The only people it isn't hard on are children.

Here again make use of Rule 1 and Rule 2. Make the beds yourself, empty the wastebaskets, wash the car. And then tell all the neighbors and friends that you can get to listen that your children do it *all by themselves*. Tell the children they did it all by themselves too. They'll believe it. Let them go around telling everyone they help with all the work. It will make them feel good and build up their egos. And all the other parents and children for miles around will feel awful. It will stir up trouble for years to *come*.

"Those marvelous Smith children," people will say. "What character! What a joy they are to their parents! They do everything around the house. They do all the snow shoveling, leaf raking, window washing, they papered their own rooms, they always get up early enough to make their own beds and keep their rooms neat—why can't *you* be like that?"

The school plays such a vital part in the child's development and therefore in the whole future of the country that it is of the utmost importance for parents to understand its function, its aims and methods.

So much criticism has been leveled at the schools in recent years, so many volumes have been written about teaching methods that some parents are bewildered. Are the schools placing too much emphasis on physical education or not enough? Is the discipline too strict or too lax? Are the children spending too much time in school or not enough? Should they learn geography and history or should they have social studies? How is it he's in the seventh grade and still hasn't learned that the principal product of Portugal is cork? Doesn't he know *anything* except how to dress up in cheesecloth and papier-mâché and be a frog in the school play? Aren't they ever going to teach these children any *grammar*, for heaven's sake? He doesn't even know what a semicolon is for. (What *is* a semicolon for? I feel I must have known at one time.)

The modern school educates *the whole child*. (Some of us old folks never had this advantage, and as a result—see this mark on my ankle?) The school provides gyms and outdoor

NEXT MONTH

■ "On the night of May 3, 1941, it happened. There was nothing dramatic, no crisis of word or thought or deed. It was much simpler than that. The last thing I can remember seeing was a clock, whose hands stood at twenty minutes past ten. I had been sliding and sliding for three years, and that was the moment I slid off the edge."

Twenty-year-old Peter Putnam's action at that moment rocked his whole family—and changed his life. As a result, he discovered for the first time how to live—and how to love.

The true story of an amazing year . . .

CAST OFF THE DARKNESS

By PETER PUTNAM

complete book condensed in the APRIL JOURNAL



. . . understands how they grow, as fresh and young as Spring and every bit as restless! Knows that kites were made to fly, bikes to ride and days to spend outdoors . . . doing anything, except sitting still. Knows, too, that their shoes must be made to take the wear of all-day play . . . must, above all, *fit right in the first place and go on fitting.*

The Stride Rite shoe knows this, *does* this . . .

and millions of mothers *know that it does!*

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Jergens Deep Cleanser searches deeper for clogging dirt and make-up

First, there's the feeling of instant luxury flowing from your fingertips to your face. Reaching deep . . . deep . . . deep . . . so gently . . . but so insistently.

Then suddenly . . . deep, beauty-clogging grime and stubborn make-up are gone. Your face feels as if it had a new kind of clear, clean, almost sparkling radiance. And it does.

Reasons: there are 4 times as *many* cleansing ingredients in new Jergens Deep Cleanser as in traditional cleansing creams. And each is a recognized skin softener as well.

Do you wonder that Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women? Try it. You *love* it, too . . . or double your money back. Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.

playgrounds for the development of co-ordination through gross motor activity, as well as teaching the child to integrate himself into team activities. A good school provides music and art where the child, when tired of being integrated into teams, can fully express himself as an individual with a qualified psychologist always on the alert to help interpret these and make sure he isn't getting *too* individual.

Experiences in social living notwithstanding, the teachers are still pounding arithmetic and spelling into unwilling heads, the children are still learning about the Hessians on Christmas Eve, and they still learn to sing Funiculi Funicula in three parts.

All this educational theory and all this controversy, however, overlooks the one main, vital function of the school, which is really *to get the kids out of the house from nine to three.* I cannot understand why so many parents have failed to realize this. They go around complaining about this and complaining about that, and meanwhile the thought has never struck them—where would they be without the school? When would they get the beds made? When would they get the marketing done? When would they sit down in peace and quiet to tear their hair out? When, in fact, could they hold their P.T.A. meetings?

Now are you going to object when they talk of raising the school tax? You see? You just didn't think it through before.

In order that the school and the parents may work together to do an optimum job on the children, many schools have a Parent-Teacher Association which provides a place where mothers who have finished making their beds may go to have a cup of coffee and arrange meetings at other times where mothers may go to have a cup of coffee, at which they can decide which mothers will have the job of telephoning the other mothers to let them know when the next meeting will be held at which they may go to have a cup of coffee and elect new mothers to —— Often, out of all this furious activity come new curtains for the school library, which is important, as that is the room in which the meetings are held.

Sometimes the Parent-Teacher Association holds meetings at which speakers are engaged to educate the parents to the use of phrases like "age levels," "gross motor control," "sibling rivalry," "basic insecurity," "parent resentment," and the like. The necessity for understanding these terms is self-evident. Without them, the parents could not intelligently participate in the P.T.A. meetings.

In my own case, for example, it is extremely helpful that I have learned to say "gross motor control" because that is what my children (due to very poor heredity on their mother's side) haven't got. Otherwise I might go around saying, "They're good at reading, but they are *lousy* at baseball," and this would in no way improve their baseball. On the other hand, saying they have poor gross motor control hasn't improved their baseball either. However, as it has improved their mother's speech it is probably all worth while.

In connection with the important part played by parents in helping the schools, it is worth while to note that many of these interested, sincere, helpful parents accomplish a great deal by reading books on reading, whereupon they may storm these meetings demanding to know why their children are not being taught phonics, or, in some cases, demanding to know why their children are being taught phonics. This confuses the principal and the teachers who have been doggedly trying to please everybody by teaching both phonics and sight reading. Meanwhile the children, unaware of the storm raging in the library, are plugging away at "Cat—*c,u,t ? c,i,t ? c,o,t ? c,y,t ? c,e,t ?*" By a process of elimination they may arrive at *c,a,t*, and can start on *k,i,t,t,e,n,s*, which are sure to follow.

REFLECTION

By WILLIAM STAFFORD

Leaders of the world may pose
for newspapers,
cameras print their shadows on
the grass,
democratic winds take up their
cigarette ash—
but more is passing than time
in a looking glass.

Planners meet every day and
pace a room
staring out of a window that
stares in turn;
a wind is trying to touch them
through the pane,
while the hills outside grow the
shape of evening.

Every hand they shake is alien;
the pens they hold are bayonets
when they sign.
These men, the measure of
things as they see them,
feel themselves watched.
Something is measuring
man.

If you have now decided that you are willing to give up certain small amenities (like sleep and money) and go on with raising children there are, along with the hazards, certain joys not found in raising hamsters, cats, and so on.

Children around the house are a constant reminder of your own great and unexpected good luck in having finally, yourself, grown up. Daily you will be reminded how really marvelous it is that you no longer have to face the gym teacher or sing Poor Punchinello in three parts, that you no longer have to practice your piano lesson that you don't have to worry that you won't pass your biology test. Nobody yells at you if you forget to brush your teeth. Big brothers and sisters can no longer pick on you and nobody can ever again chase you out of the house to get fresh air. You can frowst around and read as long as you like (having now chased your own children out of the house to get fresh air). You can shoo the children to bed early and stay up as late as you like. You can wear whatever you like, and if you feel like wearing a new dress around the house just because you feel like it, nobody will say no.

Every morning you can watch the children drink their milk or cocoa, and you'll remember how you used to have to, too, and now your lovely, hot strong coffee will taste even better.

Nobody nags you to cut your nails, brush your hair, wear your eyeglasses, wash your hands, go to bed, get up, go on errands, take vitamins, get shots.

You can listen to the children playing outside with the other children in the neighborhood and you can relax. Nobody is going to torment *you* any more because you're too fat or too thin, too tall or too short, and nobody *ever again* will make horrid rhymes about your nickname and your physical attributes.

Nobody is ever going to scold you any more if you spill or drop or lose things but *you* can scold the children. They're *children.*

Best of all, as you send them forth to play things, with little exhortations about the need for bodily health and vigor and the virtues of exercise, you can realize happily that no one will ever again try to make you play tennis. You can curl up in a soft chair, with your spine all crooked and your chest all caved in and your muscles all limp and just enough oxygen in your blood to sustain life, and your arches comfortably flat, and you can breathe in that nice smoky air and get yourself all full of coal tar and caffeine and tannic acid and read anything you like, even if it's absolutely stuffed with sex, *in the dark without your glasses.*

If you should ever really need exercise, you can exercise your authority as a parent. "Never mind why," you can say to them, "just because I say so." (After all, if you can't exercise your authority to your children, who are you going to exercise it to? Everything else around here is so democratic, unless you're a policeman you can hardly have any fun at all.) EN

CATCHING COLD? HEADACHE? NEURALGIA? MINOR RHEUMATIC PAIN?

BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST!

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CATCHING COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST—Winter weather means fun for the whole family. It also means that adults and youngsters alike will be catching more colds. That's why it's important to have both regular size and *flavored* Children's Size Bayer Aspirin handy—to use at the first sign of a cold. Bayer Aspirin quickly relieves painful cold discomforts and reduces fever. It makes you feel better—*fast!*



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What is aspirin "in disguise"?...a pain relieving product that attempts to belittle straight aspirin yet combines aspirin with such non-pain relievers as aluminum compounds, magnesium carbonate, or baking soda—and it costs *you twice the price* of Bayer Aspirin!

Why pay more for extra ingredients that can't relieve pain? Instead, get Bayer Aspirin. It's *all* pain reliever—100%—and medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain relieving agent!



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Washday will never be the same again!

Did you ever!...a detergent that washes and bleaches, *all by itself!*



First time a detergent ever gave you whiteness like this!

New Oxydol...the only detergent in America that Contains its own Bleach!

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What a simple, and simply wonderful idea—this new detergent that's changing America's washday, because it's the *only* leading detergent that contains its own bleach . . . wonderful color-safe Oxygen Bleach.

Only new Oxydol gets clothes detergent-clean . . . bleach-white . . . and helps remove stains as no other suds can . . . all in one simple operation. And for colored washables? Excellent! It's color-safe. Why not let yourself in on this great new idea next washday?

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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For Grace, coffee break and party line go together—time to tell news to all listeners.

When four daughters arrive home, Forrest (right) schedules roundups (above). Family teams up for work.



"The Ranch is where my Heart is"

At the Lee ranch in Brownlee, Nebraska:

"Long hours don't seem like drudgery or even like work. It's the difference between loving what you're doing and hating it."

By LAURA DATE • Photographs by JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editors: The series you are now running, How Young America Lives, about the tired overworked young mothers, has started me doing a lot of serious thinking. I think that the confused, tired state many of them are in is due not to overwork so much as the change in values that has come over the United States the last few years.

Younger people are putting too much emphasis on money, things, fun, and whether they are getting their share of it all compared to someone else. Too many comparisons about what we possess and what our neighbors possess can cause a lot of dissatisfaction.

"Overwork" is an easy "out" for girls who are dissatisfied in the first place. I'm enclosing my own story, which could be labeled The Case of the Drudge, or something of the sort; yet I didn't moan unhappily during those years it covers—they were good years, fun even. And they are not over; I am still having fun despite the fact that now I am that other woman the sociologists are worrying over, the one with the "empty nest."

I'll admit I do have one big advantage, although some people would question calling it an advantage—the place where I live, the Sandhills of Nebraska. One famous neighbor of ours called it "God's Own Cow Country"—that is how it struck him after looking over ranch land all over the United States. He was Samuel McKelvie, a former governor of Nebraska. In summer the country is beautifully green, and dotted with so many lakes that from the air one would be more inclined to call it a lake country. It seems to me the people who live here look more at peace with themselves and the world than the hurrying people one sees in cities. Both men and women who live on the ranches here are extremely hard workers, but we aren't just drudges who come in so tired at night that we collapse or vegetate. There are women's clubs, bridge clubs (both husbands and wives), concert series, book clubs; one neighbor plays the piano for hours at night when he comes in from a tough day at ranch work, another does



Family gets together when Jackie (married) and Carolyn (working) come to visit and Florence and Dorothy come from college dormitories.



Closest town to the 6300-acre ranch is Brownlee, population 36.

Anyone within 150 miles is a "neighbor." Says Grace: "People are at peace here."

oil painting. I list all that to show that the people are well rounded.

We send our children away to college, but what I want to emphasize is that we work longer hard hours than most city people would stand for. Part of the reason we do it happily is, of course, that we are doing it for the people and things we love, doing it for ourselves; but that brings me right back to the statement that it isn't the work, but the attitude behind it.

I sound like a Chamber of Commerce brochure, or at least one who was raised here and doesn't know anything else and so thinks this is the best, or all there is. That is not so; of all the girls in this community who married ranchers, I was the one least prepared to cope with this life, the one most likely to give up in despair, but I love it all, and wouldn't want to live anywhere else.

I hope you will read what I have written; perhaps it will give you a different slant on young mothers and overwork. I really enjoy your How America Lives series, but I think perhaps it is trending toward fostering self-pity here lately.

Yours truly,

GRACE LEMASTER LEE
Mrs. Forrest S. Lee
Brownlee, Nebraska

P.S. I'm enclosing some stamps—my husband wants this back.

The snow had been falling for five days, Forrest Lee remembers, when Grace threw down her magazine, got out her portable typewriter and started to write. It didn't take twenty-six years' experience as a husband for him to see she was agitated. Normally "she looks about as ferocious as a little kitten," he thinks, with wide blue eyes, blow-away figure—deceptively fragile-seeming in this country of stalwart people. But now her small chin was raised as if against an unseen adversary, her surroundings forgotten in the intensity of her thought. She wrote for two days off and on, while outside the blizzard continued unabated. Forrest hauled hay to the pastures and checked for newborn calves. Otherwise they were detached from normal routine, alone as they are only during a winter storm, with their four daughters away in Lincoln—the oldest married, the others students at the university.

By the time the sun came out she had finished, and her thoughts had gone back more than twenty-five years to a church social in Lincoln. She remembered:

I was an Army brat, an only child. When my father retired we moved to Lincoln, where we lived for six whole years, the longest we had lived anywhere. Around the corner from our house was a small new church. A neighbor girl kept urging me to come to church with her sometime and see the Lee boys. So one day I did, and one of the Lee boys turned out to be the man I married, Forry. We went together two years, were married when he was 21 and I was 19.

Until I met my husband I was like many people: I didn't even know there were ranches in Nebraska. Twice before we were married I visited my husband's parents, but somehow I didn't even notice what was to become a monster in my existence, the separator, that thing that separates the cream from the milk and must be washed every day, and in extremely hot weather twice a day.

I was so well prepared for life on a ranch! Ha! I had had years of private piano and French lessons; my parents must have been preparing me to marry a millionaire. In school I'd taken journalism, trigonometry, analytics and calculus, carefully shunning home economics or anything useful to a future rancher's wife. I had never ironed a shirt; in cooking I fared better—I could make drinkable cocoa and tuna-fish sandwiches (both of which got tiresome after the first three days).

For the first three years we lived with his parents. The first summer (we were married in June, 1931)

"We don't just vegetate. Nobody has time to, or wants to."



Grace is still one of Forry's "best-looking ranch hands in God's own cow country." She remembers start with little furniture, a kerosene lamp, no wallpaper. Since then the land has thrived, machinery has multiplied.



Stock auctions are exciting. Lees also go to dances, a drama club, concerts, sports, rodeos.



Forrest is president of Sandhill Cattlemen's Association, checks news, prices.



Business messages come by phone. Grace brings them—with refreshments.



She cooks for 30 at branding time, when neighbors take turns pooling work.

There were nineteen people at the ranch. I had never seen such mountains of food, dirty dishes and laundry. My in-laws' home was one of the most modern ranch homes around, but by comparison with the city home I was used to—well, it was different. Food was kept not in an icebox, but in an old-fashioned cellar, a long way from the house; we made innumerable trips out and back while getting a meal, and when we were in the cellar there were snakes and spiders to send us out in an awful hurry.

All those people around was something new for me—family and hired help and visitors besides. The phrase "The world is too much with us" went through my mind often that first summer!

Our oldest daughter, Jackie, was born the next July; she was the first baby I had ever held or changed; so here was much more to learn. Then two years later life on a ranch really began in earnest. All the while we had been married, we dreamed of a day when we could have a house of our own, and Forry could ranch on his own, and at last, in May, 1934, we had our chance; we leased a small neighboring place and May first we moved, along with our pitifully few possessions. We were so glad to have our own place, and we knew it meant lots of hard work, but despite the grueling work, we were happy. Being happy in what you are doing makes things seem easier than if you are hating every minute of it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192



First grandchildren have arrived on scene—Lorraine, 1, has a brother Larry, 3.



Each night for 20 years Grace has kept up a diary of family history.



Girls grew up in 4-H work, trained own horses, are expert riders. Once a year family takes 3 A.M. starlight ride, canters in at dawn.

Since they were little, Lee girls have owned cattle on shares with father; it helped finance education.



"Our girls helped pay their way through college."

Taped to the glass of the Lees' dining-room cupboard is a cartoon showing a mother and father attending their son's college commencement in rags and patches and saying, "You'll never know how happy this day has made us, son!" It's a joke, of course. But when Florence came home and saw it, "she was stricken with remorse," Grace says. "I told her not to let it bother her, I put it up because we thought it was funny. I don't know that a college education costs too much. Anything worth while costs something."

Nevertheless, by the end of this school year Grace and Forrest will have spent almost $17 000 on their daughters' college educations—about $1500 per girl per year. When the Lees met Chancellor Clifford Hardin last year, he told them, "Anyone sending four girls through school deserves a piece of the university." (Forrest rejoined, "Make it on the fifty-yard line!" and at Nebraska home-coming the chancellor did just that.)

The Lees' expenses have not been out of line with the national average. Surveys show a student attending the university in his home state spends about $800 a year for tuition, room and board, and by the time he also pays for books, laundry, clothing, travel, recreation and personal expenses, he's usually well up around the $1500 bracket. Other schools cost more, depending on the student and the area: four years at a technological school like Stevens Institute of Technology costs about $7600; a private men's college, $8000; and a private women's college, $9000.

Each of the Lee girls has contributed about $350 a year toward her education, money she earns working on the ranch in summers and from fall sales of cattle which the girls own on shares with their father. The girls could have gone to college on less, but Grace and Forrest wanted them to have enough "so they wouldn't have to worry about money and could go to college full time."

Forrest and Grace saved for college the best way a rancher can—by putting aside cattle: "We built it up a few head at a time so that when the college expenses came along we had an income that would take care of them."

(A friend of theirs in a family of eleven children did it another way: "As each child finished high school he taught a year. It helped relieve the financial strain and gave the child some savings to start off college with. And he had a year to work and think over what he wanted to do with his life.")

Most parents feel as Grace does, that college "is more important than it used to be, both in job competition and in producing a broader, more unbiased viewpoint of the world." But that doesn't make it easier to pay for, especially with the cost of a college education almost doubled since 1940—up 8 per cent just since 1954. With expanding enrollments, from a present all-time high of 3,000,000 students to an expected 6,000,000 by 1970, new facilities will be needed, which in turn may force further fee increases.

Most families find it increasingly hard to finance college educations out of current income—especially with several children close together in age. This year an estimated 100,000 high-school seniors who have the ability and want to go on to college will be unable to because of money problems.

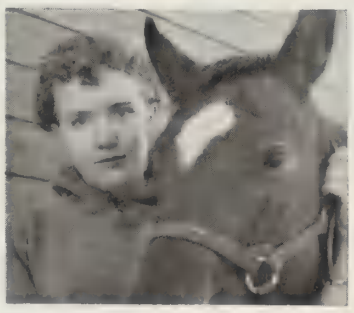
CONTINUED ON PAGE 203



Jackie is now married to law student.



Carolyn, graduated, chose a job in Denver.



Florence plans to be a country teacher when she gets diploma.



Dottie wants to help handicapped children and "of course" marry.

Family ties grow strong in a land of snow and sand, cactus and rose.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 191 That first day on our own, I felt like sitting down and having hysterics, but there wasn't time. The house was four rooms and a "path" (the toilet was a little building north of the house). Some of the wallpaper wasn't bad, but most of it was loose, some completely gone. We patched up what we could and let it go at that; this was the depression and new wallpaper was a luxury we could not afford. For lights we had one kerosene lamp and a lantern. For water, we felt luckier than most people, for we had a pitcher pump right in the kitchen! I'm no Pollyanna, but that pump in the kitchen made me feel glad, glad, glad that I didn't have to go outside to pump water; one neighbor had a pump about fifty feet from the house, down a hill. It wouldn't have been quite so bad if it was up the hill, but as it was she carried the *empty* bucket *down* the hill and the *full* bucket *up* the hill. All parts of the West claim the phrase that ranch life is wonderful for the men but hell on women and horses, but I'm sure it really must have originated right here in the Brownlee country, in a place where a well would be put *down* the hill from the house!

The inside of the house wasn't all that was discouraging; outside we were surrounded with broken-down fence, tumbleweeds and sand, sand, sand. The place had been so overgrazed during several dry years. And there was only one tree! Did you ever stop to think how wonderful trees and grass are? I'd always taken them for granted until we moved here. One of Forry's big jobs every spring that we have lived here is to plant more trees, thousands of them, trees around the house and groves that would in ten or twenty years be protection for the cattle during winter storms. Those first few years were so dry, and we were so afraid the trees wouldn't grow, so we planted dozens in the yard. Forry dug holes and planted, I pumped and carried water, then he pumped and carried water. They grew beautifully, and one day not long ago we counted the ones in the yard and there were 125! A far cry from one lone tree!

That first summer we were so poor, and for many years after, but especially so that first summer. In the fall CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

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Line a bowl with leaf lettuce and fill with leaf and head lettuce torn into bite-sized pieces, crisp cauliflower flowerets, scored unpeeled cucumber slices, peeled tomato wedges and watercress. Toss with *Kraft Italian Dressing*. Kraft Italian is a light, clear oil and vinegar dressing delicately seasoned with herbs and garlic.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192

we sold some hay so I became so extravagant as to buy some paper shades for the windows—then even some curtains for two rooms. And we made one very expensive purchase, ■ gas-motored washing machine. Before that I had washed everything by hand, even sheets and overalls. By then we were expecting our second daughter, Carolyn.

It seems to me now that everything contrived to make things as difficult as possible for us to live. Our poor little house was so hot in summer—understandable, since we had to do all our cooking on a coal-wood stove. On hottest days we let the fire go out as soon as a meal was over, but this stove was our only way to heat food or water—water which first had to be pumped, then heated, then every drop carried outdoors afterward. We built up ■ fire in the stove to heat our old-fashioned irons too. Then when winter came we discovered that we couldn't keep the house warm, so we closed off the three other rooms and lived in the kitchen, except at night when we made a brave dash to the bedroom and under piles of covers.

Things got better after many years. In 1938 we acquired a kerosene-burning refrigerator. I was practically delirious with joy. Before that we had an old-fashioned icebox, but always, before the summer was over, the ice supply all the neighbors had put up the winter before gave out, and we kept milk, cream and butter in jars in a stock-watering tank; it didn't keep well—besides, it acquired ■ mossy taste. I was so glad to have a real refrigerator at that time because our fourth daughter was a bottle baby and I was having a time with her food. It was when our third daughter was ■ year old that we got electricity in the form of a secondhand 32-volt plant that worked most of the time, being perfectly wonderful when it did. This meant that at last we could have an electric washing machine instead of the temperamental gas-motored one.

We lived here three whole years without a radio; when we finally got one it provided such marvelous entertainment; before that we depended on reading for our main diversion. We usually went the six miles after our mail one night a week; that was our big night out, and after getting the mail we would often visit Forry's older brother and his wife and play bridge. Our other day out was to go to Brownlee to church on Sunday, except when the roads were too bad in winter.

I haven't said much about roads. We are long distances from anyplace: three miles to our one-room school, four miles to the nearest neighbor, six miles to the post office, thirty-two miles to the high school and forty-seven miles to the doctor and dentist. At first this was all trail, but at long last, about 1946, an oiled highway came through just five and a half miles from us, another big day in our lives and way of living. There are still many miles we travel on the trail roads; in dry periods we get stuck in the sand, when it's wet in mud, and in winter in snowdrifts or maybe we don't go anywhere at all for weeks at a time because of snow.

Roads bring me to the subject of school. Our four girls all went to a little one-room country grade school. Sometimes we had a hard time getting them there too—Forry took Jackie on horseback often that first year. In August before Jackie started her second year of school we had quite ■ shock when a school-board member brought the newly hired teacher to see us and announced it was our turn to keep the teacher that year. I thought wildly, *Where?* There we were, Forry and I and four small girls, and only two bedrooms! But it was our turn, so we pushed things aside in closets and under beds and took her in. Margaret turned out to be ■ wonderful person and ■ wonderful teacher, and a few years later she was part of the family when she married Forry's older brother.

Then cattle prices looked better for the first time in years, so we added two rooms to the house. A carpenter helped part of the time, but a lot of it we did ourselves; we were do-it-yourself people out of necessity long before it became the thing to do.

In 1945 came the most marvelous thing yet, a windmill and reservoir on the hill back of the house, and water piped down into the kitchen! No more pumping water; I used to tell myself that water pumping was good for me, that pull on my stomach muscles probably kept me from gaining too much weight, but how wonderful it was not to have to pump forty-five three-and-a-half-gallon buckets on washday!

In 1948 came—glory be!—another bit of remodeling, so that we had a bathroom and a hot-water heater; we had been hoping for this improvement for a long time, but postponed it once in order to move in another small house so that we could employ a married hired man. Also about the same time as this

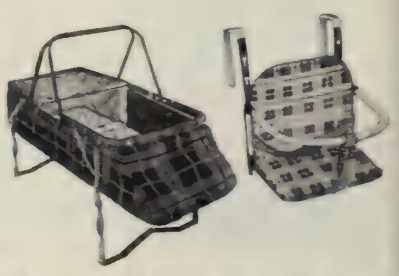


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the town of Thedford acquired a locker plant where we could store fresh meat, and have it sent over once or twice a week with the mail. This changed our eating and working habits considerably for the better. Before that we had canned hundreds and hundreds of quarts of meat for use when the weather was not cold enough to keep it safely. It used to make me feel so depressed to see all those lovely steaks and roasts being cut up into chunks to can, to be eaten later in a form that was far from the luscious food they were meant to be.

The last big improvement came two years ago when we remodeled the leaky old porch into a utility room, and, best of all, the REA power line came through; now our style of living really forged ahead with all the wonderful appliances that we had wished for so long. I'm afraid my family is already tired of my raving about the washer and dryer, but after the way I washed so many years, and dried clothes in the house on winter days, I think a little raving on my part is excusable.

I haven't mentioned illness; we have had our share of that too. This is a violent country; there are so many accidents that I finally learned to keep a suitcase packed with the necessary things to stay all night, so that if a sudden emergency arose I could grab it and jump in the car and tear off to a neighbor's or to town. We naturally had our share of childhood diseases, and one of the girls had a chronic kidney ailment that sent her temperature up frighteningly innumerable times. Then there are the accidents: a stick of wood in my husband's eyes, splinters of steel another time, a broken foot bone, broken shoulder blade, three appendectomies, two broken noses—all this just in our own family; besides that were the sick and injured hired men we've rushed to the hospital, the neighbors' wives about to have a baby any minute, and assorted smaller calamities that we had to use our own judgment to deal with.

All I have written makes me sound like a pioneer, and I am certainly not; my husband's parents were the ones who had it tough, and their parents before them. They had even less to work with, and Indians besides. There was one time when my husband's mother didn't get off the ranch for eighteen months; the things that she and Dad Lee went through were really something. But they raised a wonderful family, seven children (another little girl died of appendicitis because they couldn't get her to the doctor in time).

We didn't have what you would call a vacation for years, but it didn't seem to damage us too greatly. We all worked like slaves, but we didn't feel enslaved. Even though everything was done the hard way for so many years, happiness and security were a part of our lives. No one gave up and got a divorce; no one started seeing the psychiatrist. There was one period of three years when I did not go to a store to try on a dress; I was practically beside myself when I finally did. My mother-in-law warned me not to buy the first one I saw, but that is just what I did. It didn't fit very well, wasn't especially becoming, but I guess I must have thought I'd better buy it before someone snatched it away!

Perhaps one explanation of why happiness is so much a part of our lives is that we do things together. In this country the father doesn't go off to a job unfamiliar to the children; as soon as they are big enough, they are following him about whenever they can. He is home for most meals; if he goes branding or to some other job at a neighbor's, his whole family quite often goes, too, making a social occasion of it. Ranching is a growing, looking-forward sort of business. We plant trees and watch them grow into beauty and usefulness. We baby along a sick or motherless calf and see it grow into a healthy steer for some farmer's feed lot. When our girls are home through the summer, they break their own horses and are as happy at what the horses learn as a mother is watching her child learn. So it is a business of planning and hope.

According to present-day educators, my daughters were underprivileged as far as schools were concerned. Their first eight years were in a one-room country school with no lights, no bathroom, very little to work with, often taught by a seventeen-year-old just out of high school. For high school we sent them to a Catholic boarding school 150 miles from home. It was either do this or establish another home in a town that had a high school, or send them in to board with someone. We think we picked the best choice, although we were freely criticized for sending them to a Catholic school when we are Protestants. But they had wonderful teachers and acquired a good set of moral and religious values. Living away from home, taking care of their clothes, catching the bus for weekends home, all this made them more self-reliant, more ready for the next big step in their lives, university in Lincoln.

Jackie attended the university a year and a half, married a young law student who is about through school now; they have a three-year-old boy and a baby girl, and Jackie is not a young mother in a dither; she manages beautifully, and is grateful for what laborsaving things she has now, but is not eating her heart out over the ones she does not have—she remembers too well how we used to do things at home. Carolyn graduated last year, Florence finishes this June and Dotty is a sophomore.

NEXT MONTH

Gerald Dennerlein's genial face wears an incongruously worried look when he talks about money. "It's always been the toughest problem in our married life." But the six-year plan helped solve it.

• For Rosellen Dennerlein, working wife, it calls for job-plus-housekeeping in a 75-hour week, but the prize is an $11,000 house on the ocean where daughters Darlene, 19; Carol, 15; and Kathy, 12, can live in a "year-round vacation paradise." In Long Beach, California, two pay checks team up:

THERE'S MORE FUN THAN MONEY IN TEACHING

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the April JOURNAL

Being a rancher's wife has been the source of a lot of amusement for me sometimes, in the attitude other people take toward us as the years pass and the scene changes. For a long time during the '30's we were lumped off as "country people," poor, without much knowledge. Sometimes the condescension with which we were treated was not easy to take. Then came the "rich rancher" articles, as I call them. Some of the magazines over the nation had articles emphasizing how rich some ranchers had become during the zoom of cattle prices after the war. It's true some ranchers had become wealthy, and maybe a few did drive 300 or 600 miles to buy diamonds and Cadillacs, as one article said (but it wasn't any of the ranchers I knew), but most of us read the articles with a smile and a feeling of chagrin, and used our extra money to pay off debts that had been piling up for years, bought a few things to make our lives a little easier, and "got set" for the next slump in prices which we all knew was bound to come and which has been on us, until recently, for these last three years. Ranchers have long been known as a group of rugged individualists who don't want government interference or help, so when prices drop we aren't looking for or asking for government aid—we are just looking hopefully ahead for the next zoom to pull us out of the hole once more.

One funny thing during the "rich rancher" period was the effect on salesmen and clerks



when they saw our personal checks with our brand in the corner; they [illegible] bowed and scraped with politeness and [illegible]ed to sell us more, while we tried to suppress a smile. And people started telling us how much they envied us living on a ranch, and how they would like to retire (ha) someday to a ranch.

We do have two big worries: prairie fires and blizzards—life in the Sandhills is rugged but it is never dull. My French has long been nearly forgotten, and I sold the piano to a sister-in-law to make room for the desk and filing case with typewriter and adding machine which were demanding far more of my time than music. (Bookkeeping is another subject that would be useful to a rancher's wife.) But not for anything would I have wanted to miss any of the lucky breaks that brought me here, to this lovely terrifying country and good people. So all this is life on a ranch and it is good.

Now, the Lee ranch is surrounded by land that is green most of the year—careful cultivation has brought most of the sandy blowouts under grassy root cover. Cattle graze peacefully over their 6300 acres and the house is cool in the summer (with the new air-conditioning unit) and insulated against winter weather that sometimes drops to 40° below zero.

Grace and Forrest have time to go places together, talk together, be together—she marvels sometimes, not having thought about it much before, that "we were married twenty-three years before we were ever really alone."

They manage to see at least one University of Nebraska football game each fall. They go to dancing parties, square and round, in Valentine and Thedford; meet with a group that gives occasional one-act plays, and attend a Bible-study group that meets at various neighbors' to take up the Bible's meaning book by book. In the summer they go to rodeos (Forrest once won the Brownlee calf-roping and tying contest with a time of seventeen seconds).

Since Forrest was elected president of the Sandhills Cattlemen's Association last year they have had some trips farther away, to Denver, Salt Lake City, Fort Worth and once a side trip to Mexico. ("I saw a bullfight!" Grace reports. "I thought I'd be terrified. But they could hardly drag me away. It was fascinating, so dramatic.")

For the past four years they have been buying the ranch, after years of renting it from an owner who sentimentally refused to part with land he had homesteaded. When he died his heirs sold and now they are paying off a $50,000 mortgage on it. With the house, tractors, jeep, horses, 950 head of white-faced Herefords and the land, they figure their ranch investment at about $300,000. They calculate ranch investment as their savings—"if we ever wanted the money we'd have it right here."

Grace keeps the books and Forrest says she knows every detail a lot better than he does. She thinks of good ideas "that I never would" like mapping the pastures to keep track of grazing. They do as many things as possible together. When cattle are driven over the hills in the fall to loading stations, Grace is off after them in the jeep, bringing sandwiches and hot coffee. During spring calving season they sometimes don't get their clothes off all night when a dozen or so calves are born between midnight and dawn.

To Grace each of her daughters is different from the others and she has sometimes thought of them as her "Little Women" although "it isn't exactly accurate, they're so much more tomboys than anything Louisa May Alcott would have imagined."

But the comparison is inevitable. Jackie, tiny as her mother with great dark-lashed eyes and a calm Nefertitilike gaze that can switch in an instant to wistful appeal, was always the most interested in the home and the best cook. It seemed natural when she, like Meg in the story, wanted to get married and have her own family earlier than the others. She also knows her own mind, always. They remember when she came home and announced she was going to marry Chuck. "But you're too young!" they protested, which Jackie countered with the inevitable last line, "I'm older than mother was. And Chuck's older than daddy was." ("She's just like me!" Forrest shakes his head, recalling her rocklike firmness. "Yes," Grace agrees, "she is.")

Florence is a lithe golden girl whose skin and short-cropped blond curls never lose

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198



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THIS IS A GET-UP GRUMBLER

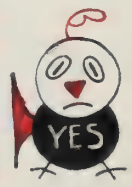
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A GET-UP GRUMBLER

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU



By MUNRO LEAF

A Get-Up Grumbler is a nuisance to have in any home. They act as though somebody else is to blame every time a new day starts. They lie in bed until they are so late they don't have enough time to eat breakfast the way they should, and they make extra work and extra trouble for people who have to live with them. Get-up Grumblers need to learn that being pleasant, cheerful and helpful in the morning is the best way to make friends for all day and every day.





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196

their sun touch through the winter. She wants to be a country schoolteacher after she gets her diploma this June. "So she can keep her horse and ride him to school," Forrest teases the daughter to whom he feels in some ways the closest for her deep interest in ranch life. But he knows her conviction—that of all professions, teaching is the most important; and of all teaching fields, the country schools "need good teachers most."

Florence is the most independent and enjoys most getting off by herself to read and write poetry and stories. Grace thinks, "She should write more. She gets a lot of feeling into whatever she puts down—and she loves the life out here so much I think she could write about it." (Forrest remembers, "When she was only a little tiny girl I'd go out in the night to see about a calf or horse and think I hadn't made a sound. Then I'd hear those little feet pattering after me and Florence would whisper, 'Daddy, can I go with you?'") Sometimes the family worries that she spends too much time by herself. "She's always ironing somebody else's dress or listening to someone else's problems. She should spend more time thinking of herself."

The government is mainly an expensive organization to regulate evildoers and tax those who behave; government does little for fairly respectable people except annoy them.

ED HOWE

Carolyn, dark, elfin, with eyes that dance with gaiety, was graduated from the university last June and is the most like her mother. "Florence looks the most like Grace," says Forrest, "but Carolyn *is* the most like her. She has her sweet disposition and optimistic outlook."

Carolyn went to Denver last September and got a job as assistant to the accountant of the Gaddis Oil and Mining Company. But her heart is still with Hal March, a Valentine boy whose fraternity pin she took last Easter. How serious they are about each other she isn't sure. But she knows "I wanted to get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200



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Vogue Design No. S-4748. One-piece dress and cummerbund; 10 to 16, 31 to 36. $1.00

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198

out and do something on my own before I settle down. I need to know I *can*." And she's pretty sure, "if Hal and I are really in love this won't hurt us."

Eighteen-year-old Dotty is so stunningly pretty and feminine that people stare to see her leap on a horse bareback and light out at a dead gallop, rope in one hand and grabbing onto the horse's mane with the other. Tall and slender almost to emaciation, she is at one moment a shrieking cowgirl—"the best roper I've got," says Forrest—and the next a sultry-eyed sophisticate addicted to make-up and hair-style fads. ("Shopping with Dotty is painful," says Grace. "Nothing ever fits well enough or has enough style. I'm exhausted!")

Dotty's biggest problem is her grades, and the Lees feel this is because she got a poor start with a teacher who did not encourage her to read—a teacher who once said to Jackie, "Read, read, read! That's all you want to do. Don't you have a mind of your own?" But Dotty admits her main trouble is "I don't worry enough at the right time. I think I have plenty of time to finish a paper. Then I put it off and when it has to be in I'm not ready." Her most absorbing interest at school is a clinic for speech-handicapped children in which she started working last year for an education class. She isn't sure what she wants to do eventually except "I'd want to do something special" and helping children who cannot easily communicate their thoughts might be that: "They're beautiful in their way. They're not defected, they just have one thing they're not so gifted with."

But also, she'd like to travel. "Wherever I live I'd like to be able to come back here. But I want to go different places, too—not just to a different state. I want to go farther than that. I'd go about any place in the world, I'd just like to see what different places are like and how the people are." Someday "of course" she would like to get married. "You think right now you couldn't stand not to be around here riding and breaking horses. But Jackie did it and she's happy—but I'd never want to be permanently any place where I couldn't come back."

All the girls are expert riders and cattle handlers, and since their earliest Four-H Club days, when they raised animals to enter regional stock shows, they have owned their own cattle on shares with their father. After they started in school their earnings helped pay their way, and all plan to retain their cattle interests afterward, as Jackie has.

Last summer was the last, probably, that Carolyn, Florence and Dotty will spend on the ranch together. But they still can get home on special weekends and holidays. Last summer Jackie brought Larry and Lorraine for several weeks. "Don't you think Forry enjoyed having a little boy!" Grace remembers. (Forrest resents this. Never has he implied he isn't happiest to have four girls and he stays gruff for a while after any teasing on this subject. "Which one do you think I'd want to change into a boy?" he asks.)

Nature and its mysteries are one of the Lees' strongest ties, so well understood they seldom discuss it. They only say to each other "Look!" and in silent sharing watch a fiery sunset reflected on a mirror-like pond; hundreds of ducks in perfect formation; a June hillside matted with golden cactus poppies and roses; a hidden nest of upland plover; a colt struggling to rise for the first time on birth-soft hoofs. Or sometimes when they are all at home an electrical storm will sweep up with sudden drama over the hills and they turn out the lights and gather around the kitchen table. There they watch as the thunder and lightning roll closer through the night, crash all about them and finally die away in the distance.

They have so many family stories. Grace's bread dough that went sour, so the story goes, early in their marriage when money was scarce. She buried it in the back yard so the waste wouldn't worry Forrest, but it rose in the warm sand; Jackie discovered it and made everybody



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'come see the funny plant that's growing here!"

"Remember the time," Dotty asks Carolyn, "we were on our way home from fixing fence and it was so hot we stopped and went swimming? And the whole boys' Four-H Club went riding by!"

They remember all their pets—deer, magpies, dogs, cats. Chico, a little horse that never grew—"Remember how we kids used to take a radio and some books out to the haystack," asks Florence, "and he'd come out and lie right down beside us?" Sweetie, a pet skunk that liked to go away on extended trips. He had been missing for several days when Dotty came running home, a skunk in her arms, calling, "Mother, I've found Sweetie!" and both stopped dumb as the *real* Sweetie came around the house. There was Hector, the hawk Grace was left to feed after the girls went back to school—she has scars to prove it! And last summer, a great golden eagle with an 85-inch wingspread that the girls caught when it mistakenly swooped down on a millpond; that one didn't stay!

Sometimes the Lees' attachment for animals is a sorrow rather than a joy. They all remember Stubby, Carolyn's Four-H Club steer which was sent ahead for the show and refused to eat until Carolyn arrived—and how "we all cried all the way home from Omaha" when it had to be sold to the butcher, according to Four-H Club rules. They had learned not to let stock animals become pets—but Carolyn still cannot smile about Stubby, and the Lees buy sides of beef from other cattle, not their own. Once an Ohio feeder sent them a butchered carcass of one of their own animals as a present. They had to mix it with other meat so they wouldn't know which was which. "I'd die if I thought it was one of the triplets," Florence said—one of the offspring of their famous cow, acclaimed one in eleven billion after it produced two single calves, a pair of twins and two sets of triplets in five years.

They laugh about strangers' reactions to their life: the cattle feeder who visited them and stayed up talking—as the Lees love to do—until 1 A.M. and then rose with them the next morning at 5. "He told me," Grace relates, "it certainly doesn't take long to stay all night around here!"

Their party line with seven families is "a main source of news. If you don't answer when it rings for someone you might miss something." To resent overhearing—it cannot rightly be called eavesdropping—would be regarded as the coldest, most unfriendly attitude. Thoughts not open to the public are supposed to be communicated by other means. "Sometimes you're so glad everybody's on," Grace says. "A neighbor's little girl swallowed some liniment and we all went to our medical books and gave her advice until we could get her to a doctor."

At least once a summer since they were small the girls have set the alarm for 3 A.M. so they could ride out by starlight to Hackberry Point. There they watch the stars fade and the sun rise, and hunt for arrowheads in an old sandy blowout. Sometimes they come across patches of wild plums and then they come back with loads of the sweet fruit tied in shirts on their saddles, and all plunge into the job of putting up jelly and jam by the quart. That is, if there are not calves to separate, fence to ride, or a herd to drive to new pasture.

So many memories. In a sense they are not of the past only, but a future. They mean that Grace's "nest" will never be empty. Florence explained it when she told her mother she might go away to teach for a while. "There are some things," she said, "we will always have with us—and some things we can never take away. Part of us stays, even when we go." END

GEORGE ELIOT SAYS:

If you could make a pudding with thinking of the batter, getting dinner would be easy.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labor, to minister to each other in all pain, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting.

HOW THE LEES SPEND THEIR MONEY

A monthly budget is no part of a ranch-life plan. The Lees' money comes in one lump with the fall sale of cattle. Every other year it's a new car. They buy food in great amounts: flour in 100-pound sacks; sides of beef; gallons of honey and jam; canned goods by the case. What money is left is put aside for small expenses that come along during the year, but "everything's on a yearly basis."

From now on less money will be paid out for school and they will make larger payments on their mortgage. Last year prices were up for the first time in three years (although ranch expenses rose too) and Grace and Forrest figured to gross about $11,600. Here's about how their personal spending comes out in a year:

Food	$1,500	Church	250
Clothing (girls buy nearly all their own)	500	Charities	250
Personal-property tax (not including land, cattle, and taxes on ranch equipment which are "business" expenses)	150	Furniture and appliances	200
		Car expenses	600
		Dry cleaning, shoe repair	50
Fuel, light, water	300	Children's school expenses	2,800
Payment on mortgage	500	Club dues	20
Telephone	105	Magazines, newspapers	65
Insurance	1,700	Cigarettes	73
Medical and dental	550	Gifts (to girls, family, in-laws on birthdays and Christmas)	250
Recreation	150	Income taxes	1,600
		Total	$11,613



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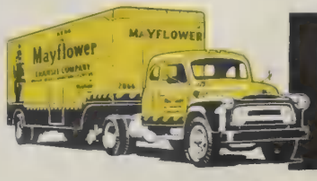
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"OUR GIRLS HELPED PAY THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192

Fortunately, more help is available than r before in the form of scholarships, dent-loan plans, part-time work and pay-you-go programs. These are sponsored by sinesses, clubs, religious groups, banks and schools themselves. Nearly all colleges w have special staffs to help work out edu-ion plans for worthy students—not neces-ily outstanding ones, but young people who ow an ability and desire to work for good ades and get the most they can out of school. ten these plans combine aid from scholar-ps or loans with self-help, money from me and part-time jobs in plans tailored to students' special needs, qualifications and sires.

Student loans, the newest idea in college ancing, are available now at two thirds of U.S. colleges for students who can show ility to maintain a ssing-or-better ade average. Terms ry, but they are de-ned to make it as sy as possible for a dent to borrow and pay. Some carry no erest at all while the dent is in school, d a few no interest at y time, with plenty time to repay. At arvard, for example, student can get a an of $400 to $600 a ar, with no interest all during the school ars and 3 per cent afterward, and an in-finite repayment period. The University of orth Carolina will lend full tuition each year ter the freshman year at 3 per cent interest nd indefinite repayment time.

("That's fine," says Grace Lee, "but what bout the girl who gets married instead of be-oming a wage earner? She might have a ird time paying off a loan if she were to get arried and have a family before she was rough with her obligations." She also might ve pause to a prospective suitor.)

Chances of getting this financial help are ex-llent—last year in a group of about 300 col-ges to which nearly 40,000 students applied, 3 per cent were successful. Competition is rprisingly light; less than half the loan oney available last year was actually dis-ursed. College administrators push the idea: 6 per cent in a recent survey said they think udents should regard college as an invest-ent well worth borrowing for.

Scholarship money is similarly available in uch greater amounts than is ever used—bout $4,000,000 worth every year that could rovide scholarships for about 20,000 students. his is in addition to the approximately 175,-00 scholarships worth some $55,000,000 that o find suitable recipients. The trouble in both cases apparently is that students do not realize the money is available or that they are quali-fied to apply for it.

Scholarships today are usually awarded on the basis of need, scholastic record and good character, with the emphasis away from the idea of scholarships as "merit badges" for good grades regardless of need. Most schol-arships do go to students in the upper third of their high-school classes, however, even though only about 5 per cent of scholarship programs state outstandingly high grades as a requirement. More than half the programs re-quire proof of need; and roughly a fourth call for general all-around ability, leadership qualities and worth-while extracurricular in-terests. Awards may run from as little as $50 to all expenses for four years.

Students interested in scholarships should start looking into the possibilities two or three years ahead of time. They should file applications with se-lection committees in the fall of their senior year. They should check all these sources: high-school principals and voca-tional counselors, who usually know what is available for their area; local church, professional and vet-erans' groups; labor organizations, civic clubs and large companies which sponsor the bulk of scholarship programs, especially for families affiliated with them; professional societies, if a student has determined his course of study; and the state departments of education, three fourths of which offer some kind of aid to worthy students. Local librarians can help by directing students to books and pamphlets that list latest scholar-ship information.

Students also should write all schools in which they are interested. From them they can find out what is available, not only in schol-arships but in other special arrangements for student employment, work-study plans, loans.

Sometimes investigation will turn up a scholarship that has lain idle for years waiting for a student with very special, even peculiar, qualifications. Being a Boston newsboy inter-ested in engineering, the daughter of a New York cab driver, an indigent waiter from East St. Louis whose parents were born in Sweden, are sometimes the special qualifications. It doesn't happen often and there are better chances of getting the more usual kind of assist-ance—but it's an example of the wide variety of help available nowadays for students with energy and aptitude, who want to go to college and are willing to scour the possibilities.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SAID

The poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach to his meat.

I believe long habits of virtue have a sensible effect on the countenance.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

THE MOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

s this) was condemned by the critics as sec-ndhand in style and second rate in quality, nd no one except perhaps a few friends at the idewalk cafés thought that the silent, intense panіard was anything more than a typical eft Bank would-be artist.

It is possible that the canvas has some of the eflected luster from the subsequent glory of icasso's reign; yet (with the advantages of indsight perhaps) even in this youthful work ve can detect some of the signs of greatness nd recognize those features of his work which, ven though he paints the wildest abstractions, re the hallmarks of genius. The first of these ualities is the brilliant draftsmanship; every rush stroke is definite and sure. The second is he sense of unequivocal directness. This is the vork of a man who is absolutely convinced of vhat he is saying, and says it with fervor and incerity. One feels the sense of urgency in the voman's mission as she shuffles over the muddy road. We know somehow that she is taking the shortest route between two places of hard and unrewarding work. One can al-most feel the bitter wind whipping the black shawl, the heaviness of the baby on her arm, and the clasp of the chapped hands of the child. One can sense the hard struggle to sup-port the family in some desperately bleak room.

In the hands of a lesser artist the struggle would be morose or sentimental. Picasso de-scribes it as the hard rule of the road in the life of a French peasant.

It has been said that artists, whether they want to or not, invariably leave autobiograph-ical notes in whatever they create. Picasso when he painted this was literally nearly starv-ing—sleeping on the bare floors, eating rotten sausages, and burning (art dealers shudder at the story) his own drawings in order not to freeze to death in his makeshift studio.

HEREWARD LESTER COOKE



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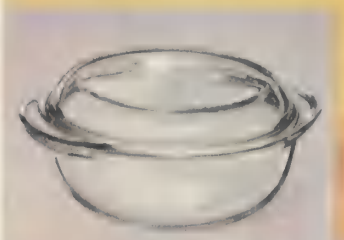
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WE LIKE BEEF— AND CREAM

Three recipes are for beef—two for sweets—all meant for hungry people.

By GRACE LEE



DI PIETRO

Hungry men after a branding session will be treated with my fresh pies.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Mealtime at our house can mean fourteen hungry ranchers gathered round the table, or just the two of us on winter evenings. Our freezer and frozen-meat locker store our abundant beef supply. Since our shopping sprees are limited, we buy in quantity whenever we can. Then I cook and bake in quantity, stowing away for future use, including all cuts of beef from roasts to ribs. I'm always looking for new ways to cook beef, of which we have an endless store. Short ribs and dressing is a popular main dish.

Short Ribs With Dressing: Cut the meat from the bones and cube 3 pounds of short ribs. Roll the meat and bones in well-seasoned flour. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. In a skillet, brown quickly in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Transfer to a 1½-quart casserole. Cover and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about 20 minutes. Meanwhile, drain the skillet of any fat. Add 1¾ cups water, ¼ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and 3 tablespoons finely diced onion. Heat gently until the onion is tender and the brown from the pan is absorbed into the stock. Pour over the meat in the casserole. Re-cover. Continue baking for another 20 minutes. Toast 3 cups of soft bread crumbs in a moderate oven. Add 1 cup finely chopped celery, 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion, a dash of salt and pepper and 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning. Add 1 beaten egg to ½ cup milk. Pour the milk and egg and ½ cup hot meat stock into the dressing. Toss well. Remove the bones from the casserole and spoon the dressing over the meat. Return the casserole to the oven and bake for 15 or 20 minutes, or until the dressing has browned and the casserole is bubbling. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

Savory pot roast, surrounded by old-fashioned corn-meal dumplings, really satisfies all my hungry men.

Pot Roast With Corn-Meal Dumplings: Flour a 3-to-4-pound pot roast of beef. In a large kettle or Dutch oven, brown the meat well on all sides. Add 1 cup canned tomatoes, 1 cup water and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Season with 1½ tablespoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer for two hours. Then add 1 cup onion slices. Mix together ¼ cup vinegar, ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup catchup, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Pour over meat. Cover and simmer



Chunks of flavorful beef peek through a golden crust. STUART

until meat is tender, about 1 to 1½ hours. Remove meat from gravy. To make dumplings, sift together ¾ cup flour, ½ cup corn meal, 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir in ½ cup milk and 2 tablespoons melted shortening. Stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Drop by large spoonfuls into hot gravy. Cover. Cook over medium heat for 15 minutes. Do not peek at all during cooking. Makes 6 servings.

Beefsteak pie rates as a hearty meal. I use a biscuit-dough topping on the pie and then bake a batch of biscuits to eat with the delicious gravy.

Beefsteak Pie: Cube 1½ pounds beef chuck and roll in a small amount of flour. Add ¾ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. In a skillet sauté the beef quickly in 2 tablespoons fat until golden brown on all sides. Add 1 cup hot water, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 medium onion, sliced, and ¼ teaspoon basil. Simmer, covered, for 45 minutes. Make a paste of 1 tablespoon flour and 3 tablespoons water. Add to meat broth to thicken. Season with 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ⅛ teaspoon each nutmeg and season salt, and a dash of monosodium glutamate. Pour into a 1-quart casserole. Top with a pastry or biscuit topping and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 25 to 30 minutes, or until the topping is browned. Makes 4 servings.

Since we milk our own cows, our milk and cream supply is more than we can use. Grandpa Lee has helped solve the problem with his banana-oatmeal cookies.

Banana-Oatmeal Cookies: In a large bowl add 1 cup sugar to ¾ cup heavy cream. Beat until light. Add 1 slightly beaten egg, blending well. Stir in 1 cup mashed ripe bananas, 1½ cups instant oats and ½ cup raisins. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking soda and 1 teaspoon salt. Add to cream mixture. Beat well. Drop by teaspoons onto ungreased baking sheets. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 12 minutes. Remove immediately from baking sheets. Makes 4–5 dozen cookies.

Most ranch wives include sour-cream pie in their baking. Another favorite way to use heavy cream.

Sour-Cream Pie: Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar to 1 cup heavy cream. Allow to stand for a few minutes. Mix soured cream with ¾ cup sugar and 2 slightly beaten eggs. Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cloves and a pinch of salt. Mix in ½ cup seedless raisins and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Pour into an 8″ pastry-lined pie plate. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 40 to 45 minutes, until custard is set.



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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

can't recall a time when the two of them weren't dieting. But they never diet on weekends, since my mother believes people deserve the pleasure of eating what they want a part of the time.

"Mother pressed a piece of the cake on me. I hated to hurt her feelings. Also, by then I was ravenously hungry.

"I started on the eating binge at my parents' house. When we left there my mother gave me the half of Aunt Ida's cheesecake that hadn't been eaten. After Clark and the boys were in bed, I ate the cake to the last crumb and polished off nearly everything that was edible. I used a quarter of a pound of butter on the four slices of bread. Then I laid my head on the kitchen table and I cried. I was miserably disgusted with myself.

"Finally Clark came into the kitchen and talked me into coming to bed. By then I had washed the dishes, scoured my copper-bottomed pans, scrubbed the linoleum and woodwork and defrosted the refrigerator. We both pretended I hadn't made a pig of myself but had just been in the mood to scrub and clean in the middle of the night.

"Clark professes to be satisfied with our marriage because he has the patience of an angel, but he can't conceal the truth from me. Two years ago, before our youngest was born, Clark had a nervous breakdown and spent six weeks in a naval hospital while the older boys and I stayed with my parents. I'm quite sure my mother and father and I, all three of us, were responsible for his illness. The psychiatrist at the hospital as much as told me so.

"My mother and father, my mother in particular, have never approved of Clark. He and I grew up in the same neighborhood back East and considered ourselves sweethearts from our early teens, something my parents refused to acknowledge for a long while. They had big ambitions for me; mother and father both held jobs in order to provide me with the advantages other kids in our neighborhood lacked. We had a large, nicely furnished apartment, but we lived in a poor section. I wasn't supposed to be friendly with anybody on our street; my parents tried to arrange for filling the hours they were away from home and I wasn't in school with activities that would be of benefit to my future. Except for Clark, I would have had a thin time as a teen-ager. Everybody was crazy about him. I was invited to some of the parties, but only because he and I were going steady.

"I hardly knew how to behave among my contemporaries. I was very shy and terribly afraid of boys. When I was in the fourth or fifth grade a boy tried to kiss me; I told my mother and what she said about the entire male sex frightened me. When I think about that conversation now, it still makes me feel shivery and cold. But when I met Clark I realized here was a boy who respected girls and liked me for myself, not just for my body.

"I wasn't permitted to join most of the clubs, attend the school picnics and dances and such. For a short time, I *was* allowed to be a Girl Scout. Whenever there was a Saturday-afternoon meeting, my mother would tell me I was the largest girl in the group and the loudest girl, too; that in the hubbub she could always hear me shouting and yelling. I wonder . . . maybe the loudest ones are the loneliest.

"I had piano lessons, violin lessons, private dancing lessons. I didn't distinguish myself at the piano, at the violin or at dancing. I was the first girl in junior high school to be treated to a beauty-shop permanent wave. My hair has always been straight as a stick and the wave didn't take well. I was dressed in prettier, more expensive things than any of my schoolmates, but even in those days I was too fat.

"I began going on diets when I was ten years old. Even so, I was always the tallest, heaviest girl in my class at school. I hated my size, but I hated dieting too. I used to long for the weekends when my parents would be home and the three of us could sit down at a table together like other families. Ordinarily I had to eat by myself, grabbing whatever came to my hand out of the refrigerator. Our weekend meals were regular feasts.

"I was a scholastic disappointment to my parents. I barely made college. When Clark went away to the Navy, my parents sent me to the state university in the hope I would break with him permanently. For several months I wore the fraternity pin of a college man and my mother was in seventh heaven. But then Clark got a furlough and when I saw him again I knew there could never be anybody else for me. I dropped out of college and took a job and Clark's ring. On my parents' account he and I did agree to delay our marriage for six months until his discharge from the Navy.

"I dislike to criticize anybody, especially my own mother. But one day we went shopping for my wedding gown and found a lovely dress priced at forty-five dollars in size twelve. There was a size-fourteen dress, too large for me and less becoming in style, that cost thirty-nine ninety-five. 'Don't buy now,' my mother said. 'In six months you will probably need a size fourteen.' She was quite right! In the six months Clark was waiting for his discharge, I gained twenty pounds and could barely squeeze into a size sixteen.

"I couldn't help blaming my mother for my tight-fitting size-sixteen wedding dress. I half-way convinced myself she had encouraged me to overeat because she disliked Clark. That hurts my conscience now. My parents have yet to spare expense on me and mine. They shower Clark and me with gifts. They buy practically all the boys' clothes; for Easter they bought suits, coats and shoes for all three, although only Andy needed clothing.

"If my parents had not stood by, there would have been many times Clark and I could not have managed financially. When I became pregnant with Andy in the first year of marriage I lost my job, and Clark was by no means solidly established in his work. I was just eighteen and terrified at the mere idea of having a baby.

"Until the nurse put Andy in my arms I had never touched an infant in my life. I was scared to death I might make some terrible mistake. My mother got over being furious at my marriage in her pride at becoming a grandmother. She took complete charge of Andy. Indeed, he stayed in the East with her and my father while Clark and I came West and located a home out here.

"I have good parents, a fine husband and wonderful children. I should consider myself the luckiest girl on earth. Instead I brood and feel wretched, scream at the boys, criticize my mother, snap at Clark and go into a rage and depression if he smiles at another woman. I eat until I can't bear to look in a mirror. Except for Clark's small shaving mirror, there isn't a mirror in our house. Diets and pills haven't done a thing for me. I've read enough on the subject to realize an appetite like mine must have some psychological basis. That's why I came here to ask for your help."

All the ills of democracy can be cured by more democracy. ALFRED E. SMITH

Clark tells his side:

"The disturbing thing is Abby's unhappiness," said slim-hipped, twenty-eight-year-old Clark, a man of medium height; worry lines were carved on his forehead and around his sober gray eyes. "I wish she could understand I love her regardless of whether she is thin as a wand or has gained a little weight. She subjects me to storms of baseless jealousy, but so far I've been able to cope with that. What really gets under my skin is to hear Abby endlessly lament she is as big as a house and then pick on the kids—Andy is her favorite

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208



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(*Left to right, above*)

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Twilight* has tapered handles, curving tips, shell motif sparkling like a single jewel. Classically elegant, graceful.

Coronation* is rich with the heritage of treasured antiques. Enhances the simplest setting with regal beauty.

Morning Star* captures the freshness of daybreak. Inspired by a priceless jade carving, sophisticated, modern.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206

victim—because she has gone off a diet or has gone on one. My wife has a large frame and, in my opinion, can carry some extra poundage. I'd choose a sweet nature in preference to a perfect figure any day.

"Long ago when Abby was a lonely, big-eyed kid, I decided her happiness would be my main objective in life. Ask Abby now and perhaps she may tell you her childhood and her parents were darned near ideal. If so, her memory is in error. There was fun in my family, none in hers. My mother and father and all us kids—we were three boys, two girls—had less money, a smaller, shabbier apartment than Abby's family. But we lived in the present, so to speak. Abby's mother and father, her mother in particular, counted on a fortune in the future. While she attempted to get the fortune, Abby was left alone a lot.

"Some of the others in our high-school crowd thought Abby was high-hat. I knew she was scared. Almost anybody would be scared of my mother-in-law. When she and her sister team up together, believe me, there are few who can hold out against the combination. For years those two women have done the talking and deciding for my father-in-law, who is a nice enough guy but so henpecked he can no longer feel his scars.

"My mother-in-law has good points too. She is extremely generous, but hell-bent to give you what *she* wants. Last Easter she bought for our three boys clothes Abby definitely didn't want the boys to have. Once in a while Abby would like the opportunity of choosing the suits and coats that please her own taste. Frequently she complains to me that her mother's taste is old-fashioned, but I notice she doesn't complain to her mother. I keep my mouth shut, too, although the truth is I would prefer to clothe my own family.

"On Andy's sixth birthday, his grandmother presented him with an English bicycle that would have been appropriate for a boy of twelve. Andy was not only too young to appreciate the value of the bicycle; it was too dangerous for him to use in a neighborhood as overrun with traffic as ours. Abby wouldn't allow him to ride the bike anywhere except in our handkerchief-size back yard, which was O.K. with me. However, she then nagged at the boy for being clumsy and slow in learning to ride. Andy has grown too fast and is poorly co-ordinated, but Abby's nagging isn't helpful to him.

"The bicycle became such a bone of contention that the boy grew to dislike it. Twice he pushed the bike out in the alley for the trash man to collect, but I managed to recover it without Abby's knowing. But when he left it in a rainstorm she found out and there was a terrible row. Abby squabbles with Andy as though both of them were the same age. Sorry as I feel for him, there isn't much a father can do.

"In my estimation, Abby has impossibly high standards for our oldest son. She raises Cain at Andy's poor grades, his awkwardness, his noisiness. She compares him unfavorably with his younger brothers, objects because he is too shy to make friends his own age. She herself is too shy to call on a neighbor or to visit Andy's school. I wish Abby would realize she is too hard on a seven-year-old. According to our physician, Andy's asthmatic attacks are definitely connected with his emotions.

"I am in a better position to be sympathetic with an emotional ailment than is Abby because of my own experience. The primary reason for my breakdown, although my wife still isn't quite willing to admit it, was my mother-in-law. In the hospital I learned to live and let live where my in-laws were concerned.

"I now can take my mother-in-law's constant carping without too much pain. Neither she nor my father-in-law has ever accepted me as a son. The day after Abby and I were married the two of them and her Aunt Ida drove to the hotel where we were honeymooning. My mother-in-law announced to my bride that she was free to drive home with them right then or to return at any time our marriage wasn't satisfactory. I moved to the West Coast in the hope of putting a continent between Abby and her parents. I made a big mistake when I let Abby talk me into leaving Andy in her mother's care. Instead of our going back for our baby, my in-laws brought Andy to the West, liked the climate and stayed. The climate they liked best was in the neighborhood where Abby and I own a home. They bought a house exactly ten blocks from ours.

"My mother-in-law pops in on inspection tours at least once a day, with the result that Abby has turned into a demon housekeeper. She snatches up the ash tray the minute I lay down my cigarette, yells at our boys for being boys, and races for the dust mop and broom if her mother lifts an eyebrow. Even so, she can't measure up. A couple of weeks ago I walked in from the barbershop to find all three of my boys miserable and Abby tearful and angry. Her mother had been displeased at the state of our curtains and had washed, starched, ironed and rehung the lot. For good measure she had also scrubbed the woodwork in our bathroom, although Abby scrubs it every second day.

"Since Abby is nearly always on some kind of diet and is generally hungry as a bear, she tires and flies off the handle easily. Her mother's peculiar eating habits—my mother-in-law starves all weeks and stuffs only on Saturday and Sunday—keep her mother's weight close to normal. Those same eating habits don't suit Abby, but she is constantly

Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keeps faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. WILLIAM JAMES

Principles of Psychology
(Published by Henry Holt and Company)

exposed to them. We spend our weekends with my in-laws. All our weekends.

"Despite Abby's shyness, I would enjoy having a few friends. We have no time for friends. For the past six years I've played pinochle with my father-in-law on practically every Saturday and Sunday afternoon—I dislike pinochle—and several hundred times I've watched my mother-in-law look at an overloaded dining table and heard her say, 'Let's be sure and finish off everything and then we can start dieting tomorrow.'

"My mother-in-law invariably cooks enough to supply an army. The uneaten food isn't wasted. It's packed in the car for us to carry home. One Sunday several months ago, as we drove away, Abby began regretting the fact she had accepted a blueberry pie and a big chunk of cake. I pulled up at the curb and set the pie and cake on the sidewalk. Before I reached the end of the block I had to turn the car around, go back and pick up the stuff we didn't want or need. Abby couldn't bear the slight risk of hurting her mother's feelings and she wasn't willing to waste good food. She ate the pie and cake that night.

"Abby and I have been married for eight years. Her parents' influence still surpasses mine. Although Abby hasn't said so, my guess is that she secretly disapproves of sex. Never in any way in eight years has Abby indicated that she wants my love. On the contrary, more than once she has seemed to be shocked if I approached her in the mornings or afternoons. Abby and I haven't discussed the issue, but I'm convinced she believes sex should be confined to the night hours. I don't agree. I'm home in the daytime a good part of the week. I see nothing wrong with love in the sunlight and the morning.

"I don't blame Abby for her beliefs. It's virtually impossible to escape the dominance of a woman like my mother-in-law. By hook or crook she contrives to even the score. Last summer I was determined to manage my two weeks' vacation without suggestions or advice. I packed Abby and the three boys in the car and we took off to Arizona. When we got back we discovered two new orange trees had been planted in our yard in places we didn't want orange trees, that our kitchen had been repainted in a color we didn't like, and that all five of us had been provided with brand-new bedspreads.

"Abby thinks her weight is rough on our marriage, but I consider the weight of her family and our other problems far more important."

The marriage counselor says:

"Abby and Clark were drifting toward trouble of a serious nature. Although Abby's inability to push away from the table had brought her to the Institute, both she and Clark were aware that many other disturbing elements existed in their marriage.

"My first prescription to Abby was the purchase of a full-length mirror, hung in their hall so she would catch sight of herself every time she passed. It was a real effort, but each day she stood before the mirror and studied her reflection from every angle. This practice in facing the facts about her figure was a useful adjunct to our interviews and provided Abby with sufficient incentive to avoid her binges of compulsive eating. Previously she had overeaten whenever she was bored, lonesome, self-pitying, depressed, jealous of Clark and his outside interests, annoyed at her mother, or just battling with small Andy.

"I can't describe exactly the diet Abby elected to follow, since suggesting a suitable diet doesn't fall within my province, but in six months she had dropped to a hundred and fifty-four pounds and was well on the way to the hundred and forty pounds that would be becoming to a young woman of her height and build. Her desire to lose eighty pounds was unrealistic; Abby does bear a marked physical resemblance to Marilyn Monroe, but at a hundred and fifteen my hunch is she would be a rack of bones.

"The early days had laid the foundation of her compulsive eating and emotional problems. As a child, Abby had improper eating habits to imitate. No physician would recommend living on grapefruit and coffee all week—as Abby's mother often does to this day—and then gorging over the weekend.

"In the second place, Abby's father and mother constantly held over her the idea she was superior and must always turn in a superior performance. A girl of average intelligence and unusual good looks, Abby always felt that what she did was not quite good enough. There is no question that her mother and father love her in their own way; she grew up in an atmosphere of parental possessiveness where material possessions were overrated.

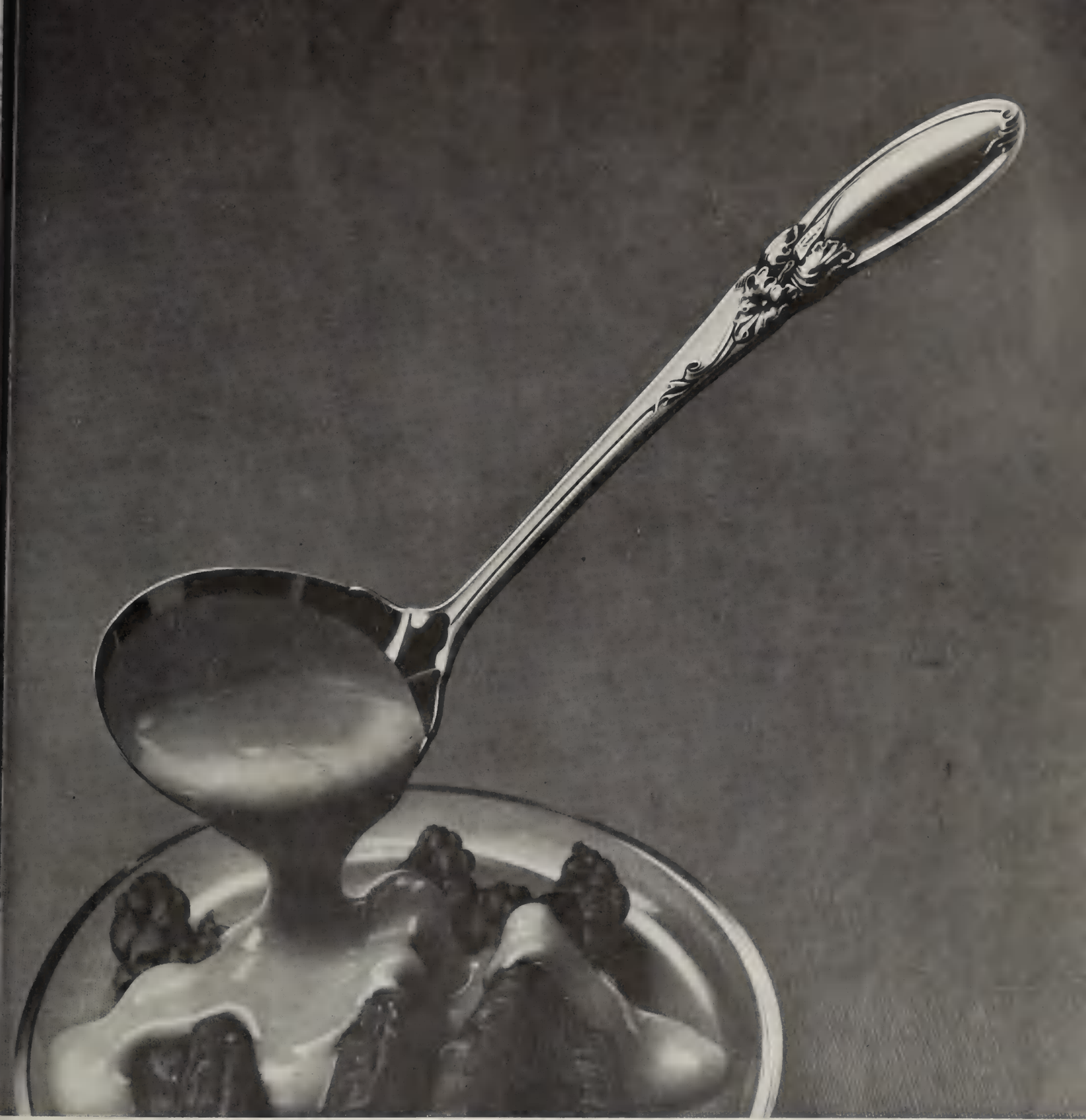
"Although Abby was left to herself more than the average child, her parents expected to choose her friends, clothes, activities, reach her decisions for her and certainly pick her husband. At times Abby was subjected to sharp discipline, but most of the time she was coddled and petted; she was not trained to see an enterprise through if she tired of it.

"Since Abby had been taught to believe 'Mother and father know best,' it was hardly to be expected that she could trust her personal choice in a husband. Clark's stubbornness as a suitor was responsible for the union. When Clark failed to win her parents' approval, Abby was incapable of standing up for him. Her way of handling dissension and trouble—in addition to the overeating—was to do and say nothing, just brood.

"Her retreat into the silences was interpreted by her mother and father *and* her husband as being an admission that she'd made a poor marriage. In this fashion, she reinforced the domination of her parents and gravely lessened Clark's confidence in himself and his judgments. By the time I met Abby and Clark, they were entirely out of communication with each other and unable to discuss this situation.

"Abby needed to teach herself how to stick to a diet and thereby increase her own feeling

CONTINUED ON PAGE 211



(*Above*) **White Orchid,** most feminine of silverware patterns. See opposite page for other patterns in the Community collection.

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2. BRICK


3. GOUDA


4. BLUE


5. PROVOLONE

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To 2 cups medium white sauce add:
(*Heat and stir until cheese melts*)

1. CHEDDAR. 1½ cups sharp Cheddar, grated, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire, dash cayenne pepper.

2. BRICK. 1 cup shredded Brick cheese, 1 diced pimento, ½ teaspoon grated onion.

3. GOUDA. 2 cups shredded Gouda cheese, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon garlic salt.

4. BLUE. ¾ cup shredded Blue cheese, ½ cup shredded Brick cheese, 1 diced pimento.

5. PROVOLONE. 1 cup grated Provolone cheese, ½ cup canned button mushrooms drained and diced. ½ teaspoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon paprika.

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1957 AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 208

self-confidence and adequacy. But her paramount need was to acknowledge that Clark and her sons deserved first claim on her loyalty, emotional support and energy.

"Abby struck her first blow for mature independence in an amusingly domestic way. Clark brought home a tentlike canvas contraption to conceal their outdoor clothes reel—transformed a strictly utilitarian object into something that was colorful and gay. His mother-in-law did not admire the new acquisition, stripped it from the clothes reel, took it back to the store and used the refund to buy two lawn chairs to place on her daughter's terrace.

"Abby promptly returned the lawn chairs and came home with Clark's original purchase. Next afternoon when the inevitable pop-in occurred and this flouting of authority was discovered, Abby stood her ground and carried her rebellion still further. When her mother walked in the sink was full of dishes and Abby was helping Andy with his reading. She refused to allow her mother to wash the dishes or to relieve Andy of his reading chore in favor of play.

"Since then—I first saw Abby and Clark many months ago—the couple have changed their living conditions and Abby has changed her appearance—and, more important, her personality—almost beyond recognition. In the somewhat unusual way, I was able to be of practical assistance to Abby and Clark. I believed it almost imperative, for psychological and emotional reasons, that the family move a greater distance from Abby's parents. Their physician believed small Andy's health would be benefited by dry, desert air. Clark had used his GI rights to obtain a mortgage on their first home in California, but the physician and I made a successful appeal to the Veterans Bureau that the loan be refinanced for a different locale.

"Abby and Clark and their three children now live thirty-five miles from her parents; their visiting back and forth has become impractical. Abby's mother and father, originally miffed by the move, are now resigned to the separation. Abby now understands the motivation for much of her irritation with her eldest son. In her mind and emotions, Andy was her mother's child, not hers. To worsen matters, Abby, closely identified with her eldest son, held up to him the same overhigh standards that had confronted her as a child and felt frustrated and a failure whenever Andy failed.

"Andy is a bright youngster. He readily responded to love and praise where he had sullenly withstood criticism and bitterly resented the favoritism Abby showed the younger children. Andy's muscular co-ordination still lags, but he quickly climbed scholastically. As her first conscious effort to end her self-imposed isolation, Abby offered herself as a room mother, a volunteer, part-time assistant to Andy's teacher. The offer was promptly accepted. Naturally Andy was pleased and proud. In this work Abby met other young mothers, neighbors, with similar problems.

"Nowadays Abby and Clark spend perhaps a third of their weekend time with her parents (they no longer carry home rich cakes, puddings, pies); they spend the balance of their weekends with their young friends or pursuing hobbies they now share.

"Clark's working hours are abominable; during the work week he seldom arrives home before midnight. But Abby now understands his need for relaxing before sleep; at her request he wakes her when he comes in. She has a special easy chair in his new hobby room. She sits there in her negligee while Clark files his coins and stamps, and they discuss the events of the day until finally they retire. Abby and Clark's sexual relationship is now on a mutually pleasant basis.

"I don't know Abby's present weight. She is still sensitive on this subject. But the last time I saw her she was so radiant with happiness that I doubt if anybody's eyes could leave her glowing face long enough to study the dimensions of her waistline."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

SPRING

By KAY BOYLE

You see these halted days of
March as a fixed season,
See as immutable nights with
rain on the panes, when
cats cry out for love.

But listen, listen: each man is a
country, with both north
and south, loyalty, treason,
Passion and its repudiation, in
him; the birds of his forests,
hawk as well as dove.

He is in conflict as a country is,
his opposed climates
California, Texas, Maine
(Varied as you who look past me
with glacial eyes, or else
turn March to April when
you speak my name).

Long arctic midnights of the
heart are ours, my love, and
noondays when the mind
swoons in the sun;
Our throats both parched for
speech and liquid with
eloquence, like canyons in
which Colorado torrents run.
Crossing this desert, the bleak eye
perceives man is both wilder-
ness and cultivated land.
(In the stone soil of transient
winter, roots move like the
opening fingers of a
dreamer's hand.)

Have you forgotten how soft the
footstep falls on moss, how
the daffodil
Unfurls like a trumpet's golden
call; that lilacs, blue as the
gaze of stars,
Burn in spring's firmament:
that the slow, sweet yielding
of the iron will
To the other's will is ecstasy
longer than the Milky Way,
sharper than Mars?
(Have you outstared the faded
eyes of man's despair too
long in the glass
To remember the willows'
straight green hair and the
taste of onion grass?)

Now is the time for the old
month to be unbuckled like
a cape
And slipped from your shoulders;
time for your lips to shape
My name as mine shape yours
in the spring night; for
your voice to say
The syllables gently, steadily,
like the softly falling
rain
(Quiet as you who turn toward
me and do not breathe,
evoking May in April when
you speak my name).

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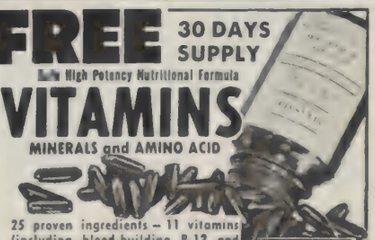


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THE BIG SECRET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

h a magnificent set of teeth, so fierce-look- that they had earned for him the nickname *'Puli manushan,"* or tiger man.

Anathan, on the other hand, kept pretty ch to himself. If Tirumbala had let him, he ght have taken up permanent residence ler the kitchen table; for the domain of pot l pan was the one place in his rather cir- nscribed world where, teeth or no teeth, he s free to act and think as he pleased—his of privately iniquitous reverie, as it were. course when he did speak, it was with con- erable difficulty and much to the amuse- nt of his fellow servants who laughed at him ause he was so disgustingly henpecked. *usini suntheli,"* they called him, meaning he kitchen mouse."

What was cause for amusement among the vants, however, aroused only the most in- se scorn and anger in Mr. Prutter. More n once he had been frustrated to the point tears by the cook's dreary meekness. For- nately for Anathan, Meigudy was relatively removed from everything. There were no oks available among the local population, d until one could be trained or discovered, nathan was a necessity. If it had not been so, doubtedly Mr. Prutter would have dis- ssed him on the spot despite Mrs. Prutter's rsistent but subdued objections.

Nevertheless, the whole business remained veritable thorn in Mr. Prutter's side, a living minder, so to say, of his own ineffectuality en it came to making evangelical headway th the outcasts who turned a somewhat in- ferent shoulder on the word of God. In the ce of this it was a consid- able strain on Mr. Prutter keep a close check on his mper. Up until today he d done a decent job of it. nly this noon, after An- han had scorched the ilk and served smoky od, Mr. Prutter at last oke down and openly iced his opinion.

He did so with more than stomary vigor. "Blast it!" he roared. "It's gh time we got rid of the blithering idiot!" s if by magic, the pronouncement was trans- ted into a thousand Tamil variations, all ually awesome, and word passed around e compound that the cook was on the way ut.

It was foolhardy now for Anathan to sup- pse that Tirumbala did not know, or that he would not be waiting for him. Resignedly e reached up and unscrewed the light bulb ver the kitchen table. Then taking his lantern nd matches, he went out onto the veranda, here he stood in darkness trying to compose imself and prepare for the inevitable on- aught.

n this perturbed state of mind, he was only alf conscious of the light that blinked on in an pstairs window of the bungalow. Since no ne could truthfully call him a nosy man—not ven under the most intriguing circumstance— he fact that he noticed this light at all was ore the result of chance than curiosity. At ny rate, for no good reason he looked up. here in the window, clearly silhouetted gainst the light, he saw Prutter *dorai* open his outh and furtively remove his teeth—all of em. These he placed in a tumbler of water n the window sill, and then, just as suddenly s the light had appeared, it went out, and nathan was left transfixed with fear and as- onishment in darkness.

At first he was not sure whether to fly or to rostrate himself. Never before in his life had e heard of anyone capable of removing teeth ithout pain or loss of blood. The idea, hough fascinating because it left room for peculation, was utterly preposterous, incon- eivable. A man simply could not do that to imself, any more than he could pull out his ongue or eyeballs or what-have-you. And et he himself had seen . . . or had he? It was ll so swift, so unexpected, and darkness, hav- ng removed the only means of verification, eft room for doubt.

"*Yen achariyam!*" Anathan muttered. "What wonder, this! Surely the night air has touched my head and I am now entering the first stages of insanity where I begin to see things!"

His first impulse was to bolt. He did not bother to light his lantern, but scurried across the veranda. On second thought, however, he turned back. If, as he supposed, he had been the victim of hallucination, he had best face it now in time to offer suitable propitiations to the angry gods. But if what he had witnessed was fact, truly miraculous, who then would believe him without proof? In any event, for his own peace of mind he had to investigate, and since Prutter *dorai* had already decided on dismissal, the sooner done the better.

With trembling fingers he struck a match to his lantern and crept cautiously along the veranda to the steps which led up the outside wall of the bungalow to the second floor. The door was locked, but, by virtue of a latchkey with which he as cook had been provided, he opened it and mounted the narrow flight of concrete stairs.

The daring of it all made his breath come in short gasps, and he was quite winded by the time he reached the bathroom door. Nevertheless, he was careful to check his panting and listen before trying the knob. Except for the gentle snoring which came from the direction of the front veranda, the bungalow was quiet. Anathan gave the door a push. It swung open with a harsh creak that made him wince in alarm. He listened again for the snoring. It continued, even and uninterrupted, and after a moment he stepped into the bathroom.

As he raised his lantern to look around, the dull rays of light fell on something shiny, something pink and white submerged in a glass of water. Anathan came closer. There in the tumbler, just where Prutter *dorai* had put them, was a full set of teeth, magnified to enormous size by the refraction of the water.

Beads of perspiration burst out on Anathan's forehead, and his heart for an instant seemed to stand still. The sight was beautiful, fabulous, breath-taking, beyond the wildest labors of his imagination. He set the lantern and latchkey down on the washstand and approached the glass. What wonder was this? What miracle of miracles!

He hesitated, feeling that at any moment he might collapse from sheer delight. Then tenderly, eagerly, trembling from head to foot, he inserted his extended forefinger into the water, down, down, until the tip of it touched the smooth, hard surface. He withdrew it quickly as if he had received a shock, and hurried toward the door. Then remembering his lantern, he paused and went back. He did not pick up the lantern, however. His gaze was fixed on the teeth, and suddenly he knew the temptation was going to be too much.

Nauseated with excitement, he reached into the glass again and removed the teeth. After all, he said to himself, what harm could there be in trying them on—a test fitting, so to say, just once, for size? He looked around. All was quiet. His mouth salivated with anticipation.

Carefully he slipped them in place, electrified by the sudden contact of the cool surface with his hot gums. They fitted neatly, almost as if they had been made especially for him and belonged in his mouth. He closed his lips over them several times. Ah, he breathed, what incomparable ecstasy—to feel the slipperiness of teeth there again.

He turned and looked at himself in the mirror. The teeth filled out his hollow face, gave it more body. As if by magic his lower jaw seemed somehow more pronounced, less receding. He actually felt like a young man again. He opened and closed his mouth. The teeth opened and closed. He smiled and in the mirror a handsome smile flashed back at him.

Completely forgetful of time and place, Anathan began preening and strutting around

S S S S S S

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the room. He was not such a bad-looking chap after all—and much younger and bigger than he had imagined. He smiled again, and deep inside him he felt the thrust of renewed self-confidence.

At that moment a thought occurred to him. He went to the bedroom door and listened. The *dorai* and *doraisani* were sleeping soundly. He pressed the teeth thoughtfully with his tongue. Surely there could be no harm in wearing them around for a while—long enough to get the feel of them and perhaps have done with that little interview with his wife. Then the teeth could be returned, and behold! no one would know the difference.

So long as it does no harm, he thought, *I see no reason why I should not be entitled to a few moments of joy.*

Having made this decision, he picked up his lantern and went down the back stairs to the veranda, where he carelessly pulled the door shut behind him. His steps were light and gay, his head raised nonchalantly into the night. He felt permanently immunized against anything Tirumbala might do to him. However, by the time he reached the servants' quarters, he discovered that this feeling had been considerably reduced.

The door to his hut was locked, and when Anathan tried it the gardener's pye-dog began barking. "Tsst!" Anathan said. "Tsst! Don't you recognize me, dog?"

He knocked again and his wife called crossly, "*Yarru?* Who is it?"

"It is I, Anathan," he said, adding in an obnoxiously ingratiating voice, "your adoring husband." He hated himself for that, but Tirumbala seemed to bring it out in him.

"Go away," she said. "I have no husband who loses his job and comes home late."

"But amma, the job is not lost yet. Besides, there was extra work to do. Please let me in."

"Well do I know your tricks. You make extra work in order to stay away from me. Go. Sleep elsewhere."

In a sudden burst of anger, Anathan kicked the door with such force that the latch gave way on the inside and swung open. Tirumbala stood, hands on hips, blocking his path and looking at him indignantly. He brushed past her before she could get a word out.

"Well?" she asked.

He set the lantern down. "Well what?"

"What took you so long?"

"I told you. There was extra work to do." He went over to the clay charcoal burners and peered into one of the smoking pots. "What is there to eat?"

"Nothing for a lazy, jobless scamp who does not come home on time. Everything is eaten." She eyed him suspiciously. There seemed to be a mysterious smile on his lips, and it was obvious her words had ceased to have a telling effect. "What mischief lurks in that rattlebrain head of yours?"

"Mischief?" Anathan said. "Mischief?"

"You are thinking something, or you have done something and you are not telling me."

"My dear, surely you must be mistaken. As usual, I think nothing. I am only hungry."

"You have been drinking, then. Your speech sounds different. Come, open your mouth and let me smell your breath."

"I will not open my mouth," Anathan said, "and I have not been drinking."

Tirumbala tried in various ways to coax, threaten, cajole, wheedle and pry the secret from behind that mysterious smile, but it could not be done. Exasperated, she came over to him and peered into his face. "You are hiding something," she accused. "You are hiding something in your mouth. Open it." He refused, and when she tried to force his lips apart, he bit her fingers so hard that she recoiled with a howl of pain. "Teeth!" she said. "You have bitten me with teeth!"

"Yes," said Anathan, "I have bitten you with teeth. And I shall also strike you with a stick if you speak one word of this to anyone." He made a gesture with the back of his hand to show that he meant what he said. In a way he wished she would give him an excuse to bite her again. Doing so had produced a most pleasurable sensation, a feeling of satisfaction, as it were, of completeness. Tirumbala, however, did not seem the least bit inclined to challenge him a second time, so he said, "Now fix my food, woman," and sat down leisurely while she hurried about her tasks.

There was a look of fear in her eyes, yet as her hands placed his food before him he thought he detected a note of admiration. Not only had an old score been settled, but some long-neglected balance seemed well on the way to being restored.

Anathan was satisfied. He ate heavily, chewing his food with gusto. When he was full, he burped loudly and directed his wife to clear away the banana leaf and leftovers. Then he leaned back against the wall while she unrolled the mats, covered him with a blanket and, turning out the lamp, lay down beside him. In the dark he could hear her breathing, and he knew she was probably staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, wondering what had come over him. He rolled over onto his side and covered her with part of the blanket. As he lay back, he felt her hand take his questioningly.

I shall let her ponder this for a while, he said to himself, whistling softly and picking his teeth. *Little does she imagine* ——

He sat bolt upright. *The teeth!* he almost said aloud. Without bothering to relight the lantern, he got up and dashed across the compound to the bungalow. When he reached the veranda he found the door to the back stairs closed, and then remembered that he himself had thoughtlessly pulled it shut behind him. He fumbled around for his latchkey. It was not there. *Iyo!* he moaned. *I have forgotten it. In my haste I have left it on the washstand.* There was no way of opening the door, for it locked automatically from the inside—a safety precaution against thieves.

Beside himself with despair and anxiety, Anathan tried all the doors and windows on the first floor. It was no use. Prutter *dorai*, ever a thorough man, had seen to it that the bungalow was securely locked for the night. In one last determined effort, Anathan started to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

What does the Gardener do in Spring?

By THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT

Now that you have seen in this month's JOURNAL pages the new possibilities—dramatic and practical alike—of night illumination in the garden, you have probably put down lighting on your garden list along with planting, paving, fencing, fertilizing, watering and weeding. If you have, let me tell you that gardening under lights after dark can be delightful when the summer days begin to sizzle. You will be reading here on this page in June how in very dry, hot weather the wise gardener waits until the sun goes down to do the watering; but I can tell you, too, that even in the spring the gardener who sets out seedlings under electric lamps is in line for almost certain success. The two things that are tough on young and tender plants are wind and sun. The wind usually goes down with the sun; so after sunset you turn on the floodlight, unwrap your little plants, put them in the ground, soak the earth around them, and by morning they are ready to fend for themselves.

***Right now** in March and April, wind and sun are at their worst as far as fresh green leaves and fragile buds are concerned. Look around you, and you will see that small emerging plants, well out of the wind and partly shaded, are taking this capricious early weather in their stride. Let this be a reminder, if required, to provide an all-year windbreak for your garden—a piece of woven fencing, some husky evergreens like Scotch, white or Australian pines. Spring is not necessarily the delicate and tender season that poets sing about; for poets perhaps, but not for all your fresh young plants. This is the time of year they need protection most of all.*

Many people wonder if spring is a good time to give a feeding of fertilizer to the lawn, the garden, the trees, the shrubs. It certainly is; and the sooner the better. Take the lawn first; and as soon as it is free of frost, and the ground is firm underfoot, spread on one of the well-known all-purpose garden fertilizers. Follow the directions for how much and put it on, if you possibly can, with a good spreader. A little light spreader will do it, but a solid, well-made spreader between 24″ and 30″ wide will do it a whole lot better—more closely adjustable as to rate of spreading and less likely to drop too much fertilizer when the spreader hits a bump on the lawn, though there shouldn't be any bumps on a lawn. If a good spreader is bad for the budget, what about interesting the people around in getting a neighborhood spreader? You can do your lawn-grass seeding with it the end of August and first part of September, which is the best time for *that* operation in most parts of the country. You can also use it for giving the lawn a good dressing of ground limestone and organic fertilizer in October. A useful piece of equipment, if it's a good one.

About feeding the trees, the same fertilizer is called for. And rather than working it in on the surface, where with many shallow-rooted trees it may tend to coax the roots even closer to the surface (which is a poor idea), a better plan is to sink holes around the tree, pour in a good handful to a hole and soak it down with plenty of water. The most effectively located holes for the best results will be those which lie in a circle directly under the tips of the branches, which is where the root ends are. Make the holes about 2′ apart, a good 18″ deep, and about 1″ in diameter. Some people recommend a crowbar for making the holes, but anybody who has tried forcing a crowbar 18″ down in any but the softest of soil will want an easier way—even anybody who has merely tried lifting a man-size crowbar. And the tool called for here is a ground auger: not a big investment, but a tool everybody will be asking to borrow. It looks like an old-fashioned corkscrew: 1″ to 2″ bit is about right, about 3′ long, with a crosswise handle at the top. Makes a nice clean hole, good for subsurface watering as well.

Leaf-shedding shrubs, and broad-leaved evergreen shrubs, too, can be fed by scratching in the fertilizer under the whole area of the branches, then soaking it in slowly (so it won't wash away), but drenchingly, so it will sink down deep into the roots. If you have lilacs, give them a nice feeding of lime at the same time; ground limestone or hydrated lime, it doesn't make much difference. The latter works a little faster, but lilacs like them both.

***Fertilizing the garden** comes last, because you don't generally begin working the garden soil very much until the ground begins to warm up a little; at least you don't begin setting out tender plants or tender seeds until the warm earth is ready to take proper care of them. Some people dig the fertilizer in with the spade or rotary tiller; some spread it on the tilled earth and rake it in, and others wait and put it on around or along the growing plants. The latter is the most economical of fertilizer; the two other ways are less trouble. Always scratch the surface before putting fertilizer on top of the ground, then scratch it in and water well. Don't worry about putting on too much, within reason; but if you put on a lot, water it in with particular thoroughness.*

There may seem to be a great deal here about watering; but it's nothing to what will be here on this page in June, for this is by far the most misunderstood and misapplied of all garden operations, and without any doubt the most important.

If you plan to set out any bare-rooted, non-evergreen trees or shrubs this spring, do so the first minute the ground is fit for digging, for the roots must become well adjusted to their new root run, and be in good working order, by the time the tree or shrub begins to put forth its leaves or flowers.

Buying bare-rooted trees and shrubs is the least expensive way, and a perfectly good way if the plants are not too large, or if they aren't plants that should not be transplanted with bare roots. On these matters, unless you are well informed yourself, you must rely on the dependability of the nurseryman's advice. So let the buyer beware; or as it has come down to us in Latin—*caveat emptor!*

And let the buyer beware especially of any bare-rooted plant whose roots have been exposed to the sun and wind. Don't dream of buying any such trees or shrubs, or of letting this happen to any you handle. Wind and sun will dry out the tiny roots almost instantly, and do irreparable damage. Keep dampened burlap around them; and a good idea is to keep at hand a bucket or tub of watery mud, like thick soup, into which to plunge the roots before planting.

Make the hole at least twice the diameter and depth of the roots. Back-fill on the bottom of the hole with good topsoil mixed with rotted manure until the hole is the right depth for the roots. Spread the roots out carefully and begin filling in around them with more good topsoil. Get your hands right in the dirt for this part of the operation. Give the plant an occasional jounce to let the earth fall in snugly around the roots, and pack the earth down firmly with your feet as you fill in. A few handfuls of bone meal mixed with the soil at this juncture will pay generous dividends. Then before the hole is quite filled, give the plant a good drenching, finishing off with unwetted topsoil, preventing any tendency for the surface to cake hard. Lastly, fashion a level shallow basin around the plant, so that rainfall and watering will not run away.

In June:

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214

climb the bougainvillaea vines, but halfway up the flimsy latticework collapsed under him and he fell heavily to the ground.

"Hey!" a voice called from upstairs. "Who's that?" A flashlight flicked out into the night. Anathan sat very still. Then he heard Mrs. Prutter call softly, "I think it may have been a pye-dog, dear, or just a rat," and the flashlight blinked off as Prutter *dorai* grumblingly retired.

Limp with worry, Anathan went back to the servants' quarters. There was nothing he could do but wait for morning and try to return the teeth before they were missed.

Now Anathan had never done a dishonest thing in his life. He did not try to pad his expenses or cheat the missionaries out of a few annas here and there as was the custom among the servants. Instead he was scrupulously, almost painfully honest about everything. At the same time, his meekness made his best efforts seem ineffectual, and he knew that if the teeth were missed, Prutter *dorai* would not wait for proof to accuse him. Besides, he had left his latchkey in the bathroom, and a latchkey was as good as a calling card.

Thinking about these things, Anathan was unable to sleep. In the morning he left for work before dawn. He could not bear the thought of keeping the teeth in his mouth, so he tied them in the fold of his *vashti* for safekeeping, and the weight of them hanging there was a terrible drag on his conscience. For several hours he stood by the back door, and when the butler arrived with the alternate latchkey Anathan, on the pretext of taking drinking water upstairs, ascended the rear steps with considerable alacrity. He found the bathroom door closed. Inside he could hear someone taking a bath, so he cleared his throat to announce his presence.

No matter how busy you may think you are, you must find time for reading now, or else surrender yourself to self-chosen ignorance.
ATWOOD H. TOWNSEND

"Who is it?" Mrs. Prutter called.

"It is I, Anathan, with drinking water."

"Just leave it outside. I'll get it later."

Reluctantly Anathan set the *kusa* down and went back to the kitchen. From that moment on work was a veritable pain for him. He found himself getting all mixed up—even in the littlest things. At any moment he expected someone to come bursting into the kitchen and accuse him of taking the teeth.

Much to his discomfort, no one came at all, and the theft, if it was discovered, apparently caused no alarm. Work went on as usual, but with one notable exception: Mrs. Prutter seemed to have experienced a complete transformation. After chota she came out to the kitchen, thanked Anathan for the fine job he was doing, and assured him that if he kept it up there would be a raise for him next month. In the same commanding but cheerful manner she went about giving orders for the day, making suggestions and bestowing compliments. None of the servants ever remembered having seen her so lively and capable. And not once did she say anything about teeth.

Prutter *dorai*, on the other hand, was reluctant to put in his appearance at all. He did not come down to breakfast, and a tray, consisting of poached eggs, milk toast, fruit juices and coffee, was taken up to him by the butler who duly bruited this startling piece of information about. Eventually he did come downstairs, toward midmorning and at Mrs. Prutter's instigation, it was reported. But he did so with lagging steps and a sorry expression on his face. The only time Anathan saw him at all was just before luncheon, when he took a glass of lime juice to him in the study. He was surprised then to see how deflated, how discouraged, listless and old-looking the *dorai* seemed, and he observed with no small bit of interest that, far from being the large man he had imagined, Mr. Prutter was on an exact same level with himself.

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Oral B TOOTHBRUSH

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All this time Anathan had found no opportunity to return the teeth. What was more, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Prutter mentioned the loss or gave any indication that anything was missing. Mr. Prutter was far too silent and withdrawn, and Mrs. Prutter was too busy. She had metamorphosed into an amazing bundle of energy. She steamed this way and that, cheerfully taking charge of household accounts, directing the servants, handling Mr. Prutter's correspondence, meeting people, dealing with complaints, and so forth. These were all matters Mr. Prutter had reserved as exclusively his own. And now Mrs. Prutter had entered the realm with boldness and an enthusiasm that was catching. The servants, taking their cue from her, bustled about their work with much laughter and chatter, where before they had always moved quietly and unobtrusively because Mr. Prutter insisted work be done that way.

In the past when anything was missing, the *dorai* would come storming out to the servants' quarters, round up all the help, and subject each to a grueling cross-examination. His silence now, his meekness, was to Anathan both terrifying and a wee bit pitiful. He worked all morning long in a dither of suspense, imagining that Mr. Prutter knew all along who had taken the teeth but was biding his time only until he could dream up a punishment to fit the crime.

Obviously the silence could not go on much longer. It was all a trick to terrify the thief. Something was bound to break: either Mr. Prutter or Anathan. Anathan therefore went about his work with unusual energy, expecting the sky to fall on him at any moment.

The sky did not fall, nor did Mr. Prutter break. However, that afternoon when work was well in hand, Mrs. Prutter summoned the servants into the living room and asked them all to sit. Apparently she had summoned Mr. Prutter, too, for he was present, although he refused to face the audience and sat with his back turned, pretending to look over the books in the bookcase.

"I've called you all in," Mrs. Prutter said pleasantly, trying to put them at their ease, "because I need—we need—your special help." She smiled and looked at each servant. "You see, Mr. Prutter has lost his teeth."

Anathan placed his forehead on his hand and pondered his big toe. The other servants looked awkardly at one another, but said nothing. It was obvious from their behavior that they did not believe Mrs. Prutter and were now wondering how anyone so nice as she could tell such a colossal lie.

"Come here, dear," Mrs. Prutter said to Mr. Prutter. "I'm afraid you'll have to show them what I mean."

Mr. Prutter grimaced. "I refuse to be humiliated," he lisped.

"Now, dear," said Mrs. Prutter, "it's all for the good. I'm sure everyone will understand." She turned him around and made him open his mouth. "Wider. And do lean forward a bit." Mr. Prutter closed his eyes for shame. "There. You see," she said to the servants, "no teeth."

A murmur of amazement, of bewildered awe swept over the little gathering. "But how is such a thing possible?" the butler asked, first to voice the general reaction. "One day the *dorai* has many teeth both above and below, and the next his mouth is empty, even as Anathan's." Everyone looked at Anathan and nodded as if he were an authority on that subject.

"The *dorai* lost his teeth some time ago," Mrs. Prutter explained, "and for a long while now he has been wearing teeth which look just like real ones but actually are false. Every night he takes these out and puts them in a glass of water to keep them clean ——"

Mr. Prutter seemed to suffer a relapse and sank back with a groan into an easy chair. The servants, all keenly interested in this miracle of modern science, wanted to have the whole thing carefully demonstrated. A glass of water was brought and placed at Mr. Prutter's side to give the illusion of reality while he went through the proper motions to show just how it all worked. Everyone was talking excitedly and crowding around for a better look into the *dorai's* mouth.

After they had calmed down, Mrs. Prutter said, "Last night the *dorai* placed the teeth in the glass of water as usual. Then he turned out the light and went to bed. In the morning when he came to put them on, they were gone."

The servants immediately came up with a variety of explanations to show that none of them could possibly have committed the theft, and some even went so far as to suggest that the teeth, being more or less a work of magic, might very well have walked off by themselves. This gave rise to a whole new line of speculation, and in the next few minutes many ideas were proffered, ideas which pointed the finger at everything from mischievous squirrels to evil spirits. Mrs. Prutter swiftly ruled out most of these and hastened to assure the servants that she was accusing no one. She said she knew none of them could have taken the teeth, because up until now it had all been kept secret. Besides, she explained, she had no reason to mistrust her own help, and the teeth were valueless to anyone but the owner. Therefore it followed that whoever took them did so out of curiosity, and since the bungalow was not broken into during the night, the thief must have been an animal—say a rat, or a crow.

"I don't suspect any of you," she said, "but I would like you all to help me find them. A search must be started right away because Mr. Prutter is at loss without the teeth. He will offer a reward of ten rupees." This was the cause for a fresh burst of excitement. Nothing as thrilling as this had ever happened in Meigudy. Mrs. Prutter turned to Anathan. "I would like you," she said, smiling at him, "to be responsible for organizing the search."

In confusion Anathan opened and closed his mouth several times without saying anything. Organize a search for teeth he himself had stolen! It gave him the lie in a very painful way, especially since he was far from being a master at the art of dissimulation. But the fear of discovery spurred him on to a quick

Mr. and Mrs. **Steve Allen** **lose weight together** with **Ayds!**



Jayne: "You're the funny one, Steve. Say something." (Mrs. Allen is the lovely Jayne Meadows.)
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Jayne: "And the private way, Steve. Right at home."



Steve: "Check. About 15 minutes before each meal, we each take one or two Ayds, as directed. Immediately, Ayds low-calorie appetite-depressant begins working."
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Jayne: "And lose weight automatically!"
Steve: "Triple-check. And following the Ayds Plan we never suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness or other unpleasant side effects."
Jayne: "Tell everyone how we read about Ayds in a magazine article."
Steve: "Sure. In the article, Ayds was called 'candy that makes you thin.' It reported that at a New England clinic doctors tested 240 overweight people."



Jayne: "And Ayds users lost nearly twice as many pounds as users of the next best weight-reducing product. You can send for a reprint of the Medical Journal report."
Steve: "It's free, too. Before reducing, see your doctor and have him write: Campana, Box MD, Batavia, Illinois."
Jayne: "That was fine, Steve. Let's get ready for dinner."
Steve: "Swell. I'll get the Ayds."



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Ayds users report losing up to ten pounds and more with the first box. Lose weight with *your* first box, $2.98, or money back. Try Ayds today! At drug and department stores.

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and convincingly enthusiastic reply, "Yes, amma, very well, amma." And for some reason he found himself rising to meet the responsibility with eagerness.

A plan formed in his mind. It would be necessary to conduct the search with the utmost enthusiasm in order to throw suspicion the other way. Then, while everyone was busy, the teeth could be placed in a spot where they could easily be discovered. In a commanding voice, utterly unlike himself, he organized the small group, told them to separate and cover the entire bungalow thoroughly, then the grounds. The servants did exactly the opposite. They all moved in a group, shouting and calling to one another as they went from room to room. They undid the bungalow in amazingly short order. Furniture was overturned, clothes removed from closets and bureaus, books and pictures pulled down. As the confusion grew, Anathan saw the success of his little scheme grow distant. By suppertime he had abandoned all hope of returning the teeth that day and angrily told the servants to clean up the mess.

News spread swiftly about the town during the night. In the morning the better part of the population gathered outside the bungalow to assist in the search. Shops were closed, plows left standing in the paddy fields, and work of any description was utterly neglected. It was necessary for Mr. Prutter to display his toothless gums well over a hundred times that morning, carefully explaining each time just how false teeth worked. If he had not been so well known for his ferocious teeth, no one would have believed him. But now they saw for a fact that where there had been broad, terrifying molars, bicuspids and incisors, there were only soft, harmless and quite normal gums.

Several bold and unbelieving Thomases even insisted on touching the gums with the forefingers. Like it or not, Mr. Prutter was forced to tilt his head this way and that to satisfy all comers and show that he was not trying to pull some sort of trick. He was kept out on the veranda all day, first by one group, then by another. As his fame spread, people came in from surrounding villages to see the *dorai* and help in the search. Mr. Prutter knew no peace. He felt much like a Samson without hair, deprived of strength and helpless before the howling Philistines.

At first he was terribly upset and ashamed and embarrassed. It was quite a comedown for him, and he confessed rather than told his story. But after a while, after he had said it over and over, he warmed to the task and even began to smile. When you got right down to it, the Philistines were really not such a bad sort after all, and actually quite human in their curiosity and desire to help. It surprised him to learn that no one scorned him for having false teeth. He was not sure why, but he had always supposed that people would belittle him if they knew.

By the end of the third day he was even enjoying himself, slapping backs with the men and exchanging jokes in the vernacular. People were truly amazed at how human he was. He told them the story of his teeth, how he had lost them in the first place, about being fitted at the dentist's, and then of his personal concern about keeping it secret. The villagers in turn assured him that he had nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, they said, they considered it an honor to meet a man with removable teeth. They meant this. If there had been a dentist around, no doubt a substantial part of the population would have knocked their teeth out, for the idea of having false ones was fast becoming such a cosmetic fad that several crude attempts had already been made.

During the week of the search, the church was thronged by hundreds of people where once there had been a dismal and unenthusiastic twenty-five. Mr. Prutter was forced to give many sermons to satisfy the people who insisted on listening for hours on end to his soft, lisping words. It did not stop with church. They began coming daily to the bungalow to talk with him and wrangle about one thing or another. They brought their disputes for him to settle, and sores for him to heal, for it was supposed that false teeth had somehow endowed the *dorai* with special qualities. And in vehemently denying this, Mr. Prutter found ample opportunity to digress onto more educational topics. His words carried a freshness, enthusiasm and authority in consequence of which the church membership increased to five hundred. Everything was a bustle of activity. But more than that: Anathan thought he detected a new bond of tenderness established between Mr. and Mrs. Prutter, not unlike the tenderness he had rediscovered with Tirumbala.

All the while, the teeth were burning a hole, as it were, in Anathan's *vashti*. He went about his work industriously and eagerly, but the crowds made it impossible for him to return the teeth without casting suspicion on himself or some innocent person.

Of course it was only a matter of time. He could not keep the teeth in his *vashti* indefinitely. Sooner or later he had to succumb to the temptation of trying them again.

When he did so, the chokra boy, who always hung around the kitchen, was quick to observe and call attention to the fact. Before Anathan could deny it, the other servants descended upon him and he was forced to demonstrate the teeth. A small crowd gathered, and presently the *dorai* and *doraisani* appeared.

Mr. Prutter had been building himself up for this moment with considerable relish. He was prepared for anger. But finally, face to face with the cook, all he could do was laugh sheepishly and scratch his head.

"Well," he said, looking at his wife, "I haven't the vaguest idea of what to do with him."

"Do with him!" Mrs. Prutter said crossly. "How you talk! When a man has the goodness to find your teeth and return them, the least you can do is give him the reward."

Mr. Prutter scratched his head again and admitted this was so, only he hadn't thought of it that way.

"I suppose," he added, looking skeptically at the teeth Anathan humbly held out to him, "I suppose that since I've already ordered a new pair made for me, he might just as well keep these."

"As you wish, dear," said Mrs. Prutter. "And now I think everyone ought to get out and let the cook finish his work." She shooed the crowd out the door. Then as she turned to go, she reached into the pocket of her skirt and handed Anathan a small package neatly wrapped in newspaper. "I think this belongs to you," she said.

Anathan felt it. It was the latchkey. END

PACKAGE DEAL

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Though man's bemoaned, no doubt since Adam,
The fiscal upkeep on his madam,
When he, for better or for worse,
Acquires a cleaning woman, nurse,
Chauffeur and cook and sock repairer;
A hostess, laundress, faithful bearer
Of slacks to cleaners; bundle wrapper
And mailer; tooth-paste-tube recapper,
And letter writer to his kin,
Combined with Pompadour, Nell Gwyn
And Little Eva . . . when a gent
Gets all of these, how then lament
The bargain rates he pays? Does he
Expect to get 'em all for free!

See what you can do with a Dolly Madison Chiffon Ring!

Delicious right from the package...easy to decorate for any occasion! Turn it pink with fluffy tinted meringue and drained frozen strawberries. For a quick chocolate delight, add a drizzle of chocolate icing. Try your own ideas—they're sure to be delectable with a Dolly Madison Chiffon Ring!



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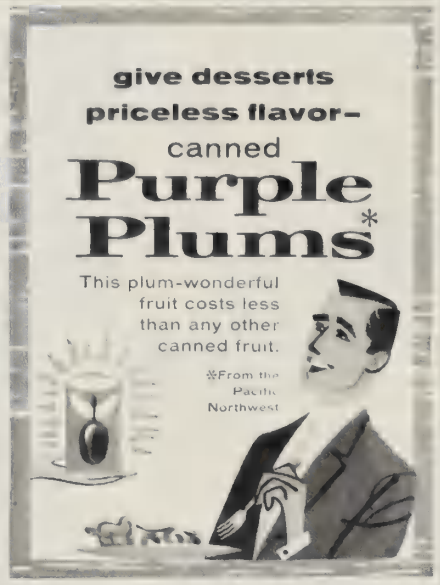
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CHILI POWDER

MADE ONLY IN Sunny San Antonio

ONE SUPERB DINNER SERVED THREE WAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

no longer, though of course it *is* a bit more trouble. Simmer in a cup of salted water a cup or so of fresh or frozen scallops, cut into bite-size pieces, for about five minutes. Drain them, and save the liquid, please, adding to it two chicken-bouillon cubes. Put the scallops aside and forget them for the moment: heat a pint of fresh or frozen and thawed oysters just until the edges curl a bit. Add the oyster liquid to the scallop liquid and set the oysters side by side with the scallops. Also have on hand a cup of cooked, cleaned and deveined shrimps and two cups cooked chicken cut into nice chunky bite-size pieces. Last, but certainly not least, have a cup of lobster, fresh, frozen or canned, cut into pieces suitable to bite. Save any liquid from these and add to the scallop-and-oyster broth. For the sauce, sauté a cup sliced fresh or canned mushrooms in six or so tablespoons butter until golden brown. Grate half a medium-sized onion over the mushrooms, sprinkle with three tablespoons chopped green pepper and three tablespoons chopped pimiento. Add six tablespoons flour and blend until smooth. Add enough milk to the fish broths to make two cups in all. Stir it gradually but vigorously, so it won't make lumps, into the butter, flour and mushrooms in the skillet, making a thick cream sauce. Season with a teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a good quarter teaspoon of prepared mustard. Stir in a cup of light cream and heat a few seconds longer. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Now. *For a casserole:* Arrange the fish and chicken in separate layers in a two-quart casserole. Pour the sauce over and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for forty-five minutes to an hour, or until bubbly. The casserole may be stored in the refrigerator until an hour before heating (but must stand at room temperature one hour before you heat it, so it won't crack). *For a chafing dish:* This is sheer glamour. Add the chicken and fish to the sauce and heat well. Serve over or with corn-bread squares which have been split, buttered and toasted. Or wild rice, buttered and seasoned with onion salt. *For a sauce with the corn-bread ring:* Pour fish-and-chicken mixture into the center well in the corn-bread ring, serving the rest of the sauce around the ring.

CORN BREAD

We're giving you a sugarless corn-bread recipe—it tastes best with the chicken-and-lobster dish. Beat four eggs with a rotary beater. Add one and a third cups of milk and two thirds cup of melted butter. Sift two and two thirds cups flour with one and a third cups corn meal, six teaspoons baking powder and a teaspoon of salt. Make a well in the dry ingredients and add the liquid all at once. Stir just enough to mix. *If you want to make corn sticks:* Preheat well-greased iron corn-stick pans. Fill the pans with batter three quarters full and bake for 20–25 minutes in a hot oven, 400° F. Makes twenty-eight sticks. Cut the recipe in half if desired. (Extra corn sticks may be frozen and reheated for other meals, if you're in the mood to make more than you need for your party.) *To make the ring mold:* Preheat a well-greased two-quart aluminum ring mold. Fill three fourths full and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 20–25 minutes, until golden brown. *To make corn-bread squares:* Preheat a well-greased approximately 13″x 9″x 2″ aluminum baking pan. Fill three fourths full and bake in a 375° F. oven for 25–30 minutes, until golden brown. When baked, cut into squares; split, butter and toast before serving.

FRENCH DRESSING

Mix together in a shakable jar a cup of olive or salad oil, three tablespoons cider vinegar, a tablespoon of tarragon vinegar and about half a teaspoon prepared mustard. Add a teaspoon salt, half a teaspoon celery seed, half a teaspoon mustard seed, half a teaspoon paprika and a tiny pinch of turmeric. Shake together vigorously. Add two cloves garlic and one medium onion, peeled and cut in half. Allow the dressing to stand at room temperature for an hour so that all ingredients become fast friends, then remove onion and garlic (unless, of course, you like very oniony-garlicky dressing. Then leave them in an hour or so longer.) Chill before serving. Makes a cup and a half of dressing.

BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT BEND

By LOLA S. MORGAN

Because you would not bend
the dream nor mold
The shape of beauty into
something less
Than its first form which no
small life could hold,
You walk upright but dwell
with loneliness.
Because your mind rejected
compromise
And turned from crumbs to
ask both wine and meat,
You thirst and hunger who
might otherwise
Have tasted love and found
its flavor sweet.
Perfection wears a proud,
unyielding face
And strides beyond the
fumbling reach of men;
In vain you waited for a dream
embrace,
Now youth is gone and will
not come again.
Lacking the sun, you turned
from lesser light,
But half a loaf would feed your
heart tonight.

COCONUT FROZEN VELVET WITH STRAWBERRIES

Do you know how to open a coconut? There are some wizards with the fine technique of a diamond cutter—one swift, sure blow with a hammer and there is all the delicious white coconut meat open before you. Others have to hammer away like mad. Whatever type of coconut opener you happen to be, make sure you extract the juice, or "milk," first. The best way is to hammer a nail into each of the three little dots at the end of the coconut, turn upside down and drain. Then hammer the coconut till you break it open. (Warming it in the oven a few minutes before cracking makes the meat come away from the shell more easily.) Or use canned or packaged shredded coconut, which is easier, and also delicious. Well, then, to get on with the recipe. Finely chop two cups of grated coconut, canned or freshly grated. If you use fresh, one coconut will be plenty. Add the coconut to two cups of milk (if you use fresh coconut, use the coconut juice, and enough additional milk to make two cups). Add a cup of sugar, an envelope of unflavored gelatin and a pinch of salt. Stir well and bring to a simmer. Continue simmering ten minutes. Then strain. Pour liquid into freezing tray and freeze until it's snowy around the edges—about one and a half hours. Then beat in a cold bowl until softened. Fold in six stiffly beaten egg whites and half a teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a six-cup ring mold and freeze until firm. This will take about three hours. If you don't have a ring mold, pour into two freezing trays and spoon out into a big bowl when ready to serve. Be sure the control of the freezing section of your refrigerator is at the coldest point before freezing. END



Photo by Esther Bubley

It's "Cream of Wheat" weather.
Guard your family with hot "Cream of Wheat"

Gives you a nice warm feeling to know you've given them good, nutritious "Cream of Wheat" on days like this . . . gives them a nice warm feeling, too.



CONTAINS PROTECTIVE VITAMINS AND MINERALS

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Delicious meatless meals

quick and easy with Minute Rice

Tonight, try the easy, Minute Rice way to perk up a meatless meal.

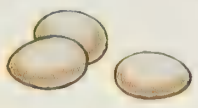
No washing, no cooking, no rinsing, no draining, no steaming! Because Minute Rice is already cooked, you get light, fluffy rice every time! Every tender grain is full of flavor . . . gives a lift to so many other flavors. Treat your family to one of these wonderful Minute Rice dinners tonight . . . the perfect way to a delicious meatless meal!



TOMATO RICE CASSEROLE—*Featuring Fish Sticks*

1⅓ cups (5-ounce package) Minute Rice
2½ cups canned tomatoes • ½ cup water
¼ cup chopped onion • 1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon oregano • 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
1 package Birds Eye (Pre-Cooked) Fish Sticks

Mix Minute Rice, tomatoes, water, onion, salt, and oregano in saucepan; simmer 5 minutes. Pour into greased 1½-quart casserole. Sprinkle with cheese. Top with single layer of fish sticks. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes until fish sticks are brown and crisp. Serves 4.



EGGS AND RICE AU GRATIN—*New Flavor Treat*

1⅓ cups (5-ounce package) Minute Rice
¼ cup chopped chives • 2 tablespoons butter
¾ teaspoon dry mustard • ¼ cup milk
6 eggs, beaten • 1½ cups grated Cheddar cheese

Prepare Minute Rice as directed on package.

To *half* the rice, add chives and butter. Keep warm. Blend mustard with milk. To beaten eggs, add rest of rice, milk and cheese. Scramble in melted butter until eggs are done. Arrange on platter; surround with chive rice. Serves 4 or 5.



SEVEN SEAS CASSEROLE—*Minute Rice Masterpiece*

1 can condensed cream of celery soup • ¼ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups water or milk • 1 teaspoon lemon juice
1⅓ cups (5-ounce package) Minute Rice
1 can (½ lb.) sea food* • 1 package Birds Eye Green Peas, thawed
Cheese slices

Mix soup, salt, water, and lemon juice in saucepan. Bring to a boil over medium heat; stir occasionally. Pour a third into greased 1½-quart casserole. In layers, add half the Minute Rice (*right from the box*), half the sea food, and half the peas. Add another third of soup. In layers add remaining Minute Rice, sea food, and peas. Add remaining soup; top with cheese. Cover. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20 minutes. If desired, uncover and brown under broiler. Serves 4.

*Sauté fresh or frozen sea food in butter about 3 minutes.

QUICK TRICKS
with Minute Rice

- **CHEESE RICE.** Prepare 1⅓ cups (5-ounce package) Minute Rice as directed on package. Before serving, mix ¾ cup grated sharp cheese with the rice. Serves 4.
- **LEMON RICE.** Prepare 1⅓ cups (5-ounce package) Minute Rice as directed on package, adding 1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind to water. Before serving, mix 1½ tablespoons butter and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley with the rice. Serve with broiled or creamed fish. Makes 4 servings.
- Serve Minute Rice often—it's so convenient for meatless meals. No other rice or vegetable is so easy to prepare!



No other rice is this easy!

Another favorite from General Foods

THE MAN IN THE CAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

drafts. It was in their lease that Lou should care for the furnace morning and evening and haul out the ashes. He was the powerful but soft-eyed, soft-spoken Polish refugee who, with his wife Wanda, took care of George's place across the ravine. Although George kept an apartment in Manhattan and, it was rumored in the village, other interests, he refused to close his country home, and Lou and Wanda must always have it in readiness against his rare visits.

Since Lou had left the fire high, she would now have to go down and put more coal on it herself and bank it for the night. Martha loathed the monstrous furnace and even more the cobwebby dark cellar in which it squatted. Why had they ever taken a house without an oil burner? Why must Drum desert her to such chores?

In her dismay at recalling the furnace she veered the car into a rut and Butch, forgetting that he had been silenced, commented matter-of-factly, "He almost fell off that time."

Had she felt the shift of weight again? She had convinced herself there was nothing in the back. Her alarm revived. *I'll drive straight over the back way to George's house.* Lou would never laugh at her fears. Even if their landlord was home he would never, though he might be supercilious, be unkind.

"He moved," noted Butch.

"Stop it!" she cried. The possibility of a drunken man awakening behind her was terrifying.

Lisa spoke in her small piping voice, "The baby's acting funny."

Martha quickly put a hand on him. She could feel the stiffening in his limbs. *He's beginning a convulsion!* She stopped the car with a jerk in the gravel circle behind the kitchen wing, her only concern now for the baby. She leaped out, gathering him to her, and ran into the kitchen with him while the other two scrambled after her. Terry's eyes were half closed, his mouth trembling. She snatched a folded sheet from the pile of laundry on top of the dryer and threw it in the sink, turned on the cold-water tap and laid the baby on the table in the middle of the low-ceilinged room to strip off his clothes.

"What's the matter with Terry?" Butch asked. He and Lisa, whose thumb had gone to her mouth as it always did when she was troubled, stood looking on, their faces frightened, eyes big.

Instantly Martha regretted her previous sharpness with Butch; compassion touched her, for their littleness, their dependence, and she said quietly, "He's sick." She managed a little smile for them. "He'll be better soon."

With the baby wrapped in the dripping sheet, she carried him back through the house, switching on lights as she went. She snatched up the phone in the hall. *Please, God, let it work.* The humming filled her ear. She jiggled the receiver. Nothing happened. She couldn't wait. The doctor had told her what to do in case of emergency. She ran up to the main bathroom at the top of the front stairs.

At last Terry lay limp across her toweled lap. His temperature, by the thermometer, had come down two degrees. Tears of relief in her eyes, she laid him on the bed in her room and dragged his crib from across the hall so that she could have him near her tonight. As his fever mounted again, before his medicine had had time to take effect, there would be danger of another convulsion.

"Can I have my snow suit off now?" asked Lisa patiently.

"Oh, you poor kids!" Martha exclaimed. She led them to their room, which was connected to hers and Drum's, to take off the bulky suits. She still wore her own jacket. The bones of her fingers and wrists looked thin and brittle as her hands moved, unzippering, unbuttoning. She was a fragile girl, but she felt an upsurge of confidence because she had bested a crisis.

"I'll tell you a story," she said almost gaily, cuddling the two pajama-clad figures to her,

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

When a woman bites off more than she can chew, she probably has her mouth filled with words.

Tears: condensation caused by a cold world meeting a warm heart.

Every child born into the world should have one grandmother with an ample lap.

You get a child to adolescence by pouring into him the right ingredients, but from that point it's like watching a cake baking through a glass door: you are helpless either to prevent its falling or to assist in its rising.

In love, too, wait seven years and the discarded technique will be back in vogue again.

Frailty, thy name is not *modern* woman.

Wisdom of old colored lady: "If I can get a peek at folks' mattresses I know whether to hire myself out to them, 'cause people that like comfort better'n show generally has good dispositions."

One nice way to frame a husband is on the outside of a picture window—washing it.

A man with unusual knowledge is like a woman with a fancy petticoat: it's hard to forgo the temptation to display some of it.

After a young married couple financed a first Christmas in their own home, they reached a momentous decision: hereafter they will go to either his folks or her folks for the holiday.

"The reason I don't like Toby," whispered a six-year-old to the teacher, "is because he talks more than I can hear."

An optimist is a person just about to build a house.

A table with a Lazy Susan seemed the ideal solution in our family to get food without bothering the absent-minded professor who heads our household until we discovered it also is the ideal place for him to prop his newspaper.

When a wife leaves home for a trip her husband says, "Have a good time—just forget everything!" When a husband leaves, a wife says, "Have a good time, but don't forget ——"

Picture: Small children popping out of bed with the energy of soda biscuits just released from a carton.

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"and then to bed." She noted the time on her wrist watch. Eight-thirty.

"What about the man in the car?" asked Butch. "Is he going to stay there all night?"

She had forgotten him. If he existed. Since the reality of the baby's illness had claimed her attention the possibility of there actually being anyone in the car seemed only one of the nightmarish fancies that came to her when she was alone at night, isolated in this house. Yet she would have to make certain to put her mind entirely at ease.

"I'll go see," she said, "and be right back."

A small door beside the sealed fireplace in the children's room led to the back stairs. She ran down to the kitchen, found the flashlight in the cutlery drawer and went out, shivering as the misty night air enveloped her. *But you know no one can be there.*

She went to a rear window of the car and shone the flashlight's beam onto the back seat.

There was a man lying on the seat.

He had slipped partly off and the blankets covering him had come away, exposing his head and shoulders. He was not asleep. He was dead. His skull was crushed. Where there should have been shape there was shapelessness; a dark oozing against the seat of the car. In the half of the face that was intact the eye was open and the eyeball glittered.

Martha turned away, leaning against the car as bitter waves of nausea rose in her throat. She had never been close to the violence of death. She shook uncontrollably.

At first she thought, *He had an accident; he crawled into my car.* But no man so wounded could have moved. Someone would have had to put him in her car. For what reason would anyone have done so, not telling her, but to hide him; and who would hide him but the person who had done this to him?

So far her mind worked and no farther. She swayed in the clutches of sickness and would have slid to the ground, welcoming the blacker night of unconsciousness, but that within the house she heard a thin calling: "Mommy . . . mommy." She had to hold on. The children.

Could I have made a mistake? Could I have imagined what I saw?

Her nails scratched on the woodwork under the window as she clung to it, forcing herself to raise the light again.

It had not been her imagination. The man was dead, brutally, irretrievably dead.

Panic was upon her then and she bolted for the house. She slammed the door and pressed one shaking hand against its stout wood while with the other she fastened the chain lock. How could he have got in the car? When? While she was at the doctor's—or, later, in the drugstore? Both times she had been parked where there was light, and people passing. She knew, with a fresh horror, that the body of the man must have been already in the car when she took it out of the barn. All that time he was there, dead, under the blankets. She shuddered.

Then this afternoon—it had to be this afternoon, no later than supper—he was carried to the barn and thrust into the back of the car. He had been killed near here, then, if the car had been the handiest expediency.

"Mommy! What took you so long?" Butch was crying down the back stairs.

"I'll be right there, darling." She fought for possession of her voice. "I have to try the phone again first."

The phone must be in operation now. She had to reach the police. Her mind went in tortuous circles as she passed through the empty, shadowy rooms to the hall. The hideous revelation of the car danced before her. Her memory stirred. *He was wearing a blue shirt . . . light tan jacket . . . his hair was blond and curly, that much of it I could see. . . . Someplace I've seen him, alive. . . . In the woods behind the house? . . . I think . . . I think . . . I can't remember* ——

She placed a hand on the phone. *God, be with me now.* There was no sound at all. Not even the humming. In a frenzy she pounded on the crossbar. It was no use.

"When are you coming up?" The children had pattered to the upstairs hall.

"Now." She began to climb on rubbery legs. *I can't risk taking Terry out to go to the police. I couldn't drive knowing . . . that . . . was in the car. If I could get a message to the Fieldings or George's house . . . but they are too far away to hear me call.*

Her hand gripped the worn banister. She stopped. The phone just now—when it was out of order it always hummed. The humming was gone, as though it were disconnected.

The wires have been cut. She had been horrified before; now she felt the intimate, immobilizing fear for her own safety and that of the children.

Someone cut the wires on the outside. So someone was out there in the dark when I was, watching me, seeing that I discovered the body, and he had to make sure I couldn't reach the police. He wouldn't have known the phone was out of order already. He would have wanted time to get the body away. He could only have put it there for a temporary hiding place. Why didn't he knock me out? Because he thought it wouldn't be necessary? That I'd be afraid to come out to the car again, who'd be quite certain I wouldn't leave the children alone to go for help and that I had a reason—Terry's illness—to make me hesitate to take them with me. A person who knows me. It has to be. One who knows I'm nervous when I'm by myself, who knows about the children and Terry, knows where I keep the car, used it because it was close and he wouldn't have guessed I'd be using it tonight. He must have got the wind up when I went out, hung about to see what would happen and been relieved that I didn't discover the body.

And now he's got to get rid of it. He's got to stay outside and act before I may have thought of a way to reach anyone. If I'd chance taking Terry I wouldn't dare go for help now.

She had gone on mounting the stairs slowly and reached the top. First she must keep the children from sensing her terror. That was the first thing of all. After that —— She couldn't go past that.

She carried them both to Butch's bed and read from their favorite book, hoping they



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didn't catch the quaver in her voice, holding them tight. But all the while she was thinking, *Someone who knows me.*

Yet who did, in this town where they were still strangers? Who but Jonas and his wife, Lou and Wanda, George Rochefort himself? Any of them could have known Terry was sick and that she would probably be staying in tonight. She had remarked to Jonas that he seemed feverish; had a word with Lou, telling him she was going to call the doctor. They would have repeated this to their wives. Both Wanda and Alice knew she was timid about being alone in the house. For lack of friends she confided in whoever would listen. George Rochefort would know all about her from his servants. Any of them. But who else?

A stair creaked. She jumped. The night wind tapped a tendril of wisteria against the pane by the bed. Downstairs one of the loose shutters banged against the house. Martha felt that the night, the house itself were taking on the evil intent of whoever was outside.

It has to be one of them. I don't know which. Then if I could think of a way to get a message to either Fieldings' or the Rochefort house I wouldn't know which would be the wrong one to try.

When she finished the story she kissed the children and tucked them in. Then she did something that had never occurred to her before. She locked them in, turning the rusty keys in the locks on both the hall door and the one to the stairs. In her own room she locked the hall door. Now there was this fortress, but within the fortress what was there of use to her? Without hope she tried the second phone, which stood on her bureau. It was dead, all right. There was no gun, no weapon.

The baby's breathing was shallow but more regular than it had been. She glanced at her watch. Nine-fifteen. In less than an hour she was to awaken Terry for his medicine, but forty-five minutes was an infinity, and while the minutes passed what was he doing? . . . or she? . . . the one who was outside? Still waiting and watching? *I can't stand it*, she thought. *Whoever it is knows I am the threat, but I cannot be certain who is the threat to me.*

She sagged down on the bed. In spite of the chill which still shattered her body, she was beginning to perspire. She took off her jacket and drew a hand across her forehead. It came away wet. At the same time she heard a noise in the house, a rumbling and knocking. She jumped to her feet, thinking it was the watcher, the killer, battering down the door.

No, not that kind of noise. She realized suddenly what it was. The pipes! She had forgotten the furnace. She went to a radiator and found it red-hot. She knew what would happen. Once before she had forgotten to close down the drafts. As the fire burned up, grew hotter, steam mounted, shaking the old pipes, threatening to burst them. Lou had warned her never to let the fire go or "boom—she explode!" She had no idea how dangerous this might be.

She would have to go down and pile coal on the bed and adjust the drafts. She was afraid to let it go. But she was also afraid to leave this room. She feared for herself, but more for the children. If the furnace exploded—if the one who had put the man in her car and was now waiting for her next move should become alarmed and come after her—what would happen to the children?

The children. Always the children. Even fear didn't belong exclusively to herself any longer. She looked across the room at the photograph of Drum on the bureau beside the useless phone. His thin face laughed at her.

She thought in a wave of self-pity, *You don't even know what is happening to me tonight; you don't care.*

She was alone, but he would not be worried about her. "You were brought up to be self-centered," he had told her when she had protested this trip, "but you have a resilience that lifts you above yourself. I never worry about your getting along all right." Now he would be sitting safe in his hotel room, perhaps drinking a nightcap so he would sleep well before the next day's business.

Oh, is this what love is? she thought. *To be alone, in need, afraid and yet not even able to think first of your own needs because love has given you children? It isn't right.*

But on top of this emotion came another. Anger. Fury with the man who had killed another and thrust him, like a pile of old clothes, into her car. Who had cut the wires of her phone. Who was watching until he was certain her helplessness and fright made it safe for him to remove the body and—and what? Do what? Weight it and drop it in the water of some secluded cove? Make a fool and liar of her when at last she could tell her story to the police?

Anger mobilized her mind and body where fear had frozen it. She struck her hands together. *I won't be trapped.* Her glance flew wildly about the room, paused at the heavy brass candlestick on the mantel. She crossed to the fireplace and seized it. It was not much of a weapon, but its weight in her hand gave her a sense of both cunning and courage.

I don't think he will come into the house, for he would have to kill me or I could identify him, and I don't believe he is a deliberate murderer. The killing was accidental. That was why he used my car. He hadn't planned it out.

You see, she said with a faint smile to her unknown adversary, *I can read your mind.*

She went through the children's room and unfastened the door to the servants' wing. She listened. There was no sound to be heard above the increasingly insistent knocking of the pipes. Slowly she crept down to the kitchen. Her heart hammered rapidly in her breast, but the hand on the candlestick was steady.

She shoved back the bolt on the cellar door. A blast of stale hot air met her face. She could hear the roaring of the fire. She began to tremble. She couldn't go down there: She couldn't.

But her loathing of the powerless situation into which she had been put was greater now than her loathing of the cellar and she switched on the light and step by step crept down the stairs.

The basement light was only an unshaded bulb suspended from a cord looped over one of the rough beams and illuminating only that portion of the cellar directly around the furnace. The rest was in darkness, all the dank rooms that yawned under the house. She stopped at the foot of the stairs, again hearing nothing but the thunderous roar of the furnace. Through the open draft door at the bottom of the furnace she could see the fiery scarlet glow. Martha picked up a dusty rag and, setting down the candlestick, used the rag to protect her hand as she flung open the door to the fire bed. The heat from the inferno within sent her staggering back. She grabbed the long-handled shovel resting against the bin, loaded it with coal and aimed it at the open furnace door. The shovel clattered against the side of the door and the coal shot to the floor.

Biting her lip, she took up another shovelful. This one she threw into the fire, where it burst immediately into flames. She took another load. She was aiming a third when she noticed something at the back of the bed of coals where there was still a line of unburned black. It looked like a shred of cloth.

A strange harsh thrill went through her. Lou must have tossed it in when he tended the furnace. He was trying to burn it. *It's Lou.* What else could he have wanted to burn but a piece of clothing he was wearing when he killed the man, something that had got bloody?

Lying on the floor near the furnace was the long-handled poker Lou used. She picked it up and in a passion of haste scraped at the bit of cloth. She pulled it out, smoldering, to the floor and stamped on it.

Now I know, she told herself. *I have got to get word to Jonas somehow.* An exultancy surged through her.

She went on throwing coal into the furnace until she had tamed it and covered the glowing bed with a thick layer that would take all night to burn. She kicked the bottom draft closed, left the top open and went around to the back of the furnace to prop open the draft on the pipe. Then, wrapping the charred fragment in one of the pages of newspaper stacked by the furnace, she took up the poker, leaving the candlestick behind, and ran up

SUSAN'S FIRST WALK

By BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

He is father,
I am mother.
I hold one hand.
He holds the other.

Slowly, now,
We walk along.
Love between
Is flowing strong.

We are three
In the sun;
In the shadow,
We are one.

now why didn't someone think of this before...



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the cellar steps. Panting, she shot the bolt on the cellar door.

As she went around the big kitchen table her eye caught the flashlight she had left there. *I can signal with that*, she thought. *Why didn't I think of it before?*

She made the security of the upper rooms, and propped the poker against the wall. Here was a real weapon. The baby stirred. She glanced at him quickly, but he did not wake.

Martha laid the newspaper on the bed and opened it. She bent over the fragment. It was a piece of red-and-black checked shirt.

Jonas! How often she had seen him wearing it. He had been wearing it this afternoon. He must have sneaked back after Lou built up the fire. To burn it. That would have been safer than at his own house, where Alice might have caught him.

Now I've got to make them see a signal at George's house. She went to the side window which faced across the ravine. The lights of the house on the opposite hill twinkled so near through the trees. Surely she could make someone over there see her flashlight.

She turned out the lamp, opened the window and, leaning out, flashed the beam on and off experimentally. It didn't carry far, but if anyone happened to be looking this way he'd certainly understand she was signaling. SOS. Did she remember how that went from her long-ago days as a Girl Scout?

That was it. Over and over she sent the message. On and off. On and off.

God, You couldn't do anything about the phone, but please make someone see this and know what it means.

Jonas would see too. Maybe it would drive him away. If he thought help might come, he would certainly leave. He didn't know she was aware that it was he out there.

Then she heard a sound on the porch below. A footfall so slight that it was a mere scraping, a noise she would never have heard if her window had been closed. A light gentle tapping at one of the windows. He was looking for an open window!

They were all locked, she recalled with momentary relief. *Yes, but he has only to break the middle pane in the upper sash to reach the catch.* But they were still locked in up here. She would barricade the doors. *He is a strong man. And he is desperate now.* He must have been peering through a cellar window when she had discovered his identity. Martha was desperate herself. Panic was like a red veil over her mind, before her eyes. She slammed the window and wheeled around. As she did so she heard the tinkle of glass below.

Wait. You can't give way. He isn't thinking any more. He's crazy with his own fear—that I'll be able to tell what I know.

He might have got away with the other murder, but he couldn't get away with it if he did anything to her. Alice would know he had been out tonight. Alice would ——

Suddenly she had the memory of where she had seen the man in her car. In the woods. She was walking with Butch and Lisa up the path that led from the barn and she had seen him standing by a tree some little way in the woods. A handsome man with blond curling hair, bold features, nattily dressed. And coming along through the trees toward him, hurrying anxiously, brambles plucking at her skirt, was Alice. Martha had thought, *So Alice isn't quite the broken-spirited creature Jonas tries to make of her. She's keeping a rendezvous.* But in the press of her own problems, after Drum's news that he was leaving town, she had forgotten.

Jonas was a man who would go mad with jealousy if he discovered his wife had a lover. His pride would be enough to drive him to strike a man so hard the skull was crushed. It was his pride now which was bringing him after her. Nobody must find out. He'd care more about that than he would about his life.

But Martha had no more pride. She had no more self-pity left in her. She had only one need: to save herself and the children.

There! That stealthy sound directly beneath her. He had got in. He was in the dining room. How much time had she until he got upstairs? At most, if he paused to plan what he would do next, only minutes.

She darted to the children's room and, going swiftly to their beds, gathered one sleep-heavy child under each arm. She brought them back to her bed. Lisa cried out. Terry moved restlessly again. Neither woke. She pushed the bureau before the door to the hall. Then she took the poker, the scrap of shirt, and snatched her purse from the chair and went swiftly to the other bedroom. Her cunning now was like that of an animal, instinctive.

Against the door to the hall between the two rooms she shoved a bookcase. The children were hedged in; she did not think Jonas would stop to harm them if he did get to her. There were two more doors left. She pulled Butch's bed before the one to the wing, and as she was moving a small wardrobe before the hall door she heard Jonas on the staircase.

She was breathing hard and fast, her mouth open and the sweat pouring out—whether from heat or fear she did not know—but she was aware of one thing: her fear was different. It was a fighting fear. She would never let him reach her if she could help it.

She stood against the wall by the hall door, gripping the poker. If he did get in the room, she would strike him first. And if he killed her she would see that he was caught.

She let the poker stand beside her and bent to pick up the purse and the bit of shirt which she had dropped on the floor by her feet. She thrust the cloth inside her jacket and blouse against her flesh. Now she heard Jonas in the upstairs hall. His own breath coming harshly. The doorknob turned, rattled. His steps retreated down the hall. She heard him try the door to the other room.

Frenziedly she opened her purse, took out a small pad with an attached pencil, scribbled "Jonas Fielding" on the top piece of paper, tore it off and tucked it after the shirt scrap. She seized the poker again.

He'd never think to search me, she thought triumphantly. *He'd get out fast.*

He came back down the hall.

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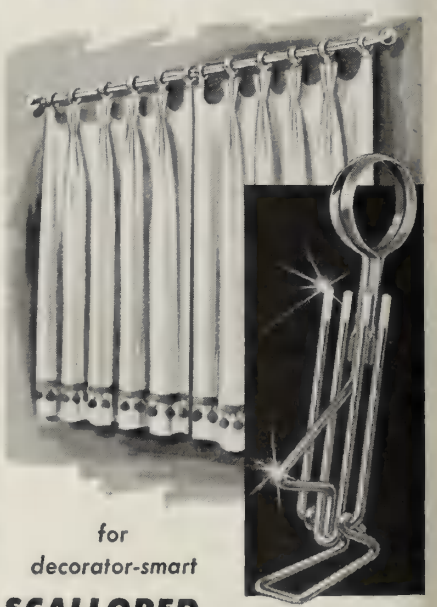
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Mrs. Carroll," he called softly. "Mrs. Carr, I know you're in there. Listen, Mrs. rroll, open the door. I've got to talk to u. You've made a mistake about something ant to explain."

She pressed, silent, against the wall. He was close to her. Her breathing and his seemed be in rhythm as though they were joined in sion, not in fear.

"Mrs. Carroll." He rattled the knob again. Her grip tightened on the poker. If he came ough that door she would crash it against head as ruthlessly as he had crashed whatr weapon he had used—rock or hammer—inst the head of the dead man.

"I can get in, you know."

Her lips stretched in a smile that bared her th. She said nothing. *Come ahead, then. I'm dy for you.*

There was a shattering blow against the or. He had hit it with his shoulder. How g could the old wood sustain such an ault?

A second splintering crash against the door. e wardrobe jolted away from it. She pushed back, crouched down, leaning against it th all her strength. She could hold out ger this way, and when at last the door ve, the piece of furniture would be her shield d she would rise from behind it to strike.

The doorbell chimed.

Laughter gurgled in Martha's throat. It was h a small, ridiculous civilized sound in this ght of violence. It chimed again and she did gh, hysterically, and then she realized what meant. Her signal had been seen!

She rushed to the window, flung it open. 'm here! Help me!"

The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good-natured one.
WILLIAM MAGINN

"It's the police," came a man's voice from der the portico of the carriage entrance low. "What's going on here?"

"A man's trying to break in my room. Can u get in?"

"We'll get in," the voice said grimly.

Jonas had heard. He didn't wait. His heavy otsteps clattered down the stairs as glass ivered and broke on the panel of the front or Martha, bent weakly over the little ardrobe that was to have been her shield, ard him pound through the dining room d into the kitchen. The back door was ammed open.

She pulled back the wardrobe and opened e door. It was only as she noticed the shakg of her hands that she realized they had en steady for a long time until now.

A man's voice was calling her in the lower all. From somewhere behind the house came e sharp crack of a revolver. Martha stumled down the stairs, tripped on the last step d fell, sobbing, against the young police utenant who waited for her.

"It's O.K. now, Mrs. Carroll."

A second policeman, older, stout and grayaired, came from the dining room. "I got im. Winged him in the leg. He won't be oing anywhere. There's a dead man on the round by the station wagon out there. What's appened here, lady?"

"That man was in the car. Jonas must have een trying to get him away." She sank to the eps and told her story fumbling in her louse for the scrap and her note. They listened. heir faces were comforting. Their uniforms ere comforting. It was hard to believe she as safe without having to fight for safety any onger.

After she had told them the older one said, I'll get that on the radio," and the younger ne left, saying, "I'll be back," and returned ith a glass of water. He patted her awkardly on the back.

"I'm all right," she said. "How did you now to come? Did they call you from Rochefort's? Did they see my SOS?"

"Your husband telephoned from Montreal."

"My husband!" she cried.

"I only know what we got over the radio," the policeman told her. "Your husband had tried to call you and couldn't get through. The phone wasn't working. He got worried. He called the station and we got the word, Harry and me, when we were over by the Locust Hill depot, to come here and see if everything was O.K."

"Drum," she whispered.

"He thought something might be the matter with one of your kids. Lucky for you he got the wind up."

"She was taking care of things pretty good herself." The older one had returned. "There's just a couple of things now ——"

"Oh," said Martha, "the baby! It's past time for his medicine. Will you excuse me? I'll be right back."

The older policeman laughed. "That's a woman for you. Always got the kids on her mind. Just like my wife."

Butch and Lisa slept. They had never known. Terry was awake, however, his blue eyes staring up at her. She lifted him. He was less feverish than he had been. He mewed and protested as she slid the spoonful of thick white liquid into his mouth. She cradled him against her.

I was never alone, she thought. *Drum was always with me.* She seemed to feel him in the room. The love she thought was gone from her when he was away was here with her.

Tears filled her eyes and it was then that, for the first time since she had found him, she thought of the man in the car in terms of what had happened to him and not in terms of what had happened to her. He was dead. He had been alive and he was dead and he was truly alone. Jonas was alone. Perhaps that was the worst loneliness of all: to have killed another.

She rocked back and forth holding Terry. *But I am alive and I have strength and I have love*, she told herself; *I will never be alone again.* END



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IS YOUR MARRIAGE A MASQUERADE?

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Have you recently said to your husband, with an absent-minded little frown, "Dear, have you any idea what's become of that close identity we used to have? I think it's lost"? Or, more revealing, has he said to you, "You just aren't yourself these days"? If so, pause and consider—maybe you *aren't* being yourself. The following are "extreme" disguises, and you aren't expected to react with an emphatic, "That's me, all right!" to any one of them. On the other hand, you might take note of any clues seeming to snarl quietly as you pass—and ponder, as you check back over them, their significance to your marriage.

YOUR DISGUISE:



CLUES TO YOUR IDENTITY:

1. Your husband is so thickheaded! He doesn't see that *your* family means more to you than *his* does to him.
2. When you have a problem to solve, naturally you go to your mother for help. After all, you've known her longer than you've known your husband.
3. You think it's just plain mean of your mother-in-law to ply you with questions when she comes to visit. She is always wanting to know things like *How does he like his work?* and *Is he getting plenty of rest?* and *Does he help around the house?* Why doesn't she come right out and say she isn't ab-so-lutely certain you are making her child happy?
4. You deeply resent the way your husband raves like a starved maniac over his mother's creamed cauliflower. *You* can't choke it down him.

THE UNMASKING:

Well, ding ding ding! And how old are you, little girl? What do you want to be when you grow up—a divorcee? No? Then now is the time to learn that any attempt of yours to sever your husband's relations with his family is like suggesting he cut off his left hand: he may not need it as much as he does his right, but he would miss it if it weren't there, and eventually he might begin to think that left hand was more important to him than his right ever will be. You unnerstan'?

YOUR DISGUISE:



CLUES TO YOUR IDENTITY:

1. What you say: "You mean old stingy!"
   Translation: "Will you help me work out a budget so I can buy a new coat?"
2. What you say: "I hate you! You've broken my heart! I'm going right home to mother and I'll never, *never* forgive you!"
   Translation: "I love you. You've hurt me deeply. I'm going home to mother until I forgive you."
3. What you say: "You just don't understand me!"
   Translation: "You aren't a bit psychic; I see I'll have to *tell* you my likes and dislikes!"
4. What you say: "Cook, cook, cook! That's all I do. I'm *sick* of the same old routine!"
   Translation: "Darling, *can* we eat out tonight?"

THE UNMASKING:

Life could be much more festive without that disguise. Of course if you want *to give your husband ulcers, you go right ahead and speak your foreign language; there's always a slim chance you won't drive him to drink. But the kind of mystery a man finds fascinating is not the dual-meaning mask of conversation. It's the tantalizing question of, "How did I ever win you?"*

YOUR DISGUISE:



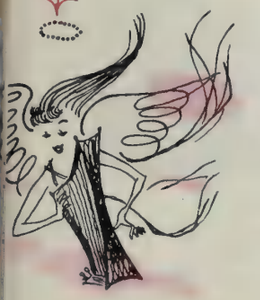
CLUES TO YOUR IDENTITY:

1. Your favorite way of telling your husband you love him is by saying, "I'll kill you if you so much as *look* at another woman. Darling."
2. You are quick to discourage your husband's cultivation of interests and hobbies which you can't—or won't—share.
3. You expect extra-special attention from your husband when you are together at parties. To you, the most important words in the world are, "He *ob*viously worships you!"
4. You don't object to your husband's working—after all, bills do have to be paid—but you want it clearly understood that you're not playing second fiddle to anything as mere as a job.

THE UNMASKING:

It's an unbecoming costume you're wearing, does nothing for *you at all. It's made from an old pattern known as Fear of Rejection, and its effect upon men is to make them feel captured, rather than captivated. There's a very successful pattern called Faith in His Love you might use as a better guide to happiness.*

YOUR DISGUISE:



CLUES TO YOUR IDENTITY:

1. You say frankly that you wouldn't veto your husband's suggestions and carry out your own if it weren't for the simple fact that yours are always better.
2. You feel certain that if your husband would just co-operate, you could help him overcome his many bad habits. One of which being his rude insinuation that you yourself could stand improvement.
3. To compromise with your husband over some difference of opinion would, you feel, only serve to weaken his confidence in your judgment.
4. You sometimes suspect your husband of making sly little attempts to arouse your anger: falling asleep after dinner; working overtime when company is expected; mowing the lawn when you need something from the grocery.

THE UNMASKING:

Must concede, you play the harp well. Obviously, your theme song is "I'd Rather be Right Than be Married," plucked to the tune of "I'm the Lonesomest Gal in Town." Your attitude is described gravely by psychiatrists as one of "rigidity"—and that is lightly interpreted to mean unthinking stubbornness. Actually, you are probably a very nice person in a lot of ways, and once you discover the hidden delight of admitting occasionally you could be wrong, you'll soar through the air under your own power!

YOUR DISGUISE:



CLUES TO YOUR IDENTITY:

1. You have frequent headaches, which vary in their intensity: the less you want to do something, the worse the ache.
2. People don't expect much of you because you aren't very strong. And, frankly, the situation offers advantages which greatly diminish your interest in hardy good health.
3. You seldom finish the projects which you so gaily start. You don't admit that it's because you're "not interested" any more; you always say you're "too tired."
4. One false move from your husband and you dissolve into tears of rage and resentment, reminding him once again of the *kind*hearted men you *could* have married.

THE UNMASKING:

You might go through *the Looking Glass often enough, but you forget to look* into *it. If you did, you would see a person spending time and energy in a search for escape, rather than enjoying the pleasures at hand. Relax. Take up singing—and when practicing the musical scale, don't dwell on the "mi."*



Pets Upsets



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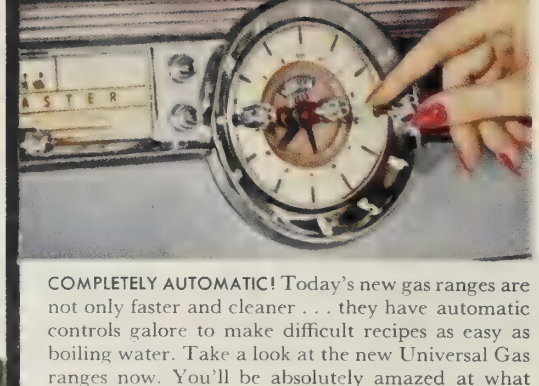
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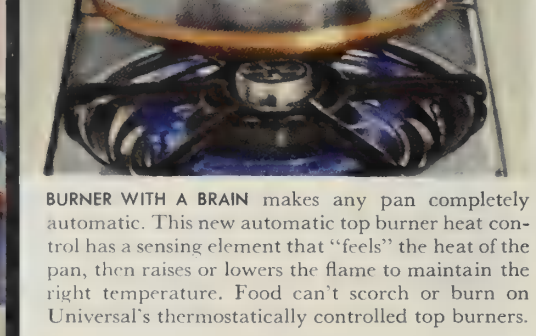
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THESE SEVEN PEOPLE WERE SAVED FROM CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

very year 3500 Americans die of skin cer. For skin cancer, like any other, has y one course when it is untreated. But, ically, only a tiny fraction of skin cancer's 0 yearly victims need die. Skin cancer, the st common cancer of all, is the most cur-e.

n 1902 Myrtle Burt was the youngest , many maintained, the fairest of the San ncisco Florodora Sextet. Two years later was married to vaudeville comic Frank t, and the pair began a long career in show iness together.

n 1943, Myrtle's daughter Miriam was fway through the writing of a chronicle of career, under the title Mother Wore hts, which later became a Betty Grable . "That," says Myrtle Burt, "was when I iced the first warning signs."

What Mrs. Burt noticed was a discharge of od from the rectum. "I hadn't felt very erent," she says. "I guess cancer sort of aks up on you."

Myrtle Burt's family doctor sent her to the tal clinic of a cancer hospital. There, the t day, Mrs. Burt learned that she had cer of the lower colon.

"We don't panic," she says proudly. "It sn't long before that Frank had cancer of larynx. He lost a vocal cord, but he made I thought that I could make it too."

Early in June, Mrs. Burt entered the hos-al for a week of preliminary treatment t would lead to surgery. Then on June 12, 3, they operated.

No one could tell Mrs. Burt whether or not had come in time. "I simply left myself in d's hands," she says, "and those of the geon. After all, what else can anyone do?" The surgery was radical. Through a long ision in the abdomen, the entire lower estine was removed. It is often safer to do s than to risk leaving stray cancer cells hind. The rectum was closed off and a small ening made in the abdomen, through which ste could pass.

This operation, known as a colostomy, is formed on thousands every year. It leads, viously, to a certain inconvenience. But it d not interfere with a normal life.

"After five weeks," says Mrs. Burt, "I was me from the hospital, and two weeks after t I was doing all my own work. Now I eat rything and do everything I ever did be-e."

Mrs. Burt is one of 68,000 men and women o develop cancer of the rectum or large estine each year. Twenty-five per cent of victims recover. But many more could e, should live.

Bleeding is one of the signs of intestinal or tal cancer. But it may not occur until too e. For this reason, doctors urge that per-ing changes in normal bowel habits be sus-ct. Aches, pains, discomfort in the ab-men may also be clues.

Admittedly these hints may be subtle. So is wisest to submit to a yearly medical eckup which should include a thorough tal examination, and at that time mention y continuing intestinal symptoms. Polyps, identally, small benign tumors which grow the intestines and rectum, are precancerous. ey should be removed or destroyed as soon they are discovered.

And polyps seem often to be hereditary. a family history of these little tumors is a od reason for a painstaking examination of lower intestines.

Says Myrtle Burt, "Some people are fright-ed of the surgery that often goes with can-. They're afraid that their lives will be dif-ent afterward. But if you have a nice apple th a rotten spot in it, you can still cut out spot and enjoy the apple. That's how it is th cancer. Frank and I still enjoy our lives."

Nathan Hirsch had never been bothered the large black mole on his shoulder. He not even sure how long he'd had it. When, ring the course of a routine examination, a ctor had said, "Better get rid of that," rsch readily consented.

Not long after there was a little black spot nearby, and Hirsch was in the office of a specialist. "I'm not absolutely sure what it is," the specialist said, "but I'd like you to see a colleague of mine." And he gave Hirsch a paper and an address.

It was 1933, and Hirsch, at 41, had never felt better. But he complied with the specialist's suggestion. "Something in the tone of his voice," he explains.

The colleague made an examination and asked him to enter a hospital for surgery. "I never pressed very hard for an exact diagnosis," says Hirsch. "I guess I didn't want anyone to say it. I knew it was cancer. And I knew it was serious. I felt I had to keep it from my wife."

Nathan Hirsch did try to keep it from his wife. He didn't know then—nor did he know until years later—that she'd already talked with the surgeon, and that he'd diagnosed the spot as melanoma, black cancer, that he had given Hirsch eight months to live.

The surgeons performed what they called "a radical auxiliary dissection of the lymph nodes." This means that the cells from the original melanoma had migrated and begun to grow a new colony elsewhere—a metastasis. It means that in a desperate, but somewhat pessimistic, effort large amounts of tissue from the shoulder and the underarm were cut away, in the hope that the cancer hadn't colonized elsewhere.

On his hospital chart, after surgery, Hirsch caught sight of the word melanoma. "What is it?" he asked his doctor just once.

"Do you read French?" the doctor asked, offering a big volume.

Hirsch shook his head and waited. He saw his doctor every few days, cut his sweater-manufacturing business to a volume he could handle. Then, suddenly, there was another black spot, and another operation. Then, a month later, there was another, and more surgery. The melanoma cells were loose, colonizing, invading, killing.

Some six months after the first operation, Hirsch was waiting in his doctor's reception room, a weak and tired man, when another patient left. "It's really too bad," said the new receptionist.

"What's wrong with him?" Hirsch asked.

"Melanoma," she said. "It's just a matter of months."

Hirsch left the waiting room. "I hit one bar after another," he says. "I was finished. I was a dead man. All I could think of was providing for my wife and my boy somehow. I went back to my office, finally, and sat there miserable and afraid. Then I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror, and something happened. I walked up to that image and started shouting at myself. I wouldn't care to repeat the language, but I gave myself quite a going over. Somehow it gave me back my nerve. I was going to fight this as long and as hard as I could."

During two years Nathan Hirsch developed some twenty new sites of melanoma in different areas of his body, from head to toe. Each was cut away, and he kept going. Neither he nor his surgeon would admit defeat, and somehow he went on living. "I don't know just how many scars I have, but I don't like to wear a bathing suit."

Then, no one knows why, the black spots stopped coming. The visits to the doctor became less and less frequent. That was twenty years ago. Today Hirsch is a successful businessman, working as hard as he ever did.

Says one expert, commenting on the case, "There's no known reason why he should be alive. But we know he's not the only man to beat melanoma, which is supposedly fatal. His case and others suggest that the body may manufacture a sort of antibody for cancer after a time. This might someday give us an answer to the disease.

"But Hirsch's case, in some ways, offers a still more important meaning. The diagnosis of cancer is no longer a death warrant. Even in the most desperate case there is reason to fight back."

Because melanoma usually begins in moles, cancer surgeons recommend the removal of those pigmented moles which are likely to be injured or irritated. Usually, pigmented moles on the soles of the feet, the palms of the hands and the genitalia should be removed before they can cause trouble.

As melanoma develops, the mole becomes darker, begins to grow slowly, becomes raised, and probably crusted or ulcerated. These moles must not be cauterized, treated with an electric needle or cut out by anyone but an expert surgeon.

"Today," says such a surgeon, "probably no doctor would attempt the removal of a black mole such as Nathan Hirsch's without special study and without having special qualifications. Medicine's knowledge about cancer has multiplied vastly in the past twenty years.

"Certainly it takes special training to deal with cancer. None but skilled physicians have this. There are no miracle cures for cancer, though there are legions of cancer quacks. The American Cancer Society and others have studied every purported cure for cancer, and today there are only two—surgery and radiation. *Nothing else will work.*"

BACK VIEWS OF
VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 137

Vogue Design No. 9116, Blouse "Very Easy to Make." Sizes 10–18 (31–38). Price 50c.

Vogue Design No. 9119, Skirt "Easy to Make." Sizes 24–30 waist measure. Price 50c.



Dorothy Harper was a pretty, young blond mother of four active children. Her days were filled with caring for her family, leaving little time for herself. In 1947 she became aware of a continued vaginal discharge, and took time for a hurried checkup, dismissing the subject from her mind when she was told she had only a mild infection.

"A few months later," says Mrs. Harper, "I started bleeding slightly most of the time. I just thought it was some injury left over from childbirth, so I didn't bother about it."

Within a year Dorothy Harper was a different woman. She was unbelievably thin. ("I'm five feet, four inches tall, and I weighed ninety-five pounds.") She was so weak she couldn't do her work, and there was still the constant bleeding.

"I don't know why I was so foolish," she says. "Maybe because I was so busy. Maybe I really thought I had cancer, and I knew my mother and aunt had died of it. Maybe I just didn't want to face it."

When Dorothy Harper finally saw a doctor again, he put her into a hospital immediately for a preliminary study. Her suspicions of cancer were confirmed.

Home from a week in the hospital, she was driven every two or three days to a clinic, for high-voltage X ray. "I didn't know then how desperate the treatment was," she says. "I didn't know the doctors were risking overdoses because I had such a small chance.

"I became nauseated. I felt terribly ill. Finally I went into the hospital for a radical hysterectomy, and I was on the table seven hours. The surgeon said later that by some miracle the cancer hadn't spread from the area."

Mrs. Harper came out of the operating room holding to life by a thread. She was fed intravenously. Private nurses attended her constantly. Dorothy Harper was then 26 years old.

"It was days before I was aware of much. Then I learned that my children had been put into a public home. That's how certain they were that I was dying. My doctor was angry because I'd been told about the children, but I think it made me live."

Dorothy Harper spent months in the hospital. The operation had been successful, but for long months the cancer had slowly destroyed her health. The heroic measures to save her had weakened her still more. Complications set in. She was given twenty transfusions. She could bear to eat nothing for over a month. She weighed 70 pounds. "Then one night," she recalls, "I had the most awful urge for chocolate cookies and peanut candy."

Mrs. Harper entered the hospital in June. By December she weighed 84 pounds, and was on her way up.

By all medical logic, Dorothy Harper should have died. Today she is healthy and active, manages her four children, does her own work, and occasionally works as a photographer's model.

Cancer of the cervix and uterus composes the second cause of death from cancer among American women. Each year some 34,000 develop it. Some 15,000 die. But uterine cancer is one of the most curable of all.

Says one expert of Mrs. Harper's case, "She probably had cancer when she noticed the vaginal discharge. But the tumor was probably too small to find by ordinary examination. Today it would be found."

It would be found because of the vaginal-smear test. Uterine cancers shed cells into the vagina. When a little vaginal secretion is stained and studied under the microscope, cancer cells can usually be spotted long before the tumor has grown enough to be seen or felt.

"Certainly any woman who finds irregular vaginal bleeding should see her doctor at once," says Dr. Charles S. Cameron, former Medical and Scientific Director of the American Cancer Society. "And any continued discharge should mean a visit to the doctor.

"But, in a sense, this is not the ideal time to spot cancer. Every year, every woman over thirty-five should see her doctor for a vaginal examination and smear test, called a Uterine Cancer Cell Examination. If this were common practice, death from uterine cancer would be a rare occurrence.

"A test drive is being conducted in Memphis, in which every woman is urged to give five minutes of her time to the Papanicolaou smear test: 100,000 women were examined; 1700 biopsies were called for and 780 unsuspected cancers were found. The vast majority of these women will be cured, most without a long, serious illness. We hope someday such surveys will be nationwide. But American women, meanwhile, dare not ignore this lifesaving test."

"I'd been coughing for months," says insurance broker Warner Montague. "But I thought it was just a cigarette cough. Gradually it got worse, harsh and dry. I felt all right otherwise, though I seemed to be losing some weight.

"Then I started coughing nights, and couldn't sleep, and finally one morning Mrs. Montague told me that I better not come home again until I'd seen a doctor. I guess I went to please her."

Warner Montague's doctor questioned him, examined his nose and throat, listened to his chest. Finally he made X rays of his lungs. In the outer area of his right lung was a dark shadow. The doctor referred Montague to a specialist.

The specialist said he would have to have a specimen of the tissue that had cast the shadow. Sometimes this specimen can be

taken with a bronchoscope. This is a narrow tube which can be inserted into the trachea, which carries air from the throat, and into the larger bronchi, branchlike tubes leading to the main air sacs of the lungs. The surgeon can then examine parts of the lung and bronchi. When the tumor is found, a forceps device is inserted through the bronchoscope which allows a surgeon to snip out a section of the tissue for study.

But Montague's X ray had shown a shadow in the outer edge of one of the air sacs, where the bronchoscope couldn't reach. Surgery was the only answer.

It was December 15. "I don't see any need to spoil your Christmas," the surgeon said gently. "Why don't you come into the hospital right after the New Year?"

A little more than twenty years ago, Montague's operation would have been considered almost impossible. Then a brilliant surgeon took a calculated risk. As a fellow physician lay on the table, the surgeon removed an entire lung. The patient still practices.

As Warner Montague was wheeled into surgery, the operation, called a pneumonectomy, was a daily occurrence. The chest was opened, and the cancer came into view. The only safe course for Montague was excision of the entire lung. Then the chest cavity was filled with air to keep it from collapsing or being filled by fluids.

Warner Montague still maintains his own insurance brokerage. Too much activity may make him a little short of breath, but he is not an invalid. He is well.

Of the 30,000 Americans who develop lung cancer yearly, not more than 1500 are still living after five years. If every American over 45 had a chest X ray taken once a year, thousands more could be saved. For the cough is often the only warning, and so often it is blamed on something else—smoking, a cold, allergies or bad weather. "A cough that lasts more than three weeks," experts say, "should mean a call on your doctor."

Many cancers never provoke a cough until it is too late. Only the shadow on the X-ray film can tell of the malignancy in time. The efficacy of this is indicated by the fact that in many cities, free tuberculosis X rays turn up more cancer than tuberculosis.

With the heavy flavor of Austria-Hungary in her speech, Mrs. Anthony Clemente, a buoyantly animated woman of 61, tells the story of a spring day. "I work in my garden, hoe and dig. Suddenly I fall down. I faint.

S S S S S S S

The human being that can learn no more has parted with the only priceless possession in the human inheritance. The men, women or nations that harden in their mold, get set in their ways, crystallize their opinions and beliefs, and swear by and live according to their routine habits—such men, women or nations are old; senile decay is at hand, and in them creative evolution has ceased to function.

GEORGE A. DORSEY
Why We Behave Like Human Beings
Harper & Brothers

S S S S S S S

From then I notice a pain in my stomach, like an ache—right here," she says, clasping an area below her ribs. "It comes and goes," she adds. "Always before I am hungry. Now I don't care so much for food, don't want to eat. I lose weight."

Neighbors and friends urged Mrs. Clemente to see a doctor, and finally she went, timidly, to a small clinic. Mrs. Clemente did not care much for doctors.

"The doctor took an X ray," she continues. "But he don't show it to me. Then he come to the house. 'When your husband come home, Mrs. Clemente,' he say, 'tell him stop by my office.'

"My husband go to the doctor, but he won't tell me anything. He look very upset. All night he walk up and down, smoke cigarettes. Next morning he say, 'Buy yourself nice clothes, take a trip and see your friends in Detroit.' Then I get afraid. I make him tell me."

The doctor had told Mr. Clemente that his wife had cancer of the stomach, an advanced case, that immediate surgery was essential. But Mr. Clemente, certain his wife would die, was determined simply to make her last days as happy as possible.

"Meanwhile I get bad pains," says Mrs. Clemente. (Stomach-cancer pains are often compared to ulcer pains in intensity.) "I lose ten pounds. I have bad indigestion. I cry a lot. But I no want to die in hospital."

The Clemente home was besieged by friends and relatives, some advocates, some opponents of surgery. "I get so weak, I can't carry a head of lettuce. I stay in bed a lot. Finally I get mad and go to the specialist the doctor recommend."

The specialist took more X rays, and showed these to Mrs. Clemente. "I was shaking all over. I see black shadow, like the hand of death. I remember all my life. 'Mrs. Clemente,' the doctor say, 'we do this operation every day.'

"'And they all get well?' I ask him.

"'Now, Mrs. Clemente,' he say, 'that's up to God.'

"In the hospital I fall asleep, and I wake up, and it is all over. There is pain the first day, and then I feel fine. Except they won't let me eat, and I'm so hungry!"

Mrs. Clemente was fed intravenously for twelve days. Excess fluids were siphoned away. "They leave me only a little stomach, but I'm as hungry as if I have a big stomach. After twelve days they let me eat. From then I eat everything. I feel fine, except I eat strawberry shortcake too soon, and get pains."

Today, Elizabeth Clemente has only one disability remaining from her battle with cancer. She must lie down for fifteen minutes after eating.

"One thing I learn, which I tell many people," she says. "Don't be afraid of operations. Operations are to *save* lives."

Experts say that only 5 to 6 per cent of those who develop stomach cancer survive. The tragic reason is time. It is almost unbelievable, but the average stomach-cancer patient has had his symptoms eleven months before he ever sees a doctor!

Unfortunately, these symptoms are subtle. They are continuing indigestion, bloatedness, mild nausea, shortness of breath after exertion, vomiting, hunger disappearing after the first few bites of food, ulcerous pain, excessive belching, heartburn. Too often they are so gradual as to be unnoticed. These occur in varying combinations.

"But," says one surgeon, "how anyone can put up with these things for nearly a year, without suspicion, without being anxious for relief, I simply cannot understand. Such complaints, singly or in combination, which persist over three weeks should send any reasonable person to his doctor. They are probably not cancer. But they probably *do* indicate some illness which should be relieved."

In one hospital, a study was made of patients who reported stomach-cancer symptoms, in the first few months: 64 per cent—some twelve times the average—were alive and well five years later.

In these seven cases may be seen the reasons why the American Cancer Society speaks so urgently of time. This is why you hear their "seven danger signals" repeated again and again and again. For these seven cases can and should be multiplied by thousands. Each was saved by heeding the warning contained in one of the following simple lines. Someday they may save your life.

Unusual bleeding or discharge.
A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
A sore that does not heal.
Persistent change in bowel or bladder habits.
Persistent hoarseness or cough.
Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
Change in a wart or mole. END



ROYAL DRESSMAKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

bsolutely Edwardian," said one. "But they re always very polite to us."

A measure of how cautious they all have to e when trying to advise the Queen are the erms in which they must couch any sugges- ion. "I would not dream of saying as I might o another customer, 'This hat could look nuch smarter if your hair were cut shorter,'" aid one of her milliners. "All I feel I could ay is, 'I think this hat will look perfect when Your Majesty's hair is a little smoother at he sides.'" Like all the staff, they must call er "Your Majesty" and never, as their friends lo, "Ma'am."

The formality that surrounds a royal client s carried outside the palace into the dress- nakers' salon. If one of the royal customers vishes to see a collection a lady in waiting ings up to say that Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret or Her Majesty the Queen Mother would like to see the collection that fternoon. Recently a royal dressmaker re- eived the rather touching message that the Queen had seen his collection on television at he palace and it looked so nice she would like o come along and see it for herself.

Mr. Hartnell himself changes into the most ormal British attire, a black cutaway jacket, triped black-and-gray trousers. Fresh flowers or the salon are speeded round. The model girls have their hair specially done if there's ime. All the dresses in the collection are spruced up and pressed, fresh gloves laid out.

One of the saleswomen is stationed at the op of the pale-gray-carpeted stairs leading to he salon from the black-and-silver doorway n Bruton Street. She is there to tip off clients who may not know the form when royalty s about. "Don't speak to her unless she speaks to you. Call her 'Ma'am' [pronounced "Mam"] and not 'Your Majesty.' Curtsy if you pass by her."

The entire staff stand throughout the show- ing, and Mr. Hartnell stands behind the royal chair which is of course grander, and more comfortable, than the ordinary slender gilt salon chairs.

The Queen chooses from the collection for her private life, but she always asks who else has ordered the dress. If it is a businesswoman or wealthy provincial housewife, she will go ahead and have the dress for herself. If it is someone in her own circle, she will not take it. Once she has bought the dress, it is withdrawn from the collection, which is often a sacrifice by the designer, since the chances are that the model she likes is the kind of simple little number that the designer could sell a hundred times over.

So the answer to the question "Can an ordinary customer buy the same dress that the Queen wears in private life?" is yes—so long as it is certain that she will never come face to face with her. But she can never have the same dress the Queen or any of her family wears on a public occasion.

Nothing can prevent the royal dresses' being copied after they have been worn in public except to make them, by sheer weight of embroidery, uncopiable.

Several years ago when the young Queen was to attend a royal film première at the Empire Leicester Square, and meet a group of glittering Hollywood stars, she said, "I want a dress to make me look different." The dress which she wore that night was indeed different—a startling magpie affair of black satin with a panel of white satin down the front. It had one grave fault, however. Within a few days copies were on sale at $30 in the store next door to the cinema where the Queen had worn the original.

With hats there is less stuffiness. Recently Princess Margaret has been pictured wearing the same hat as Vivian Leigh, made by the same milliner. Miss Leigh's was navy blue and white, the Princess' was pale blue and white. And the Princess wore hers a month after the actress had been pictured in her version. "The Princess does not mind at all," said her milliner. "She thinks it is rather a joke. And anyway, no one could mind having the same hat as such a beautiful woman as Miss Leigh." Actually Miss Leigh ordered her hat at the beginning of the season and the Princess did not order hers until later.

Dresses for public or state appearances are more strictly watched. The lady in waiting rings up the dressmaker to say that Her Majesty has graciously commanded sketches for clothes for such-and-such a tour. He is told precisely what kind of dresses are wanted—summer dresses, evening dresses or cocktail dresses—and given the information about climate and background. The sketches he sends later to the palace may not be more than vague likenesses; it would be more than his job is worth to suggest in the drawings that the Queen Mother is a trifle stout and that Margaret is pocket-sized. Or that the Queen has a deep bosom—even though he knows that she knows.

Fantastic secrecy must be preserved about royal prices (but they pay the current prices, around $600 for an embroidered evening gown), about royal preferences and royal remarks.

The bitter fact for those who dress the royal ladies is that they are forbidden to make one iota of publicity out of it. If they receive the royal warrant, which is not given until the supplier has provided at least three years' regular service, they must sign a document which yearly grows more stringent. This forbids them to make any statements to the press, to use the Royal Crown on anything but a label, writing paper, shopwindow or van, or to write a book revealing any information whatever.

Norman Hartnell, the dressmaker, kept to this pledge rigidly for years. Then he wrote his memoirs, Silver and Gold, but he shrewdly decided to send the manuscript to the royal family, asking their permission to publish

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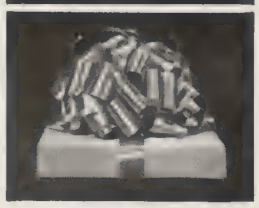
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it. After careful royal scrutiny Hartnell was given this permission.

Currently the royal shoemaker, Edward Rayne, is in hot water. Every time he is described by the press as the man who makes the Queen's shoes he is liable to be carpeted by the Queen's comptroller, Gen. Sir. Frederick Browning, or by the Royal Warrant Holders' Association. Now he can neither confirm nor deny publicly what has been public knowledge for years: the fact that he makes shoes for the Queen, Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother, just as he did for old Queen Mary.

The present rumpus blew up because he stamped in gold inside his shoes the coveted royal crest with the valued words "By Appointment" beneath. The delicate question is whether this is a contravention of the terms of the royal warrant, whether in fact it constitutes making publicity out of his royal clients, and whether the inner sole where the crest is stamped is a label. Mr. Rayne contends that it is.

The core of most criticism directed against royal dressmakers is that they have not made the British royal family elegant, in the way that the Belgian Princesse de Rethy is elegant. But the answer is simply that many of the styles which are fashionable today are impossible for British royalty.

"The press are always criticizing me for my peep-toe shoes," said the Queen, "but I'd like to see them stand all day in high-heeled court shoes."

Slim skirts suit her, as her dressmakers were quick to see. Her hips are a slender thirty-five inches and she has lovely long legs. Both Hardy Amies and Norman Hartnell include slim-skirted dresses in the sketches they send to the palace for her to see. Only once has she succumbed to a straight-skirted evening dress. It was a form-fitting sheath in thick creamy lace which knocked onlookers sideways when she wore it in South Africa. "I don't know how Hardy got her to wear it," said a rival dressmaker enviously. "She has never looked better."

But the Queen has said that she will never again wear a dress with a straight skirt for a public occasion. "People should just try getting into and out of cars in tight skirts in front of all those photographers," she said. Nor will she wear straight skirts during the day: "It means too much tugging of skirts when I sit on a platform," she explained.

Even a full skirt can present a problem of dignity if it is worn on a windy day. "The Queen in Trouble" screamed the London Daily Sketch, showing her in a pretty, printed dress with a full skirt, photographed at Cowdray Park when Philip was playing polo. The picture was snapped just at the moment when the wind lifted the skirt an inch or two. The Queen put out her hand to keep it in place, an everyday incident for an ordinary girl but material for headlines when it happened to Her Majesty. One inch of frilly petticoat was wired all over the world because it belonged to Princess Margaret, standing on the breezy tarmac during her tour of the West Indies.

The Queen's favorite style of coat is a redingote, buttoning down the center of the front. Impossible for royalty is the elegance of a wrap-over coat or clutch handbag, for the hand that grasps the handbag or coat must be at liberty to shake a hundred hands, and to accept a bouquet.

The fashions for which the family are most severely criticized invariably have sound reasoning behind them. The wrist watch which the Queen wears outside her glove reminds her that punctuality is the politeness of kings; the white gloves ensure that the restrained queenly wave from a hurrying car can be seen by thousands; the eternal strap handbags she carries day and evening leave her hands free; the little hats which are her uniform are chosen in recognition of the fact that many people travel miles to catch a glimpse of her face and she would not be doing her part of the job if she presented them with only a brim.

The royal milliners have the difficult task of meeting these special demands of their client without losing sight of elegance. When Danish-born Aage Thaarup goes to the palace with between four and ten shapes in his brown-and-white hatboxes, he knows that chic alone will never sell a hat. "I am famous for the fit of my hats," he says when asked to explain the continued royal patronage. "My hats always stay on." A special wire grip inside the crown coils round the royal head and forms twin loops each side to cling to the temples. Thus when the Queen, wearing a large white hat, drove down the course at Ascot in an open carriage on a blowy day, she was the only woman on the course who never once had to raise a hand to hold on her hat.

Even Princess Anne at the age of six has learned the inviolable royal rule that hats must never blow off. Her little bonnet, wreathed with small flowers, was made an inch deeper in the crown than is currently fashionable among her aristocratic little friends.

It goes without saying that all royal clothes must be free of zip, slip and button trouble. At the Queen's wedding two sewing women were stationed in the Abbey in case her dress needed running repairs. At the Coronation it was decided not to use a zip fastener for the shift she had to discard during the ceremony. Tiny buttons and loops were used instead.

In spite of all precautions there have been two occasions when royal dresses have caused embarrassment. The probing TV eye once caught Princess Margaret at a ball wearing a topless evening dress, leaning forward, and displaying a sensational amount of cleavage for any girl—let alone a British princess. The startling pictures were spread all over the British press next morning. The weekly Woman's Sunday Mirror ran a feature "Are the Princess' Dresses Too Daring?" And the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 236



"It looks fine, Roger. No one's going to notice you anyway."

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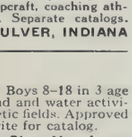
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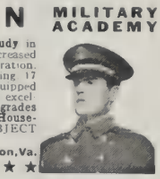
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 234

next time the curvaceous little Princess wore that dress it was modestly secured with two shoulder straps.

The Queen, a hundred times less interested in fashion and a hundred times more careful in her choice, has misjudged only once. The photographers, watching her get out of her car after a long journey, were quick to note that her skirt had creased like a concertina. Next day came the headlines proclaiming for all to see: "The Crumpled Queen."

They wear very little black in public. However much the designers would like to show off the fabulous pink-and-white royal complexions, black is not on the cards. Never forgotten is the day when the Parisian-educated Duchess of Kent made her first public appearance in Britain. She wore one of her chic little black dresses from Paris, and the crowd were bitterly disappointed. "She looks just like one of us," was their summing up.

And black, for all its elegance, can be an intimation of bad news. One designer told us how he once designed an exquisite black velvet dress for the Queen Mother. "It is beautiful," she said. "But the King is so ill I feel that the country might take it as an indication if I wore black."

Nevertheless, both the Queen and Princess Margaret have short black dinner dresses which they wear for private theater or dinner parties with their friends. "I'd love to wear more black," the Princess confided to one of her dressmakers. "I just feel I shouldn't."

They continue to wear their famous pastel-colored clothes, chiefly because they want to create a cheering and sympathetic effect and because they must be seen easily in a milling crowd. The wisdom of this is demonstrated at every Buckingham Palace garden party. Five thousand guests crowd the lawns behind the palace, yet it is the two tiniest figures which are seen best. In the midst of the crowd the little Queen and the pocket Princess, each clothed from top to toe in some delicate pastel shade, stand out from the crowd like the first two primroses in a wood.

The three main royal ladies treat the business of dressing from different and individual standpoints. The Queen Mother, regarded by many as the best dressed, is also the most professional. One milliner tells how she called at the salon with a sheaf of newspaper photographs of herself. "Look at these," she expostulated. "I look absolutely frightful—I must have hats that photograph well." Then she sat down and went through the lot, hatpin by hatpin.

Princess Margaret adores clothes. If she is with her sister when a new batch of sketches arrives she will dive into them, discussing each dress eagerly, making suggestions. The Queen will merely smile and make some pleasant remark:

"Thank you, they look very nice."

In the last eighteen months the Princess has tried out three new hair styles—an Empress Josephine bun, a short cut, and the wide bouffant style. She's had a stab at the bucket hat, worn off the face according to royal custom. She studies all the fashion magazines. And she thoroughly enjoys the flattering comments from the section of the press who call her a "fashion leader."

But, "If the Queen had her own way," said one of the royal warrant holders a trifle wistfully, "she would never move out of a tweed suit and old country shoes." At race meetings she wears a shapeless camel coat and a head scarf, and looks her happiest.

She takes only a cool, professional interest in clothes, knowing that dressing is part of the job she takes so seriously. Not even her most devoted admirers pretend that she is a fashion plate, nor does she want to be. This is not only because she knows that extreme elegance can have a paralyzing effect; it's because she feels a personal limitation and acute shyness too. On a recent visit her milliner produced, with a flourish, his masterpiece—a chic little Edwardian boater to be worn tipped over the eyes. "I love it," said the Queen. "But," she added, "it's much too smart for me."

There are countless examples of deliberately flattening out a chic fashion to suit her gentle, unsophisticated personality. The elegant Parisian white straw hat designed by Claude St. Cyr to be worn at Ascot had a dashing, dipping brim. The Queen ordered it to be made with the brim straightened so that it looked like a schoolgirl's summer straw. The magnificent stomacher of diamonds left her by Queen Mary so inspired one of her dressmakers that he designed a special gown of spinach-green velvet to show it off. The queen confessed she had had the piece cut up; all she had left were two prosaic small clips.

With all this, Elizabeth and Margaret and their mother have scored some notable successes. Today even Christian Dior speaks nostalgically of the British Queen's all-white wardrobe which stunned Paris.

When Queen Elizabeth follows a glittering assembly of film stars, diplomats' wives, millionairesses, or is the star figure in a pageant, she can be relied upon to create the smash hit of the evening.

Her fabulous gown will be only a background for the jewels which are too rare to be priced, too many to be elegant. She will wear a diamond tiara with delicate, jagged edge given her by Queen Mary, the necklace and drop earrings of sapphires and diamonds or emeralds and diamonds given her as a wedding present by her father, on one wrist the thin diamond bracelet given to her by Philip and on the other the wide diamond bracelet inherited from her grandmother and also a diamond wrist watch. Across her bosom is the Garter sash, pinned near the waist with its vast star and with an additional diamond drop brooch on the shoulder, or the two miniatures of her father and grandfather which are surrounded with diamonds and pinned with pale blue bows.

The success and the failure of royal dressing are summed up in the two remarks most often overheard about her. "I saw a picture of the Queen," you can hear her loyal subjects remark, "and I thought her hat looked a sight."

That's her failure.

But at other times they say, "I saw the Queen. And she looked beautiful." That's her success. END

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**3 1/2 tsp. baking powder	1 cup milk • 1 tsp. vanilla	1/2 tsp. nutmeg
**1 tsp. salt	3 eggs (1/2 to 2/3 cup)	1/4 tsp. cloves

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease and flour two 9" layer pans. Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, salt together. Add shortening, milk, vanilla. Beat 2 min., medium speed on mixer or 300 strokes by hand. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl constantly. Add eggs. Beat 2 more min., scraping bowl constantly. Pour half batter into 1 pan. Blend spices into rest of batter, pour into other pan. Bake *30 to 35 min.* or until toothpick stuck in center comes out clean. Cool. Fill with all but 1/2 cup of prepared vanilla pudding mix and sliced banana. Top with rest of filling, whipped cream, banana slices.

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Ladies' Home Journal

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APRIL 1957

JOURNALITIES



Ann Head

ANN HEAD writes that she is pleased to be a Southerner and a resident of Beaufort, South Carolina, "... a town of some nine thousand inhabitants situated on an island and a stone's throw from the ocean. My two daughters (aged fifteen and two) and the dog and I occupy a small white house on a high bluff overlooking the Beaufort River. I was born here, as was my father before me, and we love it."

Like many writers, she admits that writing is a painful business. "I rent a minute cottage in the town (it used to be the kitchen to the big house in whose garden it sits) where I reluctantly come every day, reluctantly close the door and *write*." *David's New Girl* (page 62) is her first full-length novel, but in the last dozen years she has sold scores of short stories and novelettes in this country and abroad.

Between her writing and her children she finds time for little else, so she says, "I have resigned myself to being pretty much of a drudge. After all, you can't have everything, though sometimes I feel that I do."



Ruth Matthews

"As a family scout for the How America Lives series," says RUTH MATTHEWS, "I've earned my membership in the airlines' 100,000 Mile Club—probably chalked up more mileage than that since starting the work fifteen years ago." Born in Sioux City, Iowa, of pioneering ancestors, Ruth's first best friend was a pony. Perhaps it was then that she developed a taste for going places. "I've flown Piper Cubs over deserts and mountains," she says, "and ridden jeeps and boats and horses on the job." After graduation from Goucher College, she was a reporter for the old Public Ledger in Philadelphia, before moving on to the JOURNAL's New York office. "The U.S.A. is my beat," Ruth says, "and I love it."



Joseph Bowler, Jr.

JOE BOWLER decided to be an illustrator while he was still in high school, served a two-year apprenticeship doing spot drawings for detective stories, and in 1948 joined the staff of Charles E. Cooper, Inc. Since his first magazine illustration appeared in 1950, he has illustrated a number of JOURNAL stories—with emphasis on youth, color and gaiety. (See pages 62—65.) He has also done recruiting posters for the Air Force, and last spring spent some time in Europe making sketches for a permanent collection at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. Mr. Bowler lives in New York with his wife Marilyn (who paints, sculpts and frequently models for him) and two small daughters, Jolyn and Brynne. On vacations, the Bowlers are happiest hunting and fishing in Northern Ontario.

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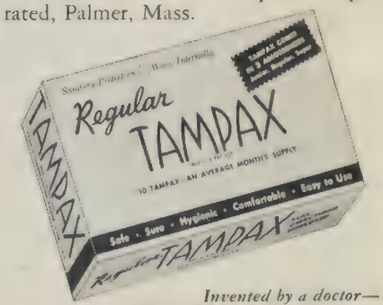
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Our READERS WRITE US

Buy Easter Seals

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: This is six-year-old Walter Bill Cash, of Clear Lake, Iowa, who enjoys doing his own chores on the family's farm.

Paralyzed in the left leg as a result of illness, Walter Bill is the National 1957 Easter Seal Child of the National Society

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN AND ADULTS



1957 poster boy.

for Crippled Children and Adults. He represents the nearly 150,000 crippled children throughout the nation who are helped through Easter Seal contributions. This year's campaign opens March 15 and continues through Easter Sunday, April 21.

Sincerely,
CATHARINE BAUER
Director of Information

Letter to Myself at Sixty, at Seventy and Especially at Eighty

Dear Myself: It's entirely possible that we might get out of touch with each other in the years ahead. I've thought a lot about you and, getting older, hoping we could figure out a way before it's too late to turn the pyramid of years into a friend instead of the destructive enemy that it seems to be to many people. Too many people.

Bankers, budgeteers and business always have a Plan. How's this for a plan?

Cook something new every day.

Even if it is only a new way to put cheese on a cracker, the search for a never-before will stimulate your imagination as well as palate. It doesn't do to let meals for one get dull.

Learn something new every day.

There are lots of words in that dictionary which need exploring. Or why not settle once and for all the relative positions of Burma, India and Pakistan? A globe right beside your chair provides endless material. So do travel folders. That slip in your memory showing? Why not learn a Shakespeare sonnet with your second cup of coffee?

Love someone new every day.

Love given to ever smaller and smaller circles can be a burdensome thing, to both the loved ones and the giver of love. (The final and smallest circle contains only oneself.) A child's face in a cart in the supermarket or the sorrowing face of a woman standing beside you at a bus stop can receive love and enrich you in the giving of your attention. If the supermarket and bus stops no longer attract you, there are lots of new people in books to love.

Listen to a new voice every day.

If it can't be a new voice, it could be a sound which you have never heard. You will see at once that I am trying to trick you here. The listening habit is a pretty thing in the young, but especially becoming to those not so young.

Keep a notebook in which you record at night success or failure in the day's venture. You will find yourself emptying hours, rather than trying vainly to fill them.

And remember you are not alone. If you are working on the plan, I'll be right there with you.

HELEN EVERITT

No Bribes, Now!

São Paulo, Brazil

Dear Editors: I thought you might be interested in the enclosed clipping which appeared in the "Times of Brazil."

ENGLISH TEACHER
Good situation with a nice Brazilian family, living on a coffee farm quite near Pocos de Caldas. They are subscribers to many magazines, including Time and LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. A nice lady wanted to continue teaching four children. Three of which go to school during the afternoons. Please write to Doña ——

Sincerely yours,
GERTRUDE FARRELL

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

NOTE TO OUR READERS

We're tired of hearing about marriages that don't work, about the ever-rising divorce rate, about just plain maladjustment.

The JOURNAL would like to hear some talk from people who are happily married in this year of 1957.

We are inviting any of our readers who wish to write us a letter of between 300 and 500 words on the subject "Why I Love My Husband (or Wife)." We won't pretend that it will be an easy letter to write. For we're not asking for a picture of an "ideal" or "dream" wife, or for a picture of the "perfect mate." Nor are we asking for a definition of love.

What we do want is a highly personal, candid picture of a human being who is lovable because he or she is alive, alive in a way that is special and meaningful to his mate. When you've finished, we'd like one last paragraph (for we truly don't want eulogies)—and that can be titled: What I'd *Change* in My Husband (or Wife)!

Letters must be typewritten—not more than 500 words. The Editors of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL reserve the right to decide whether to publish or not, and for those accepted will pay $350. Readers who wish their letters returned should be sure to enclose their addresses and return postage.



=



What a Peanut Butter! So nourishing a sandwich equals a square meal!



BIG TOP

It's naturally fortified!





NUTRITIONISTS AGREE: One Big Top sandwich has as much basic nourishment—proteins, fats, carbohydrates, food energy—as this meal of lamb chop, potato, green beans.

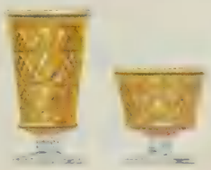
We're not suggesting that you give up hot dishes and serve Big Top sandwiches for every meal. But when you want a quick, delicious lunch or snack, it's good to know: Big Top peanut butter is naturally fortified—a *powerhouse of nourishment*. Just *one* sandwich (1½ ounces of Big Top) has as much basic food value as the meal above, with normal portions shown. All this *plus* important vitamins and minerals.

Enjoy creamy, easy-spreading Big Top between two slices of bread—a glass of milk—fresh fruit. Mmm, what a lunch!

© W. T. Young Foods, Inc., subsidiary of Procter & Gamble

"We're hungry as bears" says your gang home at four
Serve 'em BIG TOP *—*
for golden-good taste they'll adore!

Comes in exclusive "Early American" goblets and sherbets, in addition to the handy refrigerator jar





BETTY CROCKER OF GENERAL MILLS HAPPILY ANNOUNCES THE FIRST

INSTANT Pie Crust Mix

...takes just four minutes from package to pan
and suddenly you're famous for your perfect pies!



ADD TWO TABLESPOONS BOILING WATER . . . STIR



LOOK! PERFECT **BIG** PIE CRUST IN JUST FOUR MINUTES!

Forget everything you ever knew about making pie crust. This new Betty Crocker boiling-water method for pie crust mix is far different . . . easier . . . far surer and better.

Just add two tablespoons boiling water . . . stir.

Roll out a *big* crust with plenty left over for fancy trimmings! This dough mixes and rolls out quicker, easier than any other you've ever known. Pick it up, pat it, roll and reroll—you can't toughen this crust, no matter how much you handle it! It's homogenized—extra rich in shortening so you get crisp and flaky, golden-brown pie crust every time!



PERFECT APPLE PIE! Fragrant, spicy-good filling, rich golden-brown crust that flakes at the touch of a fork . . . perfect eating!

"I guarantee our new instant mix will make a perfect* pie crust every time!" -says Betty Crocker

General Mills

*PERFECT! Yes, all Betty Crocker Mixes—Cake, Frosting, Brownie, Date Bar, Pie Crust, Answer Cake—are guaranteed to out perfect, send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.



LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY WITH A HOTPOINT RANGE

TWO-OVEN LUXURY IN JUST 30 INCHES

(OF COURSE, IT'S A HOTPOINT!)

And with Hotpoint, both oven and range-top cooking are fully automatic!

You simply pre-select proper cooking times and temperatures

Amazingly *modern!* The Hotpoint TWIN-GLO vertical broiler cooks both sides at once, broils almost twice as fast. That mouth-watering outdoor flavor's *sealed in.* Foods cooked this way are so much more appetizing, juicy, tender.

And there's the new family-sized Hotpoint SUPER OVEN too! Its sparkling new silver-grey interior, automatically lighted, is so much easier to see into—and to clean. Automatically, it cooks a complete oven meal for 2 . . . or for 24.

How you'll enjoy automatic *range-top* cooking. It's all electric, you just push a button. Now foods can't stick, burn, undercook, overcook — any quantity in any sized pan. And because both time *and* temperature are automatic with Hotpoint, pot-roasts, stews, soups, french-fried delicacies are sure and easy in the deep-well cooker.

New beauty — smart Fashion Front styling in your choice of five lovely colors or classic white. And all in just 30 inches. Go see it soon!

Find Your Hotpoint Dealers in The Yellow Pages



Be sure you also see this 1957 Hotpoint 39-inch, 2-oven range, most automatic ever built.

Hotpoint

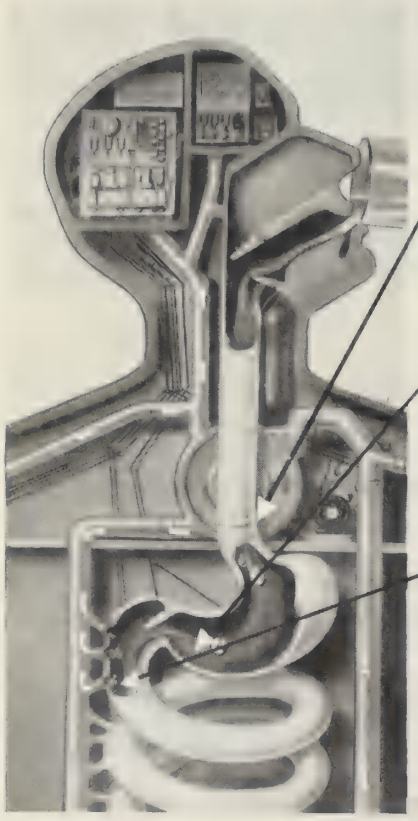
Electric Ranges • Refrigerators • Automatic Washers • Clothes Dryers • Customline Dishwashers • Disposalls® • Water Heaters • Food Freezers • Air Conditioners • Television

HOTPOINT CO. (A Division of General Electric Company), CHICAGO 44



If you've been taking aspirin for colds...remember–

BUFFERIN®



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

✔ **acts twice as fast as aspirin**
to relieve cold miseries and headaches!

✔ **won't upset your stomach**
as aspirin often does!

Medical research shows that most cold sufferers stop taking pain relievers before getting completely rid of a cold.

Why? Many people find that ordinary pain relievers, taken over prolonged periods of time, cause upset stomach.

That's why you need Bufferin. It acts twice as fast as aspirin, yet is so gentle and safe you can take it over prolonged periods without fear of upset stomach.

It means this—from the first sniffle of a cold, right through until the last cough, you can count on Bufferin for fast, wonderful relief.

P. S. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve headaches and other pains, too! No wonder people by the millions are switching to Bufferin.



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

4 beautiful floors...

and here's how REGINA beautifies them without frequent waxing, without hard work



Entrance hall – It's the first floor friends see, so make it sparkle with Regina. Work-saving Regina polishes with twin brushes that cover floors fast in wide 12″ sweeps, go right up to baseboards, into corners without marring woodwork. You get a professional finish in no time! And the beauty lasts so long, frequent waxings are unnecessary.



Living room – Wouldn't you love to have gleaming, satin-smooth floors like this one? Every single day—not just after waxing? It's easy the Regina way. Just a little buffing now and then with Regina's twin buffing pads keeps floors sparkling bright and beautiful *all the time*. And all you do is guide Regina with your fingertips.



Kitchen – For a really spotless floor without hard work—trust Regina. Twin scrubbing brushes work the suds in opposite directions . . . do a thorough-cleaning job on linoleum, asphalt tile, rubber tile, terrazzo, all hard floors. And it's so easy! You never get down on your knees. You're ready to wax and polish in minutes.



Playroom – Here's the floor that gets most of the scuffing and scratching. Yet Regina keeps it smooth and shining . . . even when you use self-polishing waxes. Regina scrubs, waxes, polishes, buffs . . . gives all hard floors a jewel-bright protective finish that resists all kinds of abuse. Works wonders on furniture tops, kitchen counters.



REGINA

TWIN-BRUSH

POLISHER
and
SCRUBBER

Available with optional rug-cleaning and sanding-refinishing attachments

$64.50 plus excise tax

- *America's first, best, most widely used polisher—thousands still giving trouble-free service after 25 years in use.*
- *Ask your dealer for a quick demonstration.*

Find your Regina dealer in the **YELLOW PAGES** under "Floor Machines"

If not listed – mail coupon

FREE! Send today for informative booklet!

The Regina Corporation, Rahway 70, N. J.
Please send free "Bulletin 44—Care of Floors," and name of nearest dealer.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

In Canada: Switson Industries, Ltd., Welland, Ontario

By the world's largest manufacturers of twin-brush polisher-scrubbers . . . also makers of famous Regina Electrikbroom



Mrs. Virginia Ream of Pasadena, California making the Cheer window test.

"I saw for myself! Cheer washed so white I could see the difference!"

Cheer's Blue-Magic whitener makes the difference . . . and only Cheer has it!

Here's why Mrs. Ream could see the difference. Only Cheer has the Blue-Magic whitener—a special ingredient that gets clothes really white.

Why is whiteness important? Because if your white things are really white, you know that your whole wash is good and clean. And Cheer washes clothes amazingly white, even whiter than they were the day you bought them.

Try blue Cheer. Make the Cheer window test, as Mrs. Ream did, and see the difference yourself.



If you judge your wash by whiteness—it's got to be Cheer!

I LIKE AMERICANS

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART



LE DÉJEUNER,
etching by Albert Besnard
(French School, 1849–1934).
Besnard adapted the bold technique of Manet, but made it more elegant. Size, 12⅜" x 9⅝".

ISFAHAN, IRAN

On this long trip with my husband and my secretary to out-of-the-way parts of the earth—if there are any "out-of-the-way" parts of the earth any more—I have discovered how much I like my fellow countrymen. I like Americans for their enthusiasm, their capacity to enjoy themselves and for their humor.

Today one meets Americans traveling around the world for no other reason than to have *seen* the world. Most of them are elderly and retired—for who during his working life can take a year, or half a year, for extended travel? And they amaze me. After sixty-five one expects to be short of breath and stiff of limb. But I have seen rosy-faced old parties clambering over the Acropolis in Athens, rising at dawn to see the sun rise on the Taj Mahal and visiting it again in moonlight, climbing the eighty steep steps to the top pavilion of the fabulous deserted palace of Fatehpur Sikri in India, and exchanging advice about the only hotel in Isfahan.

"Ask for Room Twenty-five. As far as we know, it's the only room with a bath. And don't be afraid of the hot-water geyser. It doesn't explode, although you'll think it will. The kerosene heater lets off fumes—I wouldn't let it burn all night." And (confidentially), "The toilet's not the sit-down but the stand-up or squat kind—you know, a hole in the floor. But you'll be comfortable enough, and Isfahan is *fabulous*, though Persepolis, if you are going to be in Iran, is even more wonderful." And (wistfully), "I only wish we could get to China, even if it *is* Red."

These elderly men and women, still possessing the capacity for wonder which is usually God's gift only to the child, move me inexpressibly. They do not pretend to be "much traveled." They are not ashamed to ask the most simple questions. They eat "outlandish" foods with native curiosity, if not exactly pleasure, and they make friends of total strangers in the most extraordinary way. Back in Omaha or Los Angeles they may—just as I do—bore their friends with their slides and stories, but meanwhile they are having an enriching and rejuvenating experience.

Of course Americans are not unique in all this, but it seems to me that other travelers are more afraid to "give themselves away," to reveal their innocence or ignorance. Americans seem to know that only the admittedly ignorant ever learn. "I've spent forty-five years in the oil business"—or in mail-order merchandising or what not—"but now I want to know more. Tell me all you can." They are not cocksure. They do not think America invented everything. This desire to learn, to acquire information of all sorts, is a wonderful American characteristic. It is not going to make our travelers experts, but it certainly opens shutters in their minds.

I like Americans because of their capacity to dedicate themselves to the problems of men and women in unfamiliar places. We are an encouraging people and I have seen this over and over. Many of the countries we have visited, for instance, have village-development programs based on self-help. The United States is helping to finance these programs and Americans are working with the local officials. Many Americans have gone, I believe, from the extension service of the Department of Agriculture. The Ford Foundation is helping to conduct fifteen pilot experiments in India. It is a program of self-help of the type we at home call "Democracy in Action."

Under such a program the whole of India, with its more than half a million villages, is organized—or being organized—into development units, each embracing a group of contiguous villages. The leaders must themselves be villagers, and not educated too far above the rest. The villagers come together to plan their projects and almost invariably the first thing they want is a school. But they themselves must build it, at least 25 per cent of the cost coming from their own means.

One could correctly ask, "Out of what means?" in countries where average incomes vary from $25 to $60 a year. But the lesson the villagers are learning is that the poorest of the poor has something to contribute to his community. He has hands and a back. He has a donkey or bullock cart. And in every village there is a relatively well-to-do man.

In China, which has village problems similar to those of the whole Middle East and Asia, the "rich landowner" would be expropriated or forced to relinquish his land under threat of imprisonment. But the Indian and other non-Communist governments do not believe in force or uncompensated expropriation. Instead they believe in the universal desire of the man of property who is also a leader to be loved and respected by his fellow men; in short, in the power of communal conscience. So almost invariably the well-to-do landowner comes forward, offering land for the school in countries where land is a little more precious than rubies.

Such universal participation levels class and caste differences, which are still the curse of India. The school that all have built is open to all. As education is a great lifter-up, it is also a great leveler—a leveler upward.

I like Americans because they have a passion for practical uplift, not in terms of preaching but of doing. They respond to the challenge of enormous problems and they believe that none is, in the long run, insoluble. Their idealism is tempered by skepticism without being quenched by the possibility of failure.

"Do you think these people are really going to be able to accomplish all they're attempting?" How often have I asked that question and in how many countries.

Usually the reply is, "I doubt it—but they don't need to. All they need is enough success to realize that CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

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NEW MEATS from SWIFT

Wonderful Easter Eating!



SAVOR-TITE
CANNED HAM
All meat!
No waste!

FULLY COOKED
Serve it hot or cold!

SKINLESS-SHANKLESS
No skin! No shank!
No wasteful fat!

1. SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM YOUR FAVORITE WAY! All three fully cooked when you buy them! All three cured the exclusive Swift-patented way that seals in natural flavor juices! Order yours now for a perfect Easter feast!



2. PACKAGED STEAKS READY IN MINUTES! Just pop them into the pan. No thawing. Four tasty, tender-frozen kinds: Ready Quick Sandwich Steaks, Loin Luncheon Steaks, Pure Beef Hamburger Patties, Buttered Chopped Beef Steaks. All flavor-sealed in foil.



3. HAM SPECIALLY PROCESSED FOR BABY, TO
Mild, *extra*-lean, carefully trimmed of fat. Then steriliz
and strained so *smooth!* Easy to digest, great for growt

help make every day an easy day!



At Swift, we believe that meats—just like cars, clothes and other products—should fit into the fast pace of today's living. That's why we're building new convenience and speed into our products, offering meats that take just a touch to turn them into wonderful eating. The meats shown here reflect our aim: to free you from kitchen cares while you feed your family better . . . at Easter time, or any time!

Swift

102ND YEAR

To Serve Your Family Better



4. **CHICKEN THAT COMES ALREADY FRIED!** Ten minutes in the broiler in its own foil box and this whole cut-up chicken is crispy-brown—ready to eat and enjoy! One taste tells you here's Swift's Premium quality. 3 other ways to buy: breasts, drumsticks or wings. All tender-frozen.



5. **BACON THAT'S CURED WITH BROWN SUGAR!** Lean, luscious and tempting, with a new kind of sweet smoke taste. Brown sugar curing, plus slow smoking over hard wood embers makes the difference. The next time *you* bring home the bacon, why not make sure it's labeled Swift's Premium?



6. **3 MINUTE SAUSAGE!** Quick, easy, with country kitchen goodness. Each lean link of this Swift's Premium Brown 'N Serve Sausage comes fully cooked. There's practically no shrinkage. You eat every bit you buy. Ten to eleven delicious links per package. Just heat and eat!

New NORGE Washer with Dispenser Wheel

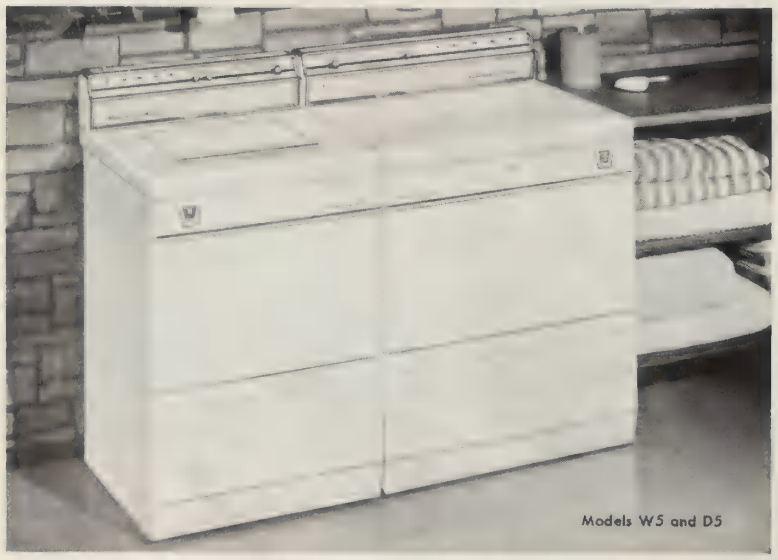
GETS CLOTHES UP TO 39% BRIGHTER, CLEANER... LINT-FREE, TOO!



Automatically makes new kind of rinse water to banish dulling soap film!

Pre-load with rinse conditioner when you load washer. Dispenser Wheel automatically adds conditioner when rinsing begins, to give your tap water greater rinsing power than soft water, rain water or even distilled water!

FIRST 100% AUTOMATIC WASHER • Dispenser Wheel • Hot or Warm Wash Selector • Warm or Cold Rinse Selector • 2 Automatic Cycles • Automatic Suds-Return • 5-Year Warranty on Transmission Components • 30-Day Satisfaction Guarantee.



MATCHING LAUNDRY PAIR—'57 Norge Washer with Dispenser Wheel and new Norge 4-Way Dryer with Hamper-Dor take all the work out of washday!

No More Yellow... No More Gray... No More Lint!



Prove to yourself how Norge gets clothes so much cleaner! Drop a clean handkerchief into a jar of water. Add 1 teaspoon of Calgon, just as the Norge Dispenser Wheel adds Calgon *automatically* during the rinse cycle. Shake jar—this duplicates agitation of rinse water in washer. Now watch thick, cloudy suds float to surface. This is dulling, embedded soap film that no amount of ordinary rinsing will ever dissolve, regardless of the washer, water or detergent you use. Only the Norge Washer with Dispenser Wheel can rinse it out completely, automatically—with Calgon conditioned water. The sudsy film, along with clinging lint, is floated right out of the tub during overflow rinse, without need of messy filters or lint screens. See it demonstrated at your Norge Dealer's today!

NORGE®

NORGE SALES CORPORATION, Subsidiary of Borg-Warner Corporation, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois. Canada: Addison's Ltd., Toronto. Export Sales, Borg-Warner International, Chicago 3, Ill.

BW

4 Happy Easter Ideas with Cranberry Sauce



Special day—special dinner—for Dad and the children, or company coming! Discover, this Easter, how many ways you can get that "it's-a-party" look, with Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce. Its bright-berry flavor dramatizes ham or turkey, even sparks salads . . . Look—and try!



Cranberry Glaze for today's mild-cured hams. Mix ½ cup brown sugar with one can sauce — Whole or Jellied. 30 minutes before ham is done baste with this not-too-sweet glaze.



Cranberry Sauce with Turkey. Choose Jellied or Whole Berry Sauce—when it's Ocean Spray, you *know* it's the finest. Plan ahead, too. Get *extra* Ocean Spray for turkey sandwiches and salads.



Bunny-Face Salad. Slice a circle of Jellied Cranberry Sauce for each person. Cut "ears" from other slices, add cream-cheese "whiskers" and "face," and a mint "bow tie." No dressing!



Buffet Dip. Cut cold meat into bite-size cubes, spear with toothpicks, and serve with a bowl of Jellied Sauce fork-whipped for easy dipping.



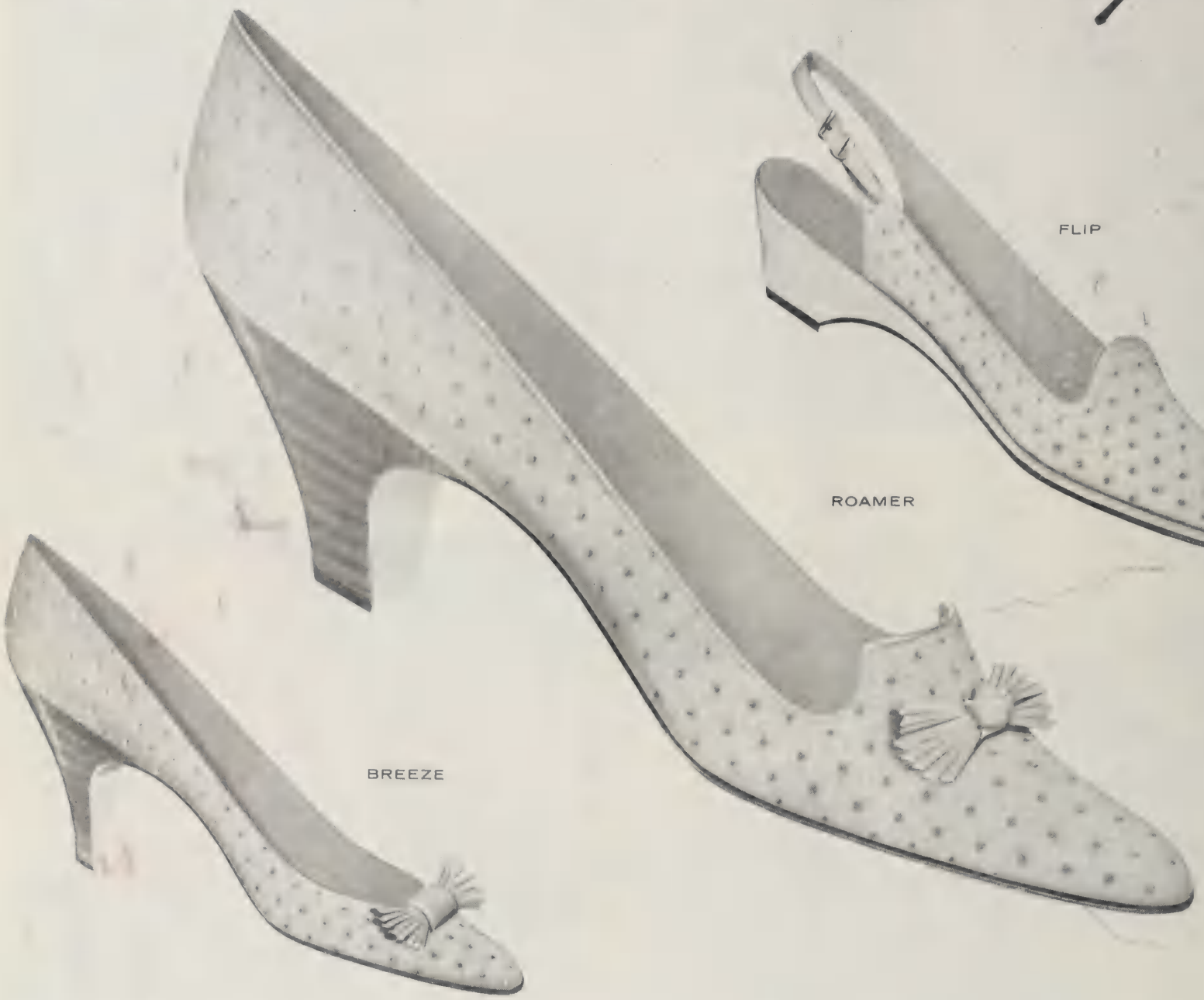
NOW IN CANADA, TOO!

For a holiday flavor—any day—serve Ocean Spray CRANBERRY SAUCE



YOU CAN FEEL
THE SOFT COMFORT
OF AIR STEP'S
MAGIC SOLE

Air Step®



EYELET PIG . . . A TEXTURED LEATHER OF SUMPTUOUS SOFTNESS

Fashion's smartest leather in three smooth-fitting, wonderfully soft pumps. Flexible . . . supple . . . light.

Pumps, **1195** Sling, **995**

Other styles, 8.95 to 12.95
Higher Denver West and Canada

A Product of Brown Shoe Company

AIR STEP DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS. ALSO MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY SCOTT SHOE COMPANY, LTD., GALT, ONTARIO



Tomorrow is a private world, a touch of lamplight on love's face ... the Spring to come ... the perfect moments that follow Midnight.



to be as lovely as you can be ...

MIDNIGHT by TUSSY

mour Set of Hand and Body Lotion plus Cologne, each 2 oz., $1 ... Lipstick $1.10 ... Spray-Mist 2 oz., $1.75 ... Perfume 1 oz., $7.50. Prices Plus Tax. On Canadian counters, too.

"WHAT'S ON MY MIND?
Curity super absorbency"



Baby's headdress—a Curity Rosebud diaper

"Can't stop thinking how comfy I am! My Curity diapers absorb moisture so evenly that I'm never soaking wet, never chafed."

FULL, EVEN ABSORBENCY

Special surgical weave draws moisture through *all* the fibers.

WASH EASILY, DRY QUICKLY

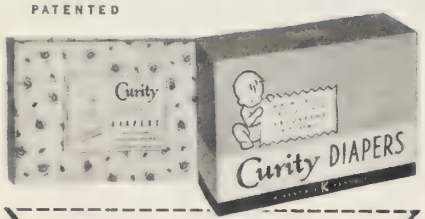
In and out of Ivory Snow or Ivory Flakes — *whizz!* — they're sweetly clean. Dry in a flash, too — smooth and soft.

MORE SHRINK RESISTANT

By actual test, Curity diapers shrink less than any other gauze diaper.

All Curity diapers — dazzling whites, dressy prints and double duty night diapers for sleep time and travel use — available at baby-loving stores and diaper services everywhere.

PATENTED



THE KENDALL COMPANY
Kendall Mills Division, Walpole, Mass., Dept. J-47
Enclosed is (indicate choice):
☐ 50c for full size Curity Rosebud Diaper
☐ 25c for full size Curity Regular Diaper
☐ 75c for both
Send coins only and print clearly. Only one of each diaper to a family.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
Good in Continental United States and Hawaii.

Getting started on breast feeding

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DR. SPOCK

"Breast feeding is natural. On general principle, it's safer to do things the natural way unless you're absolutely sure you have a better way."



SUZANNE SZASZ

"The mother's feeling that she is giving her baby something real, something that no one else can give him, is good for her and good for her relationship with her baby."

I want to talk about factors in the day-to-day management of breast feeding which make for success or lack of it, first in the hospital and later when the mother and the baby are at home.

Some of the conscious and unconscious attitudes which can make a woman decide, during pregnancy, that she does not want to nurse her baby or which leave her in doubt were discussed in a previous article. There is the fear of being tied down, which has a realistic basis in one case and not in another; the fear that nursing will take too much out of her, which is rarely true physically but may be true emotionally. Some women shrink from nursing because it seems too animal-like, and others because it's embarrassing. Such objections occasionally lessen during a pregnancy and give place to a positive desire to nurse. When a mother *does* want to breast-feed her baby, it doesn't necessarily mean that she has no doubts at all. To the degree that they carry over into the nursing period, they may intensify other difficulties she is having with feeding.

The woman who wants to nurse has to take into account, also, the attitudes of her relatives and friends. Some of them will be a great help with their approval and encouragement. But it's wise for the mother to know that there may be others who will try to make her feel she is doing something peculiar, or that nursing is just too difficult.

I don't think breast feeding need be difficult—it's easier than bottle feeding when it goes well—but there are certain aspects of it that make it *seem* more difficult. For instance, a mother can't tell exactly how much the baby is getting unless she weighs him carefully before and after each feeding, which is a laborious business, and which is usually quite unnecessary and undesirable. If the mother does get the figures, they are often not reassuring because in the early weeks the amounts are apt to vary a lot. The smaller amounts impress the mother more than the larger amounts. (Even older babies have been found to vary as much as from three ounces at one feeding to ten ounces at another, and still be quite satisfied.)

If a mother decides one day that her baby has not received enough from her breast, there is of course no way to get more breast milk quickly, the way she could get more formula. Even when there is no sign of insufficiency, an uncertain mother may still be worried by the fact that she has no reserve to fall back on.

These various doubts and apparent difficulties may add up to what looks like quite a mountain to young mothers. Now some of those who nurse are self-confident women who are doing it as a matter of course. Probably their mothers successfully nursed them, so they take it for granted that it's the natural and the easy thing to do. This attitude is actually the most helpful factor in nursing. But others aren't blessed with that degree of assurance. Often it is the individuals who are most idealistic and conscientious who lack self-confidence underneath. They have been convinced of the psychological importance of breast feeding to the baby and they may have come to think that their ability to nurse will be a test of whether they are good mothers. It is these mothers, who deserve the best breaks, who are apt to be bothered most by doubts about their own ability and about the baby's satisfaction.

Now let's turn to some specific problems of the hospital period. The milk usually comes in two to four days after birth, in some cases suddenly, in others gradually. Just about this time the baby becomes more restless and hungry, perhaps waking as often as ten times in the twenty-four hours for a few days. In previous decades when mothers stayed in the hospital for nearly two weeks it was impossible to match this frequent hunger with the hospital's strict four-hour schedule. Some babies fussed a lot, breasts were insufficiently stimulated, and breast feeding was often called off as a failure before the baby got home. Nowadays a baby and his mother are home in plenty of time to work out a schedule of their own that provides enough feedings to satisfy the baby and to stimulate the breasts. Then as the supply becomes established, within a few days, they can lengthen out to something like a four-hour interval. In the hospitals which have "rooming in" the schedule can be adapted to the baby's hunger right from the start.

At Yale Medical School three doctors—George Barnes, Anton Lethin, Edith Jackson—and a nurse—Nilda Shea—made a careful study of the difficulties encountered at the beginning of breast feeding. They suggest that the mother find the position that's most comfortable for her—lying on her side in bed, or sitting up in bed or straight chair or rocking chair, with support under her arms. They point out that if the breasts become engorged and hard in the areolar (dark-skinned) region, the baby may not be able to take the entire areolar region into his mouth as he should. Instead he chews on the nipple, which is painful to the mother and may cause cracking. The answer is manual expression of some of the milk in the sinuses behind the areola, until it is soft enough to be drawn into the baby's mouth. It helps, too, if the mother flattens the areolar region between her thumb and finger to be sure the baby gets it all the way in. Flat or retracted nipples call for the same flattening of the areola and for manual expression if there is any engorgement. It's wise to limit nursing to five minutes on each breast for the first few days after birth, to give the nipples a chance to become tougher and to prevent cracking. It's good for the mother to know that in the first few days she may feel sharp twinges of pain in the nipple and in the healing uterus for a minute after the baby takes hold, but that after a week nursing should be comfortable if the nipples are healthy.

These investigators also call attention to the very different manner of nursing of different babies. The *eager beaver* knows how to get what he wants from the start. The only problems are the initial pain in the nipple and the uterus the first week, and the prevention of cracked nipples. The *excitable baby* is eager, overactive but easily frustrated. If he loses the nipple and screams, he should be well quieted before a second try. The *procrastinator* shows no interest for several days until the milk comes in. Prodding him does no good, it only makes him more balky. The *mouther* has to mouth the nipple, taste the milk, smack his lips before going to work. Prodding makes him furious. The *rester* is a stop-and-go nurser. He usually does all right if he is allowed extra time.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

I'd like to mention a few more factors. An encouraging attitude on the part of the doctor is a big help. Even more important is a nurse who is interested, helpful, gentle and friendly.

A baby is much more likely to work hard at the breast if he isn't regularly given formula during the time when breast feeding is being established. A bottle is easier for most babies to take and makes them lazy about the breast. To be well satisfied with formula at the end of each feeding also reduces his hungriness for the breast at the next feeding. However, there are times, especially when ▪ baby becomes desperately hungry long before he can be put to breast, when a formula or at least sugar water has to be given. Sugar water stays in the stomach a much shorter time and so is less likely to take away appetite for the next breast feeding.

If ▪ mother wants to breast-feed she has a good chance of overcoming any problems that arise in the hospital. It may take more perseverance to solve difficulties that come later when she and the baby are at home. It's important for her to know that the milk supply is apt to fall off for a day or so after going home, probably due to the tension and fatigue she experiences. This can usually be solved with more frequent nursing, on both breasts, for a couple of days.

Generally speaking, the milk supply tends to become more stabilized from feeding to feeding as the days and weeks go by, and it will also keep increasing as the baby grows and needs more. It's the baby's demands, expressed in the completeness with which he empties the breast and the frequency with which he nurses, that determine the amount of milk the breasts produce. This is important to know, because many mothers have the mistaken idea that each woman's breasts have a certain fixed capacity which may prove insufficient as the baby grows. I have been interested to learn from mothers of twins that at least as large a proportion of them are able to nurse both babies satisfactorily as the proportion of mothers of single babies. This proves so clearly that it isn't any inherent limitation of the breasts that causes failure in breast feeding. What is it, then?

Friendship is immeasurably better than kindness. CICERO

Sooner or later a majority of new babies, whether on breast or bottle, run into spells of fretfulness. In one case it may be an attack of colic, or what I call irritable crying. It may be some other mild kind of indigestion. It may possibly be hunger, either because the baby's appetite has taken a spurt or because the mother has become slightly overtired or tense. Whatever the cause really is, the first thought of the nursing mother is that she hasn't supplied enough milk—that she is starving her baby.

Or the baby, like most, develops a mild face rash, or his bowel movements look different from the usual, or he simply fails to gain, during one week, the number of ounces that the mother has come to expect, even though he has seemed quite contented. In any case, the mother is apt to suspect right away that her milk is not agreeing with the baby or that it is insufficient.

The mother who is beginning to worry may notice now that her breasts do not seem so full. She may express a drop of milk and see how thin and blue it looks. The breasts become distinctly full and firm at the time the milk comes in, in response to the intense glandular changes following the delivery. Then in the normal course of events they gradually become softer and less prominent, even though the actual capacity to produce milk is steadily increasing. And breast milk always looks thin, transparent and bluish compared with cow's milk. Actually breast milk does not become thin or inadequate in composition.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

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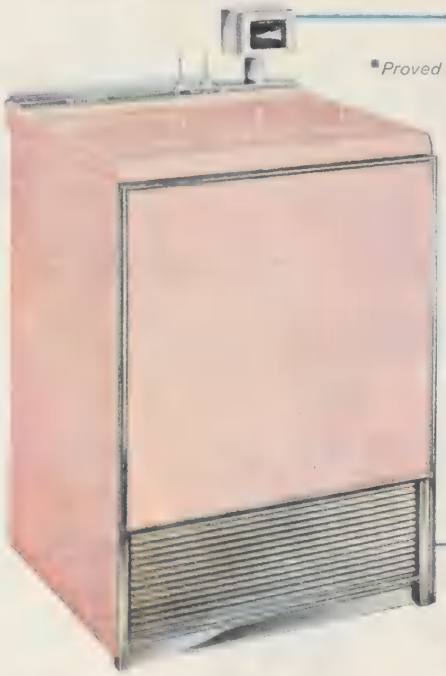


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

At this point the devil which enters the picture is the formula slip which was probably given the mother when she left the hospital, "just in case." The temptation to make up a bottle is terrific. It will make the baby happy again if hunger is what ails him. It will surely relieve the mother's anxiety. So the bottle usually gets made and the baby takes more or less of it. Naturally he'll take some of it if he isn't really hungry, but has colic or some other misery. Colicky babies are well known for the greedy way they go for a nipple again, even when they are stuffed full. They probably confuse colic pains with hunger pains. The mother is relieved to see the baby take some formula and is convinced that hunger was the problem. This of course makes her more ready to provide formula the next time her baby fusses, and it further lowers her confidence in her ability to nurse.

You probably know the sequence of events when a baby begins to get a few extra ounces of formula two or three times a day. If he's on a flexible schedule, he may sleep longer. He's apt to be less hungry for the next feeding. Babies don't seem to have heard about the advantages of breast feeding. Most of them, when they are taking the breast and bottle both, begin to show a preference for bottle—it seems to be easier for them to get the milk out of the bottle. The result of added bottle feedings is that the breasts are emptied less often or less completely or both. These are signals to the breasts to produce less milk. Less breast milk results in lower maternal confidence and more bottles.

He who neglects the present moment throws away all he has. SCHILLER

(At this moment you may want to ask about the relief bottle—does that discourage breast feeding? I think the answer is that when the breast milk supply has become well established—when the amount is sufficient and reliable—it does not discourage the breasts too much to substitute one bottle a day, either regularly or occasionally. It's the few extra ounces of formula added to breast feedings in the early weeks—several times a day—which decrease the breast supply.)

Though most American mothers can't resist the kindly impulse to give a bottle as soon as the baby appears dissatisfied, there are some who hold off for a day or two, despite their anxiety, and allow the baby to nurse more frequently. And yet in lots of cases the baby does not become happy again. Of course the trouble may be colic or irritability, especially if the discomfort is occurring at the same period of the evening or afternoon, and in that case there is no reason why extra nursing should cure it. But even if the fretfulness is due to hunger, the extra stimulation of the breasts may be counteracted by the inhibiting effect of the mother's worrying.

For contrast, let's picture what happens, in those parts of the world where all mothers nurse their babies, when a baby runs into a fretful period because of hunger or some other misery. There a mother doesn't easily lose confidence in her ability to produce milk. She has seen all the other mothers continue to nurse for as many months as they wish to, and it never occurs to her that she can't do the same thing. She blames the fretfulness on the weather or on an evil spirit or on unusual hungriness. In any case, she knows that her baby will be comforted by being put to the breast again, even though she nursed him only a relatively short time ago. If he has any hunger, he will completely empty the breast again. If his hunger continues for a day or two, he will continue to empty the breast more frequently and thoroughly than usual. This excess stimulation is almost certain to cause a distinct increase in the rate with which the breast produces milk in a mother who remains untroubled. As soon as the supply reaches a level that satisfies the baby, the frequency with which he wants to nurse

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returns to what it had been before the fretful period. It's a beautiful adjustment system.

I've been making this sound too simple, as any mother who has had trouble establishing breast feeding knows. Her questions would be: How do you stop worrying when you're worried? And what can you do, aside from more frequent nursing (which you're probably doing already) when your baby seems to be still hungry? There are no perfect answers, but there are partial answers. The first thing to remember is that the milk supply doesn't suddenly drop to zero. Under unfavorable conditions it merely fails to increase, or decreases very gradually. The second thing to remember is that though failure to get quite enough milk for a few weeks may make a baby unhappy at certain times of day, it won't undermine his health during that short period of time. Of course you should keep closely in touch with the doctor (or the public-health nurse) and follow his advice when your baby is not doing well. But you should realize that the doctor will be influenced by your attitude. If you show that you want to stop nursing, he'll probably agree to it. If you show that you are eager to keep trying, he'll probably help you do that, as long as there are no signs of serious deprivation. With his agreement you can avoid giving a bottle for several more weeks. Sometimes the doctor starts solid foods earlier than usual to help tide a baby over a hungry spell. With the doctor's help you can try to blame

Pessimism over the future of the world comes from a confusion between civilization and security. In the immediate future there will be less security than in the immediate past, less stability. It must be admitted that there is a degree of instability which is inconsistent with civilization. But, on the whole, the great ages have been unstable ages.

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD
Science and the Modern World
Published by The Macmillan Co.

the crying on colic, which is, unfortunately, as common in breast-fed babies as in bottle-fed babies, and then see if the colic can be relieved by pacifier or some other method. There's nothing worse for worry about the breast milk than thinking about it all day. You have a perfect excuse to indulge yourself in distracting activities, whether it's TV, bridge, reading, shopping, visiting, or stepping out with your husband. If at all possible, get a sitter and get away from the house at least twice a week.

There are limits to all these suggestions. You can't let a baby who's getting almost nothing from the breast go for even a week without other feedings. Even though a baby is gaining a little weight, you can't hold him to the breast alone for several weeks if he's miserable with hunger a good part of the time. But even in these cases in which formula has to be given temporarily, the mother can later have another try at reviving the breast supply by deliberately cutting down the formula in each bottle by a quarter to half an ounce each day. This compels the baby's hunger to be expressed in more frequent and complete emptying of the breast.

In ordinary cases, though, in which the breast milk has become reasonably adequate in the hospital or soon after going home, no such serious problem need arise and no drastic remedy is required. All the mother has to say to herself when the baby fusses for the first time is: "It would be silly for me, who am interested in nursing, to assume right away that I can't do what hundreds of millions of women are doing all over the world right now, or to reach for a bottle which is known to be the most lethal weapon against breast feeding." In a great majority of cases it's as easy as that.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—Ed.



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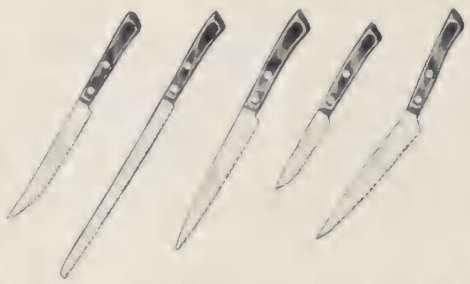
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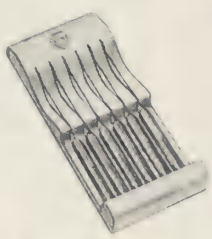
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Corinne Griffith's COOKBOOK



"Wherever we traveled, I gathered recipes."

Seventh in a series of her round-the-world favorites.

This lovely-looking dessert is a year-round favorite, especially pleasing and pretty for luncheon, on ladies' day out.

ORANGE-ANGEL DESSERT

Cut 1 angel cake in half, horizontally. Pour ½ cup orange juice over the cut side of each layer, piercing the cake with a fork so that all the juice will be absorbed. Set aside. Mix 3 cups commercial sour cream with 6 tablespoons confectioners' sugar, 4 tablespoons orange juice—or, if you prefer, Cointreau—and 2 tablespoons grated orange rind. Spread about ⅓ of this cream mixture over the bottom layer of cake. Cover with the top layer, and spread the remaining cream mixture over the top and sides. Sprinkle 1 teaspoon grated orange rind over all. Place in the freezer until 10 minutes before serving.

•

These potatoes are tops with any lamb dish. Try them just once, and you'll see.

A NEW WAY WITH POTATOES

Wash thoroughly 18 small new potatoes and scrub with a brush to remove sand. Peel the potatoes only around the middle, about ⅓ the width of the potatoes. Boil as usual. When done, drain well and put into the oven just long enough to dry. Then literally shower them with salt. The salt should stick to the part that has been peeled. It's different and vedy, vedy chic.

•

One Christmas Eve in Paris we heard La Traviata at the Paris Opera House, and followed this with supper in one of the three crowded dining rooms at the Ritz. At a table near us was the Aga Khan, spiritual leader of millions of Moslems in India, and onetime father-in-law of Rita Hayworth. It was he who sent magnums of champagne to all the nearby diners. This was the salad which was served at midnight.

CELERY-ROOT SALAD

Peel 3 large celery roots. Combine in a saucepan 2 cups chicken stock, 1 large onion, peeled and cut into large pieces, several sprigs of parsley, 3 bay leaves, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Add celery roots and boil until just tender—about 25 minutes. Remove celery roots from broth and cut into long shoestring strips. Mix together ⅓ cup tarragon vinegar, ⅔ cup salad oil, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon freshly ground pepper. Add to the celery root while it is still hot. Chill thoroughly. Drain and serve very cold on lettuce.

•

At one time Austine (Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr.) held luncheon fashion shows in Washington. She had only to wave her hand and the wives of Supreme Court justices, senators, diplomats and Cabinet officers appeared.

Austine chattered along, commented on current events, and awarded prizes to the ladies. At these luncheons Chicken Austine was a feature.

CHICKEN AUSTINE

Make a sauce with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons flour and ½ cup milk. Add 2 cups cooked diced chicken, ½ cup light cream, a dash of cayenne, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer for 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Add 1 tablespoon sherry if you wish. Split 3 avocados, peel and remove pits. Fill the hollows with the chicken mixture. Brown under the broiler.

•

FITZMAURICE HASH

Wash 1 medium eggplant. Do not peel. Cut into ¼" slices. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut 2 medium tomatoes into ¼" slices and sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt. Sauté 1 large onion, chopped, in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine until tender. Add 1 pound ground round of beef and sauté until meat is well browned. Add 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Sauté the eggplant slices in butter or margarine until brown on both sides, using a teaspoon of butter at a time. Drain. Mix meat, eggplant and tomato slices and place in a 4-quart casserole. Cover and bake in a moderate—350° F.—oven for 1 hour. Remove cover and brown for about 5 minutes. Makes 4–6 servings.

•

AFTERTHOUGHT

There is nothing in such good taste as plain boiled salmon; plain melted butter poured over the salmon, and plain freshly ground horse-radish sprinkled on top. Try it sometime with plain boiled new potatoes. It's just plain good.

Editors' Note: Corinne Griffith, the motion-picture star, has collected recipes in many countries—from famous hosts and hostesses and from obscure (but superb) cooks.

Copyright, 1954, by Corinne Griffith. Corinne Griffith's cookbook, Eggs I Have Known, has been published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York.

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PROTECTING CHILDREN AGAINST SEX OFFENDERS ...Omaha, Nebraska



LEW MERRIM

The open car door and an invitation from a stranger are signs of danger. In Omaha, Nebraska, P.T.A. members teach youngsters to refuse anyone who offers them a ride—and to write down the license number.

Parents and Teachers Can Help

By MARGARET HICKEY

Punishment is frequently all society has to offer the sex offender in the way of "treatment." We are hampered in helping sexually abnormal persons by scarcity of medical facilities and we are hindered in protecting our children by poor enforcement of inadequate laws which set offenders free after a jail term or a fine.

When parents become aroused to the danger to their children, as they did in Omaha (story opposite), they can band together to investigate conditions in their town and spur city officials to work toward better laws and enforcement and the establishment of a psychiatric clinic for offenders. These are long-range aims, of course, and take time. But parents and teachers can also *prevent* many sex crimes by training children to avoid perilous situations. Dr. Alice Sowers, director of the Family Life Institute at the University of Oklahoma, believes in talking over an objective plan of action with youngsters, stressing the importance of reporting suspicious actions of strangers to parents, teachers, a policeman, storekeeper or some older person. She offers specific advice for certain situations:

Any stranger who asks you to go anywhere with him—be polite but firm; say "No."

Any stranger who invites your friends to go with him—write down the license number of the stranger's car. No pencil handy? Scratch with a stone on the pavement or in the dust.

Any stranger who tries to talk with you in a movie theater—tell the usher.

Any stranger who tries to touch you at the movies—tell the usher.

Any stranger who tries to join you in games—be polite, but say "No." If he insists, report him.

Any stranger who talks to you, offers you candy or toys, invites you to get into a car with him, or bothers you in any way—report him at once to the first older person you see.

Youngsters need not be frightened by the possibility of having horrible things happen to them if parents use the same tone and approach as when they talk traffic safety, Doctor Sowers says. "Look to the left and to the right before you start to cross the street," a mother may tell her youngster, "and don't get in a car with a stranger." If an incident occurs in the neighborhood, the mother can minimize the disturbing effect it might have on her child by discussing it with him calmly. END

"This is no place for a child," Mrs. E. C. Torgerson thought as she looked around the police courtroom at the bums, petty criminals and drunks slouched on the wooden benches. Had she done right after all in persuading the little girl's mother to press charges?

Mrs. Torgerson was chairman of the Juvenile Protection Committee of the Omaha, Nebraska, P.T.A. council. She thought of her own little Susan as she watched the eight-year-old walk uncertainly toward the judge and face the defendant—a man accused of indecent exposure and trying to pick up the child in his car. Mrs. Torgerson strained to hear the murmured testimony of the six witnesses—neighbors who had seen the man in the car. Then she heard very audibly the judge's verdict: "Case dismissed—failure of proof."

All that afternoon in June, 1955, Clarice Torgerson wondered how children could be protected against such offenders. What was to prevent them from committing the same act again and again or eventually harming a child seriously? In April, the Omaha P.T.A. council had supported proposed state legislation to make a psychiatric examination compulsory for anyone picked up on a sex charge. Its efforts were unsuccessful.

Now, parents, knowing of the P.T.A.'s interest, called the council frequently. "This man has been trying to pick up children around our school and saying parents sent him," one father said. "We reported him to the police, but never heard any more about it." And from a distraught mother: "We sat in court for two hours before we discovered the hearing was over an hour before we arrived." Another: "Every time we call the police station, a different man is working on the case." . . . "Can the P.T.A. help us?" all wanted to know.

To find out whether laws were weak or whether there was a breakdown in law enforcement, Mrs. Harry F. Schneiderwind, council president for the term May, 1954, to May, 1956, asked Mrs. Torgerson and her committee to undertake a special study. Brunet Clarice Torgerson, though slim and small, nevertheless had a talent for organization and getting things done, and she was interested in the problem. Her first move was to study laws and court procedures. During the summer months of 1955 she and her committee members—Mrs. George Lindsay, Mrs. William Bell and Mrs. Glen Flynn, all mothers of school-age children—read and discussed a recent Juvenile Court survey, the state's sexual-psychopath law and city ordinances prohibiting sex offenses, and gathered figures on prosecution of cases from Douglas and other Nebraska counties. Their own Douglas County, they found, lagged behind others in prosecution.

In September, the committee called on Chief of Police Harry M. Green, told him about parent complaints about cases involving their children. The chief's answer was a suggestion: "Why don't you go through our police files—follow cases right from the time they're reported through the court prosecution?"

From then on, the committee was up to its ears in police "squeal sheets," the actual reports of crimes. Accompanied by twelve volunteer typists, all P.T.A. mothers and all carrying their own big standard typewriters, the committee set up headquarters at a long interrogation table in the Detective Bureau assembly room. Facing them on one wall were mug pictures of wanted criminals; on another, an exhibit of firearms. From an alcove behind them, they could hear detectives interviewing suspects in the daily roundup. Three detectives were assigned to bring in records of cases from various departments, including dusty boxes from the basement. The typists copied each squeal sheet, then committee members followed up as best they could.

It was a frustrating job, Clarice Torgerson recalls. Important documents were missing from some files. Many offenders were not charged under the sex ordinances and got off with lighter penalties or dismissals. Many cases were stalemated by delays or continuances until finally the victims dropped the charges. One of the reasons, they learned, was lack of man power in the city prosecutor's office. The system is wrong, a municipal judge told them. There was only one assistant prosecutor to handle a growing criminal docket without the time to investigate cases before they came up in Criminal Court. But whenever a case did get to court, a P.T.A. committee member was there to watch the prosecuting attorney in action, verify the stories of parents, take note of dismissed cases and postponements. Newspaper reporters, sensing a story, followed the women from courtroom to police station to City Hall and back again. But the women refused to tell what they were doing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

During these weeks of research and investigation, lunches were forgotten. Mrs. Torgerson would drive Susan to school, work at the police station from 9:30 A.M. to 3 P.M., then hurry out to pick up Susan and get supper ready. Husbands helped out with meal planning and dishwashing (George Lindsay later complained of dishpan hands). Finally, when the police files were completed and the women had pulled together a list of all known sex offenders, which previously had not existed, they went into District Court. Again they received willing cooperation. The clerk opened his files to them, and the typing continued into January.

These cases were not complete either—and there were long delays in the disposition of many appeal cases. Mrs. Lindsay tells of watching one District Court hearing in which a child was trying to remember details of an incident that had taken place fourteen months before. Again, some sex offenders were brought up on other charges. A typical case concerned a man accused of molesting three different children within six weeks. Each time the offender was released on bond. Some suspects were never seen again. After putting up a $100 bond they were released and simply vanished.

At the end of January, 1956, the committee went to Lincoln to talk to Gov. Victor E. Anderson and Attorney General Clarence S. Beck about their findings on the 300 cases they had studied for 1954 and 1955. "Our chief concern is for the safety of our children," Mrs. Lindsay said, pointing out that

He who is most slow in making a promise is usually the most faithful in the performance of it.

ROUSSEAU

the 1955 cases represented a 50 per cent increase in reported molestation cases over 1954. "And we're wondering about the dismissals of repeat offenders. We want to find out if our laws are weak or the blame lies in court procedures."

Both the attorney general and the governor agreed that Nebraska law was adequate. The "debauching a minor" statute provided for psychiatric examination on a second morals charge, after which an offender might be committed to a state mental hospital if found to be a sexual psychopath. If not found to be a sexual psychopath, an offender can be imprisoned in the penitentiary for not less than five nor more than ten years. Under the sexual-psychopath law, an offender so charged is examined by two psychiatrists. If the latter concur, the offender may be committed by the court to one of the four state mental hospitals for treatment. But many escaped the state law, the women emphasized, pointing to their report, instead were charged with vagrancy, assault and battery or other nonsex violations. And in these cases, the records of those convicted did not show that the actual offense involved sex deviation.

"This is definitely a problem of local enforcement," the governor felt. But, he pointed out, the state could not tell local officials how to run their business. That was a job the P.T.A. could do—by assuming a "watchdog" role to see that sex-offense laws were properly enforced.

"But what about these delays in criminal cases and the lack of complete records in the hands of our authorities?" the women wanted to know.

Governor Anderson then suggested that the group confer with city and county officials. He himself would attend the meeting, he said.

Driving back to Omaha, the committee talked over the governor's suggestion and came to the conclusion that taking their report to local officials would be like working on a book review for a year and then handing it back to the author.

Instead, the Juvenile Protection Committee consulted several attorney members of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

P.T.A. and drew up detailed recommendations for improving law enforcement in sex cases. Then they gathered together their files and made an appointment to see the editor of the Omaha World-Herald. On February 27, 1956, the newspaper proclaimed on its front page: "P.T.A. Asserts Sex Offenses Against Children Mishandled," with synopses of thirty-seven of the actual cases studied by the P.T.A. appearing on a full page inside. The following day, the Juvenile Protection Committee's recommendations were published—"a most impressive social document," the newspaper commented editorially.

Judges "no longer qualified" to sit on the bench were urged to resign. The county attorney's office was asked to adopt an "adequate records and follow-up" system to prevent "forgotten" cases. All deputy attorneys, the P.T.A. said, should be hired full time and prevented from carrying on private practice. The P.T.A. asked for higher bonds on persons committing sex offenses against children. It also urged the hiring of full-time attorneys in the city prosecutor's office so "the prosecutor will have full knowledge of the facts prior to entering the courtroom." The police department was asked to assign full-time officers to sex cases.

A week later at a city-wide P.T.A. meeting, 400 members of the Omaha council greeted the reading of the recommendations with a loud burst of applause. Individual units contributed $750 toward the committee's future expenses.

To step up the police program of prevention of child-molestation cases and apprehension of offenders, Chief Green ordered 50,000 cards to be printed and distributed by P.T.A. to parents and teachers. The cards carried simple rules for children to follow: "Point out the dangers of associating with strangers and caution them against going for rides or walks with anyone they do not know; teach them to write down the license numbers of cars driven by persons who attempt to pick them up or molest them in any manner. Tell them to notify the first person they see or go to the nearest house so the police may be called immediately. Get a description of the man, his appearance and wearing apparel and color of car."

A woman happy with her husband is better for their children than a hundred books on child welfare.

ANON.

To encourage parents and teachers to report all suspicious characters, Chief Green promised that all reports would be followed up immediately. The department had just received approval from city council for 20 new men (in addition to 15 extra already approved in the 1956 budget) because of a recognized need for more police protection in Omaha. Now Chief Green could order school areas to be rigidly patrolled during hours children were en route to and from school.

One plain-clothes detective soon learned how vigilant parents and teachers had become. Answering a complaint about a man trying to pick up children near a school, he spent an entire lunch hour parked near the school watching for the suspect. He saw nothing out of the usual and went back to the station. In his absence, he discovered, another alarm had been turned in—and the description fitted *him* perfectly, even down to his license number!

In March the first recommendation from the P.T.A. survey went into effect when Chief Green announced the appointment of Sgt. John Gallagher to handle all sex-molestation cases and to co-operate with the P.T.A. in their future surveys. Furthermore, Sergeant Gallagher had already started to set up a new record system to follow sex cases from their very beginning to their disposition. This would result in better prosecution, he



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felt, because previous police records must always be offered as evidence in a new case.

On May 9, the mayor and city council followed Chief Green's example by appointing two additional half-time assistant prosecutors to the city legal department.

A special committee appointed by the Bar Association to study the P.T.A. survey helped put into effect another recommendation. The bar committee asked the presiding judge of Municipal Court to hear all sex cases involving children in City Hall instead of Police Court. From then on, private hearings, with only parents, victims, witnesses and a P.T.A. representative allowed to attend, were scheduled in City Hall.

Another group deeply troubled by the revelations of the P.T.A. survey was the Omaha Council of Churches. Shortly after publication of the survey, the council's Committee on Community Relations talked to several leading attorneys from all religious groups. Newspaper reporters and a judge of the District Court were there. Their opinions all pointed to the same problem, Dr. Edward W. Stimson, of Dundee Presbyterian Church, reported back to the Council of Churches: the existence of an informal "you-help-me-I'll-help-you" arrangement involving certain defense attorneys, judges, prosecuting attorneys and professional bondsmen. This "palsy-walsy" co-operation, as Doctor Stimson put it, resulted in continuances, delays and general inefficiency. Lowered police morale and discouraged witnesses resulted.

With church permission, Doctor Stimson organized a Citizens Committee for Law Enforcement. Twenty leading Omahans—businessmen, the superintendent of schools, past president of the League of Women Voters—were to recruit good new candidates for the municipal and district courts and actively back a slate. Individual P.T.A. members helped quietly by campaigning. Said one mother who had helped type the P.T.A. survey results, "This is the first time I've been really *sure* about my vote in a local election." Churchwomen telephoned voters and sent out election fliers. Businessmen helped pay for newspaper advertisements.

On Election Day, the entire Citizens Committee slate for both courts was put into office.

Clarice Torgerson, continuing her work on the "watchdog" committee, will tell you now that there are fewer dismissals and postponements. Appeal cases are moving along more rapidly. She has expanded her Juvenile Protection Committee to include a chairman at nearly every public school in Omaha. These women encourage parents to report every incident involving a child so that police will have complete information about sex offenders. Then Sergeant Gallagher, who wears plain clothes and drives an unmarked car, will call at the home to get the facts, even drive the child and her parents to court. When a case goes to court, the Juvenile Protection chairman from the school is there, too, giving moral support and observing how laws are being enforced.

The P.T.A. hopes eventually for state legislation making psychiatric examination compulsory for anyone picked up on a sex charge, and also providing early psychiatric care for juveniles who show signs of sex deviation. To further that aim, the P.T.A. in recent weeks has been meeting with psychiatrists of the Nebraska Psychiatric Institute, the presiding judge of the District Court, a state legislator and a representative from the county attorney's office.

"A fine or jail is not the answer. Judges should have another choice," Mrs. Torgerson declares. That is the goal the P.T.A. Juvenile Protection Committee is working toward. END

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—DOES A LOT FOR ME BY CLAIRE McCARDELL

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IN CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR



There's a lovely sparkle about you, too...*when you wear a Lux Complexion*

. . . so becoming to Pier Angeli and to you . . . a complexion that's fresh and glowing, soft and smooth. And, with Lux care, as easy for you to have as it is for Pier Angeli!



There's a certain look of loveliness that begins with a Lux Complexion. Pier Angeli has it—and you can, too. Lux, with its rich creamy *Cosmetic lather*, its mild and gentle ways, is so good to your skin. Then there's more—the Lux fragrance, best-liked soap perfume in the world *and* the sealed protection of gold foil.

These are some of the logical reasons for this romantic result—*a complexion you'll love and he'll love, too*—with Lux care!

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX



(see opposite page)

Five ways to bring lifelong beauty to your home with Community



Morning Star* (top and on opposite page) Inspired by a priceless jade carving, is sophisticated, modern.

(*left to right, above*)

South Seas* is daring, different. A new idea in design, its flowing lines recall restless seas, curving shore.

Twilight* has tapered handles, curving tips, shell motif sparkling like a single jewel. Classically elegant, graceful.

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COMMUNITY
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



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"The trouble with chintz is that I'm always sorry afterwards."

The perfect book for April is **A GUIDE TO EARLY AMERICAN HOMES**, by ***Dorothy*** and ***Richard Pratt*** (McGraw-Hill). This comes in two volumes, *North* and *South*—from Maine to Delaware and from Maryland to Florida. These should be superlative traveling companions, especially on a long leisurely automobile trip, for they contain not only exquisite photographs, many of which we have already seen in the JOURNAL, but pithy historical data about the houses, and information as to how to reach them, and when and how to get into them. To drive thus, slowly and beautifully into the past, sounds like heaven!

●

When an English visitor in India complained that there were 9,000,000 monks at large begging from the people, Rabindranath Tagore, the famous literary figure of the day, replied that there probably were that many, and that it was worth while to support them all because among them there were nine saints. Were there, he asked, nine saints in England? . . . A devout Moslem enters a telephone booth at the United Nations at regular intervals daily, it is said, faces toward Mecca and performs his act of prayer.

●

English naturalist ***Gerald Durrell*** has written another amusing book, **MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS** (Viking). This is a departure for its prolific author, but if you have had the unalloyed joy that comes with reading *The Overloaded Ark* and *The Bafut Beagles*, you will devour what that particular naturalist-on-the-prowl has to say now of life on Corfu. This is where his mother took her four children to live when little Gerry was ten. It is a busy funny book. His wife laughed uproariously when reading the manuscript, he says, which pleased him greatly until he learned that it was his spelling that amused her. I not only laughed with him, but followed the small-size detailed nature wandering of the ten-year-old with complete absorption. Especially when he brought a female scorpion into the house with hundreds of babies on her back, and inadvertently left her overnight in a matchbox in the dining room.

Gerald's brother is Lawrence Durrell, the poet. Even in the Corfu days Larry was the bookish one. In fact, when the family flew there from England his luggage consisted of two trunks of books and a briefcase containing his clothes. Gerry carried a butterfly net, a dog, and a jam jar full of caterpillars all in imminent danger of turning into chrysalids.

●

An American naturalist, ***Hal Borland***, has also written a fine book, **THIS HILL, THIS VALLEY** (Simon & Schuster). It is made up of those excellent nature paragraphs which appear on the editorial page of The New York Times, arranged here in chronological order to give a portrait of the country year. (Hal Borland wrote a book about his Colorado boyhood that came out last year, *High, Wide and Lonesome.*)

■

THE BLACK OBELISK, by ***Erich Maria Remarque*** (Harcourt, Brace), though classed as fiction, is surely a picture of the author as a young man in Germany, the war behind him and the world ahead.

This is Germany in 1923, when inflation was at its height and the country in the grip of a wild exhilaration. The onetime soldiers are now running a gravestone business and lighting their cigarettes with hundred-mark bills. But there is no bitterness. It is a brilliant picture of the carefree gaiety of a long-past European youth, and one knows what delight Remarque must have had in its complete recapture.

●

Hildegarde Dolson, well known to JOURNAL readers, has written a most engaging novel, **A GROWING WONDER** (Random House), about some odd characters in New York's artistic Bohemia. There is not a cliché in the book, or a figure that doesn't jump up, alive, on the page.

This is a love story, also the story of a remarkable child—a young Leonardo comparable to Aldous Huxley's Young Archimedes in its understanding of youthful genius. For good measure Miss Dolson toasts a progressive school to a nice brown, and does a deadly job on one of those arrogant self-centered sweet-girl graduates.

Sometimes you see an ill-assorted couple and wonder. ***Martha Albrand***, author of many a thriller, has apparently also seen such a combination, and it has given her pause: a mean little man, physically repulsive, scheming, coarse; and a sensitive, charming young woman, well born and cultivated. How—with all the world's vagaries—could this be? This is the question she essays to answer in her novel, **THE OBSESSION OF EMMET BOOTH**, and it comes out an absorbing and sinister psychological tale. (Random House.)

■

Another situation for a novelist to ponder—one that comes up too often in our American life—is that of parents' divorce and its effect upon the children.

There have been many novels written on this painful subject, but the most appealing I have read is **SUNDAYS FROM TWO TO SIX**, by ***Virginia Abaunza*** (Bobbs Merrill). This is told from the point of view of a young girl whose mother has just broken the news, and it is fresh, tender, sometimes even amusing in its picture of family life—a lovely book.

●

With Easter coming upon us so late, in what should be the first full flush of spring, and a big snowstorm predicted for the following week, we are of two minds about which book to recommend—**WORLD RELIGIONS**, by ***Benson T. Landis***, or ***Joe Bolton's*** **THE WIND AND THE WEATHER**. Possibly even the (Old) **FARMER'S ALMANACK**, which predicts the storm and must be expected to speak with authority, having survived since 1792.

The Wind and the Weather **(Crowell) is a good readable book on that ever-popular subject, presented rather**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Try to think of it, dear, as simply a low-pressure system extending from the Great Lakes region into Ohio and eastward to the Atlantic States trapped between two areas of high pressure that . . ."

breezily on the scientific side—on higher levels of the air, sunspots, all the special 1957 fantastica; and very cozily on weather folklore.

World Religions **(Dutton)** is a handy guide to the principal beliefs and teachings of all religions. Each religion is neatly described in a paragraph or so, put in alphabetical order, with statistics, and an occasional aside.



(*Above*)**Morning Star,*** inspired by a rare jade carving. See opposite page for other patterns in the Community collection.

Only fine silverware has lifelong beauty like this!

Picture this Community pattern in your guests' hands. And picture your own pride in choosing it, and using it, over the years. There's an undeniable warmth, a living sparkle to fine silverware that nothing less can begin to approach. For only in silver is it possible to achieve the clarity of detail and enduring beauty that distinguishes all five Community silverplate patterns. This is the essence of Community quality—the reason that "make-do" tableware is inevitably disappointing in today's trend to elegance. The Community* pattern collection is created in the Design Studios of Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths. See it today, at your jeweler's or silverware department, and see how it can bring new beauty into your life.

COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

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—and Deodorized Too!

THAT'S A FAB WASH!

YOU GET WASHES SO WHITE, THEY DAZZLE YOUR EYES... colors so bright, they look gayer than new. But FAB gives you something more, too—a deodorizing action that leaves everything you wash the freshest possible and clean clear through!

Not just surface clean . . . not merely bleachy white, but far, far more—as if suds and sunlight had pierced through and cleansed every invisible mesh of every inch of every fabric. And when you wear FAB-washed clothes . . . use FAB-washed towels . . . fall asleep on FAB-washed linens . . . it's like having a fresh, clean breeze whispering about you. So let your next wash be clean clear through—and deodorized, too. That's *your* FAB wash.



FAB Is The Hard-Working
Heavy-Duty Detergent
For The Whole Family Wash
... And Dishes, Of Course!

OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE

Protect Your Future

Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Journal Editors: Since my work is in the field of financial planning, I read with interest your stories on young family couples. But when I examine the "typical family budget," I often notice a glaring shortcoming which is all too common in today's family finances. This is the low amount that is allowed for life insurance. It is tragic to imagine the financial situation of these otherwise happy families should the husband die.

Very truly yours,
RICHARD H. HEBEL
Life Insurance Agent

Backache or Pain in the Neck?

Lavonia, Georgia

Dear Editors: Why aren't children taught the simple rules of being a good guest? We love our grandchildren dearly—but it takes a long time for "aching backs" to get things in order after they have a field day in the dresser drawers, cabinets, etc. Their mothers never see a thing wrong and get offended when I do!

Sincerely,
H.E.B.

We'll Deliver

North Wales, Great Britain

Sir: I wish to say that I'm thoroughly disgusted with America and its government on its foreign policy. I've yet to meet a bigger bunch of hypocrites, whose motto is "Don't do as I do—do as I say."

Britons, as a whole, are furious. Considering we won the war for you, and you only came in when it was thought the enemy had the upper hand, your country has the biggest nerve of all time.

If I thought your President would receive any letter I wrote, I'd send him a copy of this.

MARGUERITE BUDD

Full House!

Toledo, Oregon

Dear Editors: I surely enjoy meeting in print the families in your How America Lives series. After having seven children by birth, we recently adopted two tiny, undernourished GI babies from Korea, giving us nine youngsters under ten years.



Busy but happy.

My days are very busy, and sometimes with earaches, tummy-aches or such, nights can be, too; but I am so thankful for my precious family.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. ROBERT BUEL

America's No. 1 Killer

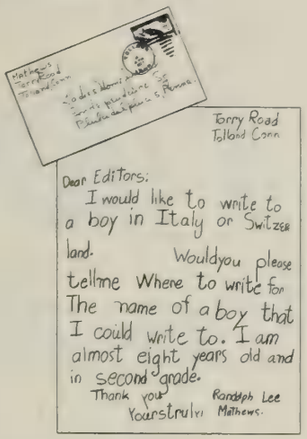
Great Notch, New Jersey

Dear Editors: My husband and I have just returned from an inspiring weekend on a college campus where his daughter is a student. However, hazardous highway conditions made us wonder what lies ahead for motorists—except death. To heighten my fear, the college president was on crutches because of an injury in a car last summer. He longed for the horse-and-buggy days and sometimes I do too.

Aren't the women of America worried about the mounting traffic toll? Unless someone does something, there will, in the future, be very few contented grandmothers.

Sincerely yours,
KATHLEEN K. ALLENBY

Found: a Friend



With Love to Pop

North Hollywood, California

Dear Editors: For many years I was under the illusion that unless pop did all the things required by the ideal standards (such as hunting, fishing, workshop, Boy Scouting, camping), his boys would grow up frustrated, lacking in feeling for their parents and with no basis of understanding with their father. Since my husband's business frequently required that he work nights, Saturdays and sometimes Sundays, I shed many tears, accused him of parental lack of devotion, *ad nauseam*.

It's taken me all this time to realize that it isn't *what* father does with the children, but *how*.

I've been active in youth programs lately. I've heard young snips talk to their parents with contempt, and I've listened to the parents' meek, apologetic replies. Many of these are daddies who have attended every open house at school, have taken a yearly vacation with the children, but have missed the boat somewhere.

My husband has always treated the children with the same sensitivity, consideration and tact that he would accord a prize customer. To a twelve-year-old girl applying perfume with a heavy hand, he discussed scents and *why* they should be applied with a light, delicate touch. He spent forty minutes discussing sex with his sons one night after one remarked "that girl is a tramp." He taught them that no thirteen-year-old is a tramp without the help of boys who have made her that way. He can even make dishwashing desirable to an eight-year-old by the simple process of saying, "This is part of growing up and learning to be a woman."

With equal skill father can mambo with the girls and Indian wrestle with the boys. All his love has paid off in huge dividends. It is never necessary for him to argue, shout or use physical abuse because he is "father" in every sense of the word.

Sincerely,
RUTH ZUSMER

Mealtime Fun

Cranbury, New Jersey

Dear Journal: In one of your issues last year I read a delightful article by a housewife explaining her idea of giving children a *smörgåsbord* of carrot sticks, celery, raisins, dates and cheeses for in-between meals rather than the usual cookies, crackers, cakes and soft drinks. I adopted this idea for my own family and we have used it ever since.

I am convinced that good nutrition is the soundest kind of preventive medicine.

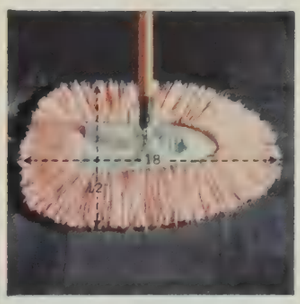


O cedar "Every-Which-Way" Mops speed dusting of hard-to-reach places!



Darts around furniture legs at a flick of the wrist—goes around corners, too.

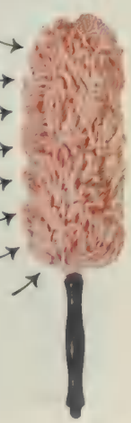
Save work—save dusting time—with an O-Cedar "Every-Which-Way" mop in colorful nylon or cotton. The "Magic-Action" Swivel Socket steers to any position—lets you dust around chair and table legs—even under low furniture. Pads remove easily—wash out quickly. Insist on the genuine O-Cedar Dust Mop that goes "Every-Which-Way." Choice of beautiful pink, blue or white nylon, $3.95. In yellow, turquoise or white cotton, $2.79.



Swivel Socket lets you twist the handle to dust a 50% wider path—speeds dusting.

New NYLON DUSTER with "Magne-Static" Action

Attracts dust like magic—really holds it. Makes dusting of furniture, woodwork, venetian blinds faster and easier. 100% nylon pad removes easily—washes and dries quickly. Ask your dealer for the new O-Cedar Nylon Duster—only $2.29.



O-CEDAR
Chicago, Illinois—Division of
AMERICAN-MARIETTA COMPANY
O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

The children often bring hungry friends home from school. I fast discovered that if you intend to offer substitutes for soft drinks or candy, the substitutes must be attractive. Socially acceptable treats are molasses cupcakes, peanut-butter or cheese sandwiches, milk served with straws. Budget-wise, a bowl of popcorn or unshelled peanuts or fruit such as oranges or apples is good. Milk shakes made with whole milk, molasses and powdered milk are a special favorite.

At a summer supper party for guests from five to seven years old I arranged a Lazy Susan in the middle of a low buffet and each child chose what he wanted for his own plate. The *smörgåsbord* fare included midget wieners and squares of cheese with toothpick handles, and we relaid the buffet three times.

I try to bear in mind the individual preferences of my family as I plan our meals. And I am a full believer in children in the kitchen—not whenever they please, but upon the cook's invitation. Our happy reception of dark-molasses bread, wheat-germ cookies and whole-wheat-flour pancakes may have been due to the fact that the children helped in the mixing. I let them decorate cookies to their hearts' content and if it is Saturday night or Sunday morning they are allowed to shape their own pancakes on the griddle.

It has been a comfort to know that an excellent diet can be planned within a moderate budget. Often the foods which are the most nourishing are the least expensive. There is probably no cheaper way to insure extra calcium and protein in your diet than to whip a half cup of powdered milk into each quart of milk used for beverage, cooking or breakfast cereals. We have found that our "new-look" breakfast, including supplementary vitamins, costs under thirty cents per person and you can have a beautifully balanced luncheon of yoghurt, salad greens and fruits and cream-cheese sandwich for the same price.

I have found that working with your own family for better health can be satisfying. And it is little moments like this that count most. One day when my daughter caught me at my culinary contriving she said, "What! Liver tonight? Oh, well, you know it's funny; I don't really *like* liver yet but I do get hungry for it."

Sincerely,
BARBARA EWING YLVISAKER

It Burns Me Up!

I would just like to ask: Why don't more mothers insist on their sons' learning something about cooking? When I am ill, my little girl and I almost starve. Canned soup, usually a friend, at such times becomes a mortal enemy. My husband can *not* cook.

MRS. A.T.D.
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

▶ ***Our suggestion: Once-a-week cooking classes for the neighborhood husbands. Begin with pie. ED.***

Manufacturers should make a wider heading in curtains *or* a smaller curtain rod. This would save unnecessary wear and tear on both curtains and housewives!

KARLEEN J. ROCHE
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Shoestrings in toddlers' shoes: they are frequently too short to tie, let alone knot after tying a bow.

MRS. JACK S. HOWARD
Coulee Dam, Washington

▶ ***How about an extra pair, also, with every pair of shoes? ED.***

The garment's still new;
The cloth is A-1;
Already the stitching's
Coming undone!

Old clothes make enough
Mending to do;
Who wants to restitch
New clothing too?

MRS. WILLIAM E. DAWSON
Melrose, Massachusetts

It burns me up that in this magical age of invention I am unable to find a nonfading lavender paint for my shutters and picket fence. Wish a paint manufacturer would take this on!

MARJORIE S. MAPELSDEN
Easton, Connecticut



Stop Dry Skin Problems in these 5 "Danger Zones"

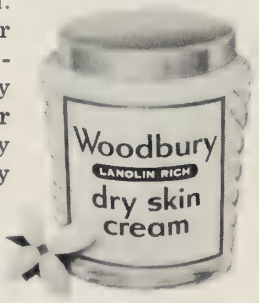


★ Frown lines!
★ Crow's feet!
★ Flaky patches!
★ Expression lines!
★ Crepey throat!

If *you* have dry skin problems in these "danger zones," then start using Woodbury Dry Skin Cream today. It softens and moisturizes your skin. It makes these "age-revealers" less apparent with your very first treatment!

Unlike many creams that work only on the surface of the skin, Woodbury Dry Skin Cream contains a special penetrating ingredient. Its unique blend of emollients and lanolin goes *deeper than ever before.*

Use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream for seven days. See younger-looking, softer skin. See "danger zones" become "beauty zones" – or your money back! Only 25¢ to $1.



WOODBURY LANOLIN-RICH DRY SKIN CREAM

Corn, Callous and Bunion Pain Stops

Out come corns and callouses in a hurry!

Dr. Scholl's Super-Fast Nerve-Deep Relief...



Never before anything like it!

No waiting when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Just the pads *alone* on corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes, tender spots give fast *nerve-deep* relief . . . ease new or tight shoes and stop corns, callouses *before* they can develop!

Remove Corns, Callouses

Used with the separate *Medications* included in every box, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads remove corns, callouses one of the fastest ways known to medical science! Get a box today. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 5-10¢ Stores everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring, odorous feet. Eases new or tight shoes. *Get a can today!*

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR RETURN OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

New one-piece transistor hearing aid so small it is worn in your ear. No cords. No separate ear button. Easier to wear than glasses. Complete concealment for women. Wear "Miracle-Ear" . . . hear well again with natural freedom.

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A new kind of deodorant

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rolls on!

More effective than creams, easier to apply than sprays!*

BAN is a new lotion form of deodorant that actually *rolls on* more effective protection . . . with a little revolving ball in the top of the bottle. This waste-proof, drip-proof applicator automatically spreads on just enough of BAN's pleasing lotion to check perspiration . . . stop odor for a *full* 24 hours. BAN is safe for normal skin . . . won't damage clothing. Get new BAN today—wherever fine toiletries are sold —98¢.

*In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer BAN.





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of a hand, the warmth of a smile.
The one fragrance, above all
others, to wear . . .
anytime, anywhere.

Tweed Bouquet—lovely to use lavishly. $1.50
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All prices plus tax

Lentheric
New York,
Chicago, Los Angeles

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"I'm going to fix that banging shutter that keeps waking him up. Why?"

I've almost convinced my Dream Girl that if you want conversation, a dinner party must be limited to six, including hosts. Beyond that something like panic prevails, nobody listens, or too many.

Two or three of our town's plump men agree that they eat less when their wives show 'em enough affection. A vicious circle: their wives might show 'em more affection if they weren't so fat.

"Peter thinks I talk too much," muses Betty Comfort, mending a mismated pair of garden gloves. "I tell him I'm only the seventh most talkative woman in our crowd, but he argues he doesn't have to listen so much to the others."

Neither our youngest nor I have quite lived up to our agreement that he'll get the car only once a week unless he keeps up a B average in his studies. Maybe B seems a little high, but a C average seems low for the driver of a 240-h.p. car.

After all these years, we haven't agreed yet on two controversial things in our family: (1) what kind of new shelves to install in the kitchen; and (2) where to put the compost pile. I'm offering to compromise: my Lady Love's choice on one, mine on the other. As yet, no deal.

A few of our affluent neighbors with new swimming pools are laying it on thick this spring, talking of opening 'em up the middle of April. They say the water and heating gas cost less than estimated, so they can afford to shiver an extra month.

Of all the marvels at Disneyland, my Dream Girl admired most the multicolored rock gardens beyond the tuna-fish galleon. (Myself, I wondered if Walt Disney himself ever actually tasted that shipboard tuna-fish pie.)

Our town's globetrotters are no longer content with trips merely to Europe or Asia. They don't stir a ripple unless they fly clear around the world, and in much less than eighty days. I'll still settle for a month in Stockholm or Rome.

I'd barely got my last double-breasted suit converted into a single-breaster when the men's clothiers on Walnut Street decreed that double-breasted suits are back again. They'll make us as edgy about styles as our wives.

We lit more fires in our fireplace this winter than ever before. As my wife sensibly reminds me, not only are the hearth fires a joy, but the wood ashes will be beneficial in the garden.

My neighbor who at first declined to take a camera to Europe has brought home 400 three-dimensional pictures. He declines to urge anybody to look at them, but keeps an open boxful handy, with two stereoscopic viewers nearby.

We're waiting for the music savants to choose the 100 most soothing popular tunes and the 100 most soothing classics. With these in their phonograph racks, Americans might cut down on tranquilizer pills.

Wives who work are winning the argument "Who prepares the twenty-one meals a week?" Even stubborner husbands cook three or four a week, more if they're proud barbecuers. With two or three meals a week out, a few skipped, sandwiches occasionally brought home, chow mein or fried chicken phoned for, the problem dissolves.

Secretly, I feel silly when I remonstrate with my favorite gardener to buy fertilizer and peat moss in quantities she needs, use 'em up each season, no leftovers. I'd hate to be asked to figure that closely myself.

They'll deny it, but youngsters do, ultimately and secretly, imitate pa and ma; if we want well-behaved children we must act like well-behaved parents, even if it hurts.

Our luncheon-table optimist consoles us: Inheritance taxes are the initiation fee for membership in the world's luckiest country; income tax, in a way, the annual dues.

What baffles some of our local fat men is that, even if they eat 1000 calories a day of nonfattening foods after four or five thousand calories of fattening dainties, they still gain weight.

Some pilgrims to California find Pershing Square, the eccentric debating center in Los Angeles, as fascinating as the homes of the stars. Few refugees from Beverly Hills mansions, but plenty of deep thinkers on old-age-pension checks.

At our local cocktail parties conversation is impossible. But a bold, determined man can inject (1) a breezy seven-word greeting, (2) a brilliant nine-word epigram about Ike, and (3) a devastating thirteen-word exit line. He repeats these to each guest and then sneaks into his host's den with a good book.

I still bless the memory of the teacher who made me memorize "On the rude bridge that arched the flood, their flag to April's breeze unfurled, there the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world." And I'd wager she can find three mistakes.

I made only three New Year's resolutions for 1957, and one of 'em is to play nine holes of golf three times a week; eighteen is too much, but nine's just enough to save me from forgetting how to walk.

A few delicate souls from our neighborhood are shocked when they find floats in the Pasadena parade or enchantments in Disney's fairyland commercially sponsored. Wasn't America put together that way?

What amazes me about the modern young wife is that she can knit the most magnificent Argyle socks in the world but doesn't know how to darn 'em when they wear out in one or two strategic corners.

I hoped my tennis-practice problem was solved when I saw advertised a $12 ball thrower. But it tosses only Ping-pong balls or such, and the tennis-ball throwers still cost $300, if you can find one.

Since her baby began to crawl around the house, our daughter's begun to attach a small bell to her. This not only delights the baby but perhaps saves her from being stepped on or tripped over.

. . . When our flying son coaxes us to save our vacations so we can visit him in Japan . . . Or my Dream Girl gives me a gold toothpick for my birthday as a gag, because I once gave my father a gold toothpick . . . And our youngest wishes the intellectual could be as arrogant as the rich . . . And my daughter-in-law finds and gives me three yellow tennis balls for our dark court four years after I mentioned 'em . . . Then I muse secretly that we husbands and fathers have it more golden than we deserve.



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Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach, St. Louis, Mo. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

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*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohi

I LIKE AMERICANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

hope deferred is not hope blighted. What these people must have is the feeling that they're moving ahead, maybe only a little, but that today is a little better than yesterday and tomorrow will be better than today."

I like Americans because they still have the frontier spirit—the spirit that believes mountains exist to be scaled, forests to be tracked, minerals to be mined and disease to be eradicated.

The young American stewardess and the American pilot on the Iranian Airways operating between Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, and Tehran, the capital of Iran, are pioneers, though I don't suppose that thought has ever crossed their minds.

The route in winter is one of the most hazardous on the globe, through ranges of mountains too high, in places, to be overflown and with weather that cannot be predicted even hour by hour. Yet this route is the only existing communication between two large neighboring countries which border the Russian frontier for several thousands of miles.

The French operated this airline for a time, but gave it up after too many crashes. American pilots have not lost a plane in three years of operation.

The captain who piloted us was young, gay at times and grim at others. His word was law. The plane was unpressurized and at times we felt as though our lungs would burst. When sandstorms and fog obscured the mountains, none of us felt exactly confident. When they lifted we found ourselves living in and out among mountains that seemed about to scratch our wings. Tears of fear rushed to some passengers' eyes.

Why did the young pilot choose to work for this airline? "It's a good job," he said. But one knew from the way he said it that the challenge moved him. This was a job that needed to be done and which others had abandoned.

The little stewardess, pretty as a cover girl in her trim uniform and as American as ice-cream soda, is known in every terminal along the way, protected and admired by everyone. She spent her childhood in Iran, the daughter of an engineer working for an American construction company. She went to the American College in Beirut and then rejoined her family in Tehran. "Well, being an American, I wanted to work. And I just love it!"

How many cups of strong sweet tea and pulverized coffee she served on our foodless flight from Kandahar to Isfahan and then on to Tehran, one could hardly count. How comforting her laugh, how interesting her stories of people whom she has met and changes which she has seen. How infectious her belief in the future of two countries not her own.

I like Americans because of their infinite capacity to make themselves comfortable, and to make as many others as possible comfortable also.

At Kandahar we put down to go no farther that day. The first figure we saw at the airport was a white-haired, tan-faced, loose-moving six-footer in drill pants and a leather jacket. Some kind friend had radiotelephoned him from Kabul that five American passengers were arriving, lunchless. He had a huge carton full of sandwiches on his arm. T. Y. Johnston is the chief engineer and director of the great dam projects which eventually will irrigate a million desert acres and furnish electric power to the city and its surroundings. This is a private enterprise being built for the government on contract, and now with some "Point Four" aid.

Just the sight of him at the freezing airport suggested warmth and cheer. It wasn't only lunch we needed but fires, dinner and beds. In a jiffy we were driven into the camp where 133 Americans are living (30 of them with wives). They have built a guesthouse into which we were ushered—a big, warm sitting room with plump sofas and chairs, simple but cozy bedrooms, baths with plentiful hot water, a bright, warm mess hall with American food of the hearty variety. A big welcoming cake suddenly reminded me that it was my husband's birthday! We drank toasts in boiling-hot coffee—and then to bed.

There is nothing among Americans abroad of the old imperial colonial spirit decreeing that one must dress for dinner whether in a jungle or an icy wilderness. The symbol of America is plumbing which functions, warm hospitality to the unexpected guest and the comforts, if not the refinements, of home. No one speaks of "natives"; they speak of workers. "Astonishingly good when you consider that they never saw anything mechanical until a few years ago. Reliable, too, in general."

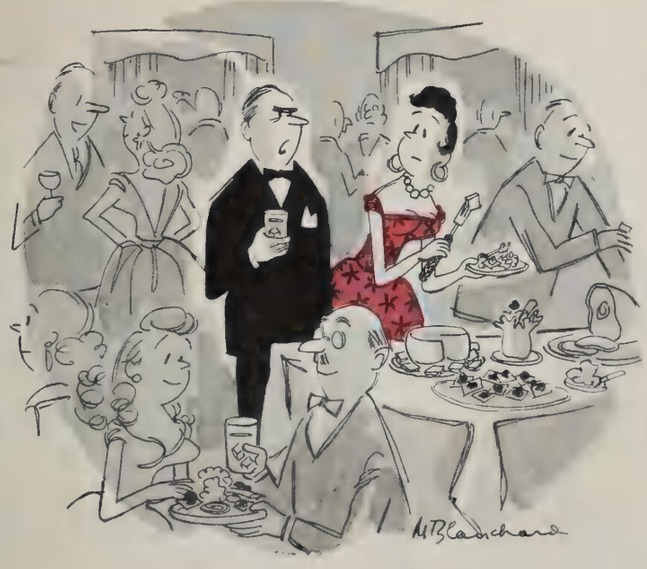
"Do they steal?"

"Whatever's left around."

"Why do they steal?"

"Because they're so poor. Too poor. No human being should have to live as they do. But they won't. Not forever. They've got it in them to do what any other people can do—with hope and opportunity."

Yes, indeed, I like Americans. I certainly do! END



"Now I suppose we owe them."

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DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



DI PIETRO

Jonquil knocks on the front door when lunchtime comes around.

This is the changeable month in New England. We have all the weather there can be. It reminds me of the early days when the Yankee peddlers drove their wagons around the country, with everything from pins to pills, pans to portraits, and watches that never ran. So now April is a weather peddler, and the merchandise is varied!

In the record I keep, I note that in the past five years in April we have had snow, rain, fog, sun, high wind, hard freezes and sun-bathing days. Sometimes I am picking the first white daffodils, and sometimes wading through the deepest snows of the year.

Those of us used to it would, I suspect, have a hard time in a climate where day after day, season after season did not change at all. I dearly love to read of those islands in the sea as I huddle by the applewood fire, but there is something inexpressibly exciting about going out after a snowfall and finding the crocuses like amethysts in the border.

The peddlers were typically New England, although the patent-medicine men were universal. One endearing trait they had was that of vending portraits, and the method they used was pure Yankee. They painted the portraits, leaving the faces blank, and then put in the faces as they sold the paintings. I think it would be pleasant to choose a nice figure in gay costume and then simply have my own features popped in. One could then pick a lissome girlish representation and never mind reality. It was fine for men, too, for they could appear hanging over the mantel in elegant rig even if they never owned a stock or a broadsword.

I like to read about the past of my country, for I think it helps interpret today. There was a deal of cruelty and persecution, much bitterness and intolerance, but there were fine men and women who illumined the dark pages of history, too, and there were many brave deeds done. During the bloody Civil War there were times when the Confederates and the Union soldiers shared rations, slipping back and forth between the lines. Over a lighted twist of shared tobacco, Southern drawl and clipped speech became one language.

As simple men were swept into this war on both sides, they often had no idea what it was all about. I suspect this is true of many wars, and the day might come when ordinary folk would have to know or they would not pick up the guns and go forth.

My favorite ancestor is the Reverend Richard Mather, who stopped a storm at sea in 1672 by his prayers. I can see him, a short, compact figure with the thin Mather nose, firmly addressing God on a wind-swept deck. I would give a deal to know whether he spent the rest of his life being simply unbearable around the house because he had prevailed against the awful forces of nature by being so firm with God! Somehow I pity his wife if ever the venison was not done to his liking!

My own father had a strong sense that God was always on his side and it went hard with him if God did not co-operate fully on weather and the stock market and politics. Sometimes it seemed to me, as a child, that God had to watch his step to co-operate enough with papa.

It is just as well papa did not live to see the invasion of Hungary, for I am sure he would have tried to go single-handed to drive the Russians out, all the time quoting the Bible back to God.

The Farmer's Almanac says firmly, "Nothing wrong here, except last big snow of the year." This reminds me of Beverly Nichols' friend who always puts N W H on the upper corner of letters. Nothing wrong here. I think this is a lovely idea, for so often when we get a letter, we hold it fearfully in our hand before opening it, wondering just what is wrong now. A letter with N W H on the outside is so reassuring.

Our telegrams go through Waterbury, which is impersonal. I liked it better when I was growing up and the operator would say, "There is a wire for you and they don't say anything important. Don't worry. And I don't advise your doing it either." This is a very cozy way to live.

We used to be on an eight-party line, too, and it was pleasant to be planning a picnic and swim with someone and have another listener drop in on the line and say, "Why don't we all go to Mount Tom and we will bring part of the lunch?"

In April we like to have a buffet, possibly so everyone can talk about the garden they will have this time, better than any other garden they ever had. When we entertain, we never count the calories because it is a nice change for us to eat something really good. Lois Klakring's chicken-and-ham casserole is perfect for those suppers by the fire. It serves four to six, but I double it for our usual number.

It calls for 6 equal slices of cooked chicken and ham. Easy to have on hand. Then you mince an onion and cook it in ¼ cup butter or margarine until golden (not brown). Add ½ cup sliced mushrooms and 1 teaspoon each paprika and salt, and ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg. I use canned broiled-in-butter mush-

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rooms sometimes instead of fresh, and I never use nutmeg since Jill, who lives and eats with me, is allergic to it (if she knows it is there; otherwise it is all right). Simmer mushrooms and seasonings about 5 minutes. Then turn mixture into a shallow casserole, lay ham on top, then chicken on ham. Then add (don't count the calories, this is a party) ¾ cup hot heavy cream. Cover with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., until cheese is bubbly brown. Delicious! Calls for seconds, as Annie would say.

Salad and fruit for dessert. Fruit is best at room temperature, so take out the apples and pears and oranges an hour before.

Cockers and Irish love the smell of spring. They go a little mad when the snow melts, and race in dizzy circles. Often Jonquil is so busy running that she bumps into her son, Teddy, and knocks him flat. She is a dedicated chaser and bringer in of moles, dead mice, old tin cans, dead rubbers. Jonquil is such a gay and smiling cocker, and her tail wags even when she is sound asleep. I think she would do better on the commercials than some of the gilded smooth girls with fixed smiles and artificial speech as they do their stint on TV. Jonnie would be so natural!

Dogs just have to be natural. That may be one reason I love them. When people come that they do not take to, they are polite but noncommittal. They turn a cool eye toward guests who gush and jingle at them. But when Admiral Klakring and his wife Lois came for lunch, they mobbed them. They didn't give a fig for a war record or fame or citations. They said, in unison, these are wonderful

Life is a test and this world a place of trial. Always the problems—or it may be the same problem—will be presented to every generation in different forms.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
In The Balance
Houghton Mifflin Company

friends. Nice eyes, lovely smiles, gentle voices. In fact, said Holly, throwing herself in Burt's lap, why don't you just live here? Plenty of room! Maybe some of the submarine crews would have been surprised to see the immaculate admiral with an armful of rather muddy dogs.

Now the fire still burns on the hearth on cool damp nights. Potatoes wrapped in foil bake sweetly in the embers, and have a flaky texture. Ham steaks are good, too, cooked over the coals.

A few of the pine cones I gathered last winter make the house spicy with their crackling. The wind may howl outside, but then I think of Hal Borland saying, "The earth has its own pulse and rhythm and the wise and fortunate man leans with the wind." This is a profound philosophy to live by, but Hal is a wise man.

For me, April is a time of remembering, for winter is past, and spring slipping down the hill past the dogtooth violets. It is a time to remember the friends who love us any season, a time to know again that love and loyalty and faith and hope are as certain as that the budded lilacs will burst into bloom in their time. The miracle recurs.

The old house settles and sighs. Jill cracks walnuts for the Irish because if she cracks her own, she might swallow a shell. Holly purely loves walnuts so Jill cracks and cracks. Jonquil takes a dim view of walnuts but wishes Jill would pop a little corn over those clean embers. Teddy sleeps on the couch with one ear up, as if he might take flight any minute. Sister is small in her warm chair.

The peepers are caroling away in the swamp, and this is the sweetest music of all. Clear and hopeful and faintly sad, the peepers renew the promise of summer to come.

As I look out at the chilly moonlit night, I can see the neighbors' lights far down the road. And I like to think we are all neighbors, shining our lights into the dark.

Good night, April, never forsake us, I say, for ■ world needs April! END



SCALLOPED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS—Arrange in alternate layers in greased baking dish: ½ c. sauteed mushrooms, several slices cooked chicken or 1 jar Westchester Boned Chicken, 1 c. cooked macaroni, salt, pepper; any left-over peas, beans, carrots, etc. Blend 4 tbs. flour, 4 tbs. fat; add 2 c. Herb-Ox Chicken Bouillon; stir over low heat till thickened; pour over chicken mixture. Top with 1 c. buttered crumbs; brown in 400° oven. Serves 4.

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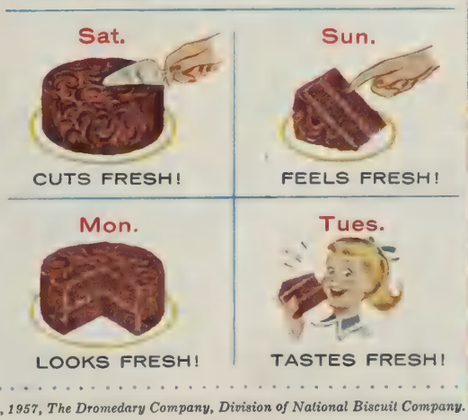
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MAKING
MARRIAGE
WORK

RECOVERING FROM A POOR START

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

She was becomingly dressed and strikingly pretty, this bride of twenty-two. Intelligent and well educated, she was the only daughter of indulgent, well-to-do parents. But despite her background and advantages, she managed to get herself into "an incredible mess" in only four months of marriage.

Here is her story, in her own words, but condensed from several conferences:

"My husband, Bill, is a year older than I. We started dating casually five years ago, while we were still in high school. Then we went steady two more years, and were engaged our last two years in college.

"We got along together wonderfully well. Everybody likes Bill. He's brilliant, hard-working and completely reliable. I never doubted my love for him. But being engaged and in love for so long isn't easy, and last spring we consummated our love. It was beautiful and satisfying, but I never felt we'd done right. I wanted to be married right after graduation, but my parents persuaded me to wait till fall, until Bill returned from a special job-training course.

"I was lonely and restless, seeing Bill only weekends, but I didn't go out except with other girls until September. Then I met Jay, a friend of ours from college, at a drinking party. Half as a joke, he talked me into a movie date later in the week. We never got to the movies. We had a wonderful evening, just talking over a drink or two, and we felt completely at home together. We ended by necking, and I was terrifically stimulated by it.

"I was upset, but Jay said we were both lonely, and I gave in. We had more dates, and more necking. My moral standards collapsed, and we became inseparable.

"Jay wanted me to break the engagement, but I couldn't. I decided I loved them both. A week before the wedding, I told Bill I'd spent the last month falling in love with somebody else, but I didn't tell him how serious it was. Bill said I was just mixed up, and he'd take the chance.

"Jay was an usher at the wedding, and even at the rehearsal he tried to get me to call it off.

"On our honeymoon, Bill and I got along as well as ever, but the old adoring love didn't come back. When we came home, I found myself thinking of Jay, and I wrote him pouring out my feelings. He answered the same way. Before long we were planning to meet when Bill was out of town.

"Since then we've spent several miserable weekends together, trying to decide what to do. There's no happiness for me in being with Jay, but I can't get him out of my mind when we're apart.

"Finally, last week I broke down and told Bill the whole story. He was terribly hurt, of course, but he thinks my feeling for Jay is temporary, and mostly physical. He loves me and wants me to give our marriage a chance.

"I don't want a divorce. I think I do love Bill, but I can't forget the Jay world. In a month Bill leaves for his new job assignment. Should I leave until then to try to get my feelings straightened out?"

About all I could tell Carolyn in our first interview was that we would try to help her work out her problem. I did add that no marriage should be abandoned without an honest trial of at least six months. She left, apparently feeling somewhat better, and taking with her three tests to fill out

When she came back four days later, she was quieter and more self-possessed. She handed me her tests, saying, "My answers seem contradictory. It's perplexing, but I do consider my marriage happy in spite of the conflicts. I'm happy and well satisfied with Bill whenever I can stop thinking of Jay.

"Bill is a better husband for me than Jay could ever be. He has more strength, logic, calm. But it's easy to forgive Jay because his faults are the same as mine. I can't stop my love for him from welling up in my mind. I certainly hope you can help me find the answers."

We discussed at length her reasons for confessing to Bill, the reasons why he would be the better husband, the advice her parents would offer if consulted. (They haven't been.) Finally I asked her how she would advise a young wife involved in a similar difficulty.

This seemed to give her a new point of view. She thought it over in silence for several minutes, then said, "I'd tell her to stick by her husband if he was willing to trust her never to see or write the other man again."

That is what she has resolved to do. At this point, after two more conferences with her and one with Bill, I am hopeful that they can build a solid marriage with happiness and fulfillment for both, despite the distressing start. If so, much of the credit will be due Bill. He has displayed perception, generosity of spirit and a maturity far beyond his years.

Leaving, he said to me, "As I understand it, a lot of marriages run into this kind of trouble sooner or later. If it had to happen to us, maybe we'll stand a better chance because we got it over early."

Why did it have to happen to them—why did a girl like Carolyn get involved in this "incredible mess"? Basically, of course, the answer lies in her own traits of character and personality. Her tests and her behavior show that she is impulsive, immature, inclined to live for the moment. Though her parents indulged her in material ways, they did not establish a close, confidential relationship with her. Her need for acceptance and companionship is acute. Not knowing what she wants from life, she has been unable to face up to its responsibilities.

However, her recent behavior and attitude reveal new strength. She has displayed courage, intelligence and integrity. In facing up to her weaknesses, she has developed a new maturity. In determining to stick by her marriage, she shows the resolution and the respect for principle which are vital if the marriage contract is to be meaningful.

Under other circumstances, Carolyn's weaknesses might never have betrayed her. Delaying the marriage until October was unnecessary and unwise. The resulting separation from Bill imposed an undue emotional strain. Finally, after experiencing the sexual relationship with Bill, Carolyn was undoubtedly more easily aroused sexually, and less restrained by her own standards of conduct. In short, Jay came along when she was most susceptible, and her inner resources weren't adequate to protect her.

I can reasonably hope that Carolyn's story will have a happy ending. But another girl, less fortunate and less discriminating in her choice of a husband, is not likely to fare so well. Perhaps this unhappy chapter in Carolyn's life will help some other engaged girl—and her parents—to avoid a similar mistake.

DO YOU AGREE?

When is the danger of getting a divorce greatest?

More than one fourth of all divorces take place within the first three years of marriage. This is the period when the happiness of marriage is largely determined.

ASK YOURSELF:

Does He Admire Me?

Half the questions below concern your personal traits, half the way you actually behave. Both affect your husband's regard for you. Based on what you know about yourself, and what you believe your husband feels about you, check the questions below that you think he would answer "Yes."

Does Your Husband Believe That You Are:

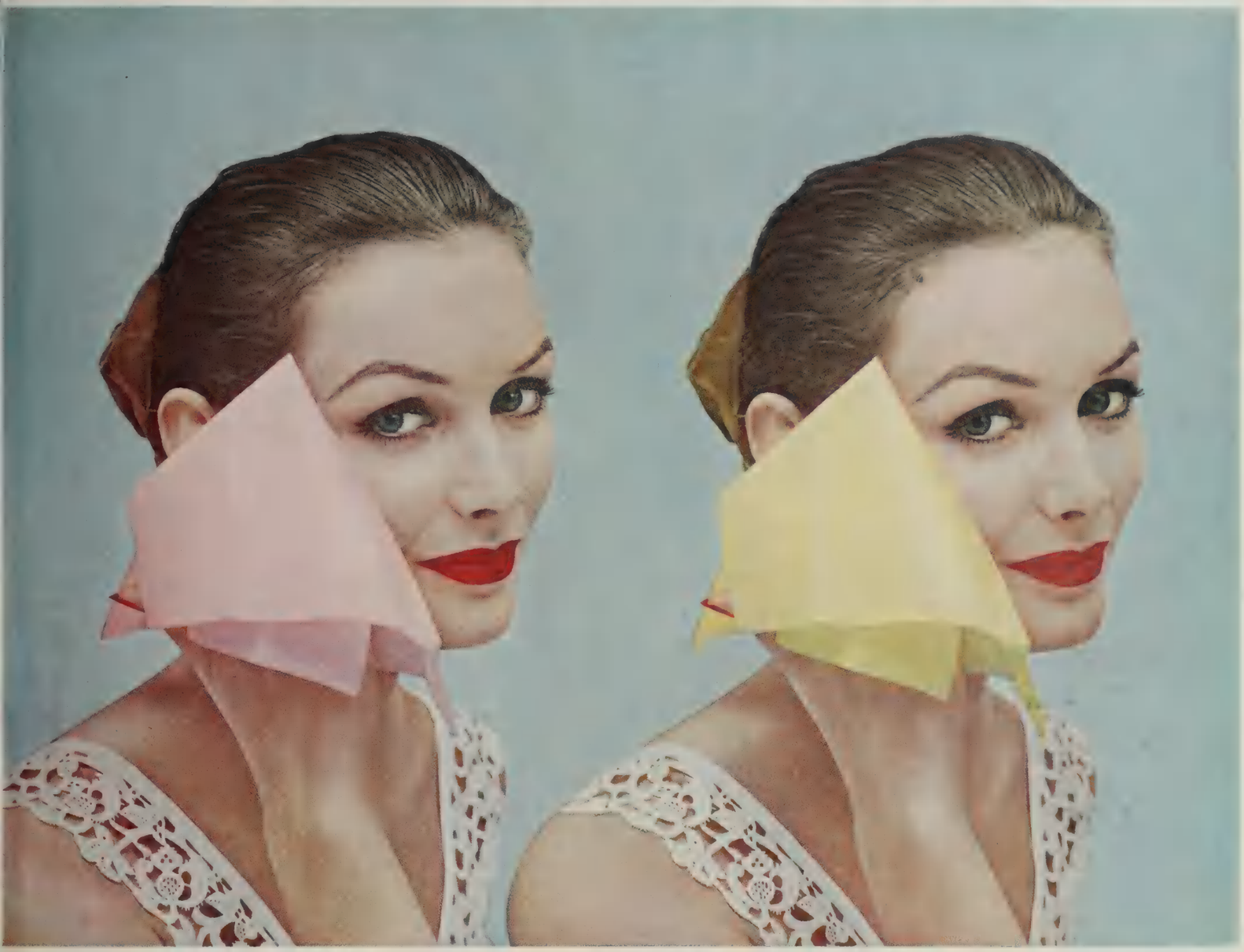
1. **Usually cheerful and good-humored?**
2. **Considerate and unselfish toward him?**
3. **Sensible and emotionally stable?**
4. **Understanding of his feelings?**
5. **Trustworthy and dependable?**
6. **Willing to show your affection?**
7. **Happy in being his wife?**

Does He Believe That You:

8. **Confide fully in him?**
9. **Spend money wisely?**
10. **Choose clothes with him in mind?**
11. **Behave well in public?**
12. **Co-operate when he makes suggestions?**
13. **Plan meals for his taste?**
14. **Love him deeply and wholeheartedly?**

The young wife whose story is told above would have scored very poorly on this test! The happy, well-adjusted wife checks eleven or more of these questions to indicate "Yes"; the average wife, nine. But since personality characteristics are dynamic and can be modified, why be satisfied with *any* negative answers? If you want your husband's admiration, make a conscious effort to deserve it.

new! Scotties in powderpuff pastels!



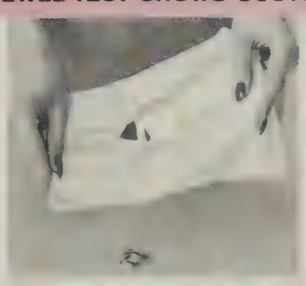
the soft, soft facial tissues that really hold together!

Even with the new liquid face creams,
Scotties hold together throughout an entire creaming!

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Soak an ordinary tissue and a Scottie with equal amounts of liquid cleansing cream.



Ordinary cream-soaked tissue breaks. A tissue *without* the wet-strength of Scotties breaks when you drop just *one* earring into it.



Cream-soaked Scottie holds and holds! Drop earring, bracelet, pin, necklace into cream-soaked Scottie —and the Scottie doesn't break!



In powderpuff pink,
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SCOTTIES—ANOTHER FINE PAPER PRODUCT BY SCOTT

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#1317. Above: Embroidered nylon and nylon elastic marquisette; dipped back. Star White, Midnight Black, Dawn Pink, Lilac Mist, Heaven Blue, Sea Mist. $15.



#1328. Right: Embroidered cotton and elastic marquisette; foam-lined cups. White. $10.95. Black. $12.50.

If you're the (daring) darling of your group, you know that if it isn't by Warner's, it just isn't a Merry Widow®. After all, Merry Widow was invented by Warner's. Each year they bring out exciting new versions of this charmer—to mold you under the latest looks. Here, for instance, two of the season's most scintillating—in the 1912 mood, and as essential to gala evenings as your most captivating smile.

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"I want to ask you a very important question, Marione, provided you don't rush out and quit your job."

WANT TO SAVE 10 per cent OF YOUR PAY?

...t do? Then here is how to do it: First, ...w down the amount of take-home pay ...ceive each payday. Let's assume your ...a' is 10 per cent of your income, although ...re more or less than that; the exact g... doesn' matter.

...you've ...en to save, you undoubtdly ha...ve something specific in mind. Below ...o sever a divi... hat are often spoken of ... "savi... Check the one you're thinking bout. If mo... than one, number them one, wo, three, in orde... of urgency or preference.

- ☐ Building a cash fund for emergencies.
- ☐ Investing to get additional income.
- ☐ Acquiring the "thrift habit."
- ☐ Providing for retirement or old age.
- ☐ Reducing one set of expenditures in order to increase others.
- ☐ Accumulating funds for a specific short-range purchase—a car or new sofa, for example.
- ☐ Accumulating funds for a specific long-range purchase—a home or college education.

Now your objective is defined ■ bit more early. You'll have uses for this clarification s you read further.

Are you sure you're not already doing ■ ood bit of saving toward an objective without realizing it? For example, mortgage payents, pension contributions, insurance cash alues and Social Security add up to quite a it of old-age savings. Installment payments re the equivalent of savings for ■ near-ture purchase; when you've finished the ayments, you can probably divert the same mount of money to another purchase.

How much more do you want to be savg? Don't just pick an amount out of the r. Base the figure on your objective, and he length of time in which you want to each it. Take the size and nature of your present savings into account. And be conservative; don't aim for too big an increase all at once or one that's all out of proportion to your income.

Now, the odds are overwhelming that your inability to save is not due to a lack of money.

People making $7500 ■ year are just as quick to complain that they haven't enough money as people making $2500 are. The $10,000 family is as certain it hasn't ■ cent to spare as the $5000 family is. The $3600 couple are scornful of the troubles of their $6000 neighbors—"Why, if we had that much, we'd be on easy street." The $6000 people don't see it that way. They do think it ridiculous, however, that anyone could feel pinched at $9000. And so on up the line.

Put it this way: Unless your income is at ■ bare subsistence level, there are plenty of people who live on less than you do. You're entitled to get mad at being told such a thing. But if you want to dissect this saving problem right down to the bare core, it's essential to realize that fact.

You can't divorce saving from spending and living. Saving is ■ form of choosing how to spend your money. What's involved is your whole way of living. Against your savings objective you've got to weigh the way you dress, the parties you give, the things you and your children eat, the vacations you take, the place you live, the books you read, the way you get to work, what you have for lunch, the furnishing of your home, the things you like to do for family fun and relaxation.

Examine and discuss your spending item by item.

FOOD. You may as well start here because food is a popular target in budget cutting, and it's a sizable item.

Check over all your food-buying and eating habits. Be sure you're not falling into the trap of economizing on the main dishes and losing all the saving on expensive desserts and side dishes. Look for any extras and more costly foods that you might skip. Shop

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

This article is reprinted from CHANGING TIMES ...M. Kiplinger's monthly magazine on family ...oney matters. Mr. Kiplinger also publishes the ...iplinger Washington Letter for businessmen.



gives you a glow that lasts!



New INNER GLOW! It's the lipstick that stays fresh and glowing . . . with color that never gets that dead, flat look! Even when it's been on all day!

INNER GLOW actually puts ■ dew-soft, transparent color-guard on your lips that keeps them moist, velvety-soft. The color shines through . . . shimmering, alive! Its radiance lasts without ■ letdown all the livelong day!

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PEACH-OF-A-PINK—rosy coral
CORAL—bright coral

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To go beautifully with your new ladylike fashions . . . pretty pumps in airy nylon mesh and straw. They weigh next to nothing, fit like a charm, give you a wonderful light-on-your-feet feeling. Breezy cool, too, for the warm days ahead! Try on these most feminine of shoes at your favorite store carrying ENNA JETTICKS.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

the grocery ads for the day's bargains (but don't make the mistake of using 25 cents' worth of gas in driving across town to save a dime). Don't forget the food money that goes for snacks and between-meal eating. Learn to concentrate on the foods that are in season and cheap. Work hard with the cookbooks and homemaking columns to learn the budget dishes, the cheap foods, the short cuts.

In brief: Learn all you can about smart shopping. Take nothing for granted. Experiment. Use your ingenuity. And watch those percentages.

That last paragraph is an equally good guide for your explorations on all the other items. But here are a few special pointers:

CLOTHING. Learn the tricks of wardrobe planning to make as few clothing items as possible cover as many clothing needs as possible. Watch for savings opportunities through home sewing. Put your emphasis on the practical and serviceable. Buy children's clothes for the longest possible use—hard-wearing stuff that's built for expansion and hand-me-down service. Store out-of-season clothes carefully.

HOUSEHOLD. Can you economize on laundry? Watch your habits with the gas and electricity and telephone. See whether dry-cleaning bills could be cut by giving business and dress-up clothes an absolute minimum of wear.

TRANSPORTATION: Make sure a little walking wouldn't chip a good percentage off your carfare budget. If you have a car, keep track of how much unessential driving you do. If you drive to work, see whether it would be cheaper or costlier to take public transportation. Can parking charges be reduced with more neighborhood shopping?

If you still want to save and are ready to tackle the job, do these things:

- Think always in terms of what you want your savings to buy. Make your objective just as real and close and alive as you can.
- Discuss your goals with your wife or husband. Unless there's agreement or satisfactory compromise, there's going to be trouble.
- Compare the goal of this deferred spending constantly and in detail with current spending. Compare the worth to you of what you can buy later with the worth of what you can buy now.
- Remember that it's quite possible to make yourself miserable by trying to save. Whatever your objective, that's *not* it. Don't take all the enjoyment out of your day-to-day living. But at the same time don't mistake self-indulgence for mature decision. If you're honest with yourself, you'll know the difference.

Finally, don't feel guilty or upset if, after all this, you can't justify to yourself the sacrifices necessary to increase your savings. It's your money and your life. If you really want to take a chance and let the future take care of itself, if you enjoy what you've got more than what you could gain by saving—that's your business. Just be sure you know what you're doing.

Remember that none of these is being shoved down your throat. So don't complain: "But a new hat now and then is the only thing that keeps me going!" Or "It's not worth all the trouble to watch those pennies." Or "I like to smoke!"

You may be absolutely right. If you have combed and recombed every item in your budget and found nothing that you are able or willing to give up for the sake of saving—then sit back and count your blessings. Your money is already doing the things that you most want it to do. And it isn't everybody who can say that. END

VOLTAIRE SAYS:

Sorrow is a disease in which every patient must treat himself.

A man loved by a beautiful woman will always get out of trouble.



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Dips'n'dives, lets your waist breathe easy yet slims hips'n'tummy firmly. White, pink, blue, black sheer nylon power net. Petite to large 6.95. Girdle 5.95

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3 ☐ East Michigan Tourist Association
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47



WHEN SHE TOURED THE CONTINENT
SHE WAS WEARING HER SEAMLESS

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You're Prettier than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof **that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!**

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave hidden dirt behind that hides the prettiness of your complexion. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to *prove* that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white . . . proof that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, deeper, prettier!



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Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

April, 1907, saw the first all-steel Pullman sleeping cars and Elinor Glyn wrote the shocker Three Weeks. Mme. Schumann-Heink electrified Americans, singing The Rosary, while ballroom music set every foot tapping: "Waltz me around again, Willie, around, around, around; the music is dreamy, it's peachy and creamy; oh, don't let my feet touch the ground!"

Editor Bok selects the questions most asked JOURNAL editors in April, 1907: "Who is the greatest actor?" "What is the greatest book ever written?" "What is the greatest painting?" and replies, "To such questions, no intelligent answer can be given."

In the April, 1907, issue, Frank Lloyd Wright offers plans for a $5000 four-bedroom fireproof house. Of concrete construction with overhanging eaves, with "no attic, no butler's pantry, no back stairway, trimmed of the superfluous," the house looks strikingly modern, even for today.

Concerning the price, Chicago architect Wright apologizes. "In the past six years, from 1901 to 1907, the cost of building has increased 40 per cent."

Beauty note: "The popular idea that each hair on the head is hollow and so bleeds at the end when split unless singed with a hot iron is a fallacy."

Entertaining: "A munching party is a dinner party at which guests chew every mouthful thirty-two times before swallowing."

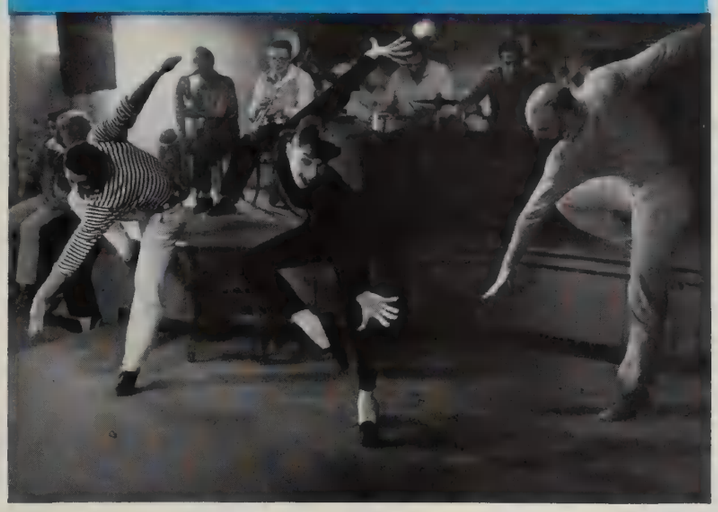
"Are sandwiches eaten with a fork?" worries Ella. Answers the JOURNAL: *"They may be so eaten if one is gloved."*

"Is it correct to mail invitations or should they be sent by hand?" "Even the most punctilious now send invitations by post."

"Truth is always coarse, and the vital things of life are crude," remarks the Plain Country Woman concerning giving children the facts of life. "But remember, there is always the great way of looking at things and finding them beautiful."

"Do you consider it a breach of good manners for a young woman to hum under her breath in a public place?" a reader asks. "Simply vulgar," comments the Lady from Philadelphia.

"A steaming-hot mustard foot bath during which one slowly drinks a glass of hot lemonade is beneficial for colds."



BILL AVERY

Audrey Hepburn in song-and-dance number from "Funny Face."

"Last night a real Journal About Town thing happened," *Tina Fredericks* told us. Seems our picture editor and her husband at the movies unexpectedly found themselves sitting in on a sneak preview of FUNNY FACE, the *Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire* picture that's due about now. Suddenly after the song-and-dance number in the photograph here, the person right next to Tina squealed out so much like Audrey Hepburn on the screen that Tina turned to look, and it *was* Audrey, with *Mel Ferrer* giving her a hug of delight. "After that my neck got tired," said Tina, "trying to watch them and the movie too."

Another thing about Funny Face is that in it Fred Astaire, with all his famous flair and nimbleness, portrays the life and activities of the peak-flight fashion photographer ***Richard Avedon,*** *who has carried out innumerable assignments for* ***Wilhela Cushman*** *and* ***Nora O'Leary.*** *. . . . "Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Tina, "that when the lights went up, there was Dick Avedon sitting right behind us."*

We asked three well-known women to write thumbnail accounts to be entitled My First Job. Here are the bare beginnings of each. See if you can guess the names. The first two should be easy.

1. "I lost my first job and cried bitterly over it. I had been working as a waitress for 40 cents an hour to see me through senior year at Cornell. But it was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. It turned me to my camera."

2. "At twenty-three I was in Pago-Pago with a typewriter, a metal strongbox, notebooks, a baby pillow, a few clothes, $4.50, and the Samoans."

3. "My first job would have been teaching, but I flunked my teachers' exam in English. So I went to work for the Women's Suffrage Movement in Buffalo—a colorful life for a minister's daughter."

See end of page for names.

"Considering that My Fair Lady is probably the best show of this century," *Bruce Gould* observed, "I suppose we should say something about it on its first anniversary." So here goes—straight from the management. . . . It's sold out for six months ahead, but they expect it to run for five years, so relax. It was all the State Department could do the other day to turn up two tickets for *Madame Pandit*. Out-of-town businessmen's visits here are determined by the dates they can get seats. The morning we spoke to the management they'd already had phone calls for reservations from Constantinople, Rome and Caracas. People who never heard of *Shaw's* play Pygmalion, from which the musical was made, will now pay $60 a pair to speculators for tickets to tonight's performance. Play will open in March, 1958, at the Drury Lane in London. Until then the record (a honey!) cannot be sold in England. So anybody who brings one from here is practically invited to Buckingham Palace. . . . "All right," we said, "now what's the best you can do for us?" "Well," pondered the management, after considerable huffing and puffing, "what about Monday evening, October 14?"

We went down with ***Eileen Sharpe*** to the lobby of the little movie house around the corner, where we met Eileen's photographer friend, ***Erica Anderson,*** who had just finished making the film called ALBERT SCHWEITZER that was going on for the first time in a few minutes. "You'll see, he has the eyes of an antelope," Erica whispered as we sat down in the dark. He had. He also had the mustaches of a mystic, and the stride of a grenadier as he moved among the adoring natives of steaming equatorial Africa, where this marvelous old man of eighty-two maintains his hospital in Lambaréné. Erica's picture that she was five years making is an intimate, gripping picture of one of the earth's greatest living inhabitants. "How did you persuade him to let you make it?" we asked. . . . "I kept on moaning what a wild-goose chase to Africa it would be if he didn't let me; until finally he sighed, 'Oh, all right—I'm the wild goose—and now I guess you've got me.'"

Erica Anderson and "Wild Goose" Schweitzer in Africa.



ERICA ANDERSON

If you want to see how JOURNAL editors make sure they're right before they go ahead, take a look here in the beauty department down the hall where *Dawn Norman* reads out the exercises she'll be using in her copy while beauty assistant *Dottie Robinson* and beauty secretary *Carol Phelps* follow Dawn's words from the big black exercise mat on the floor. In this way Dawn's words can be made so clear that no pictures are needed to explain them. However, our own words here we thought could use a picture. So here it is.



ABBOT MILLS

Prepublication check on Beauty Department exercises.

The beginnings of the little field-flower helmet on this month's cover go back to a beautiful day last summer in Paris when ***Mr. John,*** *American painter and designer, bought a handful of fresh flowers from one of the flower girls at the Madeleine, rushed back to his hotel to put it on canvas. When designing his junior collection for spring, back in New York, this painting was his inspiration.* ***Wilhela Cushman*** *photographed it on* ***Gloria Shearer*** *because she thinks almost every woman would like to wear it the first spring day. Incidentally, in the meantime Mr. John has won several awards for his landscape and flower paintings, both in Paris and in this country.*

1, Margaret Bourke-White; 2, Margaret Mead; 3, Dorothy Thompson. And if you're curious to see what happened to each, turn to pages 197, 199, 201.



David's New Girl

It started at Thanksgiving. And from then till June, everything went to pieces— David's heart, the furnace, and all Mrs. Blair's careful plans.

By ANN HEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

THANKSGIVING, Tuesday

The letter from David came this morning, but I didn't have a chance to read it until lunchtime. It's been a cold gray day and the furnace, which at best keeps this drafty, high-ceilinged old house at a low sixty-five, groaned to a full stop sometime during the night. I tumbled the twins out of bed at the crack of dawn to get fires going in the fireplaces and waited until a decent seven-thirty before calling Mr. Dunstable, the furnaceman. My only reward for this was the grumpy query, was we on daylight-saving time up there? Gordon, still snugly in bed with no idea of the crisis awaiting him, groaned and mumbled did I have to telephone my boy friends so early in the morning? I said early in the morning was the only time I could catch them in bed. Mr. Dunstable, thoroughly aroused, said he didn't think he'd understood me rightly. I assured him he hadn't and he promised he'd be around as soon as he'd been to the Uptons'. The Uptons, he said, were having duct trouble. By this time Gordon was out of bed and glaring at me and asking why hadn't I reminded him to turn the thermostat up the night before?

Downstairs it was better. The boys had got fires going in the dining room and in the east living room, and a small kerosene stove was set up in the middle of the kitchen. I put on the coffee percolator first of all, daring it to take more than five minutes, and wondered if atomic energy would someday make it in two.

David moaned, "Well, how did she take it? What did she say?"

"Say?" said Angela. "Why, just what any mother would say on the happiest day of her daughter's life."

Amanda, looking warm as toast in a cotton eyelet blouse, floated in to say she couldn't see what all the fuss was about. In the old days, she said with the authority of one who has lived in this tired old world for seventeen years, the houses were always heated with fireplaces and no one complained. In the old days, I rejoined, flipping eggs, bacon and sausage onto a platter, there were servants falling all over one another to keep those fires going. In the old days, Tuck, the studious twin, said, the Gulf Stream was farther south—"Isn't that right, mom?" I said I wasn't sure, that actually I thought it had something to do with the glaciers in the Arctic melting or not melting, and Johnny, the practical twin, screamed that the toast was burning. It was.

Gordon, who usually stays to have a peaceful second cup of coffee with me after the children have gone to school, mumbled something about broccoli and a possible freeze and departed abruptly for the warm snug haven of the farm's field office. I felt cheated but poured myself another cup anyway, only to have Mr. Dunstable and the postman arrive at back and front doors simultaneously. The postman had a special-delivery letter from David, who should know better, as the only "special delivery" the mail in Bromley gets is that the postman rings the doorbell and gives it to you first before reaching into his bag for the lesser communications. I hoped all this ostentation didn't mean that David wasn't coming home for Thanksgiving, but was rather afraid that it did, as his last letter had dwelt heavily on the pressures of imminent exams and "miscellaneous" expenses, which seem to be the only expenses David ever has. However, Mr. Dunstable was making a tomtom of the back door so I reluctantly tossed the mail on the hall table and dashed to the kitchen to make the rescuing chieftain welcome.

Mr. Dunstable, for my money—and he's had his share of it—is the most eligible bachelor in Bromley. He is all the things a woman doesn't look for in a husband until she's been married for ten years. He can fix anything from an aged dying furnace to a brand-new automatically controlled oven, neurotic from too much inbreeding. He is a doctor of household devices, a philosopher of the mechanical age, and for all his unshaven mien, his beat-up nose and air of having just dropped in on his way home from a convivial evening of poker and schmaltz, the best company I know with the exception of Gordon when he's had a good crop.

The trouble with the furnace, Mr. Dunstable said, without looking at it, was that we needed a new one. Dimly I remembered a small item in the Bromley Gazette to the effect that Mr. Dunstable had recently been made the territorial agent for a new air-blowing, air-receiving (whatever that means) furnace. I smiled regretfully and asked him if he would join me in a cup of coffee. He said he'd already had two at Uptons' but it'd been weak as water and promptly made himself comfortable in Gordon's armchair, hitching it closer to the stove as he did so.

"The trouble with the world today," he said, rolling the hot coffee around on his tongue, "is that people are afraid of change. People," he said, "used to seek change and that's how this country was founded and the great wide West opened up. Now," he said dolefully, "they fight change like it was an enemy. Take that old furnace of yours," he said, and I knew with sickening certainty that before he'd finished his coffee I'd be looking at folders and price lists and that before he left I'd be signing papers and I wondered how on earth I'd ever explain to Gordon that we'd just bought a new furnace when what we needed was new slip covers for the west living room. The telephone rang. I escaped.

It was Sally Dunn, David's girl; or at least the one he'd known the longest—the others come and go with the seasons. All of us, with the possible exception of David, have been sure that someday he and Sally —— This morning she sounded faraway and wistful. Had I heard from David recently and was he coming home for Thanksgiving

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1957 by Anne C. Head

DAVID'S NEW GIRL
is soon to be published in book form
by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., under the title
Fair With Rain

Hank & Julie and DYLAN

By NELIA GARDNER WHITE

At the rear of the dean's house was a basement room, which had an outside entrance down three steps, and in which was domiciled each year a student who took care of the dean's furnace, shoveled his walks and mowed his lawn. The room, the dean often said, was one of his few good investments. This year it was occupied by a junior named Henry Woodridge, but called Hank. It was a plain, snug room, with a pine dresser, unpainted pine bookshelves, a cot, a card table, two chairs. It also had a gas plate on which the tenant could cook if he chose. Henry Woodridge so chose, for he was an exceedingly poor young man. Also, he was an exceedingly appealing young man, with a quick smile, thoughtful dark eyes and untidy hair.

On an afternoon in late January, a girl came down the three steps, knocked on the door impatiently. She had on a short plaid skirt, a pillbox of a plaid hat with a strap under the chin, long woolen socks and a green jacket. Over her shoulder were slung skating shoes. Her face was impudent, charming, young. She stood there knocking for only an instant, then she opened the door, stepped inside. Hank was sitting at the card table, his back to her, working away at something or other.

The girl—she was Julie Lankton, the dean's daughter—stood there an instant, scowling at Hank's back, then said humbly, though she was not at all humble, "I thought you might like to go skating."

Hank didn't turn. "Would you hand me the atlas—under the dictionary there at the bottom?" he asked absently yet peremptorily.

Obediently she went to the shelf, bent, drew out the atlas and brought it over to the table.

"Find Wales," Hank said.

She pulled off mittens, fumbled through the atlas till she found Wales. He simply drew the book from her and studied the map.

"They'll do," he said suddenly. "Snowdon—and can you read that one looking out on the bay? Is it Tregaron? And is it really in the mountains?"

"No, it's nearer the shore. What are you doing?"

"It'll have to do till I find a bigger map. I'm writing a poem, so will you run along and leave me to it?"

"I thought you might go skating with me."

"Well, I wouldn't. I've work to do."

She pulled on her mittens, not looking at him. "What's the poem about?" she asked.

"Dylan Thomas," he said shortly.

"You could read it to me."

"In the middle? Julie, stop pursuing me—run along!"

"Pursuing you, indeed! I just thought you'd do better than nobody to skate with. I'm more fun than Dylan Thomas—he's *dead*."

"Oh, is he? He's not dead to me. Even buried, he's got more life in his little finger than you'll ever have, my girl!"

"He drank," she said flatly.

"He sure did—great gulps of life!"

"I thought you were a mathematician."

"So I am—so I am. In my spare time I can be a poet, can't I? You *are* interrupting, Julie."

She looked down, looked away, but did not move. Then she murmured, "I can read upside down. 'Braced against air' indeed!"

"Well, he was. You know, Julie, I think this is going to be a good poem. I really do. Listen:

> *"This man was a giant.*
> *With one foot on Snowdon and one on Tregaron*
> *He stood, braced against air.*
> *And words poured forth, mighty as thunder,*
> *Sweet as honey, sharp as split rock,*
> *And the waves beat to the rhythm of the words*
> *And children ran down the hills to listen.*
> *The heron lifted to him from the marshes,*
> *The gulls from the sea,*
> *And the fish rose up from the waters to hear,*
> *And cherubim and seraphim came down from God*
> *And ——*

"That's as far as I've got. I think it's pretty good."

"What's it got to do with differential calculus?" she asked rudely.

"Nothing. Everything. You don't like it? I thought you wouldn't."

"*Words* is right. He just used a lot of words with nothing in them but a big sound. I can just see him standing up there with a big demijohn or whatever you call it, shouting *words*—and taking huge swallows of gin in between!"

"You are a prude, Julie," he told her. "What if he did drink? And the words say something all right, if you just listen. You never listen to anyone but yourself. . . . Stop snapping that strap!"

"I listen to you," she said, giving the strap another final snap under her chin. "Well, I'll run along, though you urge me so to stay. But you'll be sorry someday—you really will, Hank. Dylan's *dead*."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

"I don't hate you—much,"
Julie said.
"I just want you to be human once in a while."


THOMAS
Some men
must be pursued
she decided.
Was Hank one of them?

Here was a nightmare which Rosalie had never dreamed of—her husband a stranger . . . a stranger her suitor.

THE DURABLE

By HOWARD SWIGGETT

SYNOPSIS OF PART I On New Year's Eve Edward Rutledge, chairman of Continental Industries Corporation, sat worrying about Stephen Lowry, whom he had just hired as vice-president in charge of foreign operations. Lowry had recently returned to New York after years of Government service abroad; he had high qualifications—but Rutledge detected a disturbing levity in Lowry's attitude toward C.I.C., doubted the "suitability" of his beautiful foreign wife, felt anxious about Lowry's ne'er-do-well brother "Dolly." That same night, the Lowrys were celebrating with Stephen's boyhood friend Jim Peale, and his wife Evelyn. Stephen thought Jim seemed changed and tense; Rosalie sensed Evelyn's antagonism and unhappiness. Later, alone, the Lowrys recalled their own strange wartime courtship. Stephen, sent on a mission to Norway by Colonel Channing, had discovered, among rough Resistance officers, a lovely Estonian girl in fisherman's clothes. He learned she was Rosalie Lainvee, who had joined the Resistance after invading Russians had killed or captured her whole family. Unwilling to leave Norway without her, Stephen persuaded Rosalie to return to London as his wife. Now, after years of happiness in Europe, they had returned to the United States. Rosalie, facing a new life, was uneasy. Would Stephen's friends accept her? Could she learn to be like American women? Might not Stephen's new, demanding job threaten the close companionship they shared?

Lowry did not find his job to be a "hard" one that winter. The heavy responsibilities carried power with them, and its exercise was stimulating rather than wearing. If he had any doubt as to the rightness of any decision, there was a group of experienced, friendly men to consult with. He was always aware of the strong understructure of the corporation supporting him. The fact that profit over the long pull was in effect the sole objective greatly simplified decisions. There were no opposition politicians, no minorities, no special interests to contend with as there had been in Europe. His respect for American industry increased.

Outwardly his colleagues, Curtis, Hewitt and Evans, had a certain corporate uniformity of optimism, team spirit and strict attention to business. Curtis, personally the most attractive, was the least forceful and seemed the least ambitious. Evans, dependable and highly skilled, was a little overshadowed by both Peale and Hewitt.

The latter had the gift of "talking business" in equally absorbed fashion with Mr. Rutledge, an officer of a subsidiary or a small customer whom he might overhear arguing with a salesman that a spare-parts delivery was not properly scaled. Lowry got an early respect for his knowledge of the business, his devotion to it and his real ability. It surprised him to find certain less amiable qualities present as well, one a form of talebearing. As a friendly mentor, Hewitt would say, "I happened to see Rex Thurston the other day and he told me you were old friends. Of course I've known Rex all my life. There's just one thing I think I ought to mention. I *do* think from something he said that he may feel you're expecting a good deal of your friends. It was about that situation in Rhodesia where you asked him to write you ——"

"What is this?" Lowry said in annoyance. "I met him in the subway and he told me ——"

"Now, don't go back to Rex about it. He likes you, make no mistake about that; do anything for you."

"Look, it's not a question of his doing anything for me. I ——"

"Steve, I only told you this as a friend. If I've said the wrong thing, forget it. I am always glad if people tell me ——"

Another pattern, equally annoying, had to do with something he had "been given to understand" would not be announced for some months to come but when it did would very likely cause a major row. He was not at liberty to say what it was and actually all he could say was wait and see. However, he was making his own plans. To the timid or unwary this was likely to suggest salary cuts.

As to Peale, Lowry found himself more and more puzzled. Consecrated and critical at once as his manner was, Lowry felt a sense of insecurity about him which nothing in his position seemed to warrant. Peale would break off a lecture to him on what Lowry should do, to ask, "Steve, you would say, wouldn't you, that Rutledge has an unusual respect for what I think and the way I do things?"

"Yes, why?" Lowry would answer.

"I sometimes wish it wasn't so marked. I think it gets under Calvin's skin."

Lowry did not believe for a moment that Peale had said what he meant, but he was equally at a loss as to what he did mean.

But though the distracting worries and rivalries involved in getting ahead bothered and even bored him, Lowry realized that most men seemed to thrive on them. As he more or less unconsciously studied them, he was aware they were also studying him. Rutledge and Thomas Johnson appeared well pleased with him. In effect they let him understand that they found him sound, agreeable and effective.

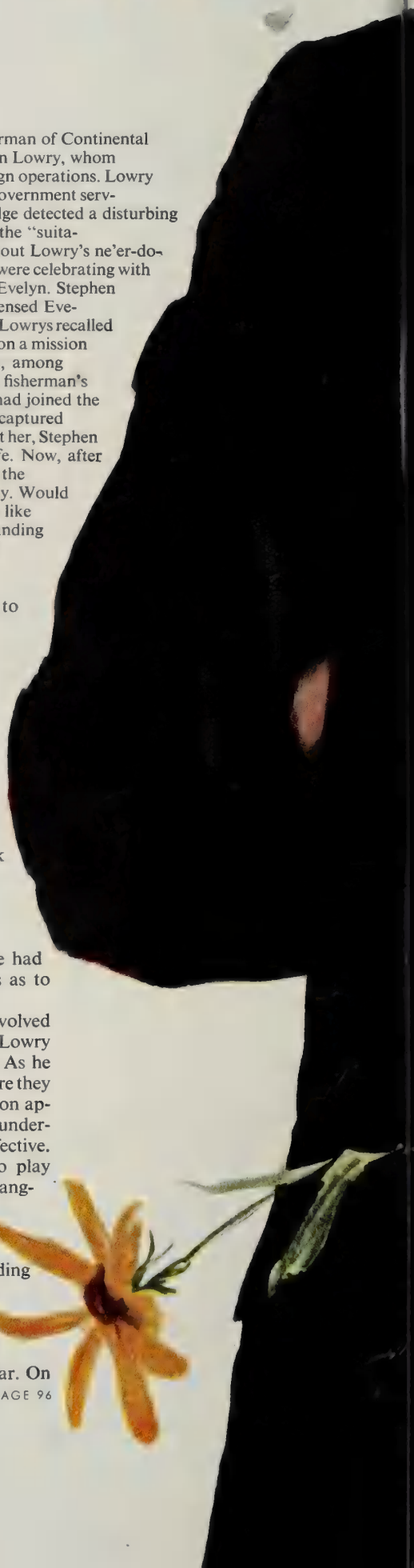
Late one afternoon Peale called to ask him to play squash, and as they strode along 53rd Street, exchanging the banter of earlier days, some of the old close comradeship seemed to come back.

Both played well in different styles—Peale holding the mid-court with his still-terrific volleying, and Lowry, out of practice, relying on round-the-court angle shots; he lost three straight games.

After a shower and rubdown they went to the bar. On the way to a corner

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© 1957 by Howard Swiggett




FIRE
"Please understand," Rosalie said
"that I don't blame either of you.
She's quite lovely."

Cast Off the

Peter Putnam's descent toward death began when he asked himself, "What have I to live for?" He discovered the answer— at the price of permanent blindness.



By PETER PUTNAM

There is a novelty you can buy for children, called a surprise ball. It is made of a single long strip of paper, wrapped round and round, and as you unwind it you discover the surprises concealed within—charms, jacks, candy, a marble and, at the end, a paper party hat. It is a little like that with writing your autobiography. You grab the projecting end of your memory and unwind your way into the past. When you write it, of course, the end becomes the beginning, and, in this case, it is a beginning I had never intended to write. The thing I had not wanted to write was the fact that the "accident" which blinded and very nearly killed me was not an accident at all, but an attempt at suicide.

Even after all these years, I have been unable to form a satisfactory diagnosis of my illness. I can but hope to give some glimpses into the symptoms which led to the violence of the climax. "Climax" is the wrong word. It was as if the landscape of my life had tilted up, and I began to slide, first without knowing and then without caring, until I slipped over the edge.

Throughout my adolescence the prevailing drift of my past seemed to be carrying me toward West Point. Both my father and my brother-in-law were Regular Army officers, and in my final year at the Hill School it was the Army which I "chose." When I wrote my father of the choice, I thought the matter settled. I was, therefore, disconcerted by his answer. With a candor which must have been difficult, he assessed his own experience and concluded by advising me not to subject myself to the frustrations and disappointments of military life.

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NON-FICTION BOOK

© 1957 Peter Putnam

CAST OFF THE DARKNESS
is soon to be published in book form by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

With West Point ruled out, I quailed before the necessity of a second choice. I did not choose. I slid. Because my uncles had been Princeton men, because most of my friends at the Hill were bound for Princeton, I found myself, in the fall of 1938, carrying my bags up from the station and to the campus that was to be a fairyland and hell to me for years to come.

In my freshman year I had a wonderful time. I attended all the football games, about three quarters of my classes and nearly half the movies. I was stimulated by the contacts with new friends and new ideas. I learned something about drinking, jazz and what the college man should wear. I learned a good deal about ancient and medieval architecture and a smattering of European history. I learned nothing at all about studying. I loved listening to lectures, but as the weeks rolled by I paid less and less attention to my preparation. With a highly developed talent for cramming and writing examinations, I managed to get by with every appearance of credit. At the end of the year, my marks averaged out to honor grades.

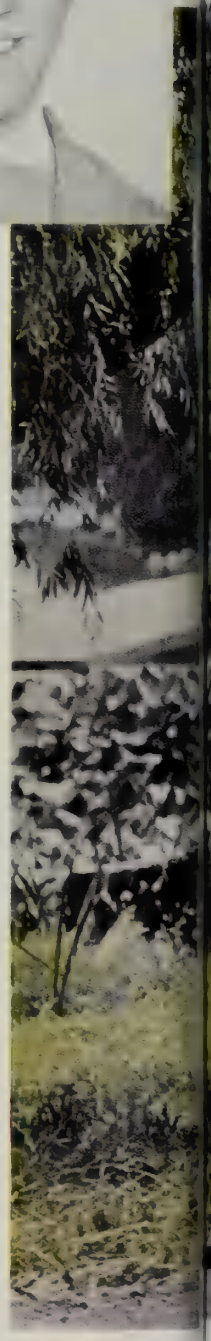
For the majority of boys, college implies a loosening of all the ties with home and family, but for me this had a special impact. One consequence of the nomadic existence of Army life had been to magnify the importance of these ties. Moving from place to place, changing schools and friends every two or three years, I had always felt myself removed from my contemporaries. My connections with them lacked permanence. With my family, it was different; it was my single social constant. I was totally absorbed in my relations with my parents and my grandfather, my brother, sister, cousins, aunts and uncles. Two years at the Hill had begun to redress the social balance, but Princeton tipped the scales the other way. I had withdrawn from my family, and for the first time felt myself as fully at home in my surroundings as my fellow classmates. Princeton was my home town, my whole world. I reveled in the sense of group belonging. Nevertheless, the permanence was more apparent than real; beyond Princeton, there was nothing.

My failure to form a concrete vision of the future was a product of both an inferiority complex and an extraordinary conceit. Above a gnawing sense of inner weakness, I cherished dreams of future greatness. I felt I had the mental tools to scale a dozen different heights. My education had shown aptitudes in many fields in both the arts and sciences. But choice was that of which I was incapable.

My efforts at the Hill had brought me highest honors in the college-board examinations in both chemistry and mathematics, and I might well have concluded that my wisest course was to pursue my study of the sciences. Instead, I sought self-conscious versatility. I cut the sciences completely from my course of study, in order to immerse myself in the liberal arts. But I did not immerse myself, I never got below their surface meanings. In June I discovered that I had narrowly missed qualifying for a special program of study reserved for exceptional students, and with a stab of pain I realized how much I had needed the opportunity and challenge of that program. Little by little my potentialities, the mental tools I had so prized, were slipping from my grasp.

That summer I did not seek the job my conscience was demanding. Instead, two classmates—Bobby Harvey and Gordy Bent—and

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Darkness . . .

In 1941: "I had good grades and good friends at Princeton. I had youth, health, and the affection of a loving family. Yet a nameless fear haunted every waking and sleeping moment."



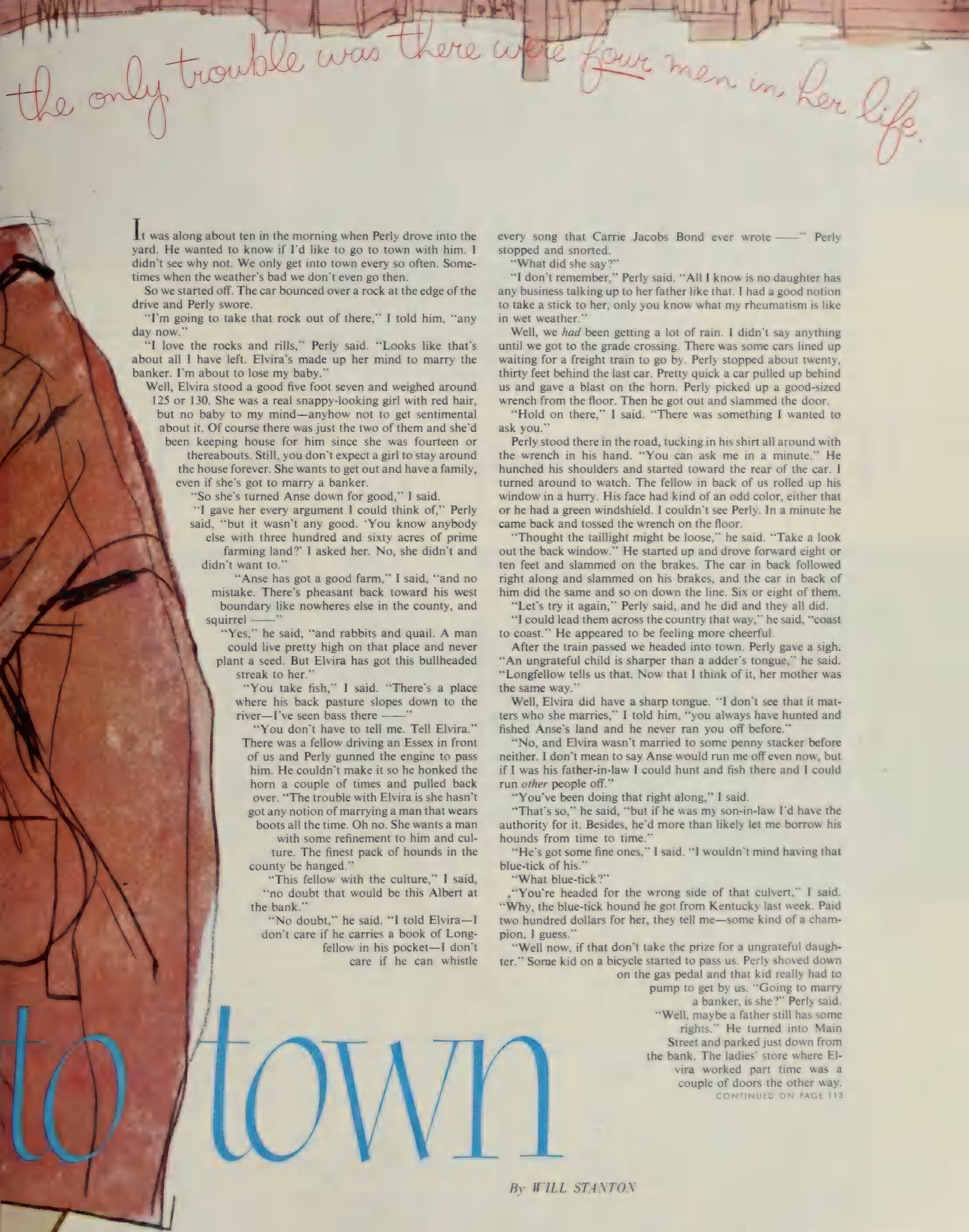
FRANCES MC LAUGHLIN

Today: Peter with his wife Durinda and their three children—Brock, Barbara and John Gerry. "Durinda loves life honestly, directly and for no reason at all."

Elvira had made her choice...

"You might as well
go ahead and tell me
what she's like,"
Elvira said.
"I know you can't wait."

A short trip



to town

By WILL STANTON

It was along about ten in the morning when Perly drove into the yard. He wanted to know if I'd like to go to town with him. I didn't see why not. We only get into town every so often. Sometimes when the weather's bad we don't even go then.

So we started off. The car bounced over a rock at the edge of the drive and Perly swore.

"I'm going to take that rock out of there," I told him, "any day now."

"I love the rocks and rills," Perly said. "Looks like that's about all I have left. Elvira's made up her mind to marry the banker. I'm about to lose my baby."

Well, Elvira stood a good five foot seven and weighed around 125 or 130. She was a real snappy-looking girl with red hair, but no baby to my mind—anyhow not to get sentimental about it. Of course there was just the two of them and she'd been keeping house for him since she was fourteen or thereabouts. Still, you don't expect a girl to stay around the house forever. She wants to get out and have a family, even if she's got to marry a banker.

"So she's turned Anse down for good," I said.

"I gave her every argument I could think of," Perly said, "but it wasn't any good. 'You know anybody else with three hundred and sixty acres of prime farming land?' I asked her. No, she didn't and didn't want to."

"Anse has got a good farm," I said, "and no mistake. There's pheasant back toward his west boundary like nowheres else in the county, and squirrel ——"

"Yes," he said, "and rabbits and quail. A man could live pretty high on that place and never plant a seed. But Elvira has got this bullheaded streak to her."

"You take fish," I said. "There's a place where his back pasture slopes down to the river—I've seen bass there ——"

"You don't have to tell me. Tell Elvira." There was a fellow driving an Essex in front of us and Perly gunned the engine to pass him. He couldn't make it so he honked the horn a couple of times and pulled back over. "The trouble with Elvira is she hasn't got any notion of marrying a man that wears boots all the time. Oh no. She wants a man with some refinement to him and culture. The finest pack of hounds in the county be hanged."

"This fellow with the culture," I said, "no doubt that would be this Albert at the bank."

"No doubt," he said. "I told Elvira—I don't care if he carries a book of Longfellow in his pocket—I don't care if he can whistle every song that Carrie Jacobs Bond ever wrote ——" Perly stopped and snorted.

"What did she say?"

"I don't remember," Perly said. "All I know is no daughter has any business talking up to her father like that. I had a good notion to take a stick to her, only you know what my rheumatism is like in wet weather."

Well, we *had* been getting a lot of rain. I didn't say anything until we got to the grade crossing. There was some cars lined up waiting for a freight train to go by. Perly stopped about twenty, thirty feet behind the last car. Pretty quick a car pulled up behind us and gave a blast on the horn. Perly picked up a good-sized wrench from the floor. Then he got out and slammed the door.

"Hold on there," I said. "There was something I wanted to ask you."

Perly stood there in the road, tucking in his shirt all around with the wrench in his hand. "You can ask me in a minute." He hunched his shoulders and started toward the rear of the car. I turned around to watch. The fellow in back of us rolled up his window in a hurry. His face had kind of an odd color, either that or he had a green windshield. I couldn't see Perly. In a minute he came back and tossed the wrench on the floor.

"Thought the taillight might be loose," he said. "Take a look out the back window." He started up and drove forward eight or ten feet and slammed on the brakes. The car in back followed right along and slammed on his brakes, and the car in back of him did the same and so on down the line. Six or eight of them.

"Let's try it again," Perly said, and he did and they all did.

"I could lead them across the country that way," he said, "coast to coast." He appeared to be feeling more cheerful.

After the train passed we headed into town. Perly gave a sigh. "An ungrateful child is sharper than a adder's tongue," he said. "Longfellow tells us that. Now that I think of it, her mother was the same way."

Well, Elvira did have a sharp tongue. "I don't see that it matters who she marries," I told him, "you always have hunted and fished Anse's land and he never ran you off before."

"No, and Elvira wasn't married to some penny stacker before neither. I don't mean to say Anse would run me off even now, but if I was his father-in-law I could hunt and fish there and I could run *other* people off."

"You've been doing that right along," I said.

"That's so," he said, "but if he was my son-in-law I'd have the authority for it. Besides, he'd more than likely let me borrow his hounds from time to time."

"He's got some fine ones," I said. "I wouldn't mind having that blue-tick of his."

"What blue-tick?"

"You're headed for the wrong side of that culvert," I said. "Why, the blue-tick hound he got from Kentucky last week. Paid two hundred dollars for her, they tell me—some kind of a champion, I guess."

"Well now, if that don't take the prize for a ungrateful daughter." Some kid on a bicycle started to pass us. Perly shoved down on the gas pedal and that kid really had to pump to get by us. "Going to marry a banker, is she?" Perly said. "Well, maybe a father still has some rights." He turned into Main Street and parked just down from the bank. The ladies' store where Elvira worked part time was a couple of doors the other way.

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DAN WEINER

SID RICHARDSON
The wealthiest man in America, with a fortune founded on oil and hard work, Richardson at 65 is still a bachelor, lives at his Texas club.



WIDE WORLD

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III
Oldest grandson of old J. D., founder of fortune, young Rockefeller devotes time to restoration of Colonial Williamsburg, other projects.



WIDE WORLD

HENRY FORD II
Young Ford's methods differ from those of his grandfather, but he had the backing of the old pioneer when he took over the company. Result: revolution.

Who are America's 10 Richest

If you could do anything you wanted to do, within the bounds of limitless wealth—
what would you do, how would you live? Build castles? Help others?
Dance from morn till night? America's millionaires may be able to advise you.

By MARGARET PARTON



JERRY COOKE—PIX

JOSEPH PEW
A famous name in Phila. society; Pew ducks publicity, plays politics.

"After the first hundred million, what the heck?" asked Clint Murchison, discussing his friend and fellow Texan, Sid Richardson. Mr. Murchison is supposed to have $300 million; Mr. Richardson, $700 million. But both know, as do most financial observers, that neither a multimillionaire nor his wife can ever tell exactly how much money they have—after the first hundred million, that is. Holdings are too diffuse, profits too variable to make an assessment of great wealth anything more than an estimate.

Lists of America's richest men change from year to year, and sometimes from month to month. Recently H. L. Hunt and Hugh Roy Cullen, both Texas oilmen, were always included. Hunt, however, has suffered some reverses (dropping him into the dirt-poor, or below-$200-million class) and Cullen has given away 90 per cent of an estimated $350-million fortune to various educational, religious, medical and charitable groups. This leaves him with a mere $35 million, and puts him way out of the running.

Who, according to the best available evidence, are today's ten wealthiest men?

Leading the list is bluff Texas bachelor Sid W. Richardson, with his estimated $700 million. In second place comes that amazing old Florida operator, Arthur Vining Davis, with around $450 million. In third place, with $400 million, is Henry Ford II, president of the Ford Motor Company. Vying for fourth place, with $350 million each, are Joseph Newton Pew, Jr., chairman of the Sun Oil Company of Pennsylvania, and Howard Hughes, aviator, movie maker, perennial squire of beautiful girls, and president of the Hughes Tool Company of Houston, Texas. Next comes Clint Murchison, with $300 million, give or take a few millions. After him is modest Paul Mellon, inheritor of a Pittsburgh steel fortune which now seems to amount to around $250 million. Also competing for Mellon's place, with $250 million each, are the high-living St. Louis brewer, August Busch, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, and John D. Rockefeller III. Trailing the rest, with a paltry $200 million, is Robert Winship Woodruff, of Georgia, Coca-Cola manufacturer and golfing companion of President Eisenhower.

At first glance these men seem to have little in common. Some inherited their wealth, others made it themselves. Men like Rockefeller and Mellon spend a great deal of time giving it away. Richardson, who at 65 has not yet had time for extensive philanthropy, says, "I'll still be tradin' when they bury me." And Davis, at 89, snaps at reporters, "I work to make money!"

Some of them live in palatial mansions, surrounded with cooks, butlers and gardeners. Others prefer to live in hotels or clubs. Some are women chasers, others have been devotedly married for many years. Some are gentle parents, others are harsh. Some speak in cultivated voices, and find enjoyment in music, art and literature. Others take pride in crudity, and happily let the arts get along without them.

Wide as are these differences, there are some attributes which they share. Few of them, for instance, seem to have had a serious illness—by and large, they are characterized by raw good health. Most of them have what has been called "millionaire vitality"; they hunt, fish, ride, play tennis and golf. (Busch likes nothing better than a warm-up with his own baseball team.) Most of them can work (or have worked in the past) for three days and nights on a problem, without sleeping. Almost all of them are early risers. Woodruff hauls his guests out of bed at dawn every morning to go hunting, and thinks nothing of it.

Most of them are "loners." Without advice, they may gamble millions on a risky financial venture, willing to take victory or defeat on their own. They make up their own minds, and often their decisions lead them on dizzy paths which more timid citizens would not dare to tread. They tend to do without secretaries or elaborate offices, to carry their real business in their hats. (In 1929 the New York Herald Tribune reported that young Rockefeller had visited King Alfonso of Spain, accompanied by "a secretary and a servant." The paper was very quickly informed by a family spokesman that Rockefeller "has never had a secretary or servant." His habits may have changed, but the tendency to keep important matters under his $50 hat remains.)

Every one of them has been described as having "an ability to size up men." All of them are said to possess "vision." Richardson, for instance, kept on prospecting for oil in an area where engineers said there was none. He was right. Woodruff lost money when he sent Cokes to GI's all over the world during World War II—but he correctly foresaw the huge postwar profits which would result when the soft drink's name and fame were carried around the world. Mellon, perhaps the most visionary of all, contributes heavily to preservation of America's trees and wildlife.

Most of them are likable men, admired by their associates and subordinates.

All of them, it might be noted, differ in a number of ways from the Robber Barons who flourished at



OLLIE ATKINS—SATURDAY EVENING POST

ROBERT W. WOODRUFF

Woodruff, whose fortune is based on soft drinks, lives on Southern plantation, with gentle wife "Miss Nell." Sometimes golfs with President Eisenhower.



BILL SHROUT—SATURDAY EVENING POST

AUGUST BUSCH

At 58, energetic Busch finds time for a full life: his young Swiss wife, big family reunions, horses, kennels, song fests, his brewery.



WIDE WORLD

PAUL MELLON

Mellon, 48, uses his wealth to support schools, colleges, museums. Interested in conservation, also raises winning horses.

Men?



WIDE WORLD

ARTHUR VINING DAVIS

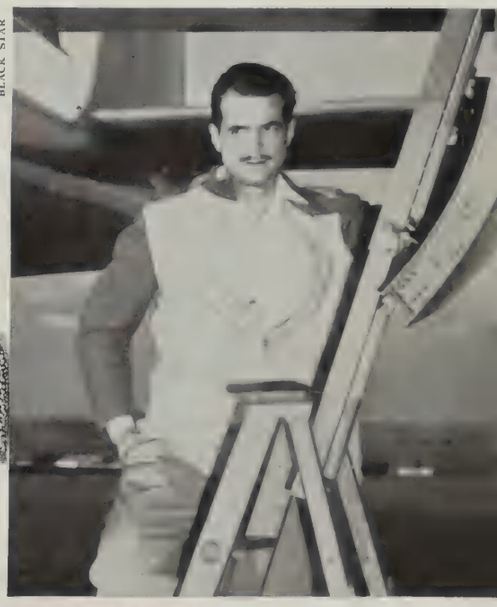
Amazing Davis began new career at 81, now owns large part of Florida, baffles everyone with his energy.



BLACK STAR

CLINT MURCHISON

Dynamic Texan, Murchison retired at 32; bored with life, soon returned to make more millions. But he always finds time for horses.



HOWARD HUGHES

Restless Hughes, 51, tests own planes, makes movies, escorts beautiful girls, wanders alone.

the end of the nineteenth century. Parties may be lavish, but they are not ostentatious or eccentric; today no one would seat a chimpanzee at the glittering dinner table, nor ask the guests to ride into the banquet room on horseback. Dedicated philanthropy has, more or less, replaced lavish display. The old moguls had yachts—today's dollar prince has a private plane or two. The older gentlemen made no secret of their mistresses; there has rarely been a breath of scandal about most of the newer generation of millionaires.

The most important link, however, seems to be family background and "atmosphere." Some of the men come from families of famous name and wealth, others are said to be "self-made." Yet in a sense, none of them is self-made, for in the background of every life stands a father, pushing his son along. Every one of them had a good heritage in terms of parental strength, foresight and determination. Nine of the ten were personally trained or taught by their fathers, when they first entered the world of real money.

Take Sid Richardson, for instance—America's richest man. (If you stacked his $700 million in silver dollars they would make a tower roughly 276 times higher than Mount Everest.) Sid Williams Richardson was born on April 25, 1891, in Athens, Texas, a town which boasts that fifty millionaires have come from the vicinity. Young Sid's father was the owner of a large peach orchard, and a natural tradin' man. When the boy was 12, so the story goes, his father offered to trade with him—did, and won. "That'll teach you!" his father exclaimed.

Encouraged and coached by his father, the boy went on trading; when he was 17 the father could boast that his son had made $3500 that year from shrewd cattle trading. With this background, it is little wonder that Richardson stuck out only a year and a half at Baylor University, telling his friends as he left that he saw no reason to spend his energy in the library when there was so much money to be made on the outside.

For four years he learned the ropes as an oil-well supply-company salesman, scout and leaseman. In 1919 he went into business on his own, finding and developing oil fields. By 1933, when he was 42, he had been a millionaire and was broke again. "But I had forty dollars and I was ready to go," he remembers. Once more he began oil prospecting, this time on credit. Two years later he was making $12,000 a month, mostly from oil wells brought in by faith, luck and hard work in West Texas.

Today Richardson holds more oil land than several of America's major oil companies. Financially, he prefers to stick to oil, but on the side he has interests in twenty-three

CONTINUED ON PAGE 173

The Lark on the Wing

Like every other woman, she wanted more than love. Miss Mary wanted romance . . .

By STELLA BLOUNT HYMAN

She sat still at her desk, and slowly, in spite of her unbelief, a tide of pure happiness flooded her whole body. "Why, he means me!" she thought.



The kitchen was full of smoke from the frying fish. Mary Fields raised a window impatiently. *I wish they hadn't insisted on having fish tonight*, she thought. *The scent'll be all in my hair.*

She turned the creek perch in the long iron skillet and wrinkled her nose in distaste. Creek fish always smelled like mud. Then, going to the window, she looked out. It had been a windy, cold day, a real March day; but now the wind had fallen, and the sun's pale gold, spread out over the western field, had that elusive look of spring.

Tomorrow'll be a pretty day, she thought, and shivered, half in desperation, half in anticipated happiness. "I can't believe I'm going to do it," she said aloud, cooling her face in the sharp air that came in through the open window. *But I am*, she went on to herself. *What have I got to be afraid of? I'm not a child. I'm forty-five years old, and papa and mamma can't forbid me. After it's over, all they can say won't make any difference.*

She turned around and pushed the skillet to the back of the stove, opened the oven door, and looked at the little corn pones browning in the big pan. The kitchen table was already set for supper. Mary looked at the familiar red-checked tablecloth and the old blue dishes they used for every day, and her heart ached. She was terrified to find that she was homesick already.

I mustn't think about home and papa and mamma; I must think about Jim, she determined, standing in front of the stove and pressing her trembling hands together.

Now supper was ready. She dipped up the turnip greens and cut them up fine as her father liked them to be. She put the fish and the corn bread on the table, lifted the heavy agate coffeepot and poured the coffee, strong as lye. Then she opened the door and went through the cold, orderly dining room to the hall beyond. Her father and mother were in the living room on the other side of the house. They heard her coming and, like two eager old children, met her as she opened the door.

"Seems like supper's mighty late," said her father querulously. "Gettin' later every night."

"I had to fry fish. That takes time," said Mary, going CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART



Mother Protecting Her Child

BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-CAMILLE COROT
(1796–1875)

It seems to be a general rule that each new generation despises the art of its grandparents. It takes about a hundred years for the silt and mud stirred up by the controversies which always have raged in the art world to settle, so that we can see clearly just what the art of the past had to offer. The Frenchman Corot who painted this picture lived just a hundred years ago, and therefore he has been under the ban of the taste cycle. From being the greatest painter of his generation, he until recently has been condemned as a romantic, and "romanticism" for the last decade has been an insulting term when applied to an artist. This blanket condemnation of an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

April Flowers

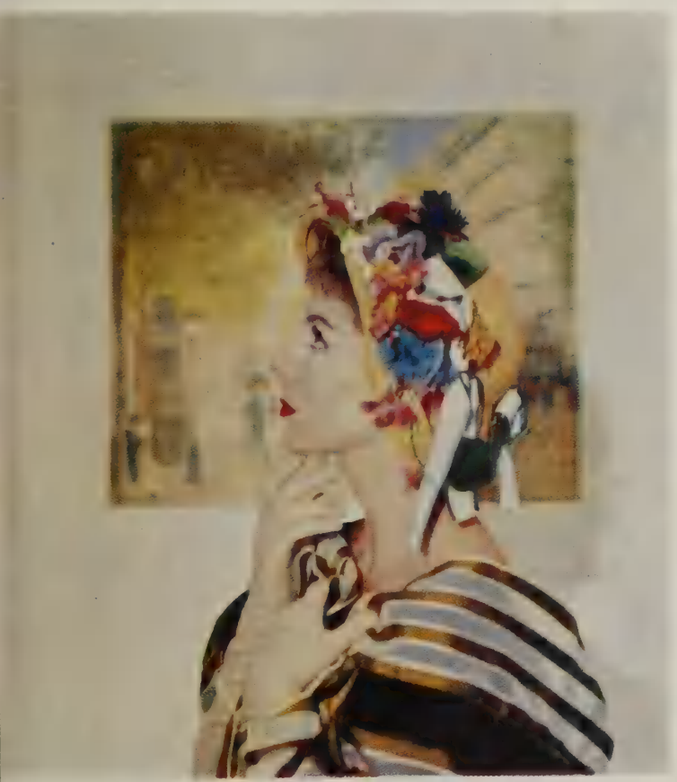


The cloche in bloom—a deep-crowned rough straw with garden flowers in such variety that it can be worn with many colors. At its best, perhaps, with a simple black silk costume with a white organdy bow at the neckline. The hat by Mr. John, the jacket dress by Andrew Arkin.

The Renoir hat revived, pretty as a painting,
for spring and summer of 1957. This is a fashion
designed to please and to add instant loveliness
to many kinds of costumes. From little sailors and
bretons to big brimmed hats or
deep cloches, wreathed or completely
covered with flowers, there is a variety for every woman.
Some are to be worn with simple little cotton suits or
black daytime silks with organdy necklines,
others with pastels or bare-top dresses and beautiful scarves.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal





The golden colors return to fashion. Above—a milan straw rimmed with blossoms worn with a black dress, a striped scarf in velvet and taffeta. Left—the straw bonnet with flowers, also worn with the fashion of the striped scarf. Both hats by Mr. John.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





Mother-and-daughter sailors in the spirit of Renoir. The mother's by Irene of New York, worn with a cotton suit by Andrew Arkin, pearl-and-sapphire pin by Seaman Schepps—the daughter's by Mr. John with a starchy white pinafore. Left—dinner hat of roses and rose leaves by Mr. John, enchanting and wearable.

In every woman's life there are clothes for special occasions . . .

and those best-loved few that are really, really lived in.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Wool knitted sheath and jacket that goes to the train, to school with the children or to town, by Kimberly. Straw hat, Elizabeth Marks; bag, Morris Moscowitz.



Lightweight tweed coat in neutral beige is worn over everything through the spring, on cool summer nights and on trips in many seasons. Designed by Dan Milstein, worn with Emme's felt hat.

Right: Freshest flannel suit of the year has a white piqué collar, is for many women, many occasions, by Marquise. The bag in reverse calfskin by Michel, the big rough straw sailor by John Frederics.



The busiest clothes in the world

What makes them so busy, so loved, that they can scarcely be spared to go to the cleaners? They have the definite look of fashion but are never extreme. They are not confined to morning, noon or night or to a single season. They are made of silk shantung, wool jersey, flannel, tweed, polka-dot or printed silks or synthetics — pure-gold fabrics that need no proving. They are simple, unself-conscious clothes equally suitable to the world of offices or the lives of busy wives and mothers. They are basic, but tune in easily to a personality, and are often in a personality color. They are the specialty of American designers, available up and down and across the U.S.A.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Polka dots return to fashion and the pure-silk dress with the little jacket is busy all day and through dinnertime, by Richard Martini. Wear with white, navy or red. The hat by Miss Ruth, the bag by Greta.



The black silk afternoon dress that can be worn all day because of its simplicity and its narrow leather belt. In shantung, by Ben Barrack. Accessorize with imagination—gold and pearl jewelry, a polka-dot bag.

Right: Almost every woman loves a print and every one loves a shirtwaist dress. This is a spring-into-summer fashion for any time of day, pure silk with a cummerbund and a full skirt by Abe Schrader

The busiest clothes in the world





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Tweeds in a personality color — the violet tones of spring '57. This suit and topcoat and matching stole by Davidow is a city, country or travel costume to wear for years with felt or straw hats, pretty sweaters or blouses.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

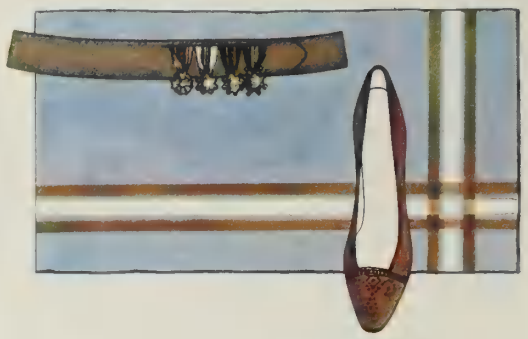


A gray flannel suit, basis of a spring wardrobe. This one by Jeanne Campbell is slim and easy, perfect for felt hats and silk shirts and many changes. Jacket, $22.95; skirt, $11.95; a variety of shirts from $7.95 to $15.95; hat by Murray Paul, $2.95; plastic patent-leather bag, $2.95; bracelet, $1.00; and gloves, $1.50.

A SUIT of importance



● Wear clear yellows with gray flannel—a linen blouse by Jeanne Campbell, $9.95; hand-sewn cotton gloves, $1.00. ● Daisies and geranium leaves, and whitest-white fresh-water pearls.



● Cork beige for casual accents with gray—a flat-heeled air-cooled buckskin shoe, $7.95. ● Calfskin belt strung with medals, $3.00, by Arnold Garay. ● Beautiful, scarf-size cotton handkerchief.



SKETCHES BY RICHARD HANLEY

● Fashion of the quilted bag in red plastic calfskin with a gilt frame, $2.95, worn with bow-trimmed patent-leather pumps, $5.99, and a gold bracelet, $1.00.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



A DRESS of charm

Silk shantung costume worn with and without its jacket by Jonathan Logan, $24.95. The white grosgrain hat by Murray Paul, $3.95, the brimmed toyo by John Frederics.

A COAT of versatility



Violet velveteen any-hour coat or raincoat, $29.95, worn with felt or flower hats, right with the silk dress or flannel suit.

make a significant wardrobe for around $100

A gray flannel is a suit of many changes. Give it a pink shantung blouse for afternoon, a yellow felt cloche and sweater for the country. Think of the pale lilac silk dress with flower or chiffon turban, velvet or veiling bandeaux, rainbow crystals. Remember the velveteen coat is for every hour, and that all the prices meet the strictest plans.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD

ACCESSORIES NOT INCLUDED IN WARDROBE TOTAL.

My Favorite Cottons . . .



Look-alike dresses in blue-and-white cotton twill. Mother's has a low neckline bordered in eyelet and lace with a matching, but wider, border on the skirt. Daughter's has high neckline, narrower borders. Mother's, Vogue Design No. 9154, sizes 10 to 16. Daughter's, Vogue Design No. 2765, sizes 3 to 8.

My favorite cottons are as colorful and gay as a summer garden. They blossom with daisy embroidery, rose-embroidered appliqués and flower prints on lustrous cottons. The details are a pleasant surprise . . . a jeweled chintz apron on a pale pink dress, appliqués of roses on a black-and-white dotted swiss, contrasting cummerbund, and eyelet and lace embroideries in companion widths to border mother-and-daughter dresses. Any one of these could be *your* favorite cotton. ▪ By NORA O'LEARY

Pattern Editor of the Journal

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 221. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

© VOGUE



Crisp white bird's-eye piqué has a princess fit and brass buttons down the front. Also, a short-tennis-dress version. Vogue Design No. 9118, 10 to 18.



A double border of embroidered daisies circles this skirt, and a single border the bodice of this silky cotton. Vogue Design No. 9124, 10 to 16.



Bright plaids are always a summer favorite. This gored, bias-cut skirt has a sweep of ten yards, grosgrain sash. Vogue Design No. 9155, 10 to 16.



Black-and-white dotted swiss makes this cool shirtwaist dress. The yoke is bordered with giant-sized roses. Vogue Design No. 9157, 10 to 18.



This pale yellow cotton satin has a spatter dash of white dots. Make this Jacques Heim design later in wool. Vogue Design No. 1348, 12 to 18.



This lovely warp print looks more like silk than cotton and is surprisingly inexpensive. The bodice is simple, the skirt circular. Add a contrasting cummerbund. Vogue Design No. 8874, 10 to 20.

WRITE TO US FOR "WHERE-TO-BUY" INFORMATION ON FABRIC AND TRIMMINGS.

Pale pink is such a pretty summer color. This bell-shaped skirt has an amusing apron of a flowered chintz sparkled with sequins and edged with a novelty braid. Vogue Design No. 9156, 10 to 18.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI





FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Nineteen-year-old college sophomore Darlene Dennerlein and her schoolteaching father, Gerry, have a project in common—they both want, and need, to lose 50 pounds. Gerry is 6′1″ tall, weighs close to 300 pounds. "I just love quantities of good food," he admits good-naturedly, "and I top that off by being a nervous nibbler. When things go wrong, I eat." Darlene is 5′10″ tall. Her weight is a "big" secret which she will share only with her mother. On the frozen diet, Darlene and her daddy can satisfy their liking for tempting foods, and at the same time safely lose those 100 extra pounds in approximately five months. "We've already started," says Gerry. "I'm the cook." Darlene adds, "I'm the calorie counter, the menu planner, the cleaner-upper." With this friendly father-daughter competition, there's no reason why both cannot wind up winner!

For people who love to eat!

Reducing

Imagine dieting on such gourmet dishes as shish kebabs, beef ragout and shrimp creole! Think of having two weeks' worth of lunch and dinner main dishes all prepared in advance, giving you plenty of time to plan exciting menus around them.

With this waist-conscious, taste-conscious diet you won't be tempted to cheat. Who wants to take the edge off her appetite when she knows there's a chicken or mushroom casserole coming up—with spongecake or peach sherbet for dessert?

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN and LIANE WAITE

Here you have them! Fourteen frozen main-dish diet meals to take you deliciously through many a diet week. These frozen favorites include crisp salads, nourishing soups and other JOURNAL specialties to give flair and flavor to dieting.

Let's say it's Monday. Lunchtime's here and you're h-u-n-g-r-y, but you're determined to lose those extra pounds too. With our new reducing diet that's no problem, it's a pleasure. Poached scallops in chicken broth, garnished with parsley, is your midday main dish. All you have to do is remove it from the freezer, heat it, eat it! Tastes *good* with the sliced tomatoes and lettuce, the Melba toast, the tall glass of nonfat milk and the apple half which you have added. *Calories?* Only 365 for the entire meal.

On this diet, luscious luncheons are always followed by delicious dinners. So on Monday night a generous stuffed green pepper is waiting for you. This is your second heat-it, eat-it main dish for the day. Chilled grapefruit juice begins Monday's dinner, and accompanying your stuffed pepper you have shredded-cabbage salad, julienne carrots, spongecake and coffee! The entire dinner costs you only 420 calories. Calories for luncheon and dinner

Your diet luncheon plus your diet dinner equal total calories

Monday



Luncheon	Calories
*Poached Scallops	180
Tomato-and-Lettuce Salad	20
Melba Toast (2)	40
Apple Half	40
Nonfat Milk (8 oz.)	85
	365



Dinner	Calories
Grapefruit Juice (4 oz.)	50
*Stuffed Green Pepper	240
Shredded-Cabbage Salad (½ cup)	15
Julienne Carrots (½ cup)	30
*Spongecake	85
Coffee	0
	420

Total Calories 785

Tuesday



Luncheon	Calories
*Tongue-and-Artichoke Salad, Lemon Juice	180
Melba Toast (2)	40
Apricots (4)	80
Nonfat Milk (8 oz.)	85
	385



Dinner	Calories
Cantaloupe (¼)	25
*Kidney Stew	300
Small Peas (½ cup)	25
Crisp Relishes	20
Coffee	0
	370

Total Calories 755

Wednesday



Luncheon	Calories
*Fillet of Sole, Marinade Sauce	80
Frenched Green Beans (½ cup)	30
Broiled Tomato	30
*Peach Sherbet	100
*Cereal Lace Wafers (2)	40
Coffee	0
	280



Dinner	Calories
*Broiled Liver Patty, Bacon Strip	220
Romaine, Tomato, String Bean and Onion Salad	35
Crisp Rye Wafers (2)	60
Pineapple Wedges and Sliced Strawberries (½ cup)	45
Nonfat Milk (8 oz.)	85
	445

Total Calories 725

Diet in a freezer

come to 785. Add the 300 (or slightly under) calories you have consumed at breakfast (appetizing diet breakfasts appear on page 227), and your total daily calorie count comes to 1085.

That's the way our menus measure up in taste appeal and calorie counts throughout your entire diet. Because most weight-worriers are also dessert fanciers, the JOURNAL's new diet can be topped off with delectable frozen assets in the form of fruit-flavored sherbets, cookies or cake. Who says you can't have good food—and a good figure too!

Enjoy Eating Your Extra Pounds Away

You may repeat the diet each week exactly as it appears here. If, for variety, you prefer to switch meals about (for instance, making this Thursday's dinner next Tuesday's luncheon), be sure to plan your rearranging in advance so that the daily calorie count comes close to a grand total of 1000 to 1100. You won't want to have the two main dishes with the *highest* calorie count or the two main dishes with the *lowest* calorie count for luncheon and dinner on the same day. By labeling each main-dish container with its calories as well as its contents, it will be simple to pair together the right dishes for each day.

You'll be Eating—and on Your Way to Looking—Like a Queen!

If two of you are dieting. All recipes are designed to provide four individual servings, which will enable two dieting members of your family to have their main dishes for luncheon and dinner stored in the freezer for two full weeks in advance. (We have figured that the diet takes approximately two days' working time to prepare. Count on approximately six hours the first day, four or five hours the second day.)

If three or more of you are dieting. Amounts in each recipe should be increased accordingly. (Your working time will be slightly increased.)

If only one of you is dieting. If it's your husband *or* your daughter *or* you who needs to reduce, you have a choice of three methods of preparation. 1—Make all seventeen recipes, cutting quantities in half for a two-week diet. 2—Make all seventeen recipes in full quantities, and have one person's diet set for *four* full weeks. 3—Cut working time in half by making up only *seven* main-dish recipes, each in full amount. This will last a single dieter two weeks. Main dishes will be repeated twice in each week, but lots of variety can be attained by varying the accompanying foods which complete each menu. At the end of the two weeks, make up the remaining seven main-dish recipes for another two weeks of dieting. 4—Make up all the recipes in full amounts. The single dieter uses half of these, while the other half can be used to supplement a nondieter's regular meals. (For instance, the salads, soups and mushroom casserole can serve as tempting side dishes for your husband or your youngsters. Heartier fare—beef ragout, kidney stew, shrimp creole—can be a nondieter's main dish, supplemented with generous portions of vegetables, or a buttered baked potato, a filling salad or more elaborate dessert.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 227

Thursday



Luncheon	Calories
*Tuna Salad	130
Tomato Stuffed with Cottage Cheese	85
Melba Toast (2)	40
Nonfat Milk (8 oz.)	85
	340



Dinner	Calories
*Beef Ragout	305
Tossed Salad	30
Protein Toast	60
Orange Slices	60
Coffee	0
	455

total Calories 795

Friday



Luncheon	Calories
Tomato Juice (6 oz.)	45
*Mushroom Casserole	65
Crisp Relishes	20
Fresh Fruit Cup (banana, apple, orange)	100
*Cereal Lace Wafers (2)	40
Nonfat Milk (8 oz.)	85
	355



Dinner	Calories
*Shrimp Creole	155
Broccoli (½ cup)	20
Tossed Salad	30
Melba Toast (2)	40
Lime Gelatin	100
Nonfat Milk (8 oz.)	85
Coffee	0
	430

total Calories 785

Saturday

STUART



Luncheon	Calories
Consommé	20
*Mixed Vegetable Salad	75
Whole-Wheat Toast	75
*Spongecake	85
Nonfat Milk (8 oz.)	85
	340



Dinner	Calories
Broiled Grapefruit Half	100
*Chicken with Vegetables	255
Tossed Salad with Tomato	30
*Cereal Lace Wafers (2)	40
Coffee	0
	425

total Calories 765

Sunday



Luncheon	Calories
*Vegetable Soup	85
Prune with Cottage-Cheese Salad	140
Toasted Whole-Wheat Slice	75
Nonfat Milk (8 oz.)	85
	385



Dinner	Calories
Hot Tomato Madrilène, Lemon Juice	30
*Broiled Shish Kebabs	280
Asparagus	10
Crisp Cucumber Slices	10
Strawberries (½ cup)	40
Coffee	0
	370

total Calories 755

*Recipes for all frozen main dishes and desserts appear on page 227

ROOMY, RI



GARDEN DESIGNED BY THE AUTHOR

For nearly eight months of the year the garden in good weather gets as delightfully used as the house. Retaining walls and steps of old railroad ties eliminate hard-to-manage slopes and make possible raised beds for easy garden care. Garden floors and paths of used brick, cement squares and gravel provide all-weather underfooting in a nice variety of colors and patterns, and virtually call a halt to weeds. The corkscrew willows are wonderful to watch, and like the white pines and the screen of rosenthal arborvitae are as trouble-free as trees can be.

You come in from the street at lower left on the plan and either park or enter the carport. Guests go round to the entrance terrace, a little paved and planted platform like an open-air lobby. Family come in from the carport or around to the kitchen-garden door. The house is beautifully divided from left to right into rooms for activity, leisure and repose, in that order. And notice as you discover its other advantages that it's a house that gets along without any outside help.

The smooth unbroken expanse of gently sloping roof and the sheer clean-cut walls of vertical cypress siding express a structure that goes all out to be truly economical both in the building and in the maintenance. The sheltered entrance terrace is an unusually attractive note of welcome as you come around the corner of the carport from the drive. And now that the picture has been taken, the row of dogwoods that would have hidden much of the house for you will be planted to make a screen for the bedroom section at the right. Thus adding seclusion to all the other qualities of this relaxful house.





HOUSE DESIGNED BY STANLEY C. REESE. PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

LAXED, RESOURCEFUL

Never too large for two, never too small for four, it fits the changing pattern of a family's life from the start into retirement. By RICHARD PRATT

Architectural and Garden Editor of the Journal

This is a big small-family house. It has a lot to offer. A keen young couple can build it in a semi-rural suburban community for about $20,000, including the cost of an average lot with basic improvements. It's also a house a retired couple can afford to live in with a minimum of household cares, and low upkeep costs. It's a most accommodating house for a family of two or four at any stage of the game.

For a couple starting off, there's a nice economy feature in the fact that the whole inside finishing of the parents' bedroom, dressing room, bath can be delayed indefinitely without any inconvenience whatever; making $1000 you needn't spend at once. The whole hobby-room interior can likewise be let go until the money is more readily available.

The house makes a specialty of usable, enjoyable space particularly in those places where the family does most of its active living—living room, kitchen, family-hobby room, garden. You can't find a square foot that's going to waste. The bedroom arrangement features completeness with compactness. It is partial to the parents, which is fitting and proper. For there will be years when the smaller bedrooms, after the children go, will come in handy for visiting family and friends. And the parents can spread out when they find themselves alone in retirement.

As for storage (that perennial problem), there are, in addition to all the regular closets, a big walk-in closet in the bedroom section, a long storage wall in the carport and a twenty-foot-square storage basement, warm and dry, downstairs from the carport and laundry.

The money, time and trouble that maintenance takes can be a disturbing factor to a young couple starting out; even more so to an older couple contemplating retirement. So the house goes in for features like a gutterless built-up roof with a long-term tenure. Walls of cypress vertical siding can be permanently attention-free. With no high exposed foundation walls to hide, there is no foundation planting to prune, repair and replace. Instead there is a neat, convenient walk-around path of gravel that also drains off the drip from the roof. And the garden, designed to be a true outdoor extension of the house, follows suit. Carefree paving and planting leave all the time you'll ever want for leisure.

HAROLD FOWLER

Perfect for spring is this flower-spattered room, also full of practical ideas.

Bedroom for Teen-agers

Careful planning makes small bedroom prettier, more convenient, more livable.



By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Carol and Kathy Dennerlein share a smallish (roughly 12½′x11′) bedroom in the Dennerleins' Long Beach house. Both girls use the room for studying, reading, watching television. They have long planned a rearrangement to make use of every inch of much needed space.

This cheerful "redo" was inspired by a flowery print available in wallpaper, ready-made dust ruffles, puffs, and even sheets and towels—all popularly priced. The rest of the decoration stemmed from this springy pattern. A turquoise cotton-and-fiber rug is inexpensive and ideally suited to beach life, sand being easily swept off the surface. Also, it's reversible! Coverlets are made of bright yellow denim, hardy and washable. The practical, spacesaving desk top is simply a long plank resting on three small chests (inexpensive unpainted furniture). This serves triple duty as vanity, desk and TV stand. The drawers hold the girls' writing materials, cosmetics, and so on, encourage them to neatness.

More storage is found in the large ready-to-install wall closet with sliding doors. Painted white, it ties in with the fresh look of this color scheme. Louvered door and shutters for window were chosen for simplicity and the airy feeling they enhance. Shutters are always an excellent window treatment when the view is unattractive, as is the case here. In this room, they complement the over-all effect of gaiety and charm.



Marriage counseling on a professional level dates back little farther than 1930, when the American Institute of Family Relations was founded. But there has always been such counseling, and most of it has been, and still is, done by clergymen. Yet clergymen—and even more, their wives—sometimes have need of such help in their own lives. This does not prevent them, as a class, from making a conspicuously good record in family life. Not only do they have, along with farmers, the lowest divorce rate in the country, but their children turn out notably well. If ranked by the number included in Who's Who, the offspring of clergymen are surpassed only by the offspring of foreign missionaries. Evidently the self-discipline, self-denial and altruism of the parsonage contribute the qualities of character and stability conducive to successful marriages. Nowhere, today, is there a more active interest in improving the techniques of counseling than among clergymen—no matter if some of them do have to call for help in their own homes from time to time. The counselor in this case was Clinton E. Phillips.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *General Director*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: ***"As the minister's wife I am regarded as a sort of bloodless symbol, with no normal desires, no preferences, no individuality. To Dana the church's most trivial business takes precedence over any duty he owes his family. I can't stand it any longer."***

HE: ***"Lucy takes no pride in the tremendous growth of our church; she merely complains that I'm away too much, don't earn enough, and that our living accommodations are poor."***

LUCY TELLS HER SIDE:

"I married a church, not a man," said Lucy, fifteen years wed, mother of two small sons. Attractive and slender, with beautiful red hair, Lucy's dispirited manner and fretful voice made her seem older than thirty-three. "You can't conceive what it's like to be a clergyman's wife. To Dana the church's most trivial business takes precedence over any duty he owes his family.

"On the Saturday our oldest boy starred in a Little League baseball game, Dana wasn't at the schoolground. Other busy fathers were there. It was no consolation to Johnnie that his father couldn't attend because of a previous commitment to help organize Cub Scout dens. Johnnie is an outgoing youngster, a born joiner—Chuck is our shy, sensitive child—but Johnnie has no interest in becoming a Cub Scout. I don't blame him.

"I can never induce Dana to make a definite promise—something might come up at the church—but two weeks ago he told me he thought he could take the boys and me to an ice-skating exhibition in the next town. He repeatedly postponed the trip. The activities that kept him so frantically occupied were typical. Three weddings, two funerals, his daily round of visiting at the local hospitals, meetings with the finance board, hours getting out the weekly bulletin. Then there were conferences with the Red Cross, with the Community Chest, a young people's dance to supervise, a talk before the Lions Club, a speech at the Chamber of Commerce banquet.

"Yesterday was the last day of the ice show and Dana came home unusually early, around six P.M. I'm optimistic by disposition—or used to be. I hurried supper and called the boys. As we sat down I thanked their father for managing to give over an evening to us. I knew instantly by Dana's expression that the whole matter had slipped his mind. With our boys sitting there all eyes, I begged him not to disappoint us again. I should have known better. Dana's evening was filled until eleven P.M. He was scheduled to hold meetings with three committees—our church is in the midst of its annual fund-raising drive—and the architect was waiting in his study to discuss a Sunday-school addition. With two weeks' notice Dana couldn't find time to drive his own sons fifteen miles, although he averages fifteen hundred miles a month making church calls. We have only the one car, which he considers his exclusive property. I offered to take the youngsters to the ice show and drop him at the church on the way. This was vetoed. Dana had arranged to pick up one of the committee chairwomen. Her car was in the repair shop, her husband and daughter were using *their* cars.

"When I protested that a woman from a three-car family could afford to hire a taxi, Dana informed me he couldn't afford gasoline for fifteen miles of 'needless' driving and tickets to 'needless' entertainment. I broke down and began to cry. It wasn't that I minded missing the ice show. It was something deeper. What I couldn't bear was the feeling I'd missed everything a woman values in life: gaiety and romance and glamour as a bride; being cherished as a young wife; I'd missed novelty and excitement—I have yet to set foot in a night club or enter a regular theater—and in my thirties it was increasingly clear I was missing out on companionship and content.

"With Dana the church always comes first. When my father suffered a fatal stroke I went back to Ohio on the bus by myself. Dana sits up with the dying and comforts the bereaved; my mother and I dried our own tears. Our first son was born in my home town and my parents saw me through the difficult birth. Dana was attending his Eastern seminary and did not join us until I was out of danger and Johnnie was two weeks old. Throughout our marriage whenever I've felt weak and depressed and in need of masculine strength somebody else has had first call. As I cried out my heart last night it seemed to me that if I lived to be as old as Methuselah I would never have a warm, satisfying marriage. It seemed to me my sons were half orphans and that they deserved a concerned, affectionate father like other children.

"After Dana left the house, I pulled myself together, cleared the table, settled the boys in their room and read them a story. By then I was started on a migraine attack. A bad one. This morning it was all I could do to crawl out of bed. According to our physician, my migraine headaches are psychological in origin. Dana thinks I should conquer my attacks by the sheer power of will. I have tried, but my headaches have grown steadily and frighteningly worse.

"I blame Dana's church for my ill health and chronic wretchedness. I'm a comparatively young woman. I don't want to drag on until I'm middle-aged, miserably unhappy all the time.

"Dana is capable of earning a livelihood outside the ministry. As soon as he finishes writing his thesis, he will get his Ph.D. and be qualified to teach on a college level. The wives and families of college instructors have private lives, private interests, a little freedom.

"Dana's congregation refuses to think of me as a human being. As the minister's wife I am regarded as a sort of bloodless symbol, with no normal desires, no preferences, no tastes, no individuality. I can't stand it any longer. For that matter, I burn at the way Dana himself is treated. Not one of his congregations has ever appreciated his sacrifices. His present church is still

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

"As I cried out my heart last night it seemed to me that if I lived to be as old as Methuselah I would never have a warm, satisfying marriage."



DON GRANTZ

PARTY CHICKEN... CHINESE STYLE



DI PIETRO

In our party casserole,

tender chicken strips mingle with water chestnuts,

green beans and crisp, golden walnuts,

deliciously seasoned with soy sauce.

Our party meal is designed to be served buffet style; no knives invited! With a set of small tables to place within handy reach of your guests, buffet service couldn't be easier.

Haven't you always wanted to give a party with delicious food that can be effortlessly served? Well, this is for you. Our casserole main dish has tender thin slivers of chicken, crisp sliced water chestnuts, savory green beans and crunchy walnuts. Complementing the heavenly chicken is a serving of hot, buttery rice. All accompanied by the sharp, sweet tang of cold pineapple chunks drenched with an exotically seasoned French dressing in a nest of crisp, fresh salad greens.

Set the scene for your party early in the day, with little tables conveniently arranged around the living room, or trays big enough to hold a glass, fork, napkin and plate. Serving from the buffet is no problem, as there is nothing to carve or maneuver. Just arrange your colorful casserole, rice and salad, and the light-as-a-feather *croissant* rolls sprinkled with aromatic fennel. These, of course, you can get ready the day before. Pop into the oven fifteen minutes before it's time to eat. A tempting tray of cheeses and a bowl of little Chinese fortune cookies complete the meal.

For later in the evening your guests may like to nibble on creamy bonbons in a springtime rainbow of colors that look pretty placed casually around the room on occasional tables.

For the main event, the party chicken Chinese style, prepare in two stages. It's so simple. You cut and dice and sliver the ingredients for the main dish early in the day; cooking this dish shortly before it is to be served takes just a few minutes. As you will see.

CHINESE CHICKEN AND WALNUTS

Have your butcher give you six large chicken breasts—skinned and boned, if he will. (The Chinese word for "please" is "*ching*," you might like to know.) Slice the chicken into thin julienne strips; sauté the strips in a large skillet, in a quarter cup of butter, for just a few minutes, till the meat turns white. Now add a cup of thinly sliced water chestnuts, a cup of diced bamboo shoots, two cups of sliced celery, and half a pound of green beans, fresh or frozen, cut into thin, small slivers. You'll have about two cups. Pour over the mixture in the skillet three cups of chicken CONTINUED ON PAGE 232

The mood is gay and relaxed, the food is delectable: use your prettiest, most colorful casserole and dishes, napkins and flowers in rainbow colors.



STUART POWELL


MENU
Chinese Chicken with Walnuts
Buttered Rice
Pineapple-and-Avocado
Tossed Salad
with spicy dressing
Croissants
Flavored with Fennel
Cheese Tray with Crackers
Fortune Cookies and Bonbons
PLANNED FOR SIX

Collector's Items

Twenty-Minute Triumphs FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN



Save the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves.

Believing as we do that the power of women is not to be underestimated, it is hardly surprising that we have on our staff a number of young wives and mothers whose activities are protean. Much as they might prefer to spend pleasant hours in the kitchen (for the kitchen has well been called the heart of the home), it often turns out, between one thing and a dozen, that supper is something that must be made in a trice. The definition of "trice" is highly variable, but for the purpose of this page it is set at twenty minutes. Here is a clutch of trice-time recipes perfected by the busiest young editors we know—and for those readers who may find it hard at first glance to believe that anything really good can be cooked in such a short space of time, we recommend Mr. Thurber's maxim that "seeing is deceiving—it's eating that's believing."

Triumph of the Egg: An omelet is often the answer for the housewife-in-a-hurry, but an ordinary omelet will hardly do. Call it a Piperade, however, and you have a chance of arousing any husband's interest, even before he has tasted it. Thinly slice one green pepper and sauté it slowly in three tablespoons salad oil, along with one onion, finely chopped. After they go limp on you, add one peeled and seeded tomato, one clove garlic, crushed, and salt and black pepper to taste. (Freshly ground Telicherry pepper will work wonders.) Simmer the mixture until it reaches the purée stage. Add a half dozen eggs and stir only enough to mix well with the vegetables. Then cook slowly until eggs are set. Serve the Piperade on slices of toast, or thin slices of ham, previously sautéed and kept comfortably warm in the oven.

Avocado halves stuffed with crab and hollandaise—then whisked to the oven for two or three minutes.



Pleasures of Pasta: Pasta in one of its myriad forms is another sterling stand-by, but again it should be pasta with a difference. Try *tagliarini*—the green noodle with the built-in spinach—cooked *al dente* and tossed in butter and enough liver *pâté* to form a substantial sauce, about three tablespoons of butter and four of *pâté* to a package of noodles.

Quick-as-a-Wink Crab Meat: Cut four small avocados in half lengthwise, pit them, and brush the surface with lime or lemon juice. Then bone two cans crab meat and mix with a jar of hollandaise sauce. Stir in a pinch of curry, heat the mixture to serving temperature, and spoon it into the waiting avocado halves. Top the crab meat with buttered bread crumbs, and put the stuffed avocados under the broiler for two or three minutes, not too close to the heat—just long enough to warm the cockles of their hearts. Hot biscuits go well with this elegancy, so why not brown up a batch of pan-ready packaged biscuits; and if you've never tried whipped, lighter-than-air butter before, this is your chance.

Sole Superb: Fish is at its best when treated like the delicate creature it is, and this means a minimum of cooking. Fillets of sole especially are amenable to the trice treatment. Take four good-sized fillets and simmer them gently in a sauce made of one can frozen oyster stew and one small (four-ounce) can drained sliced mushrooms, and salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving, bedew them with a few drops of lemon juice. Rice is the right-thinking housewife's accompaniment to this dish; and perhaps a salad of jade-green, tender-hearted lettuce.

Beefeaters' Bonanza: Hamburger hath charms, and don't forget that it's really minced beef into the bargain, whatever its name may imply. For beef-and-potato lovers, try heating one tablespoon butter, stirring in one tablespoon flour, adding one can (one-pound) tomatoes gradually, onion salt to taste, bay leaf, and a dash of hot pepper sauce. Stir the sauce until thickened. The scene is now laid for the entrance of a pound of hamburger, which is simmered, covered, until cooked to your taste. Serve it all on beds of mashed potatoes made from the new instant mix.

Veal in Velvet: Buy eight veal cutlets pounded very thin—the kind you use for *scaloppine*. Melt two tablespoons shortening, and stir in one heaping teaspoon paprika. Add one medium onion, finely chopped, and sauté it slowly until soft but not brown. Dip the cutlets in seasoned flour and add them to the mixture in the pan. Brown them on both sides over medium heat, cover and simmer gently for ten minutes. Stir in one and one half cups sour cream. Simmer until heated through. Serve with noodles.

Happy Cheese Dream: Bread and cheese have been a source of cheer since antiquity, but it took a fine Italian hand to evolve *spiedini alla Romana*, literally Roman skewers, a delectable dish that is put together on the principle of the kebab. Thread alternate small square slices of buttered bread and Mozzarella cheese on skewers, crisscross anchovies over the top, and rest the ends of each skewer on opposite edges of an ovenproof dish. Place the skewer-laden dish under the broiler till the Mozzarella is molten, the bread golden brown and the anchovies deliquesce into the delicious whole. Broiled tomatoes may be accomplished at one and the same time, dusted with *orégano* to complete the Mediterranean mood.

And while we're about it, let us suggest a new approach to the leftover. It was inspired by advice given us once when we were in the habit of mislaying things. "Just pretend that you're a pocketbook (or a box of stamps, or a volume of Emily Dickinson). Very well. Now, *if* you were a pocketbook, where would you like to be?" Works like a charm. Try considering the leftover in the same light. If *you* were the tail end of a boiled tongue, or an extra hard-cooked egg, or that eternal bit of ham, where would you like to be? There follow two happy hunting grounds for odds and ends of this sort, recipes where, we're sure, all such odds and ends—the hidden gold of the refrigerator—would be happy to end up.

Pancakes par Excellence: Make up a batch of French pancakes, the thin flat kind that won't fall because they don't rise (what does not go up will not come down). Keep them warm, and make a stuffing of a half dozen chopped mushrooms, three quarters cup chopped ham, chicken, veal or tongue, two chopped hard-cooked eggs, a little parsley and enough heavy cream to bind them all together. Season the filling to taste and heat it to serving temperature. Quickly roll up the pancakes with the hot filling and secure them with toothpicks—actually, they will stay curled up quite quietly without, if you like. And away we go!

Fried Rice, Everything Nice: Here is one to do chop-chop, and an ideal way to dispatch the last of the noble pork roast. Prepare a cup of rice and keep it warm over steam. Meanwhile, sauté three tablespoons chopped onion, one cup bean sprouts, and one and one half cups diced leftover pork, shrimp or lobster in one tablespoon butter until the onions are soft. Now add the steamed rice, and toss in one tablespoon soy sauce and two more tablespoons butter. Mix everything together well so that the soy sauce tans the rice, and stir it over low heat until heated through.

A LAST WORD TO THE WISE: An excellent aid to trice-timing is to ask one of the children to set the table. For children are very much a part of this picture. Though this miscellany includes one or two dishes which are a far cry from the "bread and milk and blackberries for supper" of Peter Rabbit fame, we have noticed that the young are often enthralled by "grownup" foods.

Yes! Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*

Try this delicious new casserole that won the $25,000 Grand Prize in Pillsbury's Best Bake-Off

Have you tried it yet — this wonderful "California Casserole"? It won first prize in Pillsbury's Grand National Bake-Off. It's baked in a flavorful gravy made with Campbell's Soup — and there's Campbell's Soup in the exciting creamy sauce that tops it off!

You, too, can be an expert cook with Campbell's. Because you can count on Campbell's for the best ingredients, perfect flavor blending and just-right seasoning. No fussing or guessing. Just add the soup! Try this superb casserole yourself. And try the recipes below. You'll win acclaim from the people who matter most — your family!

The *best* cooks cook with Campbell's Soups. Why not be one of them!



PRIZE-WINNING GRAND NATIONAL RECIPE



PILLSBURY'S GRAND PRIZE WINNER

Grand Prize Winner:

8th Grand National Bake-Off

MRS. HILDRETH H. HATHEWAY
Santa Barbara, California



"I have used Campbell's Soups in recipes for years. I wouldn't think of making sauces the old, slow way—when Campbell's Soups are so much easier and more flavorful. They're seasoned exactly right, and they blend so perfectly with so many foods."

California Casserole: Coat 2 lbs. veal round steak with ⅓ cup Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour and 1 tsp. paprika. Pound mixture into meat; cut into 2-in. cubes. Brown meat well in ¼ cup salad oil or other shortening. Transfer to 14 x 10 x 2-in. pan; add 1¾ cups drained, small cooked onions. Combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup and 1 soup can of water in skillet used for browning. Bring to boil; pour over meat. Bake uncovered at 350°F. 45 min. or until tender. Top with 14 to 16 dumplings. Bake uncovered at 425°F. 20 to 25 min. or till deep golden brown.

Butter Crumb Dumplings: Sift together 2 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour, 4 tsps. double-acting baking powder, ½ tsp. salt and 1 tsp. poultry seasoning into mixing bowl. Add 1 tsp. each celery seed, dry onion flakes and 1 tbsp. poppy seed. Add ¼ cup salad oil and 1 cup milk. Stir until moistened. Drop rounded tbsp. of dough into mixture of ¼ cup melted butter and 1 cup bread crumbs. Roll to coat with crumbs.
Sauce: Heat 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup and 1 cup sour cream just to boiling. Pour over meat and dumplings to serve. Serves 8.

AND THESE EASY CASSEROLES WILL WIN PRAISE IN YOUR HOME, TOO!



SOUPER BAKED CHICKEN

Thaw 2 packages Swanson Frozen Chicken Parts; put in shallow baking dish. Blend 1 can Cream of Chicken Soup with 1 minced clove garlic; pour over chicken. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and dash of paprika on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour or until chicken is tender. 6-8 servings. Good!



PERFECT TUNA CASSEROLE

A never-fail meal all in *one* dish! In 1 qt. casserole, combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ½ cup milk, 7-oz. can drained, flaked tuna, 1 cup drained, cooked peas, 1 cup crushed potato chips. Garnish with additional potato chips. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. 4 servings.



EGGS FLORENTINE

An easy specialty. Line bottom of shallow baking pan with 2 cups chopped, cooked spinach. Break 6 eggs and place each on spinach. Heat together 1 can Cream of Celery Soup and 1 cup shredded process cheese; pour around eggs. Sprinkle with ½ cup shredded cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 30 minutes. 6 servings.



Charting a safer course against CANCER . . .

Just as the pilots of ships are helped to chart safer courses by heeding signals, so, too, have many people been made safe by recognizing warning signals of possible cancer and taking proper action. In fact, thousands of people are alive and well today because they knew cancer's warning signs and were treated in time.

According to the American Cancer Society, it is estimated that there are about 800,000 persons living in America who were saved from cancer. So, for your own protection, you should know the seven danger signals which may mean cancer. They are listed here for you.

Remember, however, that these signals do *not* always indicate cancer. Rather, they may just be signs that something is wrong—and that you should see your doctor promptly. If cancer is found, precious time will be gained by starting treatment immediately.

Even if no symptoms occur, it is important to have periodic health examinations, particularly if you are 35 years of age or older. Studies show that about 95 percent of all cancers are found in people over 35.

Through health examinations, many cancers are discovered before symptoms develop. If the disease is detected early, chances for cure or control are generally greatly increased. For example, at least 95 percent of the cases of skin cancer could be saved if diagnosed early and properly treated.

If people would act promptly when a danger signal is noticed . . . if apparently well people would have their doctors examine them regularly . . . the American Cancer Society believes that the annual number of cancer cases saved from death could be *increased 50%* with weapons now at hand.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

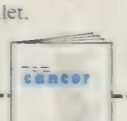
1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

These facts point up the vital importance of early detection and treatment. Surgery, X-rays and other forms of radiation offer the best assurance of cure. Remember, however, that there is no "sure-cure" for cancer . . . despite some claims that are made.

Medical science is now pushing a total attack against cancer . . . and progress is being made in both cancer diagnosis and treatment. Meantime, you have a responsibility to yourself and others to:

1. Have periodic health examinations
2. Know cancer's early danger signals
3. Get prompt medical care at once if any danger signal appears.

For more information on cancer, send for Metropolitan's free booklet.



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THE DURABLE FIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

table Peale stopped to speak to several members, introducing Lowry to them.

It was in such contrast to his usual aloofness that Lowry said, "You've got awful pally."

"I think you'll find it does no harm to let people feel you're interested in them."

Peale ordered and then took a handful of peanuts.

"Tell me," he said casually: "you see a good deal of Evans and Hewitt—have they indicated at all who they think will move in back of Tom when Edward steps down?"

"Never been mentioned," Lowry said. "Why?"

"Well, you've been there long enough to see the whole picture. Do you think I'm fooling myself in thinking it is likely to be me? Hewitt's slightly my senior, but they'll never take him. Leslie Evans—well, you know. As a matter of fact, Steve, I sometimes get the feeling it might lie between us."

"Oh, nonsense."

"No. I mean it and I base it on what I've heard Tom Johnson say about you. Certainly if it does go that way, no one will welcome it more than I and that's the main reason I may seem to tell you things you ought to watch as much as I do."

"Jim, my boy," Lowry said. "I think there is something you ought to watch, and that's not pressing so. You press at the office and you pressed just now in the court. If I weren't out of practice you'd have been hopelessly trimmed."

"If it is me, I should think you'd follow," Peale went on. "It would be a wonderful thing if after all these years we ended one, two at ——"

"But that's ridiculous. Your number two will be somebody ten years younger than I am."

"Just a minute, I want to speak to Henry Dennison. You know him, don't you?"

"Yes," Lowry said. "Go ahead."

Peale got up and as quickly sat down again. "I didn't see Alec Channing with him. I can't stand that fellow."

Channing passed with a curt nod to Peale and patted Lowry on the head. "Tell Rosalie I want to take you both out for a nice fish dinner," he said without pausing.

"What's that about?" Peale asked.

"An old joke."

"I didn't suppose Channing joked," Peale said. "Getting back to what I was saying about your watching things—I don't mean that this is one—but Evvy told me you told some woman you were going to retire and write a book. You weren't serious, of course?"

"No, but don't look as though I told her I was going to rob the company," Lowry replied. "Did you ever meet Garrett Maynard?"

"Who? I don't believe so."

"Garrett Maynard. He was a partner in Rantoul and Company before the war and he died of wounds in Naples. I met him in the hospital and he knew he wouldn't live. He told me his greatest regret was that he wouldn't be able to write the book he had planned and he urged me to get someone to do it. Finally he asked me to—and the last letter he wrote was to have his trustee turn over the material to me. It's far beyond my abilities but it is the thing which at some point I'd like to try."

"What's it about?"

"The Principal Errors of Judgment of Rulers and Peoples since the Reformation."

"How'd you happen to tell Paula Hewitt about it? And Evelyn heard about it too."

"Paula used to know Maynard and happened to ask me if I'd ever met him. She'd even heard about the book."

Peale shook his head. "It's just that it gets back to what I said to you the first day, Stephen—you can't make business a half-time thing."

"No, Mr. Peale," Lowry said with a grin.

"It's not a joke," Peale replied.

When Lowry telephoned Rosalie that he would be a little late getting home, because of squash with Peale, he sounded so pleasant about it that she felt glad for him. It had been apparent in their frequent meetings with the Peales that he was disappointed at the gulf which time and distance had made between them. At first she had feared that perhaps she was in the way. But with her alone Peale talked much more freely than with Lowry. With him, there was something slightly superior, something critical if not censorious of Stephen's general outlook, which annoyed her. And there was another aspect which troubled her and of which she had not spoken to Stephen, but which she felt she must.

He came in, glowing with health and exercise, and told her with usual good cheer of how badly he had lost at squash, and of how Peale's volleying was as terrific as it had been twenty years ago.

"We had a really swell time," he said, "until Jim began on his corporation prospects and my business shortcomings. Incidentally, what does he talk to you about? I notice he does a great deal."

"Yes, he does, more than Evelyn likes, I think, and more than I do sometimes. To start with he was very amusing, but recently he talks almost wildly about the company and do you think he'll succeed Mr. Johnson. He has great appeal at times, like a brilliant, troubled adolescent."

"He's always been brilliant."

"Stephen, there is something else. He apparently craves to talk about sex. It isn't so much talking about it as half asking, or leading up to, the most intimate sort of details or questions ——"

"Do you answer?"

"Of course not."

"You're not about to tell me he's in love with you, are you? Of course I should think any man would be, but leave that aside."

"Well, no, but I must say I think he could easily be, and he has restless hands. I'll be glad when summer comes and we don't have to see so much of them."

"I'll be damned," Lowry said. "And I thought I was one of the least jealous of men. I take it you don't meet him for little lunches and so on."

"I don't, but he has telephoned to ask me and the other day he sent a note by messenger."

"What did it say?"

"Darling, you will be glad to know I couldn't read his writing and I just sent it back."

He laughed. "What a relief. A woman can always read the writing of any man she's in love with even if it's in Chinese. I should say he needed 'psychiatric help,' as they call it."

"I hope this isn't going to bother you at the office."

"Not as far as you're concerned, no. As far as he is, yes. Tell me this: they spend an awful lot of money; is he worried about that?"

"I don't know. He likes to talk about how much they spend. There's one thing more and then let's talk about something else. Do you remember how annoyed I was at the hotel that you left the picture of me sunning for the Rutledges to see?"

"Yes, I was sorry, but I didn't know they were coming."

"And you remember the to-do Jim made about it later. Well, I can't find the picture since they were here the other night. I'm sure he took it with him."

"It was on my bureau and he *was* in there alone." Then he added, "He did take it."

"How do you know?"

"Because the summer we were out of college we went to a big coming-out party and the hostess had on some marvelous perfume. The tennis court had been covered for dancing. Everyone, of course, was out there. Jim said he must have the perfume and he went back to the empty house, found the hostess' bedroom and put the bottle in his pocket. At the time it seemed amusing. Later I didn't think so well of it because some maid was accused. I remember the bulge in the pocket of his white dinner jacket and I swear it came back to me the other night when he came out of the room. I must have noticed the bulge of the picture."

There was nothing about Peale's behavior or demeanor the rest of the week to suggest he was in need of any kind of help. His only reference to the previous day was in good-natured superiority about his squash. Lowry noticed that on Thursday and Friday he was in long conference alone with Rutledge. Altogether it seemed ridiculous to suppose he could have taken the picture from the Lowrys' bedroom.

As Peale was leaving Friday he said to Lowry that he was off Monday night for three weeks in Ohio ending, he hoped, with a week's holiday at White Sulphur with Evelyn.

"You'll hear the details at the officers' meeting Monday. I'll be in and around Larus most of the time and I'd like very much to see your mother. She's near there, isn't she?"

"Right there, really. She'd love it."

"Well, send her a word of warning, will you, and say I'll ring her up?"

The brief exchange was so easy and natural that Lowry felt more and more uncertain about the neurotic pilfering. And the fact that Peale was going to White Sulphur probably indicated that he realized he had been overworking. His occasional apathy might be sheer fatigue.

At the officers' meeting Monday morning Rutledge was in the chair, Johnson on his right and Peale for the first time on his left. Leslie Evans, sitting next to Lowry, whispered, "I wonder if we're seeing history made. I'd never have believed it."

"That doesn't mean anything," Hewitt said. "Stephen, don't run off after the meeting. There's something I want to ask you."

Rutledge disposed briefly of several items and then started some single sheets of figures clockwise around the table. After watching their progress halfway, he put on his glasses and studied his copy. Rutledge said, "You have here the balance sheet of Larus Earth-Moving and will note not only their strong cash position but their earnings over twenty years. The family still holds three quarters of the stock and has had little to do with the company for some years. They're at last ready to pull out, and the management can either put out some preferred stock or it can come to somebody like us. Thanks to the man on my left, they have chosen the path of wisdom. I'll let him tell you about it. Jim?"

"I first talked to Edward about this six months ago and at that time we wondered ——"

"I wondered, you never did," Rutledge said with a smile.

"Well, it was felt, then," Peale said, smiling, "that diversification could go too far. The book value of their stock, compared with ours, makes a three-for-one trade a simple and attractive one. There's a forecast of the effect on our earnings at the bottom of the page."

"Our directors approve but leave the decision in your hands," Rutledge added.

Evans asked, "What portion of their unfilled orders are Government?"

"Under twenty per cent."

"How much abroad?" Lowry asked.

"About the same, well spread over a dozen countries."

"I know Burnham quite well," Hewitt said, "and like him very much."

"He bid on some equipment when I was in Paris and the French trade-unions raised some question about him and his labor relations," Lowry said. "Hasn't he had a good deal of trouble, or made it for himself?"

"No, no. A year or so ago he shut down to do some conversion and his labor didn't like it. Some people said he was pushing automation too fast. To my mind, it was all on the credit side."

"He has a union contract, I take it," Johnson asked.

"Oh, no, he's always refused to deal with the union."

"Then I don't like it at all," Johnson continued. "In my view we have no better asset than our labor record. If he doesn't want to deal with them, he can take his business elsewhere as far as I'm concerned."

"I didn't understand Lowry to be making an issue of it ——" Peale started to say.

Rutledge came to his assistance. "I thought, Tom, we could decide on this today. I don't like to delay it, so let's decide, but let Jim tell them his associates have raised that question and want to be sure our general policies will be his."

"You mean just say that and have him agree and then sign up?" Peale asked.

"I don't mean that. I think this is a good time to ask our friend Cramer to have a talk with him," Johnson said.

"I rather like the idea of having Cramer in," Rutledge said. "How does it strike you, Jim?"

"Well, I don't see the necessity, but if that's what's wanted, I accept it. I only hope it ——"

"Look," Johnson said, "Burnham's a good manufacturer. If he were a good executive he wouldn't have been under the thumbs of that family so long. He doesn't know how to deal with a union official. He ought to be grateful for what Cramer can tell him."

"Of course we don't want to get him mad, after going this far, and see him high-tail it off to Avaco or somebody, Tom," Rutledge said.

"Has he shown any signs of doing that?" Johnson asked.

"No, but it doesn't mean he won't," Peale replied.

"How did you get on to it originally?" Evans asked Peale.

"From a mutual friend. Like the FBI, we have to protect our informants."

"There's no finder's fee involved, I take it?" Curtis asked.

"No. How's it to be left?" Peale asked. "Cramer tutors him? I get him to promise to be kind and thoughtful with his labor or the French may be mad, then do we go ahead?"

"Personally I want to know first that a union contract has been signed," Johnson said.

"Now what will you settle for, Tom?" Rutledge asked in an attempt to be jocular. "My thought is Jim goes out there and says O.K. and then he says something like this, 'Now I'd just like to review the question of labor relations and make sure we are thinking along the same lines. We want you to talk to D. P. Cramer.' He does so. The union contract comes along in due time. Now why isn't that enough for us all? After all, Burnham won't own Larus. We will. This whole thing's been admirably handled by Jim from the start and I don't want him to feel we're not appreciative. All agreed?"

More or less everyone nodded as Hewitt whispered to Lowry, "I still wonder where Jim got the tip. Oh, this is what I wanted to ask you, what are you doing Friday night?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Well, do you mind," Hewitt asked, "letting me say at home that we're having dinner together? I'll do the same for you sometime."

At that instant, slightly troubled at having brought up the matter of the Larus labor record and touched off such a change in the negotiations, Lowry did not catch the import of the question.

"I don't know that I can have dinner," he said.

"No, no, it's just that I want to see someone and I'd rather not tell Paula. I'd just like to have her think we're out with some customer. You don't mind, do you?"

"Well, I suppose not," Lowry said coldly, "but I don't like to involve Rosalie—I mean, if they see each other."

"It'll never come up. Just be a pal this once, will you?"

"O.K.," Lowry said. "I'll not tell Rosalie, though."

"Don't want you to. Thanks a lot."

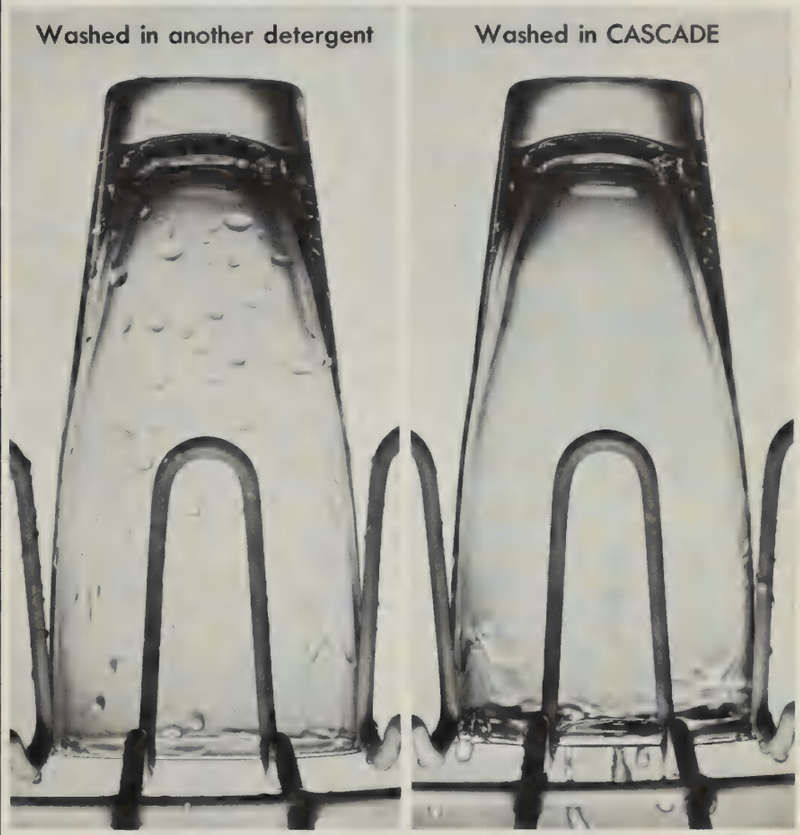
I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU

By PATRICIA MARTIN

Tall young stranger on the stairs,
child I used to know,
here's a token as you pass:
in its magic go
where you will, you cannot be
lost. It is your come-back key.

NEW! FOR AUTOMATIC DISHWASHERS

Cascade eliminates drops that spot!



Cascade has an exclusive ingredient to change drops of water into cleansing, clear-rinsing "sheets." That's why Westinghouse puts Cascade in every new machine!

These two glasses show why Cascade stops spotting as no other detergent can. Cascade's exclusive ingredient changes water *drops* into free-flowing *sheets.* And Cascade's unique formula leaves everything so slippery-clean, rinse water slides right off. Result: no water drops to dry into ugly spots. Cascade gets even glasses spotless . . . *close-up clean.* Yet it's *safer* for gold leaf and other delicate china patterns than any other detergent.



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YES, THAT'S DIANA LYNN . . . STAR OF TELEVISION AND MOTION PICTURES

They separated and Lowry followed Peale into his office. Peale's manner was one of tried but polite patience.

"You know," he said, "I don't of course know what's customary in present-day Government meetings, but if I may advise you in a meeting here, don't go off half-cocked with ideas. I thought six months' hard, taxing negotiations—incidentally, to our great advantage—were out the window. You must know by this time that Tom Johnson is supersensitive about labor. It all stems from that brother who served a jail term."

"I'm sorry," Lowry said, "but I still don't see ——"

"Well, you saw what it started. You must have guessed how I got onto this."

"No, I don't."

"You don't realize that Dolly's first wife was a Larus granddaughter?"

"Now that you mention it, yes. I never met her, as they were married and divorced while I was in the Army."

"She told Dolly. Dolly told me. Incidentally, I haven't told anyone here it was he."

"I see. In that case I want to be absolutely sure of one thing: that there is no finder's fee going to be paid Dolly in any form."

"I said no at the meeting, didn't I?"

"Jim, I don't want to quibble and I don't want to sound righteous, but Dolly has no moral scruples about anything. Do you give me your word he's getting nothing in any way, shape or form out of this?"

"What are you so hot about? The corporation is not paying a fee to Dolly. I certainly am not. Burnham's not, so do we need all this 'under oath' business? If you'll stop and think, you'll see you've done me and your brother an injustice."

It was all said plausibly and with evident candor. But it left Lowry still uneasy, because he did not feel it was the whole truth.

He said nothing about it to Rosalie that night for several reasons, the principal one being that he did not want to seem to be making a case against Peale every time he spoke of him. He was inclined to give Peale more than the benefit of any doubts. So at least he felt until, alone in the bedroom, his eye became aware of the space where the picture of Rosalie had stood. He felt a cold anger all over him and, going to the door, called to her, "No sign of your picture?"

She got up from the sofa in the living room and came down the small hall. "I've looked everywhere for it. I am so furious about it. I almost called him to demand it. Did you give any sign about it?"

"No. He's going out to Ohio tonight and meeting Evelyn in White Sulphur at the end of the month. I may go through their apartment while they're gone."

"I suppose I let you take the picture because it was fun in all that sun and air, and this is our punishment. I'm most furious because—well, I don't know how to say it, but I feel self-conscious even toward you now. And I don't feel happy. The more successful you are, the more separated we'll become. How far's Grosse Pointe from Detroit?"

"Oh, twenty minutes or so by car. Why?"

"I read in the paper today about this enormously important industrialist who has 'an estate' in Grosse Pointe and a nine-room suite at his office where business keeps him three nights a week. Think of it. If we took a house in Connecticut, you'd be twenty hours a week, almost a day, going back and forth, I don't know what's to become of us. We have to get a place for the children ——"

"Well, dear," he said gently, "everybody's up against this. It's modern life. We can't go live in a chalet in a valley like the song mother sang in the Follies."

"I could, very happily. I'm still a peasant. But I don't feel like cooking your dinner tonight. You'll have to take me out to some horrible restaurant."

They took a cab to the pleasantly expensive restaurant on East 54th Street where the headwaiter recommended early shad roe and new asparagus. Rosalie gave him a look of mock horror and Lowry said gravely their religion prevented their having roe. The captain looked distressed at his blunder and suggested duckling.

Rosalie said she loved people to have private jokes. "I'm sure Jim and Evelyn haven't any now, or the Hewitts either. I can't understand why so many people marry the wrong person."

"The trouble is they stop and think it over too long."

"You mean that the way to a happy marriage is just to see a pretty herring gutter and marry her?"

"I found it satisfactory."

"The trouble with a marriage like the Hewitts' ——"

"You *have* got them on your mind, haven't you?"

"Yes. I like her very much and I feel very sorry for her. If a husband is dull—no ideas, no knowledge, no fun—that's bad enough, but women put up with it. But with someone like them love or whatever he feels for her has no tenderness."

"Does she tell you all this?"

"She has told me some. She's the sort of person who would give her life for someone she loved—without complaint, rich or poor, sick or well. What does he have in the office to do so well?"

"Well, he's shrewd, affable, breezy."

"I don't think there's any place but business where that would be enough to succeed."

"Darling, you're mistaken," Lowry said. "There are people just like him in politics, on university faculties. He hasn't any doubts about things. I often wish I hadn't."

"What a bore you'd be."

They both studied the desserts on the menu for a moment and Rosalie, looking up at the headwaiter, noticed a woman about her age across the room, leaning forward, hand half raised to signal them. She was slim and dark and the smiling seriousness of her face was unusually attractive even across the room. She was with three people, all in evening dress. Rosalie half smiled in return and the woman pointed with her forefinger at Lowry.

Rosalie said to him, "Look up. A lovely woman wants to wave to you."

Lowry looked up. "Oh, my ——" he said, half rising. As he did the woman slipped out between the tables and came over to them.

"Stephen," she said, "I had to speak to you. What a delightful surprise."

"This is wonderful," he said, glancing at her ringless hand. "Rosalie, this is Lorna Hume."

Rosalie put out her hand and smiled, never having heard of Lorna before but feeling certain she should say, "Oh, of course. Stephen has spoken of you so often." Her own hackles stirred, if they did not rise, but she herself felt the strong appeal in the attractive face and slim figure. She also had the feeling that Lorna had avoided looking directly at her as they shook hands.

"We're about to have coffee. Can't you sit down?" she asked Lorna.

Lorna glanced inquiringly back at her table, motioned that she was staying with them, and a waiter brought a chair, which Lowry took, seating her on the banquette beside Rosalie.

Listening to their rapid-fire news of what each was doing—Lorna was with one of the magazines—she had a disturbing feeling of both their intimacy and their self-consciousness before her. She saw Lorna break a sugar lump into her coffee and Lowry hold the bowl for her to take a second.

Lorna glanced from the children's pictures Stephen had taken from his wallet and handed them back with appropriate comment.

Lowry scribbled their address and telephone number on a slip of paper and she gave them hers. He said he would remember it.

"He has an elephant's memory for everything," Rosalie said sweetly. Though to a degree they made her feel an outsider, she felt a certain wifely pity for Lorna.

"I must go back," she said, looking at her table, "but, Stephen, tell me first where and how is Principal Errors of Judgment?"

"Oh, still some years off," he said.

"Every once in a while I've copied a note for you from something I've read. I'll send them."

Stephen and she got up and she gave Rosalie a hand in good-by and called her Mrs. Lowry.

The others at her table rose and she went out with them without looking back.

Lowry sat down a little glumly. "What are you thinking?" he asked in a moment.

"Well, many things, of course, dear. One is what a lovely name Lorna Lowry would have been."

"Oh, I don't know, sounds like a Stephen Collins Foster title. I am sorry I never happened to mention Lorna. We were friends in the '30's."

"Darling, everything is all right, but do be careful what you tell me. I happen to know Garrett Maynard didn't tell you about Principal Errors in the '30's. I think we better go."

"I wish you wouldn't feel there's some mystery about this."

"Dear, I don't think there's any mystery. She's terrifically attractive and I'm glad you met again. That's all there is to it."

"But I can see you don't feel that way about it."

"You really want to go on about it in this restaurant? Do pay the bill. I'll meet you at the door."

She went to the powder room, sure that all the women in the restaurant could see that she was a jealous wife, making a scene. And she was angry with Stephen because he had managed somehow to make her feel an alien, and angrier at letting herself feel so—after all the years when, though she was an alien, he had made wherever they were home and refuge. *I wouldn't mind*, she kept saying to rationalize it, *if he didn't act so like a guilty boy about it.*

He followed her into the unlighted living room, came over to her, his voice flat and unnatural, saying, "Dear, is everything changed or what is the matter?"

"Nothing's changed. I suppose it's just that I don't think—of course I don't know—that I've ever seen you with a former lover before and it's a little disconcerting. I'm very sorry. I don't want to make it hard for you. I don't blame you—but you might have told me about Principal Errors."

"Is it just Principal Errors?"

"I don't know what 'just' means. It's a great deal to find I've deceived myself about that. But please understand I don't blame either of you. She's quite lovely."

"It was before the war," he said.

"And how often after, since you want to talk about it?"

"I saw her in '48 when I was back. She went with me to Maynard's brother's for the notes."

"Now you've found her, can't she help you with the book? Did you see her in '51?"

"Yes."

"Did you correspond in the meantime?" Rosalie asked.

"No," he said impatiently. "I don't care whether——"

"Don't say you don't care whether you ever see her again as though someone who loves you doesn't matter."

"That's the most unreasonable and provoking remark I ever heard," he said. "Can't we finish with this?"

"I can't. I'm very sorry. I'm sorriest because for the first time I can't tell you what I really feel."

"Try."

"No, please go to bed and leave me alone."

She looked over her shoulder in dismay as he stalked out of the room like a martyr. *The thing is*, she thought, *I have never been sexually jealous before and I had no idea what it would be like. And it's a loathsome state.* There was a foolish pet name she kept for times when he was troubled or depressed. If she could only go in and say it to him now. But had Lorna had some similar tender folly? And who else? Neither of those possibilities really mattered. It only mattered that she could not go in and absurdly say, "You're my dear manager," and be sure it would comfort and bring him close again.

He was in the shower when she came into the bathroom in the morning and saw with alarm that there had been a major change in him. His shaving brush was unrinsed, his razor undried and the cap was not on the tooth paste. Hastily brushing her teeth, she put her head around the corner of the curtain.

"Good morning, darling," she said, trying to look *riante* through the spray of the shower.

"Good morning, angel," he said.

"How is my dear, dear manager?"

"Hungry," he said, stepping out and kissing her. "Golly, I never left such a mess before."

"I'll dry them," she said. "Stephen, do you realize marriage is a great institution?"

"Oh, very great."

On Friday of Peale's second week at Larus, Thomas Johnson asked Lowry to go to lunch with him. He said he had two things on his mind. He thought, as did Rutledge and the rest of them, that Lowry's progress or acclimatization had been so rapid and gratifying that, if it suited him, they would like him to make a quick inspection trip to Paris, Madrid, down to West Africa, back through Brazil

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Money enables a man to get along without education, and education enables him to get along without money.

What would a woman do if suddenly deprived of breath with which to blow away cigar ashes, cracker crumbs, pine needles . . . and ordinary dust from the tops of tables?

Mothers must feel, frequently, that the same program is being carried on in their kitchens the birds practice outside in the yard. While one group eats another is ready to take up where it leaves off and a third is about to move in for the cleanup.

"I have promised my husband," confides the town's newest bride, "never to appear in public with my hair pinned up and my head wound with a scarf—which he calls the 'Getting-ready-for-Saturday-night' look."

Small girl to her mother: "I hope when you get old you won't get wrinkled and fat but be like grandmother; she still looks kind of new."

It isn't time that tells on a woman—it's her children.

The amazing thing about the family with eleven children, a mother who likes to sit a lot and visit, and a father often out of work, is that the children are all graduating from college.

Today's goal of achievement: one mate; two houses; three cars; four children.

Overheard: "If only I could get away from men for a while I would let my eyebrows grow out."

Some parents endeavor to color exactly a child's life in advance, the way a ghost artist with numbered sections dictates the picture to be painted.

Nagging: heat dissipated up the chimney.

A boy in a house may be safe, but that is not the sole purpose for which boys are made.



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Potatoes 'n' Gravy
now so easy with the beef gravy that's always ready



Cottage Fried Potatoes. Peel and slice leftover baked or boiled potatoes. Brown in shortening until crisp; turn frequently. Season to taste. Heat Franco-American Beef Gravy; serve over potatoes.

If you want to see your menfolk beam, just surprise 'em tonight with potatoes—and *real* beef gravy. But this is the real beef gravy you can have *any* time—FRANCO-AMERICAN Beef Gravy. It's made from fine-quality lean beef, with a good old-time roasting pan flavor.

Franco-American Beef Gravy tastes and looks just like homemade gravy but it's *lower* in calories. (Only about one-quarter as many.) Always keep a can or two handy and enjoy potatoes 'n' gravy *any* style, *any* time.



Hash Browned Potatoes. Lightly brown 4 cups diced uncooked potatoes and 1 small onion, sliced, in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Then add 1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy; cover and cook slowly about 10 minutes until potatoes are done. Season to taste. 6 servings.

FRANCO-AMERICAN BEEF GRAVY

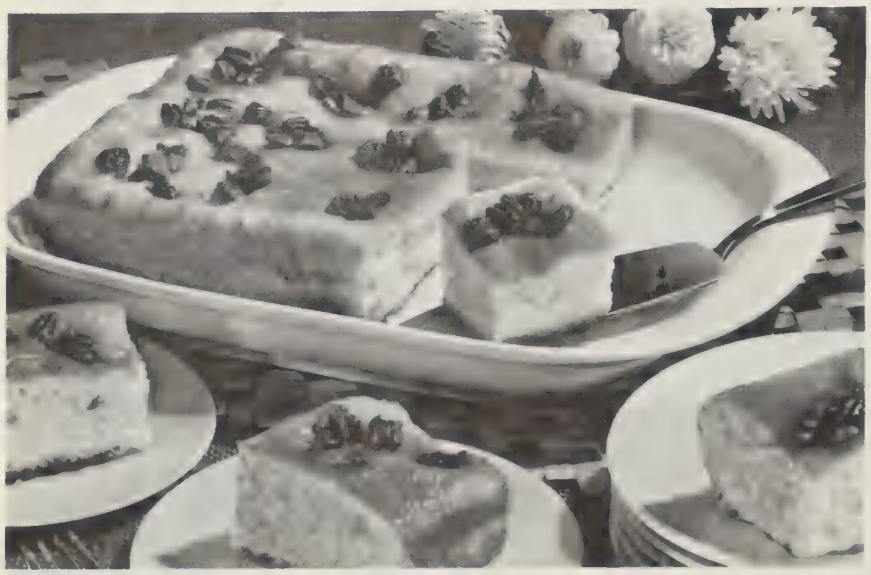


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How to make

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Try this easy idea today with Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. Just one rising—baked with its own butterscotch topping!

Simply follow Ann Pillsbury's directions for Basic Rolls on page 1 of the exciting new recipe folder in Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix.

Spread in a greased 13x9x2-inch pan. Cover, let rise until doubled in size. For topping, combine ¼ cup melted butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons water, ½ cup broken pecans. With knife handle, make slight indentations every 2 inches on top of dough. Spoon Butterscotch Topping evenly over top and into indentations. Bake at 375° F. for 20 to 25 minutes and serve warm.

You'll find other special bread recipes in each new picture-package of Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. It's the *only* mix with 25 picture-recipe ideas in every package.

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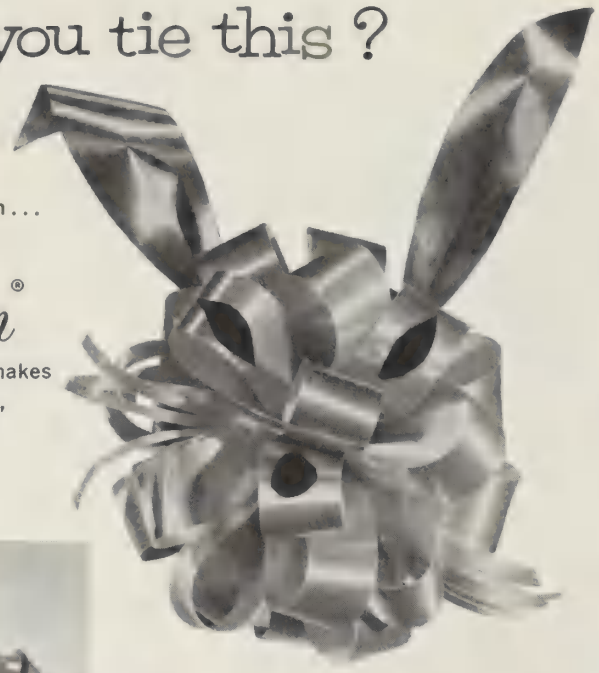
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and Venezuela, say five or six weeks altogether. The other thing was that Peale, who didn't know the plan yet, was anxious to have Lowry join him at Larus and see the setup for himself. Larus had some agents and distributors abroad whom they were not quite happy about and Peale felt that both economies and efficiencies would result from C.I.C.'s own subsidiaries' taking over. So, in short, could he go to Ohio and then make the longer trip?

"I imagine the question of your house and the children's coming over will concern you first. Have you found anything you like?" Johnson asked.

Lowry smiled. "We like the waters around Long Island and the space back in Connecticut. And what we like in Long Island is awfully expensive."

"Yes, I realize that. Of course special arrangements can be made ——"

"Mr. Rutledge spoke of that, but ——"

"You mustn't feel it's anything out of the ordinary. We expect our people to have a decent roof over their heads."

"I'd like to go to Larus very much to see the plant, and my mother lives on a farm near there and hasn't seen my wife since our arrival. She's anxious to have Rosalie and the children for the summer, and if I'm abroad it may be a good solution—that is, leaving the decision on our permanent home until I get back."

"The office can stir around while you're gone about a house, and Mrs. Lowry could always fly back from Ohio and have a look. So if it does suit you, will you please make arrangements accordingly?"

"Yes, with pleasure," he said.

Rosalie heard the news of the trip with mixed feelings. "I suppose we'll see a great deal of Jim and that does make me a little uneasy, but we'd better forget about the picture and the rest of it and start all over. If your mother's willing to have me and the children for the summer, she'd probably greatly prefer having them to herself. But I realize I must stay or the dear lambs will think we don't love them."

"I hate missing the summer with them, too," Lowry said.

"I know. It's precious having them and it's precious being alone. Oh, I'll be so glad when we get all settled where we're going to be."

Lowry had not seen his mother since her visit to them in Paris two years previously and he had never seen the farm she had bought and managed alone after his father's death. She was a slim elegance in tweeds and it was incredible that the woman who met the train was old enough to be his mother.

She linked her arm in Rosalie's and led the way to her small car. "Now," she said, "Stephen, you're to be delivered to the country club for breakfast with Jim and his manufacturers. Rosalie, can you wait to breakfast at the farm? We'll be there by eight."

"We had orange juice on the train," Rosalie said, "and I can wait hours. It's divine being here. I really loathe New York."

As they drove out of the tree-lined streets of the town past the lush farmlands and their well-painted houses with the low wooded hills rolling away northward under an enormous sky, the air smelling of earth and heaven, it was easy to feel this was the Promised Land. There was a sense of space and vigor about it. It flooded over him when he had kissed the two beautiful women in the car good-by and entered the country club.

Jim and two men, their chairs drawn together, were talking. They turned to hail him cordially and he saw that the third was D. P. Cramer.

"Hi, Steve," Jim said, "this is Les Burnham, of Larus, and I think you've met Mr. Cramer. Well, I guess we're all ready for breakfast."

Cramer said, "Yes, indeed," beamed from behind his glasses and shook hands cordially.

Burnham was a big fellow with a narrow head, long chin, long nose. He wore big steel-rimmed spectacles, had a big voice and a big, almost perpetual smile. He got up and with a hand in the middle of Lowry's back guided them toward the dining room.

It appeared from the talk that Burnham had been called to Washington on matters unconnected with the take-over of Larus and that details were not yet finally settled. Mergers were an area of business in which Lowry was not expert and he listened respectfully to the others. Two things particularly impressed him: one that the desire to buy was animated very slightly by Larus' condition that day, but what they felt it would be tomorrow; the other was the absence of pressure, trading, "chiseling" on both sides. Larus would be part of C.I.C. and its acquisition should be at a price which would leave its sellers, its management and buyers all happy. Thereafter the boundless future of American business would take care of things.

D. P. Cramer had begun to speak. He said first that in every plant he ever ran the door of the president's office was never closed. It was a symbol and more valuable as that than as a fact. Burnham said noisily they had some bad actors at Larus and always had had.

"You have to remember that they've got memories of many years of Pinkerton informers in the plant, right through the La Follette investigation," Cramer replied in his quiet undertone.

"I'd like you or anybody else to tell me how you run a plant without having someone to tell you what the men are talking about and what schemes for grievances they're up to."

"Well, in the first place, friend Burnham, you sign a union contract, and that's what I'm here to talk about," Cramer said.

"The thing is this, Les," Peale said: "our people all feel it's essential that there be a satisfactory labor contract *before* the company belongs to us."

"At how many dollars and cents an hour?"

"As high as, or a little higher than, what's paid anyplace else."

"And I suppose retroactive to the Year One?" Burnham asked.

"Well, certainly retroactive. Mr. Lowry told us of a valuable contract the Foreign Aid people had to cancel because the French unions were bitter about your nonunion politics."

"Now we have to please the Frogs, too, do we? I thought Mr. Lowry was here to tell me how we're going to increase our export business." In Burnham's ordinary words it was plain that he was hot under the collar, and Lowry felt considerable sympathy for him, taken suddenly to task about something Peale had evidently not raised before.

"I mentioned the French matter casually during a very general background discussion," he said. "We all feel a labor contract is essential, but that's a matter for you and Jim and Mr. Cramer to thrash out. The main reason I'm here is that I'm going abroad shortly and I want to learn as much about your machines and your sales as I can, and then see if our people can't do better."

"You're my man," Burnham said with his big smile. "I'm just a dirt mover and a good mechanic. I think trade-unions are a curse to the country. Let us get to the office, look over our records and get out to the demonstration lot and my labor-relations man can settle with our friends here any way they like and I'll sign it. Now what's your itinerary?"

"When was this decided?" Peale asked.

"Yesterday. It's comparatively short: six weeks, Paris, Madrid, West Africa, Brazil, Venezuela."

"Come on, let's go," Burnham said. "I want to show you our machines. You want any more coffee, Mr. Cramer?"

"I never take but one cup."

As they pushed back their chairs, Lowry said to Burnham, "Our Venezuelan agent writes me of a railroad bridge planned to start this year. If you're in the picture, I think C.I.C. is in a position to bid on the whole thing and it's of a magnitude of six million dollars."

"Now you're talking my language," Burnham said with a slap on the back.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious and devout souls are everywhere of one religion.

WILLIAM PENN



Especially on Hot Foods...

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BUTTERED STUFFED POTATOES: Slice top of hot baked potatoes. Scoop out potato, mash, beat in cream and butter until fluffy. Add diced pimento and green pepper. Season. Fill potato shells. Return to oven to lightly brown. Just before serving add pat of butter.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"I don't want to throw cold water on it," Peale said, "but I don't think it's got any reality." As they went out to the car he said aside to Lowry, "Go easy on these plans."

At the plant Burnham got Mather, his labor-relations man, in his office, settled Cramer with Peale beside him and said to Mather, "Now forget everything I've ever said and do what Mr. Peale and Mr. Cramer tell you to do. I'll see you all at lunch." He told Lowry, "You may need a sweater on the lot. Strong wind."

"No, I'm a cold-climate graduate."

On the lot Burnham was at his best, operating everything from great excavators to post-hole diggers himself, demonstrating the marvelous adaptability of the machines. It was a wonderful morning of sun and air, and vigor, and by the end of it Lowry felt there was nothing C. I. C. needed so much as Larus.

At one o'clock, when they returned to the offices, they found the others had had sandwiches and coffee brought in, with a glass of milk for Cramer, who said they preferred to work straight through. Burnham asked a few questions and took Lowry off to the cafeteria.

They ate quickly and spent the rest of the afternoon reviewing contracts, sales records and order books. About four they went back to Burnham's office, where the three others were winding up their talk.

"I think we're done," Cramer said. "I have accepted, with some reluctance, Mr. Mather's view that it is best to await the next call from the union. He assures me it can be expected within a few days."

It was hard to know what Peale was thinking. He looked very tired.

"Well," Burnham said, "give me fifteen minutes with my mail and we'll go back to the club and bend the elbow a little."

Cramer declined, saying that his car was waiting to take him to Galion; Lowry said his mother was calling for Peale and him.

"Oh, I'd forgotten Mrs. Lowry was your mother. Wonderful woman," Burnham said. "Well, then, we'll see you and Jim in the morning."

Mrs. Lowry and Rosalie were waiting in the car.

"Did it go well?" Rosalie asked.

"How did it, Jim?" Lowry asked.

"All right," he said. "I'll have to come out to dinner later, Mrs. Lowry. If you can drop me at the club I've got some things to do and I must talk to New York."

"Do you want me to wait with you?" Lowry asked.

"No, not at all."

He was either so exhausted or disturbed about something that Lowry asked him in an undertone if anything *had* gone wrong. He shook his head and got out at the country club, looking almost ill.

"I'll come back for you," Lowry said in some concern.

"No. I've got one of those drive yourselfs."

"Jim, you're not ill, are you?" Rosalie said.

"Oh, no," he replied, but Lowry, looking at him, got out and walked up the steps.

"There must be something wrong, Jim. Don't feel you have to put on an act with us."

"Why do you say 'put on an act'?"

"I just mean if you're feeling sick, say so."

"I'm perfectly all right, I tell you."

Lowry had never seen the farm before, so it was not coming home in the true sense, but going into it gave him all the emotions of home-coming, of stability and of family. The house, built in 1840, had high-ceilinged rooms, high, broad-silled windows and a railed porch in front. To the left of the front door was Mrs. Lowry's farm office with a business desk and typewriter, filing cabinets, and agricultural-college reports. The rest of the downstairs was a lovely country house. The beauty and amenity obviously cost a great deal more than Lowry had expected his mother could afford, but he admired the independence with which she had done it and the self-reliance that had led her to live so well, though alone.

The three of them were in the living room awaiting Peale's arrival when the telephone rang and Mrs. Lowry went to her office to answer.

"I'm sure it's Jim, saying he can't come," Rosalie said. "What in the world has happened?"

From Mrs. Lowry's side of the conversation it was clear in a moment that she was right, and Lowry hurried to his mother.

"Let me speak to him," he said.

"But this is such a disappointment, my dear," she was saying. "We can really hold dinner as late as you like. Here's Stephen."

"I'm sorry," Peale said to him, "but I simply can't come. I'll give you a ring later."

The note of curt hostility in his voice was so marked that Lowry said, in some annoyance, to suit himself, and hung up.

The menu was the farm's own premium steak, its new potatoes, its water cress fresh from the brook, and its asparagus cut the hour before. It was all delicious, but each of them ate halfheartedly, puzzling over Peale.

When they finished their coffee in the living room and Mrs. Lowry took away the cups, saying she must have a word with her farmer, Rosalie said, "Darling, you don't suppose that I spoiled this in some way or other?"

"No, of course not, but I have the feeling I ought to go in and find out ——"

"Then why don't you?"

"Well, he plainly doesn't want me and I dislike barging in on him."

"I think I'll go up to bed and leave you to talk to your mother. She's been darling to me."

"The Stephen Lowrys never knew why they were unpopular," he said to his mother when she came back. "I should have thought Sally and her husband would have made a point of being here."

"My dear, I explained it to Rosalie. Sally and he are devoted to each other, but Robert's life is not an easy one."

"I know they have a hard time financially."

"It is the fact that that very dear man, each day of his life, has you held up as the final repository of wisdom, knowledge and valor. I don't read psychology, but I think your dear sister suffers from brother-images."

"Speaking of money, are you all right, as they say?"

"My dear, I take better care of money than almost anyone you know. I can live this way because I do an enormous amount of work myself. So don't worry."

She looked up to see Rosalie in robe and nightdress in the doorway.

"Can I come in?"

"Oh, I should say. It'll be much more interesting with you here."

"Stephen, I know it's none of my business, but I have the strongest feeling you ought to go in and see what's the matter with Jim."

He got to his feet. "Actually, so do I," he said. "I'll call him first, I think."

He was at the telephone when they heard a car stop in the driveway, the farm dog barking, followed by a ring at the bell.

Mrs. Lowry went to the door and they heard her say, "Why, Jim, how wonderful. We were just talking about you."

Rosalie, conscious of her attire, started to go as Mrs. Lowry brought him in. To Lowry he looked much more himself than he had since breakfast. His manner was more composed and he said he was sorry at missing dinner and glanced only casually at Rosalie's negligee.

"I'll tell you what happened, Steve. I talked to Tom Johnson and got him to agree to Les'

One of the chief causes of lack of zest is the feeling that one is unloved, whereas conversely the feeling of being loved promotes zest more than anything else does. General self-confidence toward life comes more than anything else from being accustomed to receive as much of the right sort of affection as one has need for.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
Conquest of Happiness
Liveright Publishing Co.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



Photo by Ruth Orkin

It's "Cream of Wheat" weather.
Guard your family with hot "Cream of Wheat"

Gives you a nice warm feeling to know you've given them good, nutritious "Cream of Wheat" on days like this . . . gives them a nice warm feeling, too.



CONTAINS PROTECTIVE VITAMINS AND MINERALS

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

and my signing the final papers—which we've done—subject to an oral understanding on an immediate labor contract. I'm getting the train at eleven for New York, and you and Les can wind up without me, but I did want to say good-by."

Peale said he felt a great relief at getting it all settled. Then he continued, "You see, I wasn't sure how much Cramer has rubbed Les the wrong way and I thought it advisable to get him out of the picture as quickly as possible. And I think Les was pleased and took it as a vote of confidence. Now I must beat it. Good night, Mrs. Lowry, and many thanks."

She kissed him and he turned to Rosalie, making herself inconspicuous in the corner of the sofa. She quickly put out a hand and wished him luck. Lowry walked out to the car with him. When he came back, Rosalie had gone upstairs and Mrs. Lowry was switching off the lamps. She raised her eyebrows to her son. He shrugged and kissed her good night.

Rosalie was in bed in a jewel of a room bright with pretty lamps and mirrors, a bowl of flowers, and French-blue draperies drawn. He took off his coat and slowly undid his tie. "I suppose that while it's all true, it isn't the whole story. I never felt more in the dark in my life," he said.

Larus contracts with foreign representatives were cancelable on thirty days' notice and Burnham sent out such notices the next day after further talk with Lowry. Though there was no urgency and they would have liked to stay at least another day at the farm, Lowry felt they had better take the train that night.

At the office Lowry found that Peale had gone to Washington and that the results of the trip had pleased everyone.

"Tell me, Steve," Rutledge asked; "Jim didn't seem to mind Cramer's sitting in too much, did he?"

"No, though actually I didn't see a great deal of Cramer."

"He's an effective fellow. I don't think he liked Jim's sudden decision to sign Burnham that night, but we all felt it was very good judgment. We're going to try to get Jim away for a holiday. He seemed awfully edgy, but he's done a wonderful job and he tells me you were a tower of strength."

"Well, hardly that, but Burnham and I got along well."

"Good, there'll be lots more when you get back. Nothing like team play."

When Lowry let himself into the apartment rather early a few afternoons later he heard a rumble of voices from the living room. He looked in to see Rosalie in the midst of an English lesson with four of her Estonians, waved and went to bathe and change.

The lesson ended and her pupils departed as he finished dressing. Rosalie came in and, to his amazement, dropped into a chair, bursting into tears.

"Why, darling, what in the world?" he asked, his arm around her shoulder.

"Oh, Stephen, one of them was sure she had met Inge and mother in Rotterdam last year and then it turned out not to be true."

"She was sure it wasn't true?"

"Yes; the name was different and I had misunderstood some Estonian word. They were two cousins—older women. Oh, it's happened so often!"

"I know, darling."

"I think I'll lie down awhile. Get me an aspirin, please."

Half an hour later she joined him in the living room in a round-necked cotton dress and sandals. "I'm all right," she said. "Sorry to have been a baby. Tell me 'What are the men saying?'"—a phrase in their private idiom.

"Well, they're not saying much. The Larus union contract came through and everybody's very pleased. Jim has had to go to Washington again, and may not be back before I leave. I had the benefit of some fatherly advice, however. Incidentally, he's looking perfectly ghastly."

"He told me the other night he had lost ten pounds."

"I don't understand it. When we got back Rutledge was going to send him off for a rest and now he tells me Jim refuses to go."

"Perhaps I could have found out. He called and begged me to have lunch with him today. He sounded so unhappy that I think I would have if he hadn't suddenly said something about how I looked when he came in at your mother's."

"Where'd he call you from?" Lowry asked.

"I don't know where. Speaking of lunching or dinner, dear, when did you have dinner with Calvin Hewitt? Paula told me all about it. Not that I mind, because I think he often has dinner with bad little girls. But for the life of me I couldn't remember when it was."

"Did you tell her that?"

"No, I didn't want her to think you hadn't come home and raved about what a great fellow he was. He says you're a wonderful talker, impress everybody and have a great future. But when was all this?"

"I'm ashamed to say it never was. Hewitt asked me some time ago to let him tell Paula that he and I were having dinner together ——"

"So he could be out with some woman?" Rosalie asked.

"I suppose so."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I warned him that I wouldn't tell you and have you involved."

"Very noble, I must say. You thought nothing of letting Paula be deceived—I suppose he would 'help you out' next time."

"Certainly not, but I didn't weigh all the ethical considerations. It's the sort of thing that happens ——"

"You mean all men do this?"

"No, I don't, but certainly many do and more have done it on occasions."

"May I know whether you do it with me, or am I supposed to take it for granted and not ask?"

"I have never done it with you and never will."

"Stephen, if Paula had told me that you had done this, I'd have sworn she was mistaken. I realize you think I'm magnifying it out of all proportion. But I was as eager all day to be with you tonight as though we had been separated for months. I took it for granted we were somehow so miraculously still in love that ——"

"Aren't we?"

"But, you see, feeling that way, I also took it for granted that we were both loyal to . . . well, love itself. This is a terrible thing to say to you, but protecting Hewitt in this is not

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

NEXT MONTH

"Though there was no blemish of body, no curvature of bone, Ben could not turn in bed, sit, hold up his head or grasp an object."

● Bennett Vining Pinckney was one of the seven cerebrally palsied infants born each year in every 100,000 of the population. But he was more fortunate than most because his parents were determined that neither their world nor his would revolve around his handicap—that he would have a life of his own. And they succeeded. Today, at twenty-three, "Ben" runs a successful business which he started himself.

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A WORLD FOR MY SON

By LOU MYRTIS VINING

complete in the May JOURNAL

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

greatly different from helping him find a girl, is it?"

"That is a rather terrible thing to say. I don't think I deserve it."

"I don't suppose you do, but it's rather a terrible thing you've done to me too."

"Is it irreparable?" he asked coldly.

"Please don't take that tone."

"Well, is it irreparable? Or do there have to be weeks or months of expiation because I couldn't make a speech on sexual ethics at the end of an officers' meeting?"

"You don't need to be so injured. You could be understanding as you usually are ——"

"It's difficult, I suppose, because I am ashamed of it."

She was silent a moment and then said, "Well, stop being. I've made an awful time about it but I really understand how it happened, and I'm sorry I made you feel badly. Only let's not, well, you know—let the business ruin our lives. Come to think of it, poor Paula had a little happiness out of it."

Many uneventful transatlantic flights had not sufficed to give Lowry any confidence that the triumph of aerodynamics in which he and sixty other people were contained would not fall out of the skies and burst into flames. He envied the men who could talk business for sixteen hours with time out for refreshing naps, the others who finished their paper books just as the aircraft touched down. He had never been able to read comfortably on a plane.

He smiled as the "purser" gave him his dinner tray and applied himself to its rare delicacies with what relish he could.

His brother-in-law, Armas Lainvee, was waiting with his car at Orly, as handsome as Rosalie was beautiful, with a striking resemblance to her. They greeted each other affectionately and Armas handed him a cable.

"Your office sent it around," he said.

Lowry tore it open. It was dated from Caracas, Venezuela, and read:

GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD AGREE TO MY COMING TO PARIS AT MY OWN EXPENSE WHILE YOU ARE THERE FOR PRIVATE REASONS. CAN ARRIVE IN THREE DAYS. DARAN

"I might as well reply now," Lowry said. "Our Venezuelan agent wants to meet me here."

They stopped for him to cable his agreement and a message to Rosalie and went out to the car. It was only fair, Lowry had always felt, that there should be something to mar the beauty of Paris, and certainly the drive from Orly into the city was about as ugly as any in the world. Then the car crossed the Seine into the incredible city, discharged Lainvee at his office in the Boulevard Haussmann, moved toward the Bois and out to the Lainvee house back of the trees in the quiet Avenue Henri Martin.

By the time Lowry had bathed and shaved, his clothes had been pressed, his linen put away, his shoes polished. He moved with a sense of well-being and a profound respect for the living standards of the wealthy.

He found Piccard, the head of the Paris office, a fussy man who seemed a little over his head in his job. Everything about the office except the wage scale confirmed Rutledge's views on European commercial inefficiency, and Lowry considered with apprehension how long it would take to make all the necessary changes.

Back at the Lainvee house he got a call through to the children in Switzerland and the sound of their excited, happy voices brought tears to his eyes.

The night before his arrival Daran cabled from New York, giving his flight number and arrival time. Lowry felt there was good will to be earned by meeting him at Orly and ordered a limousine to take him out alone. The New York plane was already in and Lowry asked an attendant to inform Mr. Daran that he was waiting.

He had smoked one cigarette when from behind a high truckload of baggage propelled by two porters a man appeared whom he recognized, from a picture in the New York office, as Daran.

A more suavely theatrical figure he had never seen. He was of medium height, slim and graceful. He wore a good sports jacket and slacks. Sleek, black hair was parted in the middle and his shaggy black brows were in contrast to his neat mustache. He carried a walking stick which Lowry felt sure was a sword cane. With him was a young woman.

He greeted Lowry in precise English. Turning to the young woman, he said casually, "Mr. Lowry, I have the honor to present you to the Señorita Beatriz María Inclan y Cespedes, natural daughter of the late *benemérito jefe*, Juan Vicente Inclan. She is my mistress. I feel it best to be completely frank with you."

"Thank you, I am honored," Lowry said and kissed the offered hand of the señorita. Her figure, her dark, melting eyes were in the Carmen tradition, but her clothes were both expensive and well chosen, her voice low-pitched and agreeable, her English excellent. The flaw in her looks, however, was considerable. Her nose was that of a battered prize fighter.

Daran continued, "You will doubtless have wondered about her nose. I myself find it piquant. To her it is distressing. Many of the late *jefe's* children have inherited his nose, as Franz Josef's did the Hapsburg lip. In a sense both are the marks of the blood royal. Now let us be off. We have reservations at the Ritz."

To give pleasure to a single heart by a single kind act is better than a thousand head-bowings in prayer.
SAADI

Beatriz interrupted the speech to say how very kind it was of Mr. Lowry to come to meet them.

"You will think me quite rude not to have said that before," Daran said. "The fact is I think I did not thank you for coming because I felt worried as to how you were going to regard my bringing Beatriz. Does it offend you? I assure you the company's interests in Venezuela will not suffer."

"Of that I am sure. Mr. Peale has given us very fine reports about you ——"

"Has he indeed?"

"Oh, yes, and as for ——"

"I was never sure he quite trusted me."

"You may be sure, and I am delighted you have been able to bring the señorita. Did you see any of our people in New York?"

"No, we went from Pan-Am to Air France at Idlewild in a matter of moments."

Lowry's chauffeur came forward.

"I have a car waiting," Lowry said.

"I had arranged for one also," Daran said.

This is a very thorough and competent fellow, Lowry thought and, anxious to learn more about him and the señorita, he agreed to drive into the city with them and dismissed his own car.

"I must explain," Daran said, "that the main reason for our voyage is that Beatriz enters the hospital here in the morning."

"I'm sorry to hear this. I hope it isn't too serious."

"No," Beatriz said. "Would you like to know what they're going to do?"

"If you'd like to tell me," he said.

"George won the national lottery and took me to Mexico on holiday. He wanted to give me a large diamond or a sable coat. I refused."

"Oh?"

"I said I would very much rather have plastic surgery on my nose. It is so ugly and spoils my face. The cost of coat and the operation was what George calls 'even Stephen.' Do you know what that means?"

"Yes."

"So it is to be done and I may be beautiful. Who knows, he may want me to marry him, though I don't think it likely. Mr. Lowry, is your wife beautiful?"

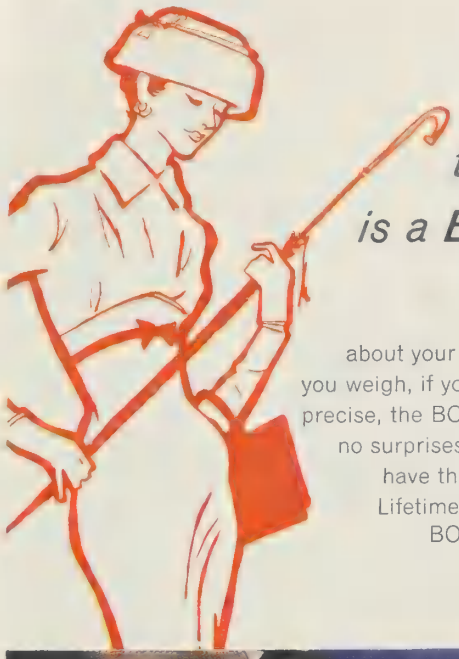
"Very."

"How long have you been married?"

"Oh, thirteen years."

"And you are not tired of each other?"

"I think not."



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"I worry about that because in Venezuela so many women cannot hold their husbands as lovers because they let themselves remain stupid and become fat. Is your wife American?"

"No, but very Americanized in many ways now."

"That is interesting. George is European, you know. I'm not sure he knows where he was born."

"I have told you where I was born. Now this is what I suggest," Daran said as the Ritz *bagagistes* unloaded the luggage. "We must confirm our arrival to the hospital. Beatriz enters in the morning. Will you not come back to dine with us at eight?"

"Please do, Mr. Lowry," Beatriz said.

"Actually I am booked to dine with our Paris manager."

"Well then, if you agree, I shall come to the office to see you as soon as the result of the operation is known in the morning."

"Good," Lowry replied, "but let everything wait until you are at ease about the señorita. And now the best of luck to you both." Lowry smiled, shook their hands and got in the car.

He was amused by how much he felt drawn to them both. Their special appeal arose not so much from their fantastic plans and situation as from the casual gravity with which they announced them and the matter-of-fact but apparently ardent attachment between them. Daran gave the impression of being one of those few men able to manage the rational and irrational sides of his life as a unit.

He heard from but did not see Daran until the second day following. The plastic surgery was reported as almost certainly successful and the señorita as happy and eager.

Daran appeared at the office all business. He was enthusiastic about the acquisition of Larus. Daran believed that his special contribution to the success of Larus would be his spare-parts control and perpetual inventory. The layout he showed Lowry would have been acceptable on the River Rouge itself. As to the regular lines, he did not feel he was getting the deliveries he should. He had made the point strongly to Mr. Peale. When he had heard of Lowry's appointment he had been very happy, feeling that at last there would be some one person in New York to fight his battles and insure prompt deliveries of all he could sell. He gave an equally favorable report on collections and credit losses. He had a great deal to say about the proposed bridge and his hopes for the contract.

Lowry listened attentively to it all. "There is no reason," he asked, "to suppose the bridge proposed lacks reality?"

"Oh, most certainly not."

"Mr. Peale seemed to have doubts of it," Lowry told him.

"Oh, I think you are mistaken, if you will forgive me. Mr. Peale could have heard nothing of it when he was there. I myself had not until just after New Year's when I wrote you."

"Then I must have misunderstood him. Looking ahead, do you want to make Venezuela your permanent home?"

"Certainly not," Daran replied, "if only for the reason that I should not want seventy-nine half brothers- and sisters-in-law hanging around my house. I must tell you that yesterday I told Beatriz I desired to marry her, irrespective of the outcome of the operation. It was due largely to your acceptance of her and her easy behavior with you. For that I am very grateful."

"I congratulate you," Lowry said. *Daran,* he thought, *arrives by processes of thought at the sort of decisions I reach by impulse.*

"Have you something in mind as to a change?" Daran asked.

"Not immediately, but I shall think about it," Lowry replied. He had thought a good deal about it as Daran had produced his reports, while still trying to recall Peale's exact words about the bridge.

"Will you be my guest at dinner tonight? I shall naturally be a little lonely and Beatriz has suggested I dine and go watch '*les girls*' in a night club. It seems a good suggestion. She does not fear rivalry, but would herself be ashamed to see a spectacle. That of course arises from having lived remote from centers of civilization."

"I propose you dine with my brother-in-law, Armas Lainvee, and me at Laurent's."

"With pleasure, and you will be my guests at the spectacle?"

"Well, we'll see."

That night, as they drove to Laurent's, Lowry told his brother-in-law what was in his mind about Daran. They found him awaiting them, viewing his surroundings with evident satisfaction.

"I think Mr. Peale mentioned this restaurant," he said.

Lowry said he had brought Peale there several years ago. "Its greatest attraction is that you lunch or dine in the midst of forest trees in the very heart of Paris."

As they ate the long, delicious meal, Lainvee, with considerable skill, kept Daran talking about himself. He was born in 1923 in Europe—he did not specify the country. He had been captured by the Russians in June, 1940, while fighting, as a boy of sixteen, in the Lithuanian army.

"My sister, Mrs. Lowry, and I were with our family in Tallin that month ——"

Daran put down his knife and fork. "You are Estonian?"

"Yes, of course. Why?"

Daran hesitated an instant and said, "I suppose I thought your name was French." There was a slight change in his manner and he ate his artichoke in meditative silence.

As man is now constituted, to be brief is almost a condition of being inspired.

SANTAYANA

"So far as we know, only my sister and I survived that dreadful month," Lainvee went on. "Nothing has ever been heard of my father or mother or other sister, though I have never given up hope. I went to Bonn last week to talk to some returned prisoners of war."

"I meant to tell you that Rosalie went at once to the Estonian Relief in New York," Lowry said to his brother-in-law, "and for a brief moment one day she thought she had word."

"You escaped with Madame Lowry, Monsieur Lainvee?"

"No. I was with our forces at the frontier when I was taken. She escaped alone from Tallin to Sweden and ultimately to Norway sometime in July, '40."

"She was in the Norwegian Resistance when I met her there on a mission," Lowry said.

"I see," Daran said.

"We were united here in Paris as a result of my chancing to meet Lowry at a party given by the Marshall Plan people for French bankers," Lainvee told him.

"I shall always include your family in inquiries I make about mine," Daran said.

"Thank you; I shall do the same for you if you will give me the details while you're here," Lainvee replied. "But let us talk of less unhappy things."

"Just to be clear in my inquiries, it was from the Russians, not the Nazis, that Madame Lowry escaped?"

"Oh, from the Russians, yes," Lowry said, "a year before the Nazi invasion."

Daran nodded. They had finished with the finger bowls, after the artichokes, before he spoke again. "In 1946 I worked my way on a ship to Venezuela and since then things have gone well for me. I may say I worked hard to make them."

"What sort of passport do you have?" Lainvee asked.

"Oh, I am now a Venezuelan national."

Daran's reservation was the only empty table in the crowded night club when they arrived. They edged their way to it and Daran ordered the required champagne. The girls were astonishingly young and lovely and Lowry and his brother-in-law stared at them with no less interest than Daran, or than the other men and women of the audience.

Daran, sitting between them, drank some champagne. "What I like best about a spectacle of this sort is the philosophical questions

it raises in my mind. Have the women in the audience come because they do not trust their husbands without them? Not entirely, I think. They are too curious to see. I could not permit Beatriz to do this. And if she were here with us, it would make her unhappy that I so much enjoy looking at them."

"Didn't she suggest your coming?" Lainvee asked.

"Oh, yes, but in a tender, generous moment without thinking," Daran replied. "That sketch we are watching—very wicked, no doubt, but I don't find it offensive, do you?"

"No, very amusing."

"Mr. Peale would not approve. He is a man of fine culture."

"Oh, come," Lowry said. "Peale enjoyed himself very much with me in just such a place in Paris."

"He gave me the impression of great strictness in Caracas, though he did talk one night in the Café India about the relations of men and women. Do you know, I never mentioned Beatriz to him. I felt he would not trust my business judgment, if he knew. With you, of course, I had no alternative."

"I don't believe he would have felt it was any of his business," Lowry said.

"Oh, I think he would have. He told me a story —— I forget."

Lowry saw his brother-in-law turn to look at Daran. It was obvious he had not forgotten the story, but had quickly veered off it. Lowry wondered what it was.

As they came out of the night club to Lainvee's car, Daran said he would get in last, since he was getting out first at the Ritz—or would they like to go to another club? They both yawned and said tomorrow had already arrived. Daran sank back in the car.

His companions were so quiet that Lowry thought they had dozed off, but as the car stopped at the Ritz, Daran bounded out, leaned in to shake hands with Lainvee and said, "Mr. Lowry, may I have a word with you, please?"

Lowry got out. Daran seemed suddenly ill at ease.

"Mr. Lowry, there is a very serious matter I must talk to you about in the morning. I shall be back from the hospital by a quarter before twelve. I should not like to discuss it at the office. Would you be good enough to come here to our sitting room?"

"Yes," Lowry said. "What is it about?"

"That is what I shall have to ask you."

"I see," Lowry replied. "Do we have to be mysterious at two in the morning?"

"I am sorry. I must take it in phases. The first phase was bringing myself to mention it at all."

"Very well. I'll be here just before noon."

Daran called another good night to Lainvee.

"What did you think of him?" Lowry asked his brother-in-law, in the car.

"I don't know. What did he want with you just now?"

"He had something to tell me tomorrow which he says is very important. I have no idea what it is. He's an interesting and likable little fellow, but as to my idea that he might be given the Paris office ——"

"Well, I shouldn't judge from this evening. I think there's a good deal to him, and of one thing I think you can be certain. He is not a *chicaneur*."

The concierge at the Ritz said that Mr. Daran had left word that Mr. Lowry was to wait in his sitting room. Daran arrived with profuse apologies, saying that though the bandages had not been removed from Beatriz, the surgeon was very confident.

"I am so happy," Daran said, "about the operation that I would like to take it as an omen that what I have now to discuss will be resolved as fortunately. Even now I feel considerable hesitancy in mentioning it." There was no question that he was more than hesitant. His manner was troubled, and he moved nervously around the room.

"Have no hesitancy," Lowry said; "we're friends. Say or ask whatever you like."

"Thank you. You are kind." He seated himself. "Mr. Lowry, is it proper for me to know what the Morval Project is? If not, then I have no more to say."

"I can't answer that," Lowry replied, "because I never heard of it."

"Does an amount, a special draft or check, that is to say, of fifty thousand dollars suggest anything?"

"Fifty thousand dollars? No. Whose draft? Where?"

"The company in Caracas."

"Originated by whom?"

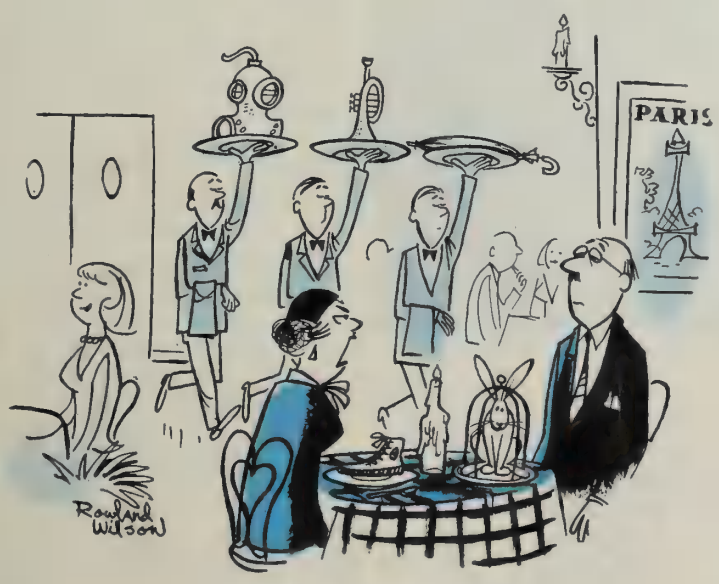
There was almost a moment's silence, then Daran said, "Mr. Peale on his visit last autumn."

"What you say means nothing to me, but it's quite possible that I know it under another name or that it's some completed transaction I've never heard of. Suppose you tell me why all this comes up."

"Mr. Lowry, I am not trying to make a bargain with you, but if it turns out that my concern, actually my worry about it, is all nonsense, will you say no more about it? I do not want you to think me an alarmist, an informer—a busybody, shall we say?"

"I shan't. Go ahead."

Daran shifted an ash tray and a package of cigarettes on the table beside him. "You are doubtless aware," he said, "that in Venezuela the company has made some confidential political contributions and several times set aside sums for some form of social welfare—a clinic at the hospital, substantial prizes for farm improvement, that sort of thing. This may be such a matter which Mr. Peale did not feel I needed to be informed of. When it occurred, I asked no questions. But because of the ledger I felt it proper to write Mr. Peale on three occasions after he left asking for his instructions.



"You and your perfect French!"



Here are my letters." He opened his briefcase, selected a folder and handed it to Lowry.

Lowry read and returned them. "What did Mr. Peale write you?"

"He has never replied."

"I see. Tell me exactly how it began. What was done, what was said?"

"Mr. Peale came back to the office after a meeting with the Minister of Roads and Communications and asked me to draw a check in favor of Morval Project for fifty thousand dollars. At the same moment he began to dictate a report on his meeting to my secretary. When I came back with the check and the voucher for his approval, he took the check, initialed the voucher without breaking his dictation. I asked whether there should be any memorandum with the voucher for the auditors to see. He shook his head, looked at me with a smile and put his finger to his lips."

"What did he say about it later?"

"He never mentioned it."

"Did you?"

"Mr. Lowry, I was in a difficult position. I did not want to be told it was none of my business and I felt that was just what I would be told. I felt convinced that there were good reasons for special silence about it."

"It occurs to me at once that Morval Project may be code for the bridge and that, with all due regard, Mr. Peale was told of it in confidence by the minister before you were—and that the voucher has something to do with it. What, I don't know."

"That, of course, occurred to me, but I have reason to be sure there is no connection. Here is the original voucher and check," Daran said, taking them out of his briefcase.

Lowry examined the check. It was endorsed in Peale's handwriting "Morval Project," and then with his name, and had been deposited in Maduro's Bank on the day of its date.

"And?" Lowry asked, handing back the papers.

"When I received your cable that I might come to Paris, I prepared a memorandum of matters to take up with you. Morval Project was one. As soon as I got your cable I hurried to Maduro's Bank to buy my travelers' checks. Monty Maduro and I are good friends, and while I waited for the checks I decided to ask him about the Morval account. Of course I gave no hint of any concern about it, simply asking in an offhand manner. His answer has troubled me deeply, though I am sure New York's reply to you will show me to be a great worrier about nothing."

"What did he say?"

"'Oh, that I remember,' he said. 'It was an in-and-out transaction. We made a telegraphic transfer to an account of Mr. Peale's in New York that day.'"

"What had Mr. Peale told him?"

"Nothing at all. He was very affable, talked about conditions and asked Monty to handle this personal matter for him. Well, I have unburdened myself. I feel better."

Lowry got up. "As you say, I am sure we shall have an answer from New York clearing it all up in the morning. I do think Mr. Peale is to be criticized for leaving you so much in the dark. I'm sorry you have had this worry."

"You're entirely frank with me in not saying I have done the wrong thing?"

"Entirely," Lowry said, shook hands with him and left, himself troubled but yet confident the explanation would be satisfactory. He decided on a personal cable to Peale:

DARAN INQUIRING ABOUT MORVAL PROJECT TRANSACTION. AS I AM IN DARK MYSELF WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR PUTTING AT LEAST ME IN THE PICTURE.

He asked for a reply to Lainvee's house. It came promptly that afternoon reading:

FORGET MORVAL ALL IN ORDER.

In the interval before the cable came he had begun to feel grave anxiety about the transaction. Either there was a quick satisfactory explanation to him, if not to Daran, or it appeared that $50,000 had been embezzled.

Troubled and anxious while he waited for the reply, Lowry's feelings on reading its smug brevity were of anger as well as anxiety. And it left him in a ridiculous position vis-á-vis Daran. He wrote a reply to go to Peale's apartment:

IN VIEW OF TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER TO YOU WHEREOF DARAN NOW AWARE YOU MUST SEE MATTER CANNOT BE DISMISSED AS YOU HAVE. I DON'T MIND TELLING HIM TO FORGET IT IF I AM TOLD WHAT IT IS. NATURALLY DO NOT SUGGEST ANYTHING IMPROPER ABOUT IT BUT IT DEMANDS FULL CLARIFICATION AND I WON'T LEAVE IT OTHERWISE. SURE THIS IN BEST INTERESTS OF ALL. HOWEVER IF RUTLEDGE OR JOHNSON CABLES ME PERSONALLY TO DISREGARD WILL AGREE ADVISING DARAN THEREOF. REGARDS.

There was no reply by the second morning following. If, as seemed inevitable, the silence implied a fraud, Lowry felt it impossible to break the whole matter to Rutledge or Johnson by cable. After waiting until eleven o'clock he went to Lainvee's office to put the matter before him. Lainvee listened with raised eyebrows.

"Plainly you must clear it up," he said.

"I agree, but there's always the possibility that Jim is out of town or hasn't got my second cable. I owe it to him not to be precipitate."

"He owed it to you to answer originally, but I realize how you feel. Could you cable the company, possibly in these words, 'Advise me of any developments in Morval situation Caracas.' If it is a company matter they will say so. If not, you haven't put Peale on the spot. Have you any reason to believe he would embezzle money?"

"Put that way, no," Lowry replied. "But in view of minor things, in a way equally disturbing, I feel considerably alarmed."

"Such as what things?"

"Well, some of the things he has said and done suggest he's either ill or under an unusual strain. Yet his standing with the senior officers is very high." Lowry added, "I think I will

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cable the office as you suggest. I must tell Daran something by tomorrow at the latest."

"And if it turns out to be a very ugly thing, what will you tell him?" Lainvee asked.

"I can only hope it won't come to that. There must be an explanation."

But when the company's answer to his cable came about five o'clock it read, "Question not clear what or who is Morval." He replied to them, "Must return briefly to New York leaving tomorrow night," and cabled Peale at his apartment and Rosalie to the same effect. Though there seemed no alternative, he was still half sure he was making a fool of himself about nothing and that when he faced Rutledge, Johnson and Peale they would say, "Oh, Morval, of course, the word was garbled in transmission. Morval is the confidential project the directors decided on ——"

He telephoned Daran asking him to wait at the Ritz the next morning for him and went there at ten.

"I have been in touch with New York about Morval and as it is difficult to give the whole story by cable I've decided to go back for a day or so, since there are several other matters that need decision," he said. "I'll probably be back before you're ready to go."

He could see that Daran knew this was not the full story, but Daran replied, "I am afraid I've put you to a lot of trouble about something that is not *gran cosa*. You do understand I felt I must speak of it?"

"Of course. You have done exactly the proper thing. Beatriz progresses?"

"Oh, yes, very well indeed." He hesitated. "I hope I shall not have lost Mr. Peale's good will by my interference. If you can, Mr. Lowry, you will let me know, please, as soon as possible whatever I should know about Morval and, if I may say so, I believe Monty Madurp should be informed."

"I shall do both," Lowry said.

A hired car was waiting and Lowry told the chauffeur to take him back to the company's office, where for the rest of the day he listened to Piccard's complaints and frustrations.

Early in the morning of the first Tuesday in May, Rosalie answered the telephone to find Colonel Channing was calling.

"About a house," he said. "I happened to see one for sale over the weekend you may like. I made some inquiries and the reports are good. However, it's thirty-five years old."

"Oh, where is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Well, it's in Ridingtown, Long Island. Now of course the place isn't what it was. It's overcrowded and no longer distinguished socially. But it has lots of nice people Steve would know, and even a few fourth-generation families are left. It has climate and salt-water sailing and I don't quite see how, in an incorporated village like it, this house could become less desirable, certainly not in the next twenty-five years."

"How much? What type?"

"Asking price, forty—French farmhouse. Can I drive you out to see it this afternoon?"

"Oh, would you? What about a school?"

"A very good private school close by. I must warn you that with lilacs, apple blossoms and dogwood all out, any place this week in May looks better than it is. And this hasn't 'a view.'"

"Never mind—how much land?"

"Not much, two acres."

Channing approached the house by the roundabout sand road "around the water." Its gate was on a lane off the main roads, and as Channing turned the car into its gravel drive. there was no doubt in Rosalie's mind that this was where she wanted to live. The whitewashed brick wall on three sides, the high hedge along the lane gave a wonderful seclusion. And as for "a view," miles of sunlit tidal waters were visible from the second-floor windows. There were enough maples and birches in one corner for windfall logs for the winter, and the apple and dogwood trees were in full blossom. The air smelled of sea and lilacs and cedars, the last, with their burgeoning branches, looking like Victorian ladies—and Rosalie wondered why people ever smoked so much they could not smell the springtime or the sea.

Trees and walls and hedge were far enough off for the sun to light each of the rooms at some hour of the day and, now westering, it came through the French doors of the long sitting room. Rosalie looked around, mentally placed lamps and furniture, bought curtains and carpets, asking Channing how many bedrooms and baths. When she had scampered upstairs to see them she called down with peasant thrift, "Will they take thirty-five, three thousand in cash?" Channing thought they might.

So after a stop at the agent's she was driven back to New York in high spirits to cable Stephen, only to find his cable announcing his return. He gave no reason and she thought merely what a lucky break. She was making lists at her desk in the apartment when the doorbell rang and, answering it, she found Peale waiting. Bubbling over with excitement, she started to tell him at once of the house.

"Aren't you delighted for us?" she asked. "And, best of all, Stephen's coming back."

She motioned him to a chair. His outward appearance was faultless as always, but his handsome face had a haggard intensity. She remained standing, leaning against a table, and then broke off her ecstatic description of the house to say, "Jim, is something the matter? You seem all queer."

He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, looking down at his clasped hands between them. "No, nothing's the matter," he said very quietly. "There are several things I have to tell you. I wish you would make it easier by sitting down. I wanted you to have dinner with me. Then I thought possibly you'd fix something for us here, so we could be alone."

"But, my dear man, I have no desire to be alone with you and I have a thousand things to do about the house and Stephen's arrival."

"Do you know why he's coming back?"

"No, not really. I mean, no, not at all."

He got up and, still very quietly, said, "You know I'm desperately in love with you ——"

"Now you must really go. I can't listen to such things. Come now, off with you," she said as though she were sending a child away.

"What is your feeling for me?"

"Stephen thinks you're his closest friend and so I am a friend of yours, but I shan't be if you go on."

"I think Stephen is coming back because of me."

"Oh, you can't have told him such nonsense."

"I have told no one, not even Evvy, who has left me. I couldn't live with her, wanting you as I do."

"But this is monstrous," she said. "I won't listen to it."

"I think you must listen to it," he said. "Stephen cabled me he is coming back about a business matter that I bungled. It could have been set right, if he hadn't made this headlong decision to return. He must have realized that. Therefore, I'm afraid it's something else. I'm afraid he must have been told something

CONVERSATIONAL TABOO

By E. B. DE VITO

I don't mind an evening that dissects
Goat raising, Bantu dialects,
The proper way to hold a lute,
What others' offspring say that's cute,
Moovian art or calculus,
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that I said about you. I want to beg you to forgive me. I hope you'll have some pity."

"Tell me exactly what Stephen may have heard. How could you have told him anything he didn't know?"

"Wrong as I have been, let me kiss you—please, please."

"Don't come near me. Tell me this thing you've said."

He regained control of himself and spoke again in a matter-of-fact tone. "I was with a man who seemed to have devoted his life to the pursuit of women. It was after dinner in a café. We had had a great deal to drink. He had story after story of his experiences; I realized how little I knew of such things. I think I wanted to impress him. He told me about being at the opera in Berlin shortly after the occupation. A Russian general came in with a beautiful German girl, dripping with sables and jewels. He dwelt on the Russian and the courtesan with him and I told him I knew of a similar thing. I said there was an Estonian girl, of whom I knew, who had married an American officer, letting him believe she had been violated by the Russians in Tallin whereas actually she had been the acquiescent mistress of their general."

He said it all as though it were nothing. He had spoken of something which the years and Stephen's love had let her seal away, yet which lay silent at the base of her feeling of insecurity in America. Even in her cold horror, she felt the deep warmth of gratitude to Stephen that he had never asked and gradually dispelled all need to speak or even think of it.

"I mentioned no names," Peale was saying. "It was simply that you were the only woman I knew—I hadn't met you yet—who had been under the Russians."

She said a silent prayer to let her forgive him for Stephen's sake. Then the thought flashed through her mind, how could he know what had happened to her in Tallin? Stephen could never for all their closeness have mentioned even the fringe of it.

"You made this up. But why, why did you think any such thing happened to me?"

"Your brother, Armas, said one night in Paris that you had suffered greatly before you escaped."

"I suffered. I had lost my whole family, everything."

"I knew there was more when Stephen first sent a picture of you."

"Why will he have had to hear this?" she asked exhaustedly.

"I told it to Daran in Caracas last fall. Daran likes to talk of women. He is certain to have told it over a drink, as I did."

"Why have you come to me? What did you expect I would do?"

"I came because I needed and want you and because you have been in peril and I never have. I know in my soul it's this story I've told and nothing else that brings Stephen back—and perhaps I hoped that this was fate's way of bringing us together."

She turned to look at him. Sick as he must be, there was really so little change in his face since she first saw it New Year's Eve, no sign in it of the monstrous thoughts which went on behind its mask.

"I stole that picture of you in the sun. It never leaves me," he said.

"I knew that," she said quietly. "So does Stephen. You must give it back to me now as your first atonement."

Slowly he reached in his breast pocket for his wallet and took it out.

"Put it on the table," she said, fearing to take it lest she touch him. She rubbed her lips, trying to sort out the confusion in her mind, overwhelmed with pity for Stephen. True or false, the effect of this story would last forever and it would be she who had somehow cost him this long brotherhood.

Or suppose that, by good fortune, Daran had not told the story and that Stephen was returning wholly on account of business. What reason could she give him why she could not see Peale again? And how could they be together in C.I.C. and not meet constantly? Or what effect would it have on Stephen's career if his colleagues knew there had been some break between him and his closest friend?

"What *is* this business trouble which you think is not bringing him back? May it not be that?" she asked.

"I did something rather impulsive and unwise in Caracas, something I shouldn't have done, but it's impossible to suppose Stephen would return because of it and bring it into the light, with God knows what consequences to me before I can put it right. We're too close for him to do that to me."

"He might say he knew you too well to believe you have done whatever you have or that you could have talked to Daran as you have. What you have done is either to lie or steal, isn't it?"

He winced as she said it and a look of such utter despair came over his face that even then she almost pitied him.

The telephone rang and she picked it up automatically. Peale could hear Thomas Johnson's voice on the wire.

"Mrs. Lowry, I'm downstairs, having just had a call from Alec Channing about the house. I wanted to see what we can do to help before Stephen gets here. May I come up for a moment?"

"Of course," she said. "Jim Peale's here also."

"Tom Johnson?" Peale asked in a matter-of-fact tone, and got to his feet as though nothing had happened. "I'll let him in."

She watched in amazement. Then, hearing their voices, friendly and easy, at the door, she had the feeling that she must have misunderstood all that had happened, or that it hadn't happened at all. She looked in a mirror, almost startled that there was no visible change even in her. She turned the picture face down and in what felt like someone else's voice said, as they came in, "Wouldn't you like a drink? A Tom Collins?"

"Well, yes," Johnson replied.

"I'll get it," Peale said, and went out to the kitchen.

"Alec said you were really pleased about the house and I thought our legal department could handle the title search and all that. If you like, we'll have our service department round up painters and electricians or anything else you want."

"If you can do those other things, it will be wonderful."

"Edward wanted me to say he'd send over his gardener to meet you there whenever it's convenient. He'd like doing it; so don't hesitate to say yes."

Peale came in with the frosty glasses and they all cheerily drank to the new home.

"You're all too good to us. How can we repay this sort of thing?" she asked.

"Friends are supposed to help friends," Peale said, lighting a cigarette. From his easy manner toward her and Johnson, one would have supposed he was what he was believed to be—affluent, successful, at peace with himself and those around him.

"You haven't heard why Stephen's coming back, have you?" Johnson asked. "I hope he hasn't picked up some bug."

"No, I haven't heard," Rosalie replied, "but he thrives in any climate, on any diet, particularly in Paris."

"Probably got homesick," Peale said.

"And who can blame him?" Johnson said with a smile at Rosalie. "Jim, you have no idea what this Morval Project he cabled about is, have you?"

"Not the slightest."

"When do the children arrive, Mrs. Lowry?" Johnson asked.

"On the Queen, Wednesday of week after next."

"Alec says you gave him a check to bind the bargain until 'when, as and if' the title's clear. I'll have them push the search and get in touch with you."

Johnson finished his drink, declined another and said he must be off.

"So must I," Peale told him.

"If my wife were out of town," Johnson said with a laugh, "I'd take the lady to dinner. What's the matter with you young men?"

"I've already been turned down," Peale replied. "Sure you won't change your mind?"

"Quite sure. I have too much to think about."

Johnson put his hand on Peale's shoulder. "Tough luck. Good-by. Now call one of us whatever you want. James, my boy, I'll give you a lift uptown."

As she drew her hand back from Johnson's she had the feeling that she must tell them both to wait, implore Peale to tell this pleasant older comrade he had done something that he wanted to put right, that if she could only do that, Johnson, hearing it, would say, "Well, this isn't so very bad. I think we can fix it up. I'm glad you told me." She looked at Peale, almost willing him to speak, feeling like saying, "I'll go in the other room while you tell Mr. Johnson."

But as Johnson turned to go, Peale picked up the picture she had left face down by the telephone, put it in his side pocket and followed Johnson to the door.

(To be Continued)



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A SHORT TRIP TO TOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

I told Perly I'd wait in the car. He stuck a penny in the parking meter and walked away.

I don't mean he just *dropped* a penny in the slot, the trick is to slide the penny in so it's out of sight, but not far enough to start the machinery. Then if a cop comes along you tell him the meter is stuck and he'll commence to pound and kick at it and the penny will shake loose and the arrow will come up to twelve minutes. Of course when that happens you lose your penny, but like Perly says, that's the breaks of the game.

I got out and wandered down to the store Elvira works in. The Bon Ton Ala Mode they call it. They figure all those Latin words give it class and keep out the riffraff—so Perly says. I looked in the window to see if I could locate Elvira. All I could see was a couple of wooden ladies in the window—the kind they put dresses on and night shirts and the like. Well, one of them had on a dress, but not the other. Not a stitch. It didn't seem right somehow.

"You look kind of sunburned." I turned around and there was Elvira standing in back of me. "Either that," she said, "or you're part Indian."

"Seems to me you could cover up those ladies when they haven't got any clothes on," I said. "You know there's young folks walking along the street."

"Old folks too," she said. "What are you and Pop up to?"

"Just visiting," I said, "running some errands and what not." I headed back to the car.

She followed me as far as the curb and stopped there. She was looking at the car with a kind of sour expression. Well, it didn't look so hot at that. Coming through that plowed field had been Perly's idea, but he kept insisting there used to be a road there. And quite a bit of mud had splashed up from where the back fender was supposed to be.

"Your pa wanted to try out a short cut," I said.

"I thought maybe he was trying to stucco it," she said. "Listen now, if the two of you have any notion of starting trouble between Albert and me, you'd better get it out of your head."

"If you think I'm going to waste my time," I told her, "on some woman that's fool enough to pass up a fine-looking fellow that owns close to four hundred acres clear and a blue-tick hound and can play the Spanish guitar ——" I said to her. "Anyways, I don't know what you're talking about."

I suppose she might of been thinking of the last time I and Perly came to town. He went

H H H H H H

You won't become a saint through other people's sins. CHEKHOV

H H H H H H

into the bank and got change for a quarter or something, and then when the foreman or whatever they call the head man was passing by, why Perly says in a loud voice, "I hope you got plenty of ten spots in the till there, Albert, we'll need them at the poker game tonight. Last time you run out of them and had to go back for more." Well, there was some remarks and some confusion and it ended up with Perly getting the heave-ho, but he isn't the kind that gives up easy, and I didn't doubt that he had something worked out for this time.

"Just remember I'm not going to stand for any foolishness," Elvira said. "If you and Pop aren't out of here within an hour I'm going to have a cop come around and check that parking meter you've doctored up."

Well, I don't have to take that kind of talk from any redheaded girl. I got in the car and slammed the door, and pretty soon she walked away. Like Perly said, what she needed was to have someone take a stick to her and that's exactly what I would of done had I been ten years younger and her too.

A small girl poked her head out of the car next door. "My name's Janie," she said. She was sucking on the front window like a piece of ice. "I've got a doll named Arabella and Sister Sue and Veronica. I've got a lot more, but those three are best."

That was fine. If Veronica wanted to marry a banker —— I mean Elvira. If she wanted to get married —— "What do you kids want?" I said. There was another one sticking his head out the back window.

"Do you know Mr. Wiffrow," he said, "that lives at the end of our street? He's awful old. He's going to die pretty soon."

"Ronald, he is not." Janie reached back her elbow and raked him alongside the neck.

"When Mr. Wiffrow dies," Ronald said, "I'm going to get his vacuum cleaner and play in his house."

That seemed fair enough. The point was this Albert was a big fellow—make two of Anse, or one and a half, but he ran more to suet than to beef. And Elvira was a high-stepping girl. I couldn't see her serving tea to a pack of fat ladies every afternoon and talking about some flute player. That's what bankers' wives have to do. So Perly says.

"Once when I was real little I went on a boat," Janie said. "That was before Ronald was even born."

"That was before I was even born," Ronald said, "that was when I was in my mother's tummy."

I don't know who tells city kids all these things, but whoever it is I wish they'd stop.

"Sure," Ronald said, "didn't you know that?"

"You kids hush up," I said.

"Well, really." Their mamma had come up between the cars. She got in and slammed the door and gave me a mean look. "I guess even children have some right to express themselves."

She seemed kind of put out so I tried to smooth things over. "That's right," I said. "You go ahead, Janie—tell me what your daddy was saying that time you hid in the closet when he thought you were in bed ——"

"You kids hush up," the lady said. "I've a good notion to call the police," and she drove away.

But that's how it goes. You get an interesting conversation started and somebody will change the subject. I had been keeping an eye on the bank all the while so I spotted Albert when he came out, walking flat-footed and rubbery and looking important. Going to lunch, I presumed. He stopped in front of the dress store, waiting for Elvira, no doubt. Standing along back of him was this woman—the kind they call a vamp. She had on a floppy hat and her face all painted and she was keeping an eye on Albert. I thought I'd get out and stretch my legs a little.

Pretty quick Elvira comes out of the store and Albert goes up and takes her by the arm. And the other woman steps up and takes *him* by the arm. "Why, Albert," she says, "I'm sorry I couldn't make it last night. Why don't you drop over tonight?"

Albert's eyes were sort of bugged out. "What did you say?"

"Yes," said Elvira. "Say that again."

The vamp put her hand on his shoulder. "Albert, you're such a tease—and so extravagant. The girls all thought the earrings were beautiful."

"Madam," he said, kind of frozen, "there must be some mistake." He fished in his pocket and dug out a quarter. "Here," he said, "take this and buy yourself some coffee."

"It's too much," she said. "First the earrings and now this ——"

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"Take it," Elvira said, "and get moving."

The other lady looked at her and started to laugh. Then she took another look and walked away, moving fast.

"I don't know that it's quite proper," Albert said, "for you to speak to a woman of that nature. It isn't dignified."

"You think it would be more dignified," Elvira said, "to stand here all afternoon and hand her quarters?"

"I had the situation well in hand," he said. "It's a man's job to handle this sort of thing." He puffed out his chest a little, or pulled in his stomach—it was hard to tell.

"All right," Elvira said, "let's have lunch."

I had barely got back to the car when Perly showed up. "How did it work?" he said. "You saw it, didn't you?"

"Felt it too," I told him. "I was just standing behind a lamppost when her and Albert walked by and she snaked out her foot and like to of broke my shin. Seems like I keep forgetting what long legs and poor manners she's got. If I was her father ——"

"It all comes from her mother's side," Perly said; "it wouldn't matter a hoot who her father was. No, it looks like we won't get any place trying to saw off Albert. We've got to build up Anse. Get him to spruce up a little—learn some culture."

"He already knows The Shooting of Dan McGrew," I told him. "And you don't need to worry about clothes either. Do you know what he paid for that hunting coat he just got? Seventy dollars, that's all—sent from Maine, New England. No, when it comes to culture and dressing up, why Anse don't have to take a back seat to anybody."

"That's a fact," Perly said, "and he can sing too. I've heard him do forty-four verses of Frankie and Johnnie and not take a breath. And I happen to know the banker can't sing a note. What do you suppose has got into that girl of mine? What does she want?"

"O.K., what does she want?" Anse had his head poked through the window.

"Seems like you've had chance enough to find out," Perly told him. "If you don't know how to handle her by now I don't see that you ever will."

"You've known her longer than I have." Anse climbed into the back seat. "I can't see that you're able to handle her any better than average."

"Well, that's so," Perly said. "A poor old farmer like me might not cut much ice, but a young fellow that can afford a imported coat from Maine and a blue-tick hound ——"

"There's as good a dog as you'll ever see," Anse said. "I've got a standing offer of fifty dollars for every one of her pups and I don't doubt I can do better."

"You've got to do better than that to interest Elvira," Perly said. "That banker has got a phonograph that plays three speeds. I don't know what they are—neutral, low and reverse I suppose—but that's the kind of competition you're up against."

Anse nodded. "I been studying some magazines," he said—"they tell you all about the things that women go for. Like how to make a table out of an old buggy wheel and grow a flower garden in the kitchen and such as that. Or you take the bathroom—the big things there are a tile floor and a sunken tub. So that's where I decided to start. I got hold of some old pieces of marble from the monument works and fixed the floor up pretty good. Then I sunk the tub—couldn't see much logic to it, but that's what women like, so there you are."

"Seems like any woman in her right mind would appreciate that," Perly said.

"Of course it does hang down through the parlor ceiling," Anse said, "but I don't see that makes any difference."

"No difference at all," said Perly. "It isn't as if you could see through it."

"I thought I might knock the feet off it," Anse said, "they don't serve much purpose, and maybe paper over it, but I don't know." He sat there thinking for a spell. "Maybe I'm barking up the wrong tree."

"That's a good point," Perly said. "A girl like Elvira—what she needs is a fellow with some action to him. Like that poem I read one time—Young Lord Lochinvar, his steed was the best? Anyhow he rides up to this dance hall and throws this girl over his saddle and rides away. I was wondering how somethin like that might work out."

"I don't know," Anse said. "Elvira is a awful lot of girl to throw over a saddle, esp cially if she didn't happen to have her min set on it. Anyhow, I haven't got a horse."

"There's nothing in the world any easier t get hold of," Perly said. "You can ride on can't you?"

"I don't know," Anse said. "All the exper ence I ever had was driving a team for m uncle. They were hitched to a stoneboat."

Perly thought that over. "No," he said f nally, "I don't know that we've got the rig answer yet."

Anse looked a little bit let down. "Well," h said, "women are fond of flowers, so they te me. I thought I'd get some sunflower seed and try that." He got out of the car.

"It won't hurt to try," Perly said. "Ho many you going to put in?"

"I thought about an acre to start with," h said. "If it turns out she really likes them I ca plant more." He walked away.

Perly shook his head. "Now I'll tell you," he said, "that girl of mine just isn't natural she don't take to a fellow like that." He g out and slammed the door. I did the same.

A contrary woman like Elvira, she don give a rap how many people she makes mise able—just so she gets her own way. I walke up and down the block a couple of times. Th second time I met Elvira coming out of th bank.

"I've only got one thing to say to you," sh said—"get out of town."

"I just wanted to talk to you," I said, "li a father."

"I've already got one father too many," s said, "starting from the time he turned th peroxide siren on poor Albert."

I hadn't heard any siren that Perly turn on, but it sure sounded like his style. "I your happiness I've got in mind," I told he "and if you want to be bullheaded and mar some lard bucket ——"

"Listen," she said, "I know all about th pheasant and the bass, and they'll still b there, and Anse will still be your pal no matt who I marry." She gave a jerk of her head an started on down the street.

"That's fine and dandy," I told her, "s long as Anse's wife feels the same."

She stopped and turned around real slo "What wife is that?"

"I don't know what wife," I said; "wha ever one he's got picked out, I suppose. H sure isn't putting in that fancy bathroom f himself and the dogs, nor planting all of the flowers and the like."

"All right," she said, "I'm listening. Wh bathroom?"

"The one with the marble floor Anse is pu ting in," I said, "and the sunken tub and don't know what all. Nothing but the best right down the line."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

"Well, fine," she said, "a new bathroom. When he was going with me he wouldn't even buy a new necktie."

"He *had* a new one. You remember, the green one? Used to wear it all the time."

"I know," she said, "I remember. I'd like to tie it around his neck this very minute." She turned away and clipped on down the street and into her store. There's those that say women are easy to understand, but I've never seen anybody yet that could prove it. I went back and got in the car.

Maybe everything would work out all right anyhow, I thought, and come right down to it, there was all the rabbits I could ever use right out in my own back lot. Of course for pheasant and quail there was nothing like Anse's place. And it did look to me like Elvira might be better off with some man that would stand up to her and not some loose-change sorter. But then you look at it another way, there's a lot more work to plucking a pheasant than skinning a rabbit, and once you get it stewed up with some onions and potatoes I don't know that there's too much difference. On the other hand I didn't know when I'd ever get another chance to run a blue-tick hound, and it did seem like Anse needed a woman to look after him even if it was Elvira. That's how it goes—you try to figure all the angles and when you end up you don't know where you are at.

"Where's Perly?" I looked up and there was Anse opening the back door. "My car's way over the other side of town and I didn't feel like carrying this." He heaved something in the back seat that rocked the car. "Seventy pounds of sunflower seeds," he said, "that's all they had. And ten pounds of delphinium. I thought I'd plant them around the borders. You think she might like that?"

"She couldn't help it," I told him.

"That's how I had it figured." He looked up the street and down the street and rubbed his nose. "What do they look like," he said, "delphiniums?"

"I never saw any myself. But women go crazy for them. You can count on that."

"Believe I'll get a few tulip seeds," he said. "Sort of sprinkle them around here and there. Can't do any harm."

"Might do a lot of good," I said. It seemed to me it was the wrong time of year to plant tulip seeds, but I let him go.

I noticed a fat lady get into the car next door. She took some candy out of a paper sack and started feeding it to a little bug-eyed dog she had.

"They tell me it's bad for a dog to have somebody feed it candy," I told her.

"Tell me," said a philosopher, "where is God?" "First tell me," said the other, "where He is not."

ANON.

"Oh, hello." She looked around kind of vague. "Say, when are you coming out to fix my hot-water heater?"

"I haven't given it any thought," I told her.

"Every time I turn on a faucet I get steam," she said, "and I've got the dial turned down as far as it will go."

"More than likely the dial is on backwards," I said. "Your best bet is to turn it up as far as it will go."

That didn't seem to satisfy her. "It's been making awful noises," she said. "If I turn it up, aren't you afraid it will explode?"

"That don't worry me a bit," I told her.

"Well, all right," she said, "if you say so." She backed out and drove away.

I learned that from Perly. Any time some stranger asks you something and you don't know the answer, why tell them something anyhow. It makes the road of life just a little easier, Perly says, if a person thinks somebody is taking an interest in his problems.

Now there was another woman standing in front of the car. First off I thought she was talking to me, but it turned out she was hollering to some friend across the street. "What's Howard wearing to the dance?" she wanted to know. "I told Graham it was formal and he said if he was the only one there in a Tux he'd make me walk home."

Her friend across the street shook her head. "What did you say?"

Well, the lady on my side told her all right. "What's Howard wearing to the dance?" she said. "I told Graham it was formal and he said if he was the only one there in a Tux he'd make me walk home."

The lady across the street still didn't get it. She put her hand back of her ear and pointed to the traffic. "I can't hear you," she said. The one on my side took a deep breath. She was all set to tell about Graham for the third time. I noticed fellows all along the street were commencing to exchange glances. They were about ready to get up a posse and go out and teach Graham a little more respect for womenfolks. I concluded it was time somebody took a hand.

I stuck my head out the window and called to the lady across the street, "Holy smokes, what is Graham wearing to the dance? I mean Howard. What are you and Howard going to wear?" Well, there was so many things to keep straight I had got it mixed up and spoiled the effect. Besides that, some great big fellow come up and took hold of her arm. I judged that was Howard. It seemed like I'd done all I could to straighten out the situation, so I pulled my head back inside and started looking under the dashboard for loose wires. When I looked up I could see Howard in the mirror. He was waving his arms and pointing, and his wife had him by the elbow coaxing him along. I couldn't see Graham's wife and I didn't care. They could work out their own problems for all of me. Just about then somebody opened the door.

It was Albert. "You've been parked here for upwards of two hours," he said. "I pushed your penny into the parking meter—the one you caused to be stuck. I presume you know there is a law against tampering with coin-operated machines."

"Presume all you want to," I told him. "An while you're at it you can presume it's agains the law to fool around with other people' pennies."

"I considered that. Any coin or coins in serted in a parking meter become the prop erty of the city, and it is the duty of a goo citizen ——"

"Oh, banana oil," I told him. "You mus of gone to the courthouse to look that up Good thing I didn't put in a nickel, you'd c gone to the state capitol."

"These parking spaces are customarily use by our depositors," he said. "If you aren gone from here in ten minutes ——" He go out of the car.

I waited to hear what he was going to do but when I looked over at him he wasn there. He was standing on the sidewalk wit his feet just barely touching, and this great bi fellow had him by the shirt front. It wa Howard.

"Mr. Reevely, our president, isn't likely t be pleased," Albert said, "having a disturb ance outside the bank." He was swinging h legs trying to locate the sidewalk.

"I don't like fat strangers making remark to my wife," said Howard.

"You put him down this instant." Howar looked around and there was Elvira pushin through the crowd. "Albert doesn't make re marks to strange women, or any women," sh said, "or do anything else."

"Let's make sure of it," Howard said, an he drew back his fist. He never did get t throw a punch, because Elvira had got hold his arm with both hands. "Why don't yo keep out of this?" Howard said to her. H jerked his arm back and forth to get rid her. "A woman's place is in the home, didn anybody ever tell you that? And not in son street brawl." It was a nice speech, but all proved to me was that he didn't know Elvir

"You started it," she said, "and if it's brawl you want, you've come to the righ street." She stamped on his foot a couple times.

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"I hope Mr. Reevely isn't watching," Albert said. "It disturbs him to see a lady who isn't ladylike."

"Who asked you?" Howard said. "You keep out of this."

I never did see a fight before where everybody in it wanted everybody else to keep out of it. I commenced looking around for Perly's monkey wrench. It turned out I didn't need it. Anse came out of the hardware store with a pair of tree trimmers over his shoulder.

"What was it you had in mind?" he said to Howard.

"You keep out of this," Howard said. I had a good notion that was what he'd say. "Go play with your marbles, sonny—if I had a free hand I'd take care of you too."

Anse flipped the trimmers off his shoulder and down across Howard's wrist. Howard let go of Albert and he stumbled back and came up against a lamppost.

"Well, there's your free hand," Anse said.

"Might as well have two free ones," Elvira said, and she let go the other wrist. "I hope he knocks some sense into you." She was either talking to Anse or Howard, but I couldn't tell which.

"I won't forget this disgraceful exhibition," Albert said, "you can be sure of that," and he flat-footed it back to the bank. I judged he was talking to Howard, but it could have been Elvira or Anse. Or even me. It seems like people don't talk as plain as they used to.

Howard was rubbing his wrist, first one, and then he rubbed the other, the one Elvira had bit.

"You drop that thing," he said, "and we'll find out who's the real man around here."

Anse just stood there grinning with the trimmers over his shoulder. It looked like he didn't see any special point in trying to prove who was the real man.

Howard hunched up his shoulders a couple of times and rubbed his fists along his coat, and then he sloped off up the street.

"I suppose you're satisfied," Elvira said.

"I wouldn't say so," Anse said.

"No, naturally not. You wouldn't be happy without your lady friend around to cheer you on."

"What lady friend was that?"

"The one you're remodeling your whole house for," she said, "that's what one. And landscaping and planting flowers for and putting in a sunken tub and I don't know what all. You might as well go ahead and tell me what she's like—I know you can't wait."

"Oh, that one," Anse said. "Well, I can tell you what she's like. She's not exactly beautiful but if she was to ride down the street on an ostrich all the fellows would turn around to look. And the only ones that noticed the ostrich would be over seventy and in poor health. Of course she's got some other characteristics like being stuck up and adder-tongued and got to have her own way."

"That's a lie and you know it," Elvira said. "I'm not any of those last things you said. Anyhow, I was asking about your other girl."

Anse didn't say anything, only looked at her, kind of grinning.

"You needn't act so pleased either," she said, "or think I'm interested in any person that wears boots even in the city."

Anse didn't look up or down—just shucked off his boots and handed them to a kind of ragged-looking farm boy that was standing around. "Here, son," he said, "wear them until *you* run into some headstrong female"—a pair of calfskin boots that cost him $32 not six weeks before. They would of fit me too.

"That was real smart," Elvira said. "You look like a real philanthropist, standing there with all your toes sticking out of your socks."

"Why, I've got a whole lot of new socks," Anse said, "I just haven't got around to taking the price tags off."

"Well, take those off," she said. "Better that people think you're crazy than know you're plain shiftless."

"What do you care what people think about me?" he said.

"I don't care," she said. "You can crawl into your sunken tub and pull the ground over you—I won't miss you ——" She seemed real worked up about it. And then the two of them seemed to get further and further away.

Perly had got in the car and backed it out from the curb and I hadn't even noticed. "Don't you want to see how it comes out?" I asked him.

"No," he said. He wouldn't even talk about it. All he would do was sing under his breath and hum—mostly hymns and patriotic songs. I happened to mention Anse and Elvira a few times as we drove along, but he didn't say anything. Finally he pulled the car off the road and stopped. We were right at the north edge of Anse's place. The land there was grown up with sumac and blackberries and thorn apples and the like.

"I recall stopping here ten, twelve years ago," Perly said. "That was when Anse's father was living."

"Ten–twelve years; that sounds about right."

"You know what he was like—muleheaded. He was bound and determined he was going to get a crop out of that field. I must of stood here half a day watching him try to plow it and cussing every rock and gully. It was as good as a show."

"Broke his neck, didn't he?"

"That was later. I just happened to be watching. He was running a binder and a wheel caught that stump over there—must of throwed him fifteen feet. I shot a pheasant last year not half a step from where he lit."

"Seems like there's more there every year," I said.

"Anse has got good sense, Perly said. "He knows where to plow and where to let nature take over. I and him worked it out one time and we figured a fellow will do best if he lets nature take over about ninety-two per cent of the job. We didn't have any pencil or paper, but that seemed about right."

"Seems too bad about Anse," I said, "him and Elvira, that is."

Perly chuckled. "She sure was handing him everything but peace and quiet," he said. "I could of closed my eyes and swore it was her mother carrying on, back when we were courting." He started up the engine and shifted into low. "Well, leave it to nature. As long as you do your eight per cent or thereabouts you're all right, and I figure we've done that and some over." He looked out across the fields. "That's a fine piece of land there," he said. "Any man that's got a daughter that marries the fellow that owns that place ——" He turned off the engine. "You know I saw the biggest fox squirrel back in that oak grove I ever saw in my life."

"You don't want to forget the quail," I said, "and the coon."

"I wouldn't forget," he said. "I'm not that kind." He started up the engine again. "A man gets to be my age and he commences to think maybe there's times when he's done the wrong thing. And times when he hasn't."

"There's others besides you in the same boat," I told him.

"A man wants to have something for folks to remember him by." He was looking off over the fields to the hills. "He likes to feel his name will go on after he's gone."

I knew what he meant. Many's the time we'd hunted there and we'd be there again this season and next year too. But sooner or later there would be a time when hunting season would open and Perly and I neither one would show up. He didn't say it, but I could tell that's what he had in mind.

"Cheer up," I told him. "What with Anse and Elvira and one thing another it wouldn't surprise me if there was a young Perly running across the fields one of these days."

He seemed to brighten up considerable. "I don't know that it's my place," he said, "but when the time comes you might mention it kind of tactful. Just suggest that if the bluetick ever has a litter—maybe they could call one of them 'Perly.'" END

To J.B.

By JASCHA KESSLER

A certain supposition about spring
Led us to this. It came from winds that blew
More softly over rooftops, pushing clouds
Of warm mist through the town, and brought something
To each of us; it fetched our paths through
The aimless streets, and it draped these green shrouds
Over heaps of splintered rubbish of glass, of ash,
Of burned-out tin cans littered in the park.
We can only guess what it was. Perhaps
Subtle volumes in the rain will say, or flash
Of lightning show its pattern in a stark
Image. But spring has powers to lead past traps
We know, those broken winters of the heart,
To this sunlit meeting, our sunlit start.

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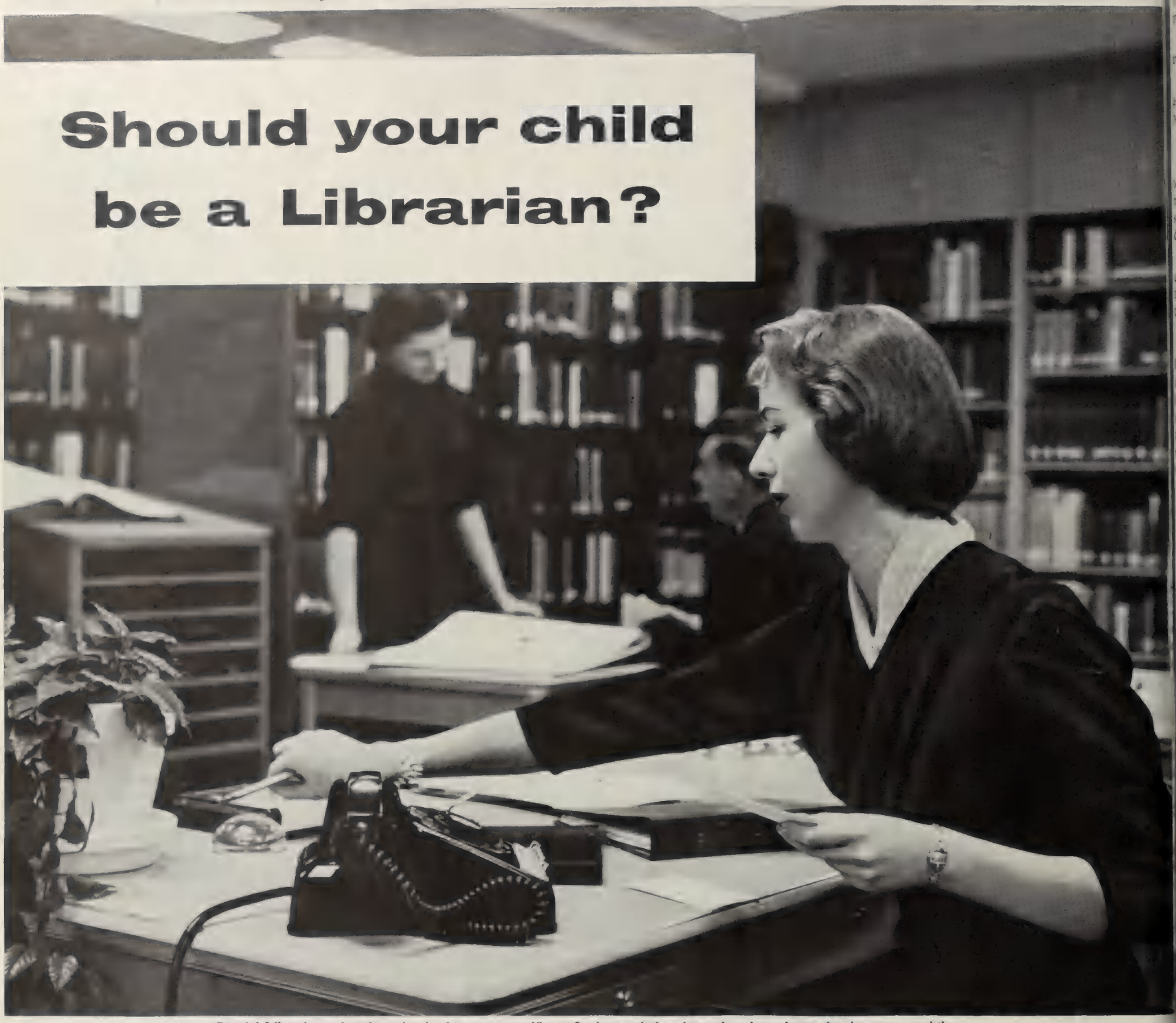
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by EDWARD G. FREEHAFER

Director, The New York Public Library
(As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)

"WHY DIDN'T I think of that!" teased a college classmate in mock envy when I told him I had decided to become a librarian. "What a soft life—go to work, stamp a few cards, spend the rest of the day reading in your ivory tower!"

He was only half joking.

His impression of my chosen work was what he had seen in casual visits to look up a fact or borrow a book. To him, "librarian" meant the attendant behind the desk of a hushed reading room.

Like so many otherwise well-informed people of today, he had only the vaguest idea of the enormously varied duties, opportunities and rewards that my profession offers.

There is good reason.

There have been custodians of the written and printed word since man began to record his knowledge, but librarianship as a modern *profession* is relatively quite new and has grown very fast to keep pace with the phenomenal expansion of our libraries.

The first library in the United States was established in 1638 when John Harvard bequeathed 400 books to the university that bears his name. Today, Harvard's library contains some 6,000,000 volumes.

The first circulating library in this country was organized in 1731, in Philadelphia. It was more a club than a library, since its use was restricted to its subscribers. As for a librarian—there wasn't one unless you count the member who volunteered to keep a list of borrowers, without pay. His name was Benjamin Franklin.

Not until 1833—only 124 years ago—was our first tax-supported, free, circulating public library opened. Little Peterborough, N. H., made that important big stride.

The idea flashed throughout our land. Free libraries, supported all or in part by public funds, came into being with almost explosive rapidity.

Today, we have nearly 7,000 publicly owned libraries, not counting their 3,100 branches. These vary in size from The New York Public Library with its 80 miles of shelves in the Central Building alone, and staff of over 2,000, to county libraries that serve readers in isolated communities by bookmobile.

In addition, we have over 20,000 libraries in elementary and high schools. There are vast collections in our colleges and universities. The Library of Congress, our national library and biggest in the country, has 10,000,000 volumes, plus millions of non-book items.

In 1947, there were 1,600 Special Libraries, for the most part supported by and serving business and industry. Today, we have more than 3,000.

There is great competition among all of these for trained librarians.

Not too long ago, a high school graduate could start as a page and eventually become a librarian, learning as he worked, usually for quite low wages.

That is no longer the case.

As libraries grew, so did the need for qualified staffs to run them. Today, the title "trained librarian" ordinarily means one who has completed the five years of study at college or university level leading to a Master's degree.

Salaries have kept pace with increased educational requirements, but the demand for librarians far exceeds the supply. At one library school, *twelve* different positions were open to *each* member of the 1956 class!

What does a librarian do?

Having a job in a library is different from being a librarian. At least half of the staff of a big library has training in other fields. These are the clerical workers, the business machine operators, microfilm technicians, building maintenance workers, bookbinders and scores of other specialists. As a general thing, you do not find the graduate librarian behind a charging desk.

Briefly described, the librarian's work is the selection, acquisition, organization of and—especially important—guidance to man's recorded knowledge whether for research, study, self-improvement, business or recreation.

Think what this means and what a wide choice is open to the qualified boy or girl!

Acquisition · Has your child a thirst for knowledge and an inquiring mind? The selecting and purchasing of new as well as old books, periodicals, government documents, music and other materials is a fascinating part of library operation.

Organization · Has your child executive talent? The library needs directors, administrators and supervisors to see that the river of books flows smoothly into the hands of readers. The organization of reference material and giving aid in its use are absorbing duties in which young people with some one special interest can find great rewards.

"Science is my hobby, but I don't want to be an engineer or technician," said a young man who came to me for career advice. "Is there any way I can concentrate on the sciences in library work?"

He could and did. He is now the head of a big technical library, building a sound career and making a valuable contribution in the field of his keenest interest.



A librarian serving at an information desk, such as this one in the New York Public Library, must know exactly where to look to find the answers to questions on almost every subject under the sun. Many have learned to speak several languages to help them in answering inquiries.

Many of us are appreciators of the arts and sciences without having the desire or the temperament to be creators or performers in them.

Over and over we hear, "I'm interested in law—but I don't want to practice it;" "I love music—but I'm not a composer or musician;" "Economics absorbs me—but I don't want to go into business;" "History is my hobby—but I don't want to teach it."

These are the bright young people who may find greatest satisfaction in a library career. There are few special interests from Art to Zoology which cannot be turned to account in a library.

Guidance · Today's library is no ivory tower, though sometimes the studious lone wolf can find his cave in it, too. It is a busy community center where people of many different talents work together for the benefit of every element of society. One of the librarian's most important and interesting tasks is providing guidance to the vast store of riches, available to all through books—if they know where to look.

Here come the children for a story-telling session, a picture book hour, perhaps a puppet show. Here come the parents for discussion groups, exhibits, lectures and concerts as well as books. Here is a commercial artist in search of prints of ancient steam engines. Here is a businessman asking for census figures. There is a writer wanting help with research for a historical novel: a scientist checking facts; a sociologist working on a report; doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, club women, housewives, professors and pupils—there is nothing isolated or routine about a librarian's life.

If your child likes the bustle of a big city, a large public library may be his goal. If he likes to be an active part of a neighborhood, branch libraries of big systems or libraries in small towns will put him in close touch with his fellow citizens. If he likes the academic atmosphere, there are challenging careers waiting in school, college and university libraries.

Special Libraries deserve special mention. These are collections, often very large and usually privately maintained to serve a company, industry, profession or association. Most often they pertain to one subject—law, medicine, genealogy, natural history, art, electronics, merchandising, drama, transportation, banking, military affairs, religion, insurance, advertising—the list is long. Their librarians are specialists whose professional work frequently includes creative compiling of reports, or other aids to members of these various occupations.

What training is required?

Basic career requirement is four years in college leading to a Bachelor's degree, followed by one year at one of the 35 accredited Library Schools for a Master's degree in Library Science. A Liberal Arts course is a good background. Credits in languages, literature, economics and the physical and social sciences are valuable.

Some state universities have Library Schools, so the cost of tuition can be as little as $400 a year. Some scholarships are available, and many major libraries have training programs which permit students to gain experience while paying their way through Library School.

What does a librarian earn?

The library is not the place for those mainly interested in making a fortune, though salaries are at a level for which we need no longer apologize. They compare favorably with those in other professions allied with teaching and social service.

Library School graduates, without experience, averaged from $3,900 to $4,200 in 1956 in different parts of the country. Chief librarians in major cities receive as much as $17,000—more in some cases. At present, a number of top federal government positions pay up to $14,800. Salaries in libraries maintained by industry occasionally go as high as $25,000.

Most library systems have retirement plans. Many publicly supported libraries provide the benefits of Civil Service.

Both men and women can aspire to jobs at the top of our profession. The head of one of our largest systems, The Chicago Public Library, is a woman.

How can you tell if your child is suited for a library career?

The chances are that your child, if he is a good student and is above average mentally and has a respect for knowledge, will make a good librarian. Scientific studies have revealed the not so startling fact that librarians are normal human beings. If you take a cross-section of the profession you will find the whole range of personalities. The diversity of work in the various phases of librarianship is one of the great attractions of the field.

If your child has leadership ability, he will find there is unusual need for his talent in supervisory and administrative departments. If your child has a scholarly bent and a liking for people, he is ideally suited for public service work. Even if he is not gregarious, there are many places where just plain intellectual curiosity is the most needed trait.

One good way to find out if your child can be happy and successful in a libary career is to urge him to sample it. This is not hard to do. Young people often can find jobs as pages or junior clerks during the summer or after school, or as junior assistants in college libraries. By seeing our work from the inside, the youngsters who are suited for the library may realize, even though their work is limited to clerical tasks, that they have found the place that will keep them endlessly challenged and interested.

The library has high standards. It deserves and demands the best, but in return it gives rewards beyond any counting in money. It offers a position of influence and dignity in the community; a title of which anyone can be proud; and the knowledge that each day's work is a valuable contribution of education, amusement, solace or inspiration to others.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD
HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Librarianship is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing *and* Atomic Science. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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Wonderfully bright linenlike cotton makes Kathy's jumper, and her blouse is in a co-ordinated-color print. The jumper has a gently flared skirt. Without the blouse, it makes a perfect sun dress. Vogue Design No. 1573. 10 to 16.



Carol's identical jumper is in a lovely moss green with rose-printed blouse. By making a pair of shorts in a matching print, she has a young and feminine tennis costume. This fabric will wash and wear forever. Shorts, Vogue Design 1578. 24 to 28.





A dirndl skirt in an amusing border print with calico cats. The peasant blouse is lace trimmed. Vogue Design No. 1577. 10 to 16.

In less than three hours, an ordinary white gym shirt becomes a jacket. Write for directions.



Silky cotton satin makes Carol's party dress. A young touch: each button in a different color. Vogue Design 1576. 10 to 16.

Carol's navy jacket with a hood (made from a gym shirt) is banded with a silver-and-blue braid.

Teen-age fashions

for Sun and fun

By NORA O'LEARY

Pattern Editor of the Journal

Teen-agers like Kathy and Carol Dennerlein not only follow fashions, but set them. Take, for instance, their colorful jumpers with the gay printed blouses. Both parts do double duty. The blouse combines with matching shorts for tennis. The jumper without the blouse becomes a sun dress for a warm California day. Kathy favors separates to mix and match. Her red dirndl pussycat print is very easy to make and she wears it with a white peasant blouse or with a white sweater. Carol favors one-piece dresses. Her mauve cotton satin is a perfect party dress, and her red print is just right for school. Their braid-trimmed jackets are regular gym shirts minus the ribbing at the waistline and sleeves. Both Kathy and Carol love the individuality and the fit of the clothes their mother makes for them, and both are new but eager sewers themselves.





LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Kathy's amusing canvas skirt with the calico dolls comes complete in a package for $5.95. The skirt is partially assembled and stamped for the placing of appliqués which are included. Write and we'll tell you where to buy. Her blouse, matching a doll, is Vogue Design No. 1565. 10 to 16.

Wide white rickrack trims this gay red, white and black print shirtwaist dress with a perky tie neckline; short sleeves, full skirt. Vogue Design No. 1574. 10 to 16.



HOW AMERICA LIVES

For back and other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns, see page 124. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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These toilet waters and colognes from $1.25 plus tax.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

before the old people and leaving the doors open behind her.

"It's soon enough for me. My appetite's poor," said Mary's mother. She sat down at the table, sniffing the food daintily with a slight supercilious lifting of her upper lip.

Mary moved restlessly. She felt as if she might fly out the window from pure nervousness.

Her mother said, "Mary, I wish you'd boil me an egg. I can't eat this fish tonight. It'll give me heartburn."

Mary got up and dropped an egg into the kettle of boiling water. She thought, *What'll they ever do without me? How'll they ever get used to my not being here?* She returned to her seat to wait for the egg to cook.

Her father was eating the fish greedily, taking big mouthfuls and chewing noisily.

Mary warned, "Don't swallow a bone, papa. You know what happened the last time we had perch."

"Lemme alone," he said rudely. "Can't you let me enjoy my vittles?"

"Billy," admonished his wife, "I wish you wouldn't say common words like 'vittles.' Say 'food.'" She turned to Mary. "Don't you reckon my egg's done? I don't want it hard-boiled."

Mary jumped up guiltily and dipped into the kettle for the egg. "I'm sorry, mamma; it's hard," she said, offering the egg in a cup. "But you can cut it up over your greens."

Her mother shook her head obstinately. "I'll eat the fish," she said with the air of one going to the stake. "What made you forget the egg? Why didn't you stand by the stove and count?"

Mary thought, *I can't eat, and they'll suspect something's the matter.*

But the two old people were so occupied with their own food that they took no notice of Mary's untouched plate. They finished, and Mary set about scraping plates and washing the dishes. When she went into the living room her mother sat near the lamp knitting, and her father was fiddling with the radio dial.

Her mother said, "Hold this yarn for me, Mary."

Mary obediently held out her hands for the wool and sat looking at the older woman as she wound off the stuff in a ball. *She's not really cross and hard to please*, Mary thought, fixing her gaze on the thin crumpled face opposite. *She's spoiled, as Jim says, and so is papa.* She watched the alert little figure bending slightly from side to side with the exigencies of the winding. *She's only seventy and not a frail old lady; she's strong*, decided Mary. *But she's so particular. I don't know what she'll do when she knows I've hired a colored woman to come every day to help her after I'm gone.* Mary sighed deeply.

Her mother looked up inquiringly. "You tired?" she asked. "How was school today?"

Mary compressed her lips to still their trembling. The small solicitous note in her mother's voice pierced her heart. She said, "No, I'm not tired, but I do get fed up with teaching." *I'll try to prepare her*, she thought.

"Fed up! You ought to be glad you got a job at your age," her mother replied with asperity. "You ain't forgot you're going on fifty, have you?"

Mary flushed. "No," she said faintly, "I haven't forgotten my age—nor the fact that life is passing me by."

The old lady looked at her shrewdly. "I guess you wish you'd married some no-'count man," she said.

Mary's lips quivered, but not from hurt. She was on the very edge of confessing to her mother what she was planning to do.

Then the old lady said surprisingly, "Ain't that new principal at your school about your age?"

Mary's heart fluttered with apprehension. She hadn't the courage to tell, after all. Could her mother suspect something? Could she have heard anything? Mary replied carefully, "I imagine Mr. Matthews is approaching fifty."

"Widower, ain't he?" she persisted.

Mary rested her elbows on the arms of the chair. Her hands were beginning to flutter. She said, "Yes, his wife lived only a year."

"Well, he won't stay single much longer now he's in the schoolteaching business. Some little snippit'll grab him up."

Before she could bite back the words, Mary said, "I don't think he's the kind to be grabbed up by some silly girl."

"Yes, he is too," her mother said perversely. "His name's Matthews. Didn't he come from the lower part of the county? I used to know some Matthewses, and I didn't know no good of 'em."

Mary was silent. She knew it wouldn't do any good to defend Jim Matthews. He was the type that both her mother and father despised. Easygoing, bookish, satisfied with small blessings, gentle and rather slow.

The old lady went on relentlessly: "I got no use for a schoolteaching man. A fine farmer he'll make—in the schoolhouse three fourths of the time."

Mary said to herself, *I told Jim this was how it would be if I talked to papa and mamma.*

Her mother looked at her sharply. "I heard he liked that yellow-headed first-grade teacher," she said.

Mary smiled a little and replied, "Yes, I think he does."

A little flicker of relief passed over the elder woman's face, and Mary thought, *She was suspicious.* Then unaccountably she felt sad. *This time tomorrow she'll know she was right*, she thought.

Her mother wound off the last of the yarn, and Mary looked over at her father. He was sitting rather disconsolately in his chair, having been unable to get his favorite hillbilly music on the radio. The open paper was in his hand, but he wasn't reading. From pure obstinacy he would not wear his glasses, and without them he could not see.

Mary said, "Want me to read the paper to you, papa?"

He held it out to her mutely. For half an hour she read the news, then she put the paper down and got up.

"You ain't going to bed a'ready?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, if you don't want me for anything," she replied, her heart sinking. There were so many things she wanted to do upstairs.

The old man searched around in one of his pockets and produced a button. "Sew this on for me," he said peremptorily.

Mary got a needle and thread and scissors and sewed the button on the frayed coat. The coat smelled of stale tobacco and faintly of the barn lot. Tears swam in Mary's eyes, and she looked yearningly at her father's slumped figure. He was a little older than her mother, a small man, wiry and hard-looking. Mary dropped her eyes to her sewing. She thought, *There's really no need for me to feel as I do. He's well and able to look after himself and after mamma, too, if she would let him.* She

TREASON WITH REASON

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Fed up with clinkers, this morning I snook
That toaster he's taken apart by the book
A dozen times lately in efforts, all vain,
To make it make toast and not charcoal again
To a man in a shop—may my lord never ferret
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handed him the coat, put away the sewing materials, and paused a moment, looking at the old couple and the familiar room. The carpet with its sprawling red roses was faded to a subdued mellowness. She had done the pale yellow walls herself to correspond to the woodwork of sallow ivory. On the high mantel was the old clock with the picture of the green windmill on its front. The tarnished gilt frames on either side of the clock held the pictures of her mother's parents—the mother in a plaid hoop skirt and mittens on her folded hands, the father with high stock and staring, prominent eyes. They had run away to be married, Mary knew. Her grandmother, a young girl of seventeen, had climbed down the honeysuckle vine from the top of the porch and had gone off behind her lover on his horse. In her staid life with her parents, Mary had treasured this romance in her heart.

The old clock ticked with a measured, solemn sound. Mary's mother folded her knitting and yawned delicately behind her hand, the light glinting on her silver-rimmed spectacles and touching her thin, parted hair. Her father bent over, grunting, to untie his shoes.

"I'll do that, papa," murmured Mary, kneeling at his feet.

The old man did not thank her. He got up and stumped out without even saying good night. Mary looked after him sadly. *He doesn't even know I'm here; he takes me for granted*, she thought; *but how will he feel when I'm gone?*"

She looked at her mother, who was taking her hair down and plaiting it into a thin pigtail. "Good night, mamma," she said, and her voice broke.

Her mother yawned again. "Wha'd you say?" she asked. "I don't know what makes me so sleepy. Probably won't sleep a wink when I get in the bed."

Mary climbed the steep flight of stairs that led to her room off the little landing. She opened her door, felt for the two steps that went down to her floor, and stood still in the darkness, sensing the atmosphere of the place that she had slept in since she was a little girl of six and had been moved out of her parents' room. She remembered how she had sobbed there all alone and how in the middle of the night she had crept down again in the piercing winter cold and slipped under the cover next to her father's warm back. Feeling her there, he had muttered:

"Can't get along without your ole papa, can you, daughter?"

The warm tears gushed to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Why should she be pulled apart between Jim Matthews and all she had ever known and loved? *I hadn't even seen him seven months ago*, she thought.

Stepping forward, she turned on the little pink-shaded lamp by her bed, then sat down in a low rocker and opened the table drawer. *I'll write the note while I'm in the notion*, she determined with a sort of reckless abandon. She took out paper and a pencil and wrote rapidly. It took only a few minutes, for she had rehearsed what she wanted to say many times in her heart. She folded the paper, put it in an envelope, and laid it on the table. Quietly, almost stealthily, she went to and fro in the low-ceiled, shadowy room, making her simple preparations for flight. From the closet she dragged a suitcase, laid it on the bed, and proceeded to pack swiftly.

Schoolhouses are the republican line of fortifications.
HORACE MANN

Just enough for two days and nights, she thought breathlessly. *Jim and I have to be back at the school Monday morning. I'll be back to get the rest of my things—if papa and mamma will let me. Jim says he doesn't see how they can be so angry or consider themselves deserted. I'll be right down the road at his place and can come any time they need me.*

She closed the suitcase and stood petrified. Was there a sound of creaking on the stairs? She turned out the light and stood listening in the darkness. After five minutes of suffocating

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OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS

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Vogue Design No. 1578. Shorts; 24 to 28 waist measure. 40c.

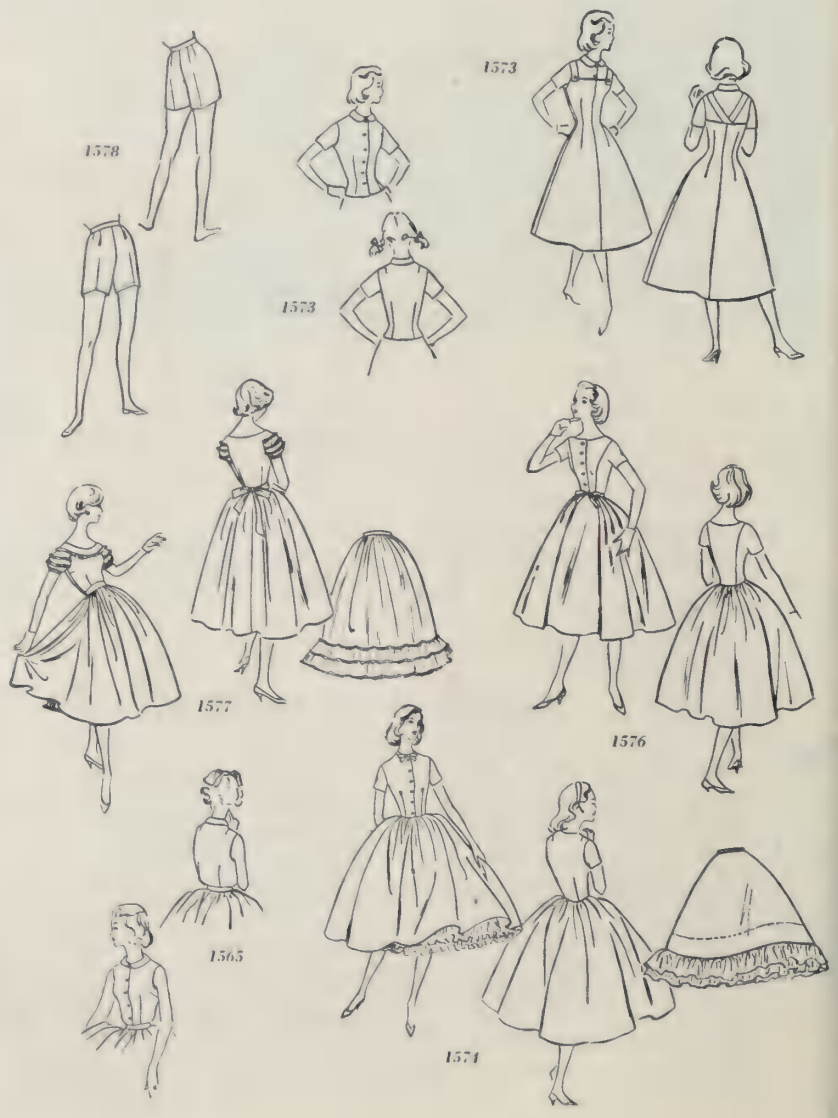
Vogue Design No. 1573. One-piece dress or jumper dress and blouse; 10 to 16 (30 to 36). 50c.

Vogue Design No. 1577. Blouse, skirt and petticoat; 10 to 16 (30 to 36). 50c.

Vogue Design No. 1576. One-piece dress; 10 to 16 (30 to 36). 50c.

Vogue Design No. 1565. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10 to 16 (30 to 36). 40c.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

suspense, she turned the light on again and began to undress. She hurried with her preparations for bed and got in between the cold sheets. Stiff and unrelaxed she lay there. *I can't even say my prayers*, she thought, almost in a panic. Closing her eyes resolutely, she listened to the soft murmur of her little alarm clock. She had set it for four-thirty. After half an hour, she reached out and turned off the alarm. *I don't think they can hear it up here, but they might, and if papa gets up, I'll never get away.* She drew a deep breath, and on the end of it fell asleep.

She slept dreamlessly and awoke suddenly, knowing that a sound had aroused her. She sat up in bed half terrified. *Maybe I've overslept and papa is already up*, she thought. She turned on the light and looked at the clock. It was just four o'clock. Then eerily through the darkness she heard the sound that had awakened her—the querulous call of the old Rhode Island Red rooster in the chinaberry tree by the smokehouse. It was too soon to get up. Mary lay there, thinking of Jim Matthews across the fields in the old farmhouse—"the old Wood place," it had always been called. He had appeared there last fall, and it had been noised around the neighborhood that he had bought it. Then when school started at the big consolidated schoolhouse up the road, it was discovered that the former principal had resigned at the last minute. Calls of distress were sent out, and one day Mary went into the principal's office and found a big sprawling figure in the chair behind the desk.

"You know, I liked you straight off," he told her afterward. "A little Jane Eyre sort of creature. And from the first, I knew I needed you, Miss Mary."

Mary remembered the day she realized he meant to marry her. He had been sitting on top of one of her third-grade desks in her schoolroom. He said in his slow drawl, "That's a lonely old house I live in. It needs a woman."

She sat still at her desk, and slowly, in spite of her unbelief, a tide of pure happiness flooded her whole body. *Why, he means me!* she thought. But even then she remembered her father and mother. They would never agree to her marrying and leaving them, she knew.

His courting was of the most unobtrusive kind—a look, a word, a line scrawled on a piece of paper—"Come to my office for a moment after school, please. Miss Mary"—brought to her room by a student. He had never said he loved her.

Perhaps he doesn't—not in a romantic way, Mary thought, and sighed. What she felt was that she couldn't give him up, not even for duty's sake. In the end it was she who suggested running away.

"Won't they be terribly shocked?" Jim had asked, meaning her parents. "And isn't that cowardly, Miss Mary?"

"I can't help it." Mary had replied doggedly. "I'd never marry you if I had to argue with them about it first. There are so many reasons they could bring up against it. First, you are a stranger in the neighborhood. They don't know who you are. As for being a schoolteacher and a farmer, they never heard of such a thing. And it hasn't crossed their minds since I was twenty-five that I might marry. They would make me feel I was doing something wicked."

Jim shrugged in his lazy way. "Have it your own way. You know best, I suppose, but it's not cricket, do you think?"

Mary gazed wide-eyed into the darkness, turning on the lamp at intervals to look at the clock. At four-thirty, she rose cautiously and like a thief tiptoed around the room, dressing. She looked out the east window. No sign of the dawn yet, but she must hurry. Her father would be stirring as soon as light showed. What was that? A real creak on the stairs this time. Footsteps stopping at her door and her mother's low voice:

"Mary, you'll have to get up and take your papa to the doctor." She turned the doorknob. "What you got your door locked for?"

Mary hastily threw on her old bathrobe over her clothes and unlocked the door. "What's the matter with him?" she asked.

"Got a bone in his throat. Had it ever since supper, but he's so stubborn, he wouldn't say a word about it. Now it hurts so he can't stand it."

Her mother went on back downstairs, and Mary stood still in the middle of the room, her thoughts in a whirl. Jim wouldn't wait for her if she wasn't on time, she knew. He had said he wouldn't be made a fool of even for her. *He'll think I've changed my mind, and he'll be done with me*, she thought distractedly. *What on earth am I going to do?*

Then she had a daring inspiration. Purposefully, she finished her preparations and then stood a moment in front of her mirror looking at herself. The little dark figure in the blue suit and small veiled hat looked back at her.

I'm not good-looking. I never was, she decided. *I'm just a little brown woman, but Jim wants me; he needs me. . . . I've done all I could for papa and mamma all my life.*

She took up the note from the table and put it in her bag, put on her heavy coat, and lifted the suitcase from the floor. If she could get as far as the kitchen before her parents saw her —— Hurrying softly down the stairs, she hardly breathed. The door on her left was closed as she sped down the hall, but from it she could hear high argument, and for once in her life she was glad that her father and mother always bickered about everything. The thing to do now was to get the suitcase safely deposited on the path to the big gate. It was still quite dark as she stepped out onto the back porch from the kitchen. Then she ran around the house and dropped the case under a big oak in the grove. Back to the shed now where they kept the eight-year-old car.

I hate to tell a lie, she thought, standing just inside the shed to catch her breath, *but papa could drive to town himself if he wanted to.*

After a minute or two, she went back into the house and called to her father. "Papa, the car won't start, but I'll go down to the road and catch somebody going to town. You know today's Saturday, and people will be going early."

Before she could hear any protest, she was out the front door. She hurried down the steps and out into the yard. Already the light was beginning to change, and there was a faint stain of rose in the east. Mary looked up through the bare branches and saw that the stars had paled. But just above the rosy glow in the east a big planet burned. *I wonder if it's Venus*, she thought, and she could hear her heart thudding. Birds were calling and chirping all around her, though the air was cold and crisp. They knew it was spring.

Mary hurried down the path toward the field gate. The smell of freshly plowed earth arose in the cold air. The ground under her feet was crusty with frost. The soft rose began to fan out in the sky, and beyond the thin line of trees on the other side of the farm she could see a black object moving slowly.

That's Jim, she thought gladly, and hastened so that she would be at the rendezvous on time. When she reached the gate opening into the main road, the car was drawn up, waiting. Jim Matthews came to meet her. Mary looked at the tall, heavy-set figure. *I've never really hesitated*, she decided. *I knew all the time I loved him.*

He looked at her closely as he took the suitcase from her. "You all right, Miss Mary? You sure you won't be sorry?"

"Oh, Jim," she said huskily, "something's happened. You'll have to go up to the house and get papa. He's got a bone in his throat and wants to be taken to the doctor."

Jim smiled wryly. "Then the romantic escape is off?" he inquired.

"No," said Mary, her voice quivering slightly. "I'll go along, and we'll get married while he's having the bone out. We'll have a taxi waiting to take him home, and I'll leave the note I've written with the driver. You see, he thinks our car won't start."

"That's a mighty daring scheme," said Jim, and now he was laughing.

In Mary's pointed little brown face two red spots glowed. "Maybe you don't want to marry me," she countered.

For answer, Jim opened the car door and helped her in.

"I was only kidding you," he said in his soft drawl.

They drove back through the fields with the first warm rays of the sun at their backs. The frosty, upturned earth glittered under the fingers of light. As they stopped at the big gate, a flock of robins flew up nearby. He got back in the car after opening the gate and, turning to her, said, "Now I know why you want to run away." He gestured toward the birds. "'The lark's on the wing.'"

"But those are robins," said Mary, though her eyes shone.

"Yes," said Jim. "But 'The year's at the spring.'"

"Now you're making fun again. You think I'm trying to act young."

"No," said Jim, taking one of her small hands and holding it under his on the wheel. "I think you want what you've never had."

"And what's that?" asked Mary.

"Romance." And then he added, "I'm thankful to romance, Miss Mary, also to the fact that you want to mother the whole world. If you hadn't thought I needed you more than your papa and mamma do, you wouldn't be here with me this morning."

"You think you're smart, don't you?" said Mary. She looked toward the house and saw her father's obstinate little figure waiting on the front porch. And suddenly teardrops trembled on her eyelashes.

Oh, heavens! she breathed. *It would be terrible if Jim saw me cry!* She swallowed hard and concentrated on the thought of her grandmother, who had descended to her lover by means of a honeysuckle vine. "I wonder if she was wearing her hoop skirt," she said to Jim, smiling at his puzzled face through a rainbow mist.

END



"I think that you're just plain spoiling her."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

small—approximately three hundred members—but is growing rapidly and the credit belongs to Dana. During the three years of his pastorate he has doubled the membership by working from eighty to ninety hours a week, which means he is away from home *every* evening. Dana's overtime hours occasion no comment and it is assumed he will gladly perform menial chores. Not long ago the head of the board of trustees requested him to drive posthaste to the hardware store, buy a box of washers and repair a leaky faucet in the church kitchen. Every faucet in our home leaks. Dana has no mechanical ability whatever, but he interrupted his scheduled appointments and put the church sink in apple-pie order.

"As a result of Dana's labors, his church has been painted and landscaped, and a new organ has been installed. There is a new carpet, the altar has been improved, and now a Sunday-school addition is being built. Nobody has said 'Thank you.' His salary remains the same as it was three years ago—thirty-eight hundred dollars. The janitor's wages have tripled.

"It hasn't occurred to the congregation that inflation affects a clergyman's family too. Our utility bills have climbed, but the church hasn't increased our utility allotment. Dana's solution is to snap off every light the instant he leaves a room. It's the same story with gasoline and car upkeep. Dana spends between fifty and sixty dollars of his own money every month to drive the automobile which he seldom uses except on church business. The kitchen stove in the parsonage is a disgrace and the wallpaper is hanging in tatters, but he makes no protest. Yet he fought like a saber-toothed tiger to raise twelve hundred dollars for painting the church.

"We economize rigidly on everything we eat and wear. Dana has to have two good suits, but in the house he wears patches and rags. My mother clothes our youngsters and I either do without or make over dresses that are years old. On the rare occasions I buy a new dress, the women in the congregation eye it as though doubtful I'd got good value for their Sunday contributions and by keeping a string on my dress, so to speak, make me hate it. I'm anything but extravagant, but Dana thinks himself a wiser shopper. He does all our grocery buying. He buys bargain staples in quantity—flour, bread, hamburger, lard, oatmeal, potatoes, canned vegetables, canned fruit and juices, powdered milk—but never a handful of raisins, a jar of sour cream, an exotic spice to lift an ordinary recipe out of the rut. And then, if it happens to occur to him, he complains because I've lost my interest in cooking.

"Left to himself, I'm sure Dana would complain little of my cooking and housekeeping; he is too unobservant. However, he is fantastically sensitive to the opinion of parishioners. The boys and I are at the mercy of three hundred prospective critics, represented by one critic-in-chief, Dana. If Chuck clatters down the church aisle and somebody frowns, Dana later calls the child to task. If a women's committee meets at the parsonage, he wants me to serve tea with real cream and nice little cakes—whatever the state of our finances.

"Several years ago my mother shipped me the baby grand piano my sister and I played on as young girls. One lady parishioner hinted that it was too elegant an instrument to be owned by a minister's family. The piano in her home was an upright. Dana took her mean-spirited attitude seriously. Seemingly he is unable to be loyal and stand up for me in anything. One day the church organist called and spied a pile of dirty dishes in the sink. Next morning Dana gave me a lecture on my inefficient housekeeping and insisted I wash the breakfast things promptly. Ordinarily Dana is blind to his surroundings—I can scrub our place spotless without attracting his notice or his praise—and oblivious of the food on his plate. By choice he would read straight through his meals.

"In the brief time Dana does spend at home he contributes nothing except his physical presence. He feels no obligation to talk to me and the boys or listen to us. If I comment on his work at the church, if I speak of Johnnie's troubles at school or Chuck's latest crying spell, my remarks fall on deaf ears. Dana is already deep in some book. He uses our home as a library, a boardinghouse and a place to sleep.

"Dana and I have no recreation as I understand the term. When we do go out for an evening, we attend some church affair and Dana has to work at making it a success. We haven't gone on a family vacation in years. Dana is tireless at arranging picnics and outings for other people's children; he has yet to take our youngsters on an overnight camping trip.

"Dana is too self-sufficient and preoccupied to require intimate friendships. I'm not that way. Often, on lonesome evenings when the boys are asleep and he is off somewhere listening to the troubles of other people, I feel literally starved by the need of a real friend. I can't choose a friend—somebody I can trust and with whom I can be myself—from the congregation. Once when Dana was serving an Eastern church I confided to a woman I trusted that I wasn't enthusiastic about the Sunday-school superintendent. Within a week the church was engaged in a row that haunts Dana to this day.

"When I fell in love with Dana I felt very different about his church—our church. I was only eighteen and just beginning music school when we met at a sorority dance. Dana was twenty-four and still five years from his ordination—family obligations had interrupted his education—and I was impressed by his maturity, his strength, his manliness. I admired his idealism and his sense of purpose. I quit music school and took a twenty-five-dollar-a-week stenographic job so we could be married while he was still a student. I soon discovered what it meant to become the wife of a dedicated man. I'd had romantic visions of meeting my husband at the door every evening with a kiss, handing him his robe and slippers, and then feeding him a delicious hot meal. Dana was carrying a full-time, underpaid job at the Student Union as well as a full-time college course. He invariably arrived home hours late, so dazed with fatigue he responded to my kiss with a peck on the cheek, or didn't respond at all. Often he was too tired to eat, but he was never too tired to study.

"Our marriage put an immediate end to dancing, fun and even movies. For the two years Dana was completing his undergraduate work, we saved every extra penny to help with his expenses. The seminary is located in a large Eastern city. During the three years we lived there I used to beg Dana to take me to a night club for a special treat—to celebrate a birthday or anniversary—so I could see a floor show and hear a top-flight orchestra. He never felt we could spare the time and money—although I was working too. Occasionally I bought a ticket to a concert but I went alone and felt guilty at squandering money he always seemed to need to buy books. He thought I should satisfy my hunger for music by listening to the radio.

"Johnnie was born in his father's last term at the seminary. At that time Dana was attending classes sixteen hours a week, and was studying twice as many hours to win straight A marks. He was a part-time minister, preaching two Sundays a month. He worked as a lunchroom checker to pay for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



By MUNRO LEAF

Of all the noisemakers we know, one of the least pleasant to listen to is a Soup Slurper. It surprises even itself with the noise it makes with a spoonful of soup. It gurgles and slurps such horrible sounds when it eats that other people want to leave the room in disgust. Just listen to the sour music that comes from the mouth of a Soup Slurper sometime and you will promise yourself never, never to be one.





When you decorate an Easter ham with DEL MONTE Pineapple as you see on opposite page, or with DEL MONTE Pineapple Chunks, as in the photo above, here's a marvelous glaze to use:

PINEAPPLE-HONEY GLAZE:

In a saucepan, mix **3 tablesp. flour, 1 teasp. dry mustard, ¾ cup syrup from DEL MONTE Pineapple.** Add **¾ cup strained honey.** Cook till thickened and clear. Spread on baked, skinned, and scored ham. Fasten DEL MONTE Pineapple slices and maraschino cherries or DEL MONTE Pineapple Chunks to ham with toothpicks. Return to oven for 20 min.



Or make a luscious sauce with DEL MONTE Raisins!

Everybody loves a sauce rich with the flavor of DEL MONTE Brand Seedless Raisins. Serve it with your Easter ham, or let it dress up the leftovers. You're sure of success when you start with DEL MONTE Raisins—they're so sweet and fresh-tasting. And what a joy to use from their handy wax-wrap carton! Get some today. Then try

TASTY RAISIN SAUCE

½ cup DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins	1 tablesp. cornstarch
	Few grains salt
1¼ cups water	2 tablesp. vinegar
¼ cup brown sugar, packed	1 tablesp. butter or margarine

Rinse and drain raisins. Add water; simmer 5 min. Blend brown sugar with cornstarch and salt; stir into raisins. Cook and stir till clear and slightly thickened. Blend in vinegar, butter. Serve hot.



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*The pedigreed pineapple that's never too tart and never too sweet!

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"Do-it-yourself" is easier–with a "Coffee-break"



Keep some baby oil or soft soap on your hands, especially the nails and cuticles, for easy wash-up after painting. For a restful, zestful "lift" on the job, give yourself an occasional "Coffee-break"!



Upholstering is a two-fisted job. Hold fabric or webbing taut with one hand, hammer tacks in with the other – a magnetic hammer picks up the tacks for you. A good, full-bodied cup of coffee makes work easier.



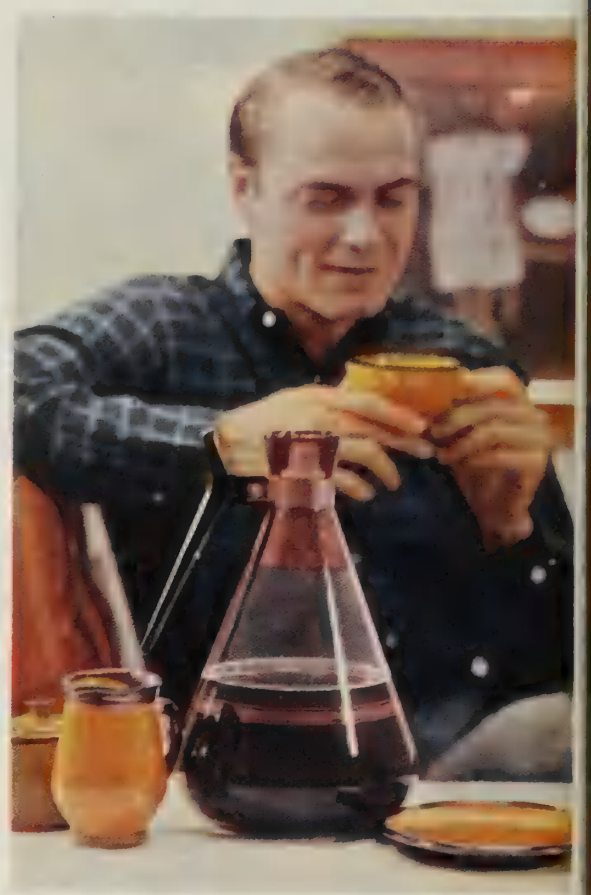
Less chance of the big ones getting away if your equipment is in top order beforehand. For tops in coffee every time, too: use 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) for each 6-oz. cup of cold water.



What's the pleasantest way to avoid "Gardener's back"?–a "Coffee-break"! Planting hint: don't skimp on stakes – tie up all the young plants you want to grow strong, straight and healthy.



Smart carpenters when working in hardwoods, use soap on screws or saws. And they cool off with good Iced Coffee. Hint: Freeze coffee cubes in refrigerator trays and use with regular strength coffee. It won't dilute.



Now with the job well done, you owe yourself a rest and a reward – a "special recipe" coffee! For the colorful 32-page booklet, "Fun With Coffee," send 25¢ and your name and address to the Coffee Bureau.

1957

There is nothing so satisfying as a good cup of coffee

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, P.O. BOX 33, OLD CHELSEA STATION, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

is meals and held still another part-time job n a slum hotel to cover the cost of our lodgngs there. The hotel—we had one cramped, rimy room without bath—wasn't suitable for hildren. I gave up my job in December and ent home to bear my first son. I was in no urry to return.

"When Dana was ordained the following une, he convinced me that at last we would ave the chance to spend some time together, hare each other's interests and become loving ompanions. That was ten years ago. Dana as served four different churches and each as absorbed all his time and attention and ft nothing for me and the boys.

"Dana and I have now drifted far apart. requently a day will go by without our exhanging a word. Months ago Dana began leeping on the living-room sofa to avoid isturbing me, he said, but I know he wanted o avoid listening to my endless complaints. Ay constant nagging at him is hard on our oys. Dana's indifference to his responsibilies as a father is equally hard on them. They ould be better off if they—and I—were livng back in Ohio with ny mother.

"I am sure that Dana von't leave the church. Consequently I feel that permanent separation s the answer for us. Can you advise me how o divorce my husband vith as little damage to is career as possible?"

DANA TELLS HIS SIDE:

"My wife was more nature as a bride than he is now," said thirtynine-year-old Dana. Tall and lean, fair hair blurred with gray, he had a proud yet ascetic face. "Or maybe it just seems that way in retrospect. I'm now inclined to wonder whether Lucy wasn't in search of a doting protector rather than a fallible, average husband when she married me. Her father, only moderately prosperous, indulged both his daughters to a ridiculous extent.

"My father died when was eleven years old, just as the depression was beginning. He left a sizable estate, around two hundred thousand dollars. Inside a few months his investments were wiped out and my mother was confronted with the problem of providing food, clothing and shelter for me and my three small sisters. She supported us by brutally hard work—harder work than Lucy can conceive of—with a very little help from me. Overnight, you might say, I was pitchforked from childhood into becoming the man of the family.

"I went to work in a grocery store. I unloaded fresh produce in the early mornings before school, and in the evenings I delivered groceries at five cents a delivery. Each payday handed my earnings, four or five dollars, to my mother. She offered to return an allowance to me, but I wouldn't take it, preferring to hear her praise my unselfishness.

"Although I was always pressed for time to study, I was expected to be a good example to my sisters and keep my grades high. I will never forget my mother's shock, the look on her face, the day I brought home a report card with a C in arithmetic. I didn't like arithmetic, but the next term I saw to it I got an A. Throughout my schooling I've consistently outranked students more gifted than myself. My mother taught me self-discipline and industry, the importance of making use of minutes as well as hours.

"My mother is a remarkable woman. When I finished high school at sixteen—I was class valedictorian—she had worked up from stock girl to assistant buyer in a large department store. She offered to finance my college education, but my three sisters needed her assistance more than I did. So I went to work in a bank and began a program of systematic saving. It took me six years to acquire the money for college.

"During those years I debated my choice of career. I was determined to use my life to accomplish something. I met a man, a clergyman, who was establishing boys' clubs among the underprivileged, the hungry kids of depression days. After banking hours I did voluntary work with him. I discovered his life had meaning and value and, I suppose, I chose him for my model.

"When I met Lucy I was an overage college junior with the long pull toward the ministry still ahead of me. I didn't intend to marry until I was thirty. In one evening Lucy changed my mind. I wish you could have known her then. In those days she was sweet and uncomplaining, an eager sharer of my ideas and my ideals.

"Again and again Lucy assured me that she was prepared for struggle and hardship, that she was willing to undertake the obligations involved in becoming a clergyman's wife. She now seems to think she was miserable with me from the beginning. My memory is different. In those days Lucy didn't mind living on a modest scale. But she soon began to object whenever I hit the books. If she called from the stove while I was studying at the kitchen table, and I was too absorbed to hear her, she was annoyed and would try to provoke a quarrel. Seemingly Lucy likes the drama of dissension and quarreling. I don't. One evening I was concentrating on a particularly tough assignment and she borrowed a camera and stood in front of me and took a time exposure. The fact that I didn't raise my eyes from my textbook or notice the camera until she shouted at me made her extremely angry. At the end of our first year I moved my textbooks out of our room and thereafter did all my studying in the college library. Lucy then complained that we spent too little time together.

"Except for her dissatisfaction I would have been ideally happy in my three years at the seminary. Despite fatigue—I averaged five hours' sleep a night—every morning I awoke full of energy and to the knowledge I had drawn one day closer to my goal. Lucy just couldn't seem to share in the joy of our common achievement. While she was pregnant with our oldest son, she proposed that I quit the ministry. At my refusal—how could I not refuse?—she packed and left me and went back to her parents. My term examinations were coming up and I was in no position to stop her.

"I thought her condition explained her attitude; that motherhood would help her grow up. When Johnnie was born, she telegraphed and asked for a divorce. On the day I completed the last of my examinations I took to the road and hitchhiked to see her and the baby, arriving so exhausted that my mother-in-law bundled me off to bed where I slept for thirty-six hours. My mother-in-law showed me far more sympathy than did Lucy. She refused to return for my ordination.

"I was preaching in my first church before I was able to induce her to join me with our baby. She complained that our first parsonage—it had fourteen rooms—was too large, too drafty, too hard to heat. She complains the present parsonage is too small. She com-

THE YOUNG ONE

BY ELIZABETH MCFARLAND

His lashes grow like vines upon a string
In tendril mirth, one on another curling;
Laugh-along-lids, a foliole upfurling,
As though with fronds he formed a leafy dwelling,
For eyes-in-awnings is all that he seems.

These lashes turn and multiply in dreams
And run upon my arm with trellis step,
Lace up my living in a lattice net ——
Oh, he could snare the sun by such soft means
And bind more surely than all apron strings!

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plained that my salary was inadequate, ignoring the fact that all new clergymen receive inadequate incomes. She complained we had no car as she now complains she has too little opportunity to drive our car.

"I deliberately sought out my present post in the hope she would be more content in California. Lucy takes no pride in the tremendous growth of our church; she merely complains that I'm away too much, don't earn enough, and that our living accommodations are poor. If she will only be patient, my salary is certain to be raised; the parsonage will be refurbished when the more urgent needs of the church are met.

"I have tried to be patient and understanding with Lucy, as has the congregation. She does practically no work for the church; she is musically talented, but she doesn't assist with our music programs. Two Sundays out of four she doesn't attend the morning services, explaining that to listen to my sermons makes her feel like a hypocrite. It doesn't occur to her that I might feel hypocritical when I excuse her frequent absences on the grounds of illness, and refrain from adding that the illnesses are psychosomatic.

"In my opinion the time has come for Lucy to master her nervous system, assume responsibility, shoulder her share of the burden. It is time for her to behave like a grown woman, a wife and a mother. Although she loves our children, she neglects them. Since I'm unable to be with my sons as much as I would like—there are only twenty-four hours in a day—I feel she should give them extra attention. While she lies abed nursing a headache Johnnie needs her assistance with his homework and Chuck needs her encouragement to be friendly with other youngsters. Johnnie is falling behind in his studies and Chuck is too shy and withdrawn for his age. When the boys are older and I'm less harried and driven, I expect to get closer to them. "I've had considerable training in psychology—I've done marital counseling myself—but my own marriage and my own wife baffle me. Sometimes I'm afraid Lucy may do something to cause an open scandal. Sometimes in her uncontrollable rages she is actually irrational. I love my wife and sons. I will do anything within reason to help Lucy. But I cannot give up my lifework or consider a divorce."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"Most people are aware of the tremendous rebirth of religious interest in this country. Few people are aware of the burdens placed upon clergymen—and their families. Preparing and preaching a sermon is the smallest part of the average clergyman's duties.

"The modern-day clergyman is expected to be an expert in many fields. He is expected to organize and operate fund-raising drives, to be an administrator, responsible for the financial health and physical upkeep of the church. He is expected to be a force for good in the community, supporting and giving his time to numerous civic activities only remotely connected with the church—and to call on and welcome newcomers, to give psychological counseling to the troubled, to marry the living and bury the dead.

"Dana possessed unusual energy and determination. In his boyhood he acquired the habit of sleeping considerably less than the average and working far harder to accomplish an objective. The training of his mother, who asked for and received more emotional support and financial assistance from a young boy than the average mother, imbued him with a remarkable indifference to hardships. At times, as I talked to him and Lucy, I got the impression he almost embraced hardship, perhaps as a test of his own strength.

"When Dana married he forgot the old saying: Many men receive a 'call' to the ministry; few women feel they have been 'called' to become the wife of a minister. Lucy fell in love with and married a man, not his job. To her, Dana's talk of his future was thrilling and romantic, but removed from reality. As a bride of eighteen—remember, he was a serious-minded man of twenty-four—she retained a natural interest in gaiety and fun. Then, too, she had much less stamina and endurance than her husband.

"For a while she deferred to Dana's superiority in age and intelligence—it became fairly clear in our interviews she had originally been drawn to him by his protectiveness and a fancied resemblance to her father—and meekly accepted a Spartan regime on his say-so. Before the birth of their first son, however, the seeds of rebellion were sprouting. Dana's hard work had purpose and meaning while her hard work, she thought, was slavery.

"Dana studied psychology, but expended little of his knowledge on the study of his wife. Because he felt fulfilled, joyfully adequate to the drudgery incidental to his lifework, he assumed Lucy shared his feelings and he insisted upon believing that *his* goals were *her* goals. A stubborn as well as a dedicated man, he ignored strong evidence to the contrary and brushed aside her desires as childish. In some ways Lucy was inclined to be childish, but her yearning for some measure of personal self-expression wasn't childish.

"The welfare of their young sons became another bone of contention. Lucy believed boys should be the responsibility of a father. Dana believed Lucy should be both mother and father, since he felt his negligence justified by the good works he was accomplishing. At the time I met Lucy her frustrations were undermining her nervous system and health and were rapidly making it impossible for her to be an adequate wife, mother or human being.

"When Dana and I met, despite the deterioration of his marriage, it was inconceivable to him that Lucy actually intended to carry out her threats and divorce him. Clergymen simply did not appear in the divorce court. It took me six weeks to convince him that his wife was in earnest, that he must make adjustments if he wished to hold the marriage together. I tried to show him how it appeared from Lucy's point of view. Eventually he conceded that the past fifteen years had contained great satisfactions for him and few for her.



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"In accepting the California church, for example, he had been unselfishly inspired by the wish to please Lucy with a change of scene. To Dana the tumble-down, poorly attended, impoverished church represented a fruitful field of service. He felt richly rewarded for three years of unflagging labor by his success in meeting and surmounting difficulties. Lucy felt no such reward. When Dana pushed the congregation to pay for sprucing up the church instead of pushing for an increase in his salary, Lucy felt the plaster and paint had been bought at the expense of her children and her. In a way, she was right.

"Ordinarily I do very little of what we call 'directive' counseling, because I've found it wiser to help a client to think through and 'direct' changes in personality patterns on his own. But Dana and Lucy were sunk so deep in their bog of mutual misunderstanding I did make some concrete suggestions.

"I suggested to Dana that he spend one day a week with his family, regardless of the pressure of his pastoral duties. This meant a movie, a hike, a picnic, or an outing to the beach—planned and carried out, no matter what. On one of those occasions, remindful of a childish but often expressed dream of Lucy's, he took her to a night club in Los Angeles. That was Dana's idea. Once was enough; as soon as Lucy's dream was realized, her appetite for garish glamour was sated.

"I suggested to Dana that he devote his *exclusive* attention to his wife and sons for a

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

ALEXANDER POPE

minimum of one hour every evening, which seemed fair enough in view of the fact he was putting in an eleven- or twelve-hour day for the church. While Lucy was cooking and serving the meal he was to talk to and listen to her—or to play with his boys. He was not to thumb through a church report; most particularly he was not to pick up and read a book. This practice had irritated Lucy to the point of hysteria, for it indicated her husband felt himself too busy to spend a few minutes on her and the youngsters.

"Dana had to *will* himself to overcome habit. When he came home in the evening his hands unthinkingly groped for a book, and then, a few moments later, groped again. Lucy also had a lesson to master. She had to learn to *allow* Dana to cure himself of his bad habit, a more difficult trick than you might think. When she saw Dana's hand unconsciously move toward a book, her body automatically stiffened and she had an instantaneous impulse to utter a sharp, unpleasant remark. It was after she learned to stifle the sharp remarks that Dana freed himself of the habit of picking up a book to occupy every spare moment. Frequently, with married couples, it takes two to break a habit.

"After Dana rid himself of his preoccupations he began to enjoy the evening family hour. He and his boys discovered the pleasure of companionship, and the tensions between him and Lucy began to lift. Their sexual life was resumed.

"The financial problem remained. There just wasn't money enough to meet their expenses. The week after young Chuck entered kindergarten, Lucy found a woman to care for the youngsters afternoons and found herself a well-paid secretarial job. Lucy paid ten dollars a week from her income on a three-hundred-dollar bank loan and, by agreement with Dana, spent the remainder of her salary as she pleased. It gave her a feeling of independence and freedom for the first time in years. She could buy the dress, the hat that appealed to her taste, and without dreading the congregation's criticism. She could buy Johnnie a bike or Chuck a toy fire engine, because the money was hers. She became the grocery buyer as well. Another suggestion of mine to Dana was that Lucy be permitted to select the food she was expected to cook, even though an occasional bargain might be missed.

"The family motorcar had been a source of family bitterness. Dana's parish was a sprawling one and his generous use of the car on church business was the principal reason the family was steadily going in debt. A parsimonious, unthinking congregation allowed him for official expenses roughly half of the amount he actually spent on driving. I made a suggestion to Dana: that Lucy be permitted to use the family car one day a week. This had curious but satisfactory repercussions. A member of the board of trustees asked Dana to run an errand on a day Lucy had the car. When Dana explained why he and his automobile were unavailable, the whole story of the church's niggardliness on gasoline expenses reached an influential member. He called a meeting of the trustees and the car budget was set at a realistic level. A few months later this same board member saw to it that Dana's salary was raised to forty-four hundred dollars. This is hardly munificent, but it enabled Lucy to quit a job that had already served its purpose.

"In a town adjoining Dana's parish is one of California's excellent small colleges. Lucy took up the musical studies interrupted by her youthful marriage, and the grand piano in the parsonage had meaning again. Lucy had regarded the church as a personal enemy, and it seemed to me evidence of a sound personal readjustment when she volunteered to direct the choir's musical programs. She still is not the ideal minister's wife, but who can be? Lucy now attends church regularly every Sunday. She hasn't had a migraine attack in four months. Dana is conscious of her problems and she understands his. They and their boys will always live in a floodlight. They belong to their people as all clergymen's families do. It may be unfair, but it's inevitable."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



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Add more imagination to your cooking: Always keep both kinds of *Diamond* Walnuts on your shelf!





DIAMOND SPRING GARDEN SALAD

- 2 pkgs. apple-flavored gelatin dessert
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 can (13½ oz.) pineapple chunks, drained
- Syrup from pineapple chunks
- 10 maraschino cherries, cut in half
- ½ cup chopped *Diamond* Walnuts
- 1 cup shredded carrots
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add syrup from pineapple. When gelatin begins to thicken, divide in half. To one part, add pineapple chunks, cherries and one-half of the crisp, chopped *Diamond* Walnuts. Pour into 6-cup mold. Chill. Add remaining ingredients to the rest of the gelatin. Pour over first layer. Chill until ready to serve. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise—crown with sparkling *Diamond* Walnut halves. Serves 6.

Mrs. Wizard

Tempting Lenten eating for a week on a rock-bottom budget of $5.80 per person.

By LIANE WAITE

Golden pot roast, savory stew and tender flaky sea foods will give delightful spring eating—even if the market list is restricted by a rock-bottom budget.

In shopping for these menus I found that six people had interesting, varied and filling meals on $5.80 a person for the week. The market basket contained hidden economies, not recognizable in the finished recipes, but very recognizable in the savings on the bill. These included dry milk powder, frozen vegetables and fruit juices, instant coffee, powdered-cream compound and day-old breads. Salads and relishes are included in abundance, and homemade desserts save pennies. Best part of shopping is finding out what the butcher has in store. Each community has a different way of cutting meats and you will find special less-expensive cuts of lamb or beef if you try. Recipes included here are for foods available across the country to everyone. However, making use of community features is smart and may net you your Easter bonnet. Prices are based on margarine, but of course you may use butter if you prefer.

7 Days of Menus and Costs

Monday $4.73

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Chilled Orange Juice	Spinach Rarebit*	Liver Sauté
Hot Oatmeal with Milk and Sugar	Carrot Strips and Celery Hearts	Rice
Whole-Wheat Toast	Canned Grapefruit and Orange Sections	Stewed Tomatoes
Milk	Milk	Tossed Green Salad and Dressing
Coffee with Cream and Sugar		Cherry Bavarian Pie
		Milk
		Coffee with Cream and Sugar

94¢

Spinach Rarebit. Make the cheese sauce first: Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in the top of a double boiler. Stir in 4 tablespoons flour and gradually add 2 cups milk. Stir until smooth. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Cook until thickened. Then add ½ pound grated processed American cheese. Cook until the cheese is melted, stirring constantly.

Cut 2 packages frozen spinach into 1" cubes. Cook it until tender and drain it well. Add 3 tablespoons margarine. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mound the spinach on 6 slices of toast and pour the cheese sauce over all.

Tuesday $4.70

Breakfast	Lunch	Dinner
Chilled Prunes	Frizzled Bacon	Clam-Noodle Scallop*
Poached Eggs on Toast	Corn-Meal Spoon Bread	Green Peas
Spiced Muffins	Green Salad	Radish Roses and Celery Hearts
Milk	Sliced Bananas	Almond Peaches
Coffee with Cream and Sugar	Milk	Cookies
		Milk
		Coffee with Cream and Sugar

$1.12

Clam-Noodle Scallop. Add 3 teaspoons salt to 3 quarts rapidly boiling water. Then gradually add one 8-ounce package egg noodles. Boil, uncovered, for about 10 minutes until noodles are tender. Drain and rinse them with cold water. Meanwhile, in a skillet melt 2 tablespoons margarine and blend in 2 tablespoons flour. Drain the liquid from two 10-ounce cans minced clams and gradually stir it into the flour and margarine. Then add ½ cup chili sauce, 2 teaspoons minced onion and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook until thickened and smooth, stirring constantly. Add the clams. In a large greased casserole, place a layer of the cooked noodles, then half the clam sauce, the remaining noodles and the final bit of sauce. Sprinkle with ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese and dot with margarine. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., until golden brown on top, about 15 minutes.

that's You!



STUART

As gay as springtime but filling and thrifty, too—
Pork Ragout, Tossed Green Salad and Strawberry-Gelatin Dessert. Cost, $2.14.

Wednesday $4.74

Breakfast
Chilled Grapefruit Juice
Wheat Biscuits with Milk and Sugar
Raisin Toast
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

Lunch
Scotch Soup*
Tossed Green Salad and Dressing
Toasted Whole-Wheat Bread
Fruited-Gelatin Dessert
Milk

Dinner
Fish Sticks with Olive Sauce
Baked Potato
Spinach Salad with Vinaigrette Dressing
Scalloped Peaches
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

$2.52

Scotch Soup. Simmer together in 6 quarts water 1 lamb shank, 1 marrowbone, 1½ cups yellow split peas, 1 cup dried peas, 1 cup jumbo marrow beans and 4 tablespoons Scotch barley. Season with 4 tablespoons salt and cook for 1 hour. Add 2 cups finely chopped sautéed onions, ½ cup diced turnip, 2 tablespoons minced celery, 2 small carrots, diced, 4 small carrots, grated, and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Season with 1 tablespoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer for 2 hours. Take out bones. Remove meat and dice. Add to soup. Reseason and add more water, although soup should be thick. This makes a little over 2 quarts, so serve only half of this recipe. The remainder can be frozen for use later.

Thursday $5.51

Breakfast
Chilled Prunes
Hot Whole-Wheat Cereal with Milk and Sugar
Toast
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

Lunch
Tomato Soup—curry added
Savory Cheese Sandwiches
Carrot Sticks and Radishes
Cookies
Milk

Dinner
Beef Pot Roast with Mashed-Potato Ruff*
Steamed Cabbage with Caraway Seeds
Apple Compote
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

$2.55

Beef Pot Roast with Mashed-Potato Ruff. Have your butcher prepare 3 pounds of beef chuck. Cut into 2″ x ½″ julienne pieces. Dredge with seasoned flour and brown in a little shortening in a heavy kettle. Add 4 cups water, 1½ cans tomato sauce, ¾ cup chopped onion, 2 teaspoons monosodium glutamate, a handful of celery leaves and a bay leaf, crushed. Season with 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer very slowly for several hours. Stir from time to time and add more water if necessary. Put the meat in the center of a baking dish. Spoon on a border of mashed potatoes around the edge and run under the broiler just long enough to brown the potatoes slightly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

GOOD EVERY DAY!

Colorful DOLE Fruit Cocktail is *extra* good because it's gem-cut from only the finest whole fruits, and all-*Hawaiian* pineapple. It's a tempting, refreshing, good-for-you treat that's welcome at any meal, any day of the week. Enjoy it often! It's always ready to serve.

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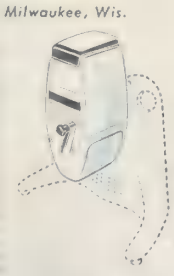


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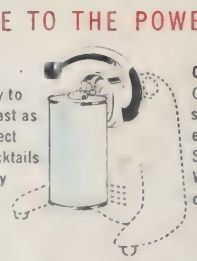
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135



STUART

Herbed biscuits form a tender golden crust for savory shrimp and haddock. Cost, $1.05.

Friday $4.66

Breakfast
Chilled Grape Juice
French Toast with Sirup
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

Lunch
Macaroni and Cheese
Crisp Vegetable Salad and Dressing
Toast
Gingered Pears
Milk

Dinner
Shrimp-and-Haddock Bake with Biscuit Topping*
Cauliflower
Radishes and Celery
Hot Biscuits
Chilled Apricots
Crisp Peanut Cookies
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

$1.05

Shrimp-and-Haddock Bake. Cut two 12-ounce frozen blocks of haddock or cod into 1" cubes. This can easily be done with a heavy knife, but be sure the fish is still frozen before cutting. Make a cream sauce with 5 tablespoons margarine, 6 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk and 1½ cups water. Cook until thickened. Season with 3 tablespoons grated onion, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, 1¾ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and a pinch each of paprika and mixed herbs. Tumble fish cubes and 1 cup cooked, shelled and deveined shrimp into a 2-quart baking dish. Pour the sauce over all and bake in a very hot oven, 425° F., for 10 minutes. Remove from oven and stir only once. Top with the biscuits and continue baking for another 10–15 minutes, until biscuits are golden brown and the fish is flaky.

Biscuits: To the dry ingredients of your favorite biscuit recipe add ½ teaspoon each of marjoram, thyme and paprika. Proceed as directed, topping the casserole with a ring of biscuits. Bake the rest separately and serve them with the casserole.

Saturday $4.95

Breakfast
Chilled Orange Juice
Wheat Biscuits with Milk and Sugar
Toast
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

Lunch
Individual Salmon Soufflés with Cream Sauce
Carrot Strips and Celery Hearts
Rolls
Butterscotch Bread Pudding*
Milk

Dinner
Braised Shoulder Lamb Chops
Lima Beans
Baked Potatoes
Bread
Mixed Fruit Dessert
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

21¢

Butterscotch Bread Pudding. Melt 3 tablespoons margarine in a skillet. Add ½ cup brown sugar and heat until they are blended together. Dissolve ¼ teaspoon baking soda in 2 cups milk and slowly add to the sugar mixture. Stir until blended and then cool. Beat 2 eggs slightly. Add a dash of salt and then the milk. Put 2 cups stale bread cubes into a greased 1½-quart casserole. Pour the custard mixture over and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 45 minutes or until done.

Sunday $5.09

Breakfast
Chilled Grapefruit Juice
Omelet and Sausages
Raisin Toast
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

Lunch
Hot Vegetable Plate (green beans, broccoli, corn and sliced beets)
Toasted Rolls
Banana Tapioca
Milk

Dinner
Pork Ragout (vegetables included)*
Tossed Green Salad with Dressing
Whole-Wheat Bread
Strawberry-Gelatin Dessert
Milk
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

$1.35

Pork Ragout. Cut 2½ pounds pork into 1" cubes. Roll well in ¼ cup seasoned flour and brown in a little shortening in a heavy kettle. When golden brown on all sides, cover with water and add 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Season with 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon savory and ½ bay leaf, crushed. Cover and cook until the meat is almost tender. Then add 12 small whole white onions, 6 small peeled potatoes and 1½ cups peeled, diced white turnips. Re-cover and continue cooking until the vegetables are just about tender, approximately 15 minutes. Taste again for seasonings. Thicken the gravy if necessary. Cook 1 package frozen peas according to package directions. Arrange ragout and vegetables on a serving platter with the peas in the center.

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Fresh from our kitchens to yours—the most delicious, stick-to-your-ribs vegetable soup you've tasted in years!

New-recipe Lipton Tomato Vegetable Soup tastes so much like the homey old-fashioned kind—it's hard to believe it takes mere minutes to make!

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Chicken Noodle Soup gives you rich homey chicken broth filled with tenderest egg noodles.



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It's no fun watching other people enjoy dessert while you try to drown your craving for sweets in a cup of black coffee. That's why, if you're a weight watcher, you'll bless the day you discovered new low-calorie D-Zerta Puddings—*Chocolate*, *Vanilla* and *Butterscotch*.



Made by the makers of Jell-O desserts. These sweet, satisfying D-Zerta Puddings do wonders for a reducer's morale. They have all the flavor of America's best-liked puddings—yet, they contain no sugar and they're incredibly low in calories!

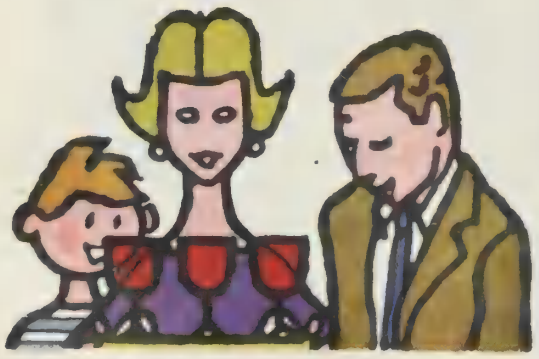
Chocolate Pudding only 54 calories! When you mix D-Zerta Puddings with skim milk, a serving contains 54 calories. If you use whole milk, count 94 calories. (There are 377 in a piece of apple pie. Even a portion of orange water ice contains 177!)

The family will love D-Zerta. "Well, I have to cook for the whole family" is no longer an excuse for calorie-heavy desserts. New D-Zerta Puddings are so good everybody enjoys them. There are 3 envelopes in each box—2 servings in each envelope. Get several packages at a time and mix the flavors if you like—the combination of Vanilla and Chocolate is a great favorite.

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With this sweet, low-calorie gelatin you can make bright, tempting desserts and such refreshing salads! And weight watchers can eat all they want, because D-Zerta Gelatin contains no sugar and only 12 calories in a serving. Think of it—*only 12 calories!* Hardly enough to count.





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MOTHER PROTECTING HER CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

epoch, as usual, has been unjust, and only now are we beginning to realize that both the philosophy of romanticism and the era that produced it were extraordinarily rich in every branch of creative activity.

One of the features of romanticism which we find most difficult to accept is the Victorian tendency to see everything in extremes. Thus a good man to our grandparents was an almost supernatural being, a knight of the Round Table, brave as he was handsome, who would sally forth with a fanfare of trumpets to do battle with scaly monsters and rescue his beloved. This exaggeration applied equally to abstract ideas: for example, darkness to the romanticist was either a starlit paradise in which lovers strolled amid cypresses by blue lake shores, or else it was a cloak for terror in which vampires or hellhounds swarmed out of the cemeteries to pursue hapless travelers on lonely roads. This fear of the unknown symbolized by darkness is illustrated by Corot in this painting, and a few years ago critics would have passed by the picture with an amused smile. The cycle of taste, however, is changing, and we are beginning to understand that Corot with his language of romanticism was one of the towering figures of the mid-nineteenth century who expressed the truth about the world honestly and without compromise. "It is better to be nothing at all," he said, "than to imitate the work of others. . . . Beauty in art is the truth which has been saturated with the direct impressions one receives from Nature."

When he died a lifelong bachelor at the age of seventy-nine, Corot was the most successful painter in Europe—his silvery landscapes hung in honored positions in every art museum, and reproductions of his woodland scenes were the standard decoration of the Victorian living room. He himself could never understand the success, and—a kindly man—he used to sign the magic word COROT to the canvases of his friends so that they could share in his bonanza and sell their paintings as his on the fashionable market. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of this great artist's career is that although he painted all his life and produced hundreds of canvases, he never sold a single one until he was past fifty.

HEREWARD LESTER COOKE

CAST OFF THE DARKNESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

I drove Bobby's car out West. We were gone forty days and covered ten thousand miles, and in all that time, in all that space, I was completely free. The road raced beneath the wheels, and I had merely to observe as plains and prairies, canyons and mountains, pines and sagebrush glided past as in a motion-picture travelogue.

That same summer and on that same trip I fell under the spell of the writing of F. Scott Fitzgerald. At first, perhaps, I was drawn by the fact that, like myself, he had grown up in the Middle West, that, like myself, he had been a Princeton man, that my uncle had known him in college, and that I knew his daughter, Scotty. I was hypnotized by his writing, and for days after finishing a book, or even a short story, I experienced something very akin to a hang-over from the continuing force of the mood it put upon me. I saw my world in his terms. More important, I saw myself as Amory Blaine or Dick Diver. When I returned to Princeton in the fall I had begun to view the slow disintegration of my will as a literary, aesthetic and somehow romantic process.

Among all the strange things that men have forgotten, the most universal lapse of memory is that by which they have forgotten they are living on a star.

G. K. CHESTERTON

This passivity did not apply to the pursuit of pleasure, and I was anything but passive in my participation in the Triangle Club. This venerable musical-comedy organization had been founded by Booth Tarkington some fifty years before, and its glamour had been heightened by such alumni as James Stewart, Joshua Logan, José Ferrer, Myron McCormick, and Fitzgerald himself. Although I was only a member of the dancing chorus, I was completely carried away by the rehearsals, the tension of opening night and the electric response of the audience.

Over vacation, we went on tour, and for the first time in my life I was away from home on Christmas.

We traveled from the seaboard to the Middle West and played a dozen one-night stands. In every city there were parties, alumni banquets, debutante dances. I returned to college physically exhausted and mentally unbalanced by the wonder of our triumph. Princeton was, indeed, the closest thing to Eden this side of Paradise.

The emotional aftermath of the Triangle produced a mounting disenchantment. After the loneliness of Army life I had been overwhelmed by the sense of group belonging and for the past year and a half I had been playing at the role of college boy. Joyously, consciously I had sought to efface every trace of my past self.

It was with some dim foreboding that I approached the spring elections to the upper-class eating clubs, which, at Princeton, parallel the Greek-letter fraternities in other colleges and universities. With "Bicker Week" three weeks away I wrote a letter to my father, announcing my intention not to join a club. This was no protest against the social snobbishness of the clubs. More likely, it was an attempt to check the snobbishness I recognized within the strange and unknown self I was becoming. Yet I could not bring myself to state this outright, and I ought to have felt no rebuff in my father's prompt reply. Gently he reminded me that there were real, as well as snobbish, social values in the clubs, and concluded by advising me I must not be "quixotic." A few days later, I had plunged into the frantic negotiations of the "bicker" with all the enthusiasm of a born joiner. When the dust had settled, I found myself with most of my friends a member of the Cottage Club, my uncle's club, Fitzgerald's club, the club I had always hoped and secretly expected I would join.

Again, that summer, I did not take a job. My father had fulfilled a lifelong dream by purchasing a farm in Litchfield, Connecticut, where he hoped soon to retire. There was a great deal of tidying up to be done around the dilapidated old farmhouse, and for about half the summer I spent my days working on the place. Each morning I dropped my father at the recruiting center in Hartford and drove the thirty miles to Litchfield, where I filled the day gathering up and burning the accumulated debris of the past, dismantling the rambling porch and staggering chicken house, splitting and stacking kindling. Two or three carpenters were remodeling the interior, but they remained inside, and until my parents drove out to join me in the late afternoon my solitude was virtually complete.

I made no move to break this isolation, but stayed within myself, preoccupied with thoughts which seldom rose above the level of mere dreams. On the surface, I had no troubles. I had good grades and good friends. I had all the physical comforts, youth, good health, and the affection of a loving family. The fact that all these blessings were meaningless to me, that I had no use for them in meeting a challenge, because there was no

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141



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1 cup brown sugar
⅔ cup melted butter or margarine

TOPPING: Mix all ingredients together until crumbly. Place in shallow pan. (Do not pack down.) Toast in moderate oven (350°F.) 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool 15 minutes, then toss lightly with a fork to form crumbs. Store in covered jar in refrigerator; use as needed. Stir with fork before using. Serve as topping on ice cream, puddings, baked desserts.

EASY PIE CRUST: For 9-inch crust, combine 1¾ cups oats topping and 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Pack on bottom and sides of pie plate. Place another pie plate on top of crust; chill. Remove plate and fill crust with desired filling.

High-protein Quaker Oats adds nut-like goodness to desserts and cookies—extra juiciness to meat dishes



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

RAINBOW OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup butter or margarine
½ cup confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups sifted enriched flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)

Beat butter until creamy. Add sugar gradually; beat until fluffy. Add vanilla. Sift together flour and salt; add to creamed mixture, mixing thoroughly. Stir in oats until blended. (Dough will be quite stiff.) Shape into logs. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 20 to 25 minutes; cool. Makes 3 dozen cookies.

Frost cookies by placing them on a wire rack and then pouring thin confectioners' sugar frostings tinted rainbow colors over them.



LOW CALORIE—HIGH PROTEIN OATMEAL BREAKFAST

High-protein Quaker Oats sticks to your ribs—supplies strength and energy all morning long. That's because a piping hot bowl of creamy-delicious Quaker Oats gives you 9 grams of protein. In fact, oatmeal is the *richest in protein* of any whole-grain cereal. Yet (weight watchers, please note) your good hot Quaker Oats breakfast—including milk and sugar—is only 210 calories.

NOTE FOR FAST BREAKFASTS: Quick Quaker Oats requires only 1 minute of actual cooking. Or, if you prefer the flavor and texture of old-style oatmeal, try Old Fashioned Quaker Oats.



JUICY HAMBURGER SANDWICHES

1½ pounds ground beef
¾ cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
¼ cup chopped onion
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup tomato juice

Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into 8 hamburgers; chill. Pan-fry in hot fat and serve on buns with favorite garnish.

JUICY MEAT LOAF: Combine all ingredients thoroughly, adding 2 beaten eggs. Pack firmly into a loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour. Let stand 5 minutes before slicing. Makes 8 servings.

WATCH "SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" ON CBS-TV



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challenge, was something I did not know how to say.

In August, I left home to spend the remaining weeks with my sister and brother-in-law, who had taken a summer cottage in Mantoloking, on the Jersey shore. My younger brother was there too. I sailed and swam and went to dances, dated girls and drank with college friends to bury my depression underneath the surface laughter. Back at Princeton in the fall, I plunged into the Triangle and lost myself in parties.

Toward Christmas, the mounting strain produced another convulsive effort of renunciation like those of the preceding spring. Participation in the Triangle that fall had been a repetition of my sophomore year, with the same effect upon my studies. Now though my outer self looked forward to the Christmas tour, I knew I ought to study during vacation, but more than that I felt a desperate need of being with my family.Two weeks with them might re-establish contact with the past, restore the sense of self I once had known. The more I thought about it, the more desperate I became, and in the end I went to the director to announce my resignation. I might as well have thrown a bombshell. The outraged protestations of my friends ran high with indignation. What did I think I was trying to do? And why? I could not answer their questions, but I was determined not to yield as in the spring before, so I made up shuffling excuses.

Two days before the Triangle was to depart, I was relieved of the burden of decision. At seven o'clock in the evening I entered the infirmary with a stomach-ache. At four the following morning I was operated on for acute appendicitis. The appendectomy mitigated the disgrace of having left the show and offered me a temporary respite from other responsibilities. In the end, however, this respite proved too short. During my ten days in the hospital, I accomplished nothing in the way of study, and in the short time left at home I found it impossible to make any real contact with my parents.

Back in Princeton, I was placed under increasing academic pressure. I had been slipping and sliding past one course after another with better-than-average grades, but this was my junior year, and, as a departmental student in art and archaeology, I was required to write a paper of not less than ten thousand words on the formation of the classic style from Knossos to Pompeii. I tried to work, but the years of loafing had left me nearly invertebrate. Time and again, I placed myself before my typewriter, but I seemed not to know how to begin. The deadline came and went and still I could do nothing. Before the second term began there were a few days without classes in which I might have hoped to finish up the paper. Instead I launched into a week of calculated drinking. When it was over, I had lost the last shred of hope, and even now, sixteen years later, I am overwhelmed by a wave of physical nausea at the memory of its disgraceful climax.

A group of us had been drinking down at the Nassau Tavern, and, reluctant to call a halt to the festivities at the midnight curfew, we bought a couple of cases of beer and carried them back to the room. Physiologically, I was unquestionably drunk, and yet the objective spectator in myself seemed to be functioning with perfect precision. There were about a dozen of us in the room, drinking beer before the open fire and listening to Benny Goodman records, when two of the boys began to dance with each other, an act which struck me as highly offensive, the more so as I did not recall ever having seen them before. I asked who they were, but no one seemed to know. I concluded that they had simply seen us walking home with the beer and had mingled in with the crowd. They had stopped dancing now, and sat on the sofa across the room.

Suddenly I began to rock with laughter at a terribly funny idea. I whispered it to a friend on my left.

"Go ahead," he laughed. "I dare you."

"It's all up to him," I pointed out in a sort of smothered chuckle. "It won't be my decision. He's got a fifty-fifty chance. Absolutely fair."

Hypnotically the schism suddenly became complete. I was entirely the spectator of a certain Peter Putnam, whose actions were all in the third person. I watched him walk across the room to the two boys. I watched him holding one finger behind his back. I felt him lean toward the one sitting on the arm of the sofa. I heard the words of his question.

"Odd or even?"

The boy's face turned, smiling back, and the lips moved.

"Even," they said. Too bad. There was only one finger behind his back, and one was an odd number. I felt the finger tuck into a fist, felt the swing and the pivot, the stiffening of the wrist, elbow and shoulder, the sharp contact of the knuckles on the chin, and then I knew that they were my knuckles on his chin, and I knew what I had done.

After that, all the clarity was blurred into confusion. The boy went over backward and scrambled out into the hall. His friend followed to see if he was all right, and everybody in the room jumped up. I do not think I even had a chance to apologize, and there was no retribution. I wanted it, but there was none forthcoming. Three times Gordy Bent held his hand behind his back, and I guessed odd or even, but every time I guessed right. Then we gave it up and I went to bed.

The next day I discovered the boy's name, bought a bottle of whisky as a peace offering and looked up his room. The door was locked, and a neighbor told me that he had gone to Philadelphia to see the dentist about some loose bridgework. And so I was denied even the relief of apology.

I took the whisky back to our room. There was no one there. It was about four o'clock, the time of day when the bright hard sunlight slants in through the windows, quite motionless, like yellow bars holding the sun in its place and refusing to give way to the softness of twilight. I sat down, pulled open a table drawer and took out ■ .22-caliber revolver, which had been left there by a friend.

I spun the cylinder idly. The thing that had happened last night, I thought, would not have happened if I had never read John O'Hara's Appointment in Samarra. The lines between literary and living reality had ceased to exist, and O'Hara had replaced Fitzgerald. Last night I had not been Peter Putnam. I had not even been Amory Blaine. I had been Julian English. And Julian English had committed suicide. I took a bullet from the drawer and inserted it in the revolver. I spun the cylinder over and over again, watching to see where the loaded chamber came to rest. I had heard that the force of gravity always tended to carry the weighted chamber to the bottom away from the firing pin. Watching now, I could not be sure. I removed the bullet and put the muzzle to my temple. I pulled the trigger. The click sounded very loud in the silent room. I replaced the bullet and spun the cylinder, closing my eyes to make sure I did not cheat. I squeezed the trigger. There was the same click and I felt the same as when the gun had been empty. I spun the cylinder again and squeezed. Click. By squeezing, now, without spinning

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NEXT MONTH

SHE THOUGHT, "I WONDER IF I AM IN LOVE WITH HIM?"

The sweet and heavy scent of night flowers floated over the warm air. Nimmi's silk sari gently rustled and the jasmine gleamed white in her hair. Suddenly Pheroze turned and took her in his arms. . . . "A Prince for Nimmi," by R. Prawer Jhabvala, is a novel of India today, complete and condensed in this issue.

NOT ONE, BUT TWO COMPLETE BOOKS

"We looked at each other," says Lou Myrtis Vining, "asking in one solemn glance, 'Can we do it?' Could we prove that a new family with a cruelly handicapped child could live a normal life? Could be happy?" This true story, "A World for My Son," is a complete book, condensed in this issue.

RECIPE FOR REDUCING 70 POUNDS IN SIX MONTHS—AND STAYING REDUCED

She wanted to send her picture to a boy in Korea, but she weighed 223 pounds! "It's no fun being the only teen-ager who is never asked out," says Joanne Magorien, of Mission Hill, S. D., and then tells how she slimmed to a perfect Size 16. (P. S. The boy in Korea proposed.)

SHOULD A WIFE BEAT HER HUSBAND?

Jack wanted a divorce; Paula didn't. When they told the story—his side and hers—the counselor said, "Few husbands are encouraged by being beaten by their wives." Read what was wrong with this marriage and what they have done about it in "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

PREACHERS' WIVES ARE AMONG THE BEST COOKS

Here are the most-borrowed, most-praised recipes from parsonage kitchens—Aunt Lucille's almond pie, Mrs. Billy Graham's delicious Chinese eggs, steak-and-kidney pie as Mrs. Peter Marshall makes it, and others as appetizing.

THREE WEEKS' VACATION—MISSOURI TO CALIFORNIA—FOR A FAMILY OF THREE FOR $332.32

Jim and Gloria Wortman and three-year-old Mary, of Crestwood, Missouri, spent five days in Los Angeles, three in San Francisco, enjoyed sight-seeing and camping life for $15.15 a day. Newest installment of "How America Lives."

THE PRETTIEST WAY TO LOOK IN SUMMER

Do you like to wear dresses of cotton? Have you seen the newest synthetic fabrics? Would you like suggestions for a practical, beautiful travel wardrobe? Eight pages of fashion news and four-color photographs.

And many more pages of homemaking news, help with decoration problems, a new house plan, recipes and menus, all coming

IN THE MAY JOURNAL



Want to get dish drying over and done with much more easily and quickly than ever before? Nothing to it if you use Kendall because this rayon-cotton towel is up to 50% * more absorbent than other types!

Not only does it dry many more dishes, but its chamois-like drying action removes moisture with "once over" efficiency that saves elbow grease and precious minutes every meal. And it leaves no lint, whatsoever. Available in white with color border stripes and in gay, decorative prints.

*By laboratory test

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KEEP YOUR PARAKEET HEALTHY AND HAPPY WITH **French's®** NATURAL FEEDING DIET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

he cylinder, I could reduce the chances from one in eight to one in four. Looking straight ahead, I pulled the trigger. Click. That was enough. I brought the gun down and unloaded it. Three chances last night, and no retribution. Three chances this afternoon, and no retribution. There was no retribution anywhere. I took the bottle of whisky out of the paper bag and poured myself a drink.

During the weeks which followed, I stopped eating at the Cottage Club, preferring to take my meals uptown or to bring back sandwiches from the delicatessen. I stopped drinking, and I stopped smoking. I walked and ran miles every afternoon for physical exercise, and I went to bed early. The futility of my health program was demonstrated when I fell ill. After several days in the infirmary, a blood test revealed that I was suffering from infectious mononucleosis, a blood disease about which relatively little was known at that time. I was hopelessly enervated and found it an unbearable drain to read even the light novels of the infirmary library.

I was still in the infirmary when spring vacation arrived. Doctor York suggested that I might complete my convalescence at home, so my mother brought the car down to drive me back to Litchfield. I was confined to my bed at first, but when my strength returned I took to working around the place again, spending whole days in removing rocks from the barren stretch of mud intended for a lawn. At night we read aloud or listened to phonograph records. I liked the records the best, and the conversation least, because I did not know how to talk about the only thing that really touched me. I was finding it more and more tiring to assume the pose of the confident young college boy, which was the only social role I knew how to play. When I took the train back to Princeton, I was unrelieved by any confession of the nameless fear which haunted every waking and sleeping moment.

I found the courage to go back only because I was too cowardly to do anything else, and in that state of cowardice everything took courage. It took so much courage to go to classes that I seldom braved it. The only thing which did not take courage was going to bed, and I sought refuge in a great deal of sleep, but true sleep would not come. I simply lay in bed trying to lull the stabbing pain of consciousness into a sort of catatonic trance. I was later to discover that I was suffering from a recurrence of mononucleosis.

On the last Wednesday in April before the weekend of house parties, I boarded the train for Litchfield. In the change pocket of my coat I carried three .22-caliber bullets, and folded in my wallet a neatly typed suicide note to my parents. The bullets I had been carrying ever since the afternoon of the Russian roulette, and for almost three months I had been changing them from coat to coat as methodically as one might change his cigarettes or lighter. The note I had written two weeks before as a sort of exercise in articulating the nature of my own despair.

Yet I had no fixed intention as to suicide. If I had planned it, I should have stayed in Princeton for house parties. I should have given myself one last fling to savor the sensuous excitement of the girls, the music, the spring and my own youth, and, having done so, I believe I should not have gone through with the attempt. I told my parents simply that I had wanted to come home for a long weekend.

It is difficult to characterize the time that followed as anything other than a sort of dogged waiting period. My clearest recollection is of wandering through the fields and hills and along the rushing brook. It seemed to me that my eyes had never seen with such a stinging clarity. I saw the new fullness of the pliant young leaves, just darkening into green. I saw the rich deep chocolate of the stream banks, still sheathed, in the shady places, with the flashing tints of icicles hanging from the rocky eaves. I saw the tiny droplets splashing over shining stones, half buried in the bubbling flow which sparkled in the sunlight reflected into everything from the blue dome of the sky. Each leaf and twig, each play of light and shadow ought to have filled me with the living beauty of the spring, but I felt no more aesthetic inspiration than does the camera film which chemically reacts to rays of light admitted through the snapping of the shutter; like the camera, I was empty.

I lingered on like that for days, but something had to give, and, on the night of Saturday, May 3, 1941, it happened. There was nothing dramatic, no crisis of word or thought or deed. It was much simpler than that. The last thing I can remember seeing was a purple leather traveling clock, whose hands stood at twenty minutes past ten. It was more than an hour later when I did it, but I cannot remember doing it, and, anyway, that was the real end. I had been sliding and sliding for three years, and that was the moment I slid off the edge.

It was about an hour later when my parents heard me call for help. My father found me on my hands and knees beside the bathroom door bleeding from a wound in my right temple. Across the room on the floor beside the bed lay the .22-caliber rifle with which I had done it. A few minutes later, Doctor Warner arrived, and as soon as he had stopped the bleeding I was taken to the Charlotte Hungerford Hospital in Torrington, two miles away.

For some time, my life hung in the balance. I can remember nothing of the outside world until ten days after "the accident."

Whatever my thoughts, as I drifted through that ten-day sleep, when I woke I could not put them into words. I knew that I had been in a dark place, and that that place was somewhere deep inside me. I knew that I had been afraid, but was afraid no longer. Half dead, I was more alive than I had ever been. Perhaps I was fully alive for the first time.

I was in a hospital. I could not see. My head ached interminably. Occasionally I heard footsteps padding about the room or the rustling of a starched dress beside my bed. I was given pills to take with water through a bent glass tube. I can remember the sound of my own tired voice, and even this seemed hardly to be my own. My sole desire was for sleep.

Gradually, as my conscious mind regained its strength, day separated from night, morning from afternoon, and the sequence of the hours took on definition from the unchanging pattern of hospital routine. I awoke each morning to the clatter of metal, china and glassware in the kitchen. I lay for a while without moving, trying to remember where I was, and why I was there. I stirred a little.

"Good morning." It was the night nurse.

"Good morning," I said.

"Would you like to wash up?"

When she brought me a basin and toothbrush, I washed slowly, brushing my teeth gingerly, so as not to shake my aching head. When I had finished, I asked to have my bed rolled down to doze until it was time for breakfast. Mrs. Monroe had replaced the night nurse when my tray was brought in. She helped me with breakfast, handing me the fruit juice, salting my soft-boiled egg, putting cream and sugar into my coffee. Eating was clumsy and I had little appetite. Unseen food was somehow rather tasteless, but I ate

SUNRISE

By CORINNA CUNLIFFE

The sun came roaring round
the hills
And stretched his paws across
the sky.
I never was more overwhelmed,
No, never quite so awed was I,
As to see him pounce upon the
stars
And thrust them in his hungry
jaws.



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For cuts, burns, abrasions— no other antiseptic is so effective, yet so safe!

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with determined concentration, if only to nourish the life for which I was now so eager. Afterward I lay back exhausted.

That was the way it went all through the day. The trivialities of hospital routine absorbed nearly the whole of my conscious energies. In my physical weakness I found these efforts tiring, but not tiresome, because they were the means of expressing a boundless new ambition. I took naïve delight in mastering the simplest skills. My first shave was a monumental challenge. The relative dexterity with which I changed the blade filled me with pride, but on lathering up I was disconcerted to find that I had got the lower edge of the bandages over my eyes wet and soapy. The razoring went on endlessly, and by the time I had worked around to the left side of my face my arms were numb with fatigue. The exertion drained me utterly, but although later I discovered patches of stubble in the hollows of my cheeks and around the corners of my mouth, they did not spoil my triumph.

Shortly after my bed bath, Doctor Warner dropped by on his hospital rounds. Doctor Scoville, a "brain man," and Doctor Unsworth, an "eye man," came over periodically from Hartford, so that Doctor Warner's visit was largely routine. Its importance to me was that it was he who had saved my life, and each time he came I was determined to thank him for it; but his air was so unfailingly jovial as he inquired into my health, changed my dressings and took my blood pressure that I never found the proper moment. The best I could do was to make an outward show of gaiety as a sign that I no longer despaired of the life he had saved.

There was something of the same reticence in my relations with my family. Except on weekends, when my father was home from Hartford, or more distant relatives might be staying at the farm, the daytime visits were confined to my mother and my sister, Bimbi. Her husband was then stationed at West Point, but after the "accident" she had brought her children to the farm in Litchfield. Once, I remember, she brought along her two-year-old daughter, Lynn, and perhaps I still recall that day so well because Lynn's reactions had an underlying significance for me. Bimbi had placed her on the bed beside me, so that I could feel how she had grown, but she was frightened by the sight of the bandages which covered my eyes and burst into piercing cries. During the preceding summer I had often bathed and changed her, but now I had become a total stranger to her. Far more painful was the thought that I had become something of a stranger to my mother and sister as well.

During ten days of ageless isolation, I had discovered the existence of a new self. I was still uncertain of the exact nature of this self, so, although I had returned to them now, I felt—and I am sure they felt—that the introduction of this stranger into the old family pattern had to be approached warily.

Two or three times we had attempted to discuss the suicide, but I knew my explanations had been hopelessly inadequate. Granted the premise that life was utterly useless, it was simple and logical, but how could I explain the premise? I could only assure my parents that the responsibility was entirely my own. I could only insist on the equally inexplicable fact that the premise had miraculously altered. Somehow my family found the strength, the courage and the understanding not to press me, to accept it as a mystery. It was "the accident," a thing with consequences but without causes, and having found a name for it, we left "the accident" alone.

I reported how I had slept, or what Doctor Warner had said, and they brought me news of the farm. The apple orchard was being sprayed, or Brownie, my sister's five-year-old son, had spent the morning hopefully fishing with a safety pin and a length of twine.

My strength was still unequal to any sustained activity, and even the conversation of these morning calls was tiring. When my mother and sister had gone, I lay back wearily. The effort of eating lunch increased my lassitude, and soon afterward I drowsed off. Sleep was blessed isolation, but when I awoke again, the respite seemed only to have heightened my sensitivity to minor physical discomforts. My eyes were hot and teary under the layers of gauze bandages. I wanted to tear off the wrappings and sink my face into a basin of clear cold water. But the greatest source of my discomfort was psychological in its impact.

During sleep, or in the restful lull of daydreams, there were always pictures before my eyes. These were so perfect in shading, color and detail that they might have been photographed or painted. They came to me entirely spontaneously, and it was quite impossible to conjure them up by any act of will. Now, as I awoke from my dreams, they disappeared. I saw not the even, opaque darkness I had imagined as the "vision" of the blind, but two luminous globes of light, like the nebulous glare of street lights in a dense midnight fog. They floated there, a little off to one side, shifting unsteadily with the movements of my head and eyeballs. I found their ugly wavering glare a torment and I lay there in perspiring discontentment. It was not until the nurse had helped me wash up and straightened my sheets that I became fully awake and able to forget the floating street lamps in the mist.

Two or three afternoons a week Doctor Unsworth came over from Hartford to examine my eyes. When he had cut away the bandages he carefully washed off the discharge accumulated on the lashes. Although my lids were very sensitive, it was good to have them bathed, but I always felt queer in the moment of stillness that followed. It was too early to test my vision. My lids had been sewn together as a safeguard against the pressure behind my eyeballs and it would be some time before I could expect even a tentative prediction. The great unanswered question hung between us like a massive velvet curtain.

He had told me that the eyes themselves seemed to have escaped critical injury and that the most serious question concerned the extent of damage to the optic nerves. Once he cited the case of a man who had attempted





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suicide with a .45 automatic and who had recovered so completely that with the aid of glasses he had afterward worked as a draftsman. Later I felt a bound of hope in a personal experience. Toward the end of my stay in the hospital I was wheeled on a bed to the sun roof and, despite the heavy layers of bandages and the black sunshade which protected my eyes, I felt twin stabbing pains as I emerged into the brightness of the glare. But the balls of light and the draftsman with glasses and the stabbing pains were only the occasions for my optimism. Its source lay much deeper.

What was blindness or eyesight beside the miracle of my new-found invulnerability? I had been through hell. I had watched the spectacle of my own personality dissipating into a vacuum. I had been hurt all there was for me to be hurt and, behold, I was unhurt. I was not simply unhurt; I was more whole than I had dreamed was possible.

Except for the visits and letters from my family, there was nothing in the world of the hospital to call up associations with the past. I lived in a room I had never seen, according to an artificial regimen sterile of all memories. Perhaps it was for this reason that the return to even so new a home as the Litchfield farm made such a deep impression.

On the June morning of the great day two stretcher-bearers lifted me into their canvas-and-aluminum cradle. Thoroughly tucked round with blankets, I was wheeled down the hall, into the elevator, out into the parking area where an ambulance was waiting. It was all like a dream in slow motion. When at last we arrived and the grunting stretcher-bearers had hoisted me up the narrow stairway to lay me in my bed, I could feel myself sinking into the familiarity of my surroundings like a migratory bird gliding to rest on the surface of a well-known lake.

With the exception of the rented hospital bed, everything around me belonged to the time before the accident. Lunch was served with china and silver whose pattern and design I could remember, the tray was placed on a home hospital table dating from an illness of my mother's years before. I could recall the furniture, the wallpaper, the position of the windows and the trees and hills beyond them.

With my family near at hand I no longer needed nurses the clock around. Mrs. Hemmerle took over the night shift, and because she left at six and Mrs. Monroe did not arrive until midmorning, my day began in refreshing solitude. My mother or sister brought me a toothbrush and a basin of water to wash in. I enjoyed eating breakfast alone without the consciousness of being watched. There was no embarrassment if I should happen to put my finger in the marmalade, and I passed my hands over the tray in exploration, learning to move them slowly and keep them low, so as not to tip over the glasses.

My parents had a young couple working for them that summer. Gladys, who cooked and cleaned, brought up the tray, but Wilson, whose real work was outside, always came to carry it down again. My father having left for Hartford, Wilson was the only remaining member of the household sufficiently familiar with the jargon of the sports page to read me the baseball and boxing news. This duty he performed with conscientious pleasure. He would read me about the Giants' game and Joe DiMaggio's hitting streak, or Billy Conn's chances against Joe Louis, and then we would talk for a while. After weeks of twenty-four-hour feminine surveillance, it was refreshing to talk alone to a man again, and I found myself responding to his reminiscences and anecdotes with a flood of my own.

With the arrival of Mrs. Monroe, it was time for my bed bath and shave. Afterward, unless the day was cloudy, Wilson returned to carry me down the stairs and out onto the lawn for a sun bath. Sometimes my mother or sister read to me. Sometimes Mrs. Monroe came down to do the crossword puzzle aloud. And sometimes I simply lay there alone, feeling the warmth of the sun and listening to the insect sounds in the grass.

I recall one morning when I was joined on my blanket by my five-year-old nephew, Brownie.

"You know?" he volunteered. "When I get big, I'm going to get my eyes fixed too."

The unexpectedness of this announcement made me laugh, but it was revealing. Until then it had not occurred to me that my bandaged eyes would have to be explained to Brownie. So far as I had given any thought to the possibility of permanent blindness, I had considered it purely my own problem. It was I who had created it, and I alone would bear its consequences. Now I realized with a pang that whatever the character of the new life I was beginning, it was inextricably linked to the loving and long-established relationships of the family.

Shortly after my return to a freshly made bed, Doctor Warner stopped by. We exchanged a few pleasantries while he took my blood pressure, and he went his way. After a good lunch I was glad to settle down to the afternoon nap which was becoming my best sleep of the day. By the time I had awakened from it Mrs. Monroe was almost ready to go. When she was gone I called to my sister. The radio-phonograph had been moved up from the living room, and my father had brought back my old records from Princeton. Now I asked to have a stack of these placed on the changer, and although I had many classical records, it was nearly always the popular tunes that I preferred.

I recall the day my mother interrupted my dreaming by bringing in my typewriter. Would I like to try it? I said I would. As she placed the typewriter on the hospital table across my lap, I tried to visualize the keyboard. Then, carefully, I rolled in a piece of typing paper and felt for the position of the keys with my fingers. "The quick red gox jumps over the lazy brown dof," I wrote. My fingers felt stiff and wooden. "Now is the time gor all food men to come to the aid og the party."

"I think you're getting your *f*'s and *g*'s mixed up," my mother said. "Would you like me to show you where they are?"

"Oh," I said. "No, I can fix that all right. They're both under my left forefinger—I'll show you." *My left forefinger*, I wrote. "See?"

"Perfect!" my mother said. I wrote my own name, and then the names of the members of my family. Then I stopped.

"Is the typewriter working all right?" my mother asked.

"Fine; but I just can't think of anything to write."

"Why don't you write your grandfather a letter? He'd love it"; and when I did not answer, "Or would that be too hard?"

Merely to overcome the bouncing of the table and the weakness of my fingers would have been hard, but the attempt to fix the drift of my mind for the writing of a letter would have been impossible. I had discovered that I could type. For the present that was all I wanted.

"This will sound silly," I said, "but I'm kind of tired. Maybe I'll wait until I can sit at a real desk."

The house burst into new life with the return of my father from Hartford. The sound of the car wheels spinning down the dirt-and-rock-filled surface of the road could be heard a quarter of a mile away. A minute or so later, the screen door slammed and he called hello, as my mother hurried to greet him. Two shrieks of delight from Brownie and Lynn told me that he was giving chase in their nightly roughhouse, but a moment later he was upstairs, walking between my room and his through the connecting bath, stripping off his uniform and telling me the baseball scores he had heard on the car radio.

"As soon as I finish my bath," he said above the roar of the running water, "I want to figure out a sneering telegram to send to Bob Deering. Today is his fortieth birthday and I beat him in both badminton games." He laughed. "We've been playing every day at the Y for over a year now and this was our seven hundredth game."

"What's the score?" I asked.

"That's the beauty of it! We were tied yesterday but now I'm two up on him. I want to kid him about it in the telegram."

His delight was contagious and I was tickled by it as I listened to the splash of his bathing. When he had changed to civilian clothes, he went downstairs, returning a few minutes later with the cocktail tray. He poured Martinis for my mother and sister, handed me a can of beer, and turned on the radio to listen to Lowell Thomas. This was a nightly ritual, but as soon as the news was over my father interrupted.

"I want to frame that telegram to Bob Deering," he said, "and I'd like some help. Anybody got any ideas?"

"What's the general gist?" my sister asked.

"Well, I've got a starter. How's this? 'For athletes who are pseudo-sporty, life does not begin at forty.'"

"That's a good beginning," my mother said. "How can we finish it off?"

We thought in silence for a minute and then I offered a suggestion: "How about,

It is a general rule of life that should you touch mud with your gloves, it is never the mud that becomes glovey.

GEORGE MIKES
Wisdom for Others
Allan Wingate, Ltd.



"Aristocratic Siamese are we." For an 8" x 10" print in full color of this photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25¢ to Cat Pictures, Dept. J-27, Box 6586, Chicago 77, Ill.

New information to help you nourish your cat better

High Quality Proteins Abound in Fish Fillets

Puss 'n Boots retains these costly portions

Puss 'n Boots Cat Food is made from *whole* fish, not from by-products. Here's what this means to your cat's welfare:

The Mystery of Life

Your cat's body consists of billions of microscopic cells, which nature constantly rebuilds. The "building materials" are the *proteins* in a cat's diet. But the *quality* of those proteins is all important.

Fish is unusually rich in proteins, but the *high quality* proteins are concentrated in the fillets... the tasty parts usually sold for human consumption, *but retained in Puss 'n Boots.*

What Are Proteins?

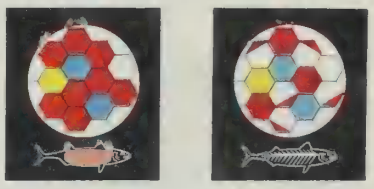
A protein molecule is made up of tiny "building blocks" called amino acids. There are many different amino acids but at least 8 of them are essential. Unless the protein contains all 8 of these amino acids, it is of poor quality.

A high quality protein must:

1. Contain adequate quantities of all the essential amino acids in proper proportion for the constant rebuilding of tissue and muscle.

2. Be easily "broken down" in the digestive system, so that it passes quickly into the blood stream and so into nature's "rebuilding operation".

Puss 'n Boots retains the fish fillets to give your cat the *high quality* proteins it needs for a sturdy, active body.



The Difference in Proteins—Diagrammed

HIGH QUALITY Proteins from fish fillets show a full count of essential amino acids (red blocks). Every essential amino acid is there in sufficient quantity. Other colors represent less important amino acids.

LOW QUALITY Proteins, from the mere fish "frames," lack the full count of essential amino acids (red blocks). Part-empty blocks indicate essential amino acids that are wholly or partly missing.

Plus Vitamins from Fish Livers ... and Selected Cereals, Too.

Besides high quality proteins, your cat also needs *vitamins*. Puss 'n Boots supplies these, too, by processing the *whole* fish, including the vitamin-rich fish livers.

Selected cereals are added for all-round nutrition. And there's extra Vitamin B_1, the essential "nerve vitamin," in every can. *Puss 'n Boots thus provides every nutrient a cat is known to need.*

See for yourself what GOOD NUTRITION means

Pick up a week's supply of Puss 'n Boots. Feed regularly... in three weeks or less you'll be enjoying a livelier, lovelier pet.

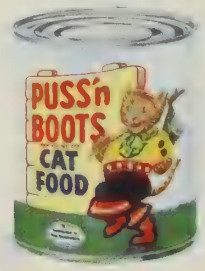
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BETTER SCHOOLS BUILD BETTER COMMUNITIES

PUSS 'n BOOTS *is good nutrition*

America's largest selling cat food

... adds the plus in health, beauty, vigor



'Congratulations! As for me, badminton's fine at fifty-three.'"

They all laughed. My father called Western Union. We could hear him chuckling as he gave the message to the operator. And I smiled, joining in the ripple of amusement that flowed between my mother and sister.

"Have a cheese and cracker?" my mother asked.

"I can't," Bimbi said. "I'm dieting."

"Goodness!" my mother said. "I wish you all wouldn't be so ascetic. You're always giving up things. Papa goes on the wagon. Peter stops smoking, and now you stop eating. I'm the only one without any will power."

"I haven't got any will power," Bimbi said. "Just a flabby stomach."

"My stomach's the only part of me that isn't flabby," I said. "It's got iron muscles from sitting up in bed, but the rest of me is like jelly. I wonder how much weight I've lost since the accident."

"Mamma's lost twenty pounds," Bimbi said in a clear, steady voice that carried its message, as it was intended to do.

"Have you, mamma? That's awful."

"Oh, nonsense, children. I feel fine. I always feel better when I've lost a little weight."

The surface triviality of our family conversation could give no idea of its deeper levels of communication. There were subterranean channels of sympathy and understanding, and with each succeeding evening I could feel the deeper currents from the common reservoir flowing more freely. After dinner, when the family came back upstairs, we often abandoned conversation in favor of reading aloud. This seemed no special concession to my blindness, because it had long been a family custom. The evening slipped by quickly and by ten o'clock, when Mrs. Hemmerle arrived, I was ready for sleep.

My days in bed were long and slow, and in memory they form a single blur from which one lone day stands apart. It is marked on the calendar as June 11, 1941, but in my life it was the day I turned twenty-one.

Today I am a man, I thought as I awoke. I clearly recall both the thought and the irony which prompted me to smile as I thought it. Yet it lingered in the background of my mind throughout the routine of the morning. Today I was a man, but I ate my breakfast, heard the sports news, talked to Wilson, bathed and shaved as on other days.

"Many happy returns of the day," my mother said as she came into my room. She placed a box in my lap. "I'm cheating a little," she said, "but I thought I'd give you these now. It might be fun to wear them and look a little snappier for the *Bescherung*."

Bescherung was one of several dozen German words we had incorporated into our vocabulary. It meant the ceremony of giving presents and its use symbolized the special importance attached to the observance of family ritual. To give a present before the appointed hour was a distinct breach of protocol and we both warmed to the taste of forbidden fruit as I opened the box. It held a pair of silk pajamas and a bathrobe which I said would make me feel like Charles Boyer.

Of all the men I have known, I cannot recall one whose mother did her level best for him when he was little who did not turn out well when he grew up.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

She half dismissed my thanks to outline the plans for the day. Goppy (my grandfather) was driving up with Uncle Ebe and Aunt Julie to spend the night. They would arrive about 4:30.

Goppy had not seen me since the accident. How had he reacted to it? What would he think of me now? The questions had more than ordinary significance. My grandfather had played a dominant role in our family and the bond between us had been unusually strong. Later as I lay sunning on my blanket whole scenes from our life together flashed before my eyes.

My most vivid impressions of Goppy belonged in settings so familiar that distinctions of time were blurred. There was, for example, my grandfather's bedroom in his house at 335 Riverside Drive.

My grandmother died in the spring of 1928 and that fall we moved to 335. It was a spacious five-story house, but there were only four bedrooms, and I shared one with Goppy. I could vividly recall how it had looked on the countless mornings I had awakened in it.

There were two large windows on the drive. When my grandfather, wearing a white nightshirt and green toweling slippers, had pulled back the curtains, we stood for a moment, each at his window, to gaze at the beauty of the morning. The Hudson spread its broad surface for a mile to the sheer rock cliffs of the palisades, rising through an atmosphere so miraculously clear that the very branches of the trees which crowned them seemed to wink at us, and even the docks and the warehouses and the signs, washed clean in the morning light, seemed to belong there by design as man-made contributions intended to heighten, by contrast, the beauty of the face of Nature.

Our rising proceeded according to custom. Until late in his seventies, Goppy performed setting-up exercises on the floor before the fireplace. While he washed and shaved in the bathroom, I followed his example. Once a week Goppy weighed first himself and then me on the old-fashioned standing scales in the bathroom and marked the figures on a chart. Even long afterward, when the figures opposite my name had risen above 170, he never omitted upon my return visits to include me in this weekly ritual.

A new series of scenes materialized and in these, too, place seemed to have arrested the changing flow of time. My brother and I were sitting with Goppy in his black Buick limousine, driving through the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. We felt a bound of recognition when the car swerved to a stop before a buff-painted brick building. Above a door that looked very small and plain hung a black wooden sign. In gold block letters upon a black background were the words, EBERHARD FABER PENCIL COMPANY.

Inside, a switchboard operator looked up from a panel whose yellow bulb glowed faintly against the hard squares of outdoor light behind her.

"Good morning, Mr. Faber."

My grandfather smiled, touched the brim of his hat with a rolled-up newspaper, and turned through a door to the left. His light buoyant step had the air of a friendly, dignified and confident advance, which we followed down a corridor, up a dimly lit wooden staircase, and into his own corner room. Here we hung our coats upon the old mahogany hat tree, and while he changed into a neat black alpaca jacket we stared about the familiar surroundings.

Everything was roomy, old-fashioned, and alive with the past. When my grandfather had seated himself in a wooden chair with a black leather cushion, Mr. Huber, whom Lo and I knew as Uncle Fred, came in with the morning mail.

"So your Goppy is going to show you how to make pencils?" he beamed at us. "Well, make yourselves at home. I won't keep him very long."

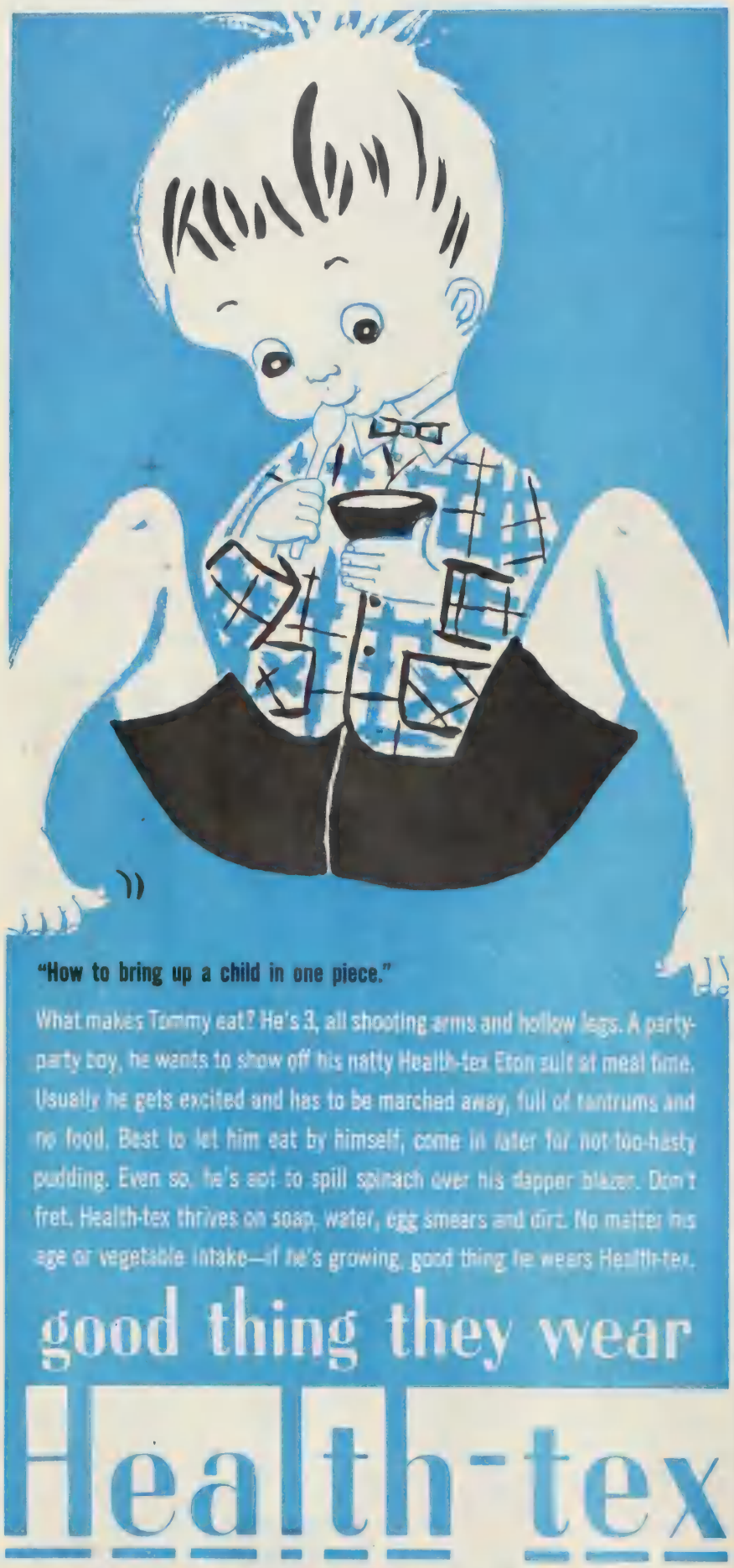
While they talked we sat at desks, rolling the tops up and down, opening and shutting the drawers, or staring down into the street where Fantl, the chauffeur, sat in the Buick, reading the Daily News. Later, as Goppy, who had somehow become Lothar W. Faber, studied the morning mail through his horn-rimmed pince-nez, we wandered quietly around the room, examining the mementos of his business and family life. On a row of glass-fronted bookcases, packed with gray ledgers, stood a polished wooden chest with tiny drawers, filled with samples of pencils. There were photographs too. One showed the A. W. Faber pencil factory in Germany, the largest in the world. Near it hung a bronze relief medallion of our great-grandfather, Eberhard. He had come to America in 1848 as the representative of A. W. Faber, but a year later had founded his own company. On another wall there was a recent photograph of our grandfather's older brother, Uncle John, his partner for half a century. The facts and, especially, the antiquity of the firm were impressive to our youth, but both the history and the photographs were old hat to us and we were glad to have Uncle Fred take us to the display counter in the outer room where he told us funny stories and showed us samples which we pretended not to know Goppy would offer us before we went home.

The screen door of the house banged and Wilson's voice floated over the lawn: "Had enough sun, Pete? It's almost time for lunch."

It was good to be back in the present. Upstairs the sheets felt cool and pleasant in contrast to the hot blanket. I ate my lunch slowly and lay back for my afternoon nap. When I awoke again an undetermined time later there was the sound of footsteps moving around my room.

"Howdy, bub." It was my sister. "You've really been pounding your ear. Mamma's in Torrington doing a few last-minute errands and I wanted to straighten up your room before Goppy arrives. I thought maybe you'd like to be awake when he gets here."

We were doing the crossword puzzle a short time later when I heard the sound of wheels on the road and asked if it was the Fabers.



Bimbi stood up to look out the window. "Oh, my goodness! Pete, I'll have to go downstairs for a minute."

"Is it the Fabers?" I asked again.

"No. Something else."

She laughed a short, mysterious, delighted laugh, and hurried out the door. For the first time that day I really began to look forward to the idea of the party and the excitement of unwrapping presents.

"In here," I could hear Bimbi saying in the hall, "and up against that wall would be the best, I guess."

"O.K., ma'am," a man's voice answered. "Easy there, Joe."

I tried to guess what it could be they were carrying, but I was interrupted by the honking arrival of what sounded like two cars at once. Hearing my sister's "Hi" as she went out to greet them, I knew it must be the Fabers.

"Where's the birthday boy?" My grandfather's voice carried clearly from the hall.

"He's upstairs, but I'm not sure he's awake yet." It was my mother. "How was the trip?"

Their voices faded as they went into the living room, but were followed by others.

"Where do you want me to put this binocular-shaped package, Julie?" That was Uncle Ebe.

"Just leave it there in the hall. I don't know where they'll be having the *Bescherung*."

How benevolent, well-knit and good-humored they all sounded! My sense of anticipation grew, and I longed to greet them. At last I heard my mother emerging into the hall.

"Right up this way," she was saying. "He's in the front room."

I straightened my sheets, sat up and turned my head toward the door.

"So here you are, old socks!" my grandfather called jovially. "Well, how are you?" He came over to the bed and kissed me. "You look fine."

"Pietro, Pietro!" Aunt Julie embraced me. "It's good to see you out of the hospital. Many, many happy returns of the day!"

When they had settled themselves I asked where Uncle Ebe was.

"Gone for a walk! You know that restless creature!" She laughed, then added, "But he was dying to look at the brook and we didn't all want to crowd in on you at once."

"You two entertain Peter," my mother said. "Brock ought to be home any minute, and I want to put the finishing touches on the birthday table."

"I'll help you, Mollie, and leave the two ex-roommates to talk over old times." Julie rose and followed my mother, who was still protesting that there was no need for her to help. And that was how we came to be alone in the moment I had been dreading.

"How was the trip up? Did you find the way all right?"

"Perfectly. Ebe drove, but Julie did the pathfinding. I don't think that chauffeur of mine could ever have got me here." This was less a slight upon his chauffeur than a comment upon the absurd remoteness of Litchfield from New York. My grandfather loved travel, but there was only one place to live. The appearance of this old foible made me feel more at home, and I did not have to force a smile.

"It's a pretty drive this time of the year."

"Yes, lovely. And there's a beautiful view from this window." I pictured him gazing out at the orchard. "Well, how are you feeling, old socks?"

"Fine!" I said. "Doctor Scoville came yesterday, and said I could come downstairs for the *Bescherung*."

"That's bully!" There was a pause, and then, "Well, well well! What have we here? Brownie!" The real warmth and gaiety under the mock surprise confirmed my suspicion that the gusto of a moment before had been a little forced.

"Hi, Goppy!" Brownie screamed delightedly as he ran across the room.

"I'm sorry he interrupted you," Bimbi apologized from the door, "but he just couldn't wait to see you."

"Where's your little sister?" Goppy asked.

"Taking a bath."

"She'll be down later," Bimbi explained. "You've got to take a bath, too, Brownie. I'll call you in just five minutes." Her footsteps retreated into the hall.

"Did you bring me any pencils, Goppy?"

"Sugar!" Goppy said, and I could picture him clapping his hand to his forehead. "I forgot! I left all my pencils in Greenpoint."

"Someday, Brownie," I said, "maybe Goppy will take you to his factory and show you how the pencils are made. He's old enough for that now, don't you think?"

"You bet he is! When your Uncle Peter was your age, I used to take him with me and show him how we make the pencils and put the leads inside and paint them all sorts of beautiful colors. You know, you remind me very much of your Uncle Peter when he was your age. He was very cute."

"Which was cuter, him or me?"

"I don't know." My grandfather weighed the problem carefully for a moment. "But I think you're cuter now. I like little suckers I can hold on my lap. I think he's too big to hold on my lap, don't you?"

"Yes, yes." Brownie was convulsed.

"I'll show you a trick," Goppy began. "See? Here's my watch. Blow on it."

Among the earliest memories of any of his grandchildren was that of blowing on his gold hunting-case watch to open it. Even after we had learned about the spring beneath the winding stem, the magic had never quite disappeared. Now Brownie was properly delighted and mystified.

"Take it over to your Uncle Peter and see if he can do it. Careful, now."

I put out my hand, and Brownie placed the watch into my palm. I blew and opened it.

"See?" I said, smiling at Brownie.

"Feel the face with your finger, Peter."

I placed the tip of my forefinger against the dial. "The crystal's gone," I said. "Did you break it?"

"Can you tell what time it is?"

I touched the delicate hands cautiously. The stem, I recalled, was next to the number 3.

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Just add water. Or feed straight from box. Buy Ken L-Biskit in the 30-oz. box . . . or the extra economical 4-lb., 20-lb. or 25-lb. sizes.



NEW Ken-L-Biskit now comes in this convenient JUMBO BOX with carrying handles. Easier to take home . . . easier to open . . . easier to use. Stays firm, upright. Pick one up at your grocer's today.

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So easy to use—just spray on... brush in... rinse!

Whatever the color of your hair... whatever "off-casts"... yellow casts... or "graying" problems you have... there's a TIZ-Mist Rinse to give it the look of *natural* loveliness.

TIZ glamorizes your hair, gives it soft, shining color casts... *and* conditions it, makes it wonderfully manageable. Not tints, not dyes, TIZ-Mist Creme-and-Color Rinses wash out completely with each shampoo.

Beauty salons recommend and feature TIZ-Creme-and-Color Rinses. Have one your next appointment. Or get TIZ-Mist (your choice of nine shades) at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter for home application between appointments. Only $1.95, plus tax.

A special creme dressing for white or gray hair... never discolors ...helps correct yellow casts and drabness. $1.25, $1.95, plus tax.



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"Ten minutes of five," I guessed, feeling suddenly shy.

"Right." Goppy's voice was triumphant.

I laughed. I was pleased that I had guessed correctly, that the game had worked.

"Here, Brownie," I said. "Take the watch back to Goppy."

"No," Goppy said. "That's yours. Keep it. It's your birthday present."

Minutes later, after Brownie had been called for his bath and my grandfather had gone downstairs, I still sat there, holding the heavy watch in my hand.

How characteristically he had presented it! We had all learned early, as Brownie would learn, never to ask our grandfather if he had brought us presents when he paid us a visit. Sometime after his arrival, as we sat in his room, watching him unpack, he would pause to show us something which he said he had just bought for himself. No matter how improbable the purchase might seem—a wallet, a box of colored pencils, even a set of toy soldiers—we could never doubt his gravity as he expanded upon its virtues. Then, suddenly, he would announce, "If you really like it, you can have it. Keep it. That's a present from me to you."

But the watch! Uncle John had given it to him nearly sixty years ago on his twenty-first birthday and now he had given it to me. I tried to think of all the physical articles that I associated with my grandfather and none of them seemed nearly so fitting a symbol of his character as this watch, simple, precious, dignified, the plaything of his grandchildren and the timepiece by which he regulated his orderly, useful, constructive life.

The *Bescherung* lay just ahead. I washed and changed and by the time my father had carried me downstairs I was quite in the spirit of the occasion. They all sang "Happy birthday" and Bimbi laughingly aimed my head at the lighted candles. Feeling self-conscious because I knew that we were all wishing the same thing, I blew. By some miracle I managed to get all the candles in one long puff. Everyone applauded.

"Feel what the cake is sitting on," my sister said. "I can't wait."

It was a beautiful kneehole desk from my parents and I admired it enthusiastically, opening and shutting the drawers, feeling the leather top, and testing the height for typing.

The mood was pretty much the same as on all the birthdays in those days, but here and there a passing incident was a reminder that there had been an alteration.

"This is a terribly inappropriate present at the moment," Aunt Julie said, handing me a package, "but I thought I'd give it to you anyway."

It was a collection of reproductions of paintings and architectural drawings which she had picked up at an auction. She knew I was studying the subject in college. "There are a couple of water-color copies of Tiepolo ceilings I thought would be quite nice framed."

I told her it was a wonderful present, and it was. It was much more than a present. It implied that my blindness was only temporary, that my interest and appreciation of Renaissance art and architecture did not depend on the ability to see it. It expressed her belief, the whole family's belief, that I was bigger than my blindness and I was immensely grateful.

The binocular-shaped package proved to be a couple of bottles of champagne. Just before dinner they were opened and I took a sip for good luck. Then my father and uncle made a chair of their hands and carried me up to bed while my sister followed with a tray.

I ate alone, but afterward the others took turns visiting me in my room and by the time Mrs. Hemmerle had arrived for the night I was pleasantly tired.

The turning point in my attitude toward blindness began, oddly enough, not with Doctor Unsworth, the eye man, but with Doctor Scoville, the brain man. During a visit shortly after my birthday he asked an unexpected question:

"How would you like to take a little walk?"

I responded eagerly and threw back my sheet, but he made me sit for a minute or two with my legs dangling down from the bed to stimulate their circulation. Then with one hand on his shoulder and the other on the high bed, I eased myself to the floor. My knees and thighs tingled with weakness and I could feel the bones in my feet spreading to support the forgotten weight of my body. During the weeks in bed the soles had become as tender as a baby's and the rug felt rough and prickly.

"Goodness, Peter, you look tall," my mother said.

I laughed. I felt tall. My legs had become long stilts on which I teetered uncertainly. After a moment I steadied and we tried a few steps. Each one felt surer and I smiled self-consciously. Turning made me a little giddy, but back at the bedside I stood for a moment alone, my hands resting on the mattress, testing the extraordinary sensation of standing. Then I climbed onto the bed and sank back.

As a turning point, this had been somewhat less than breath-taking. The following morning, when Wilson helped me to the bathroom, it appeared to mean no more than the end of the bedpan. A few days later, as I climbed into the tub, it marked the end of the bed bath. Soon thereafter it brought the departure of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151



"Well, I'll tell you something that won't go with that jacket—ME!"

BACKACHE? HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? MORNING HEADACHE? MINOR ARTHRITIC PAIN?

BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST!



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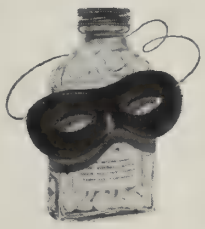


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Pineapple Pear Salad—so delectable with Kraft French Dressing

On a large serving plate covered with leaf lettuce, place 5 slices of pineapple. On each slice, set a pear half, cut side up, and fill the hollow with shredded cheese—use Cracker Barrel brand natural cheddar. Then garnish with watercress and serve with creamy-smooth Kraft French Dressing—the kind that doesn't separate. Its mild-yet-savory flavor sets off this salad to perfection.

A Lenten winner—Shrimp Star Salad with Miracle French Dressing

Cover a large serving plate with leaf lettuce. Arrange 5 wedges of head lettuce on the plate, star-fashion. Criss-cross 2 strips of pimiento on each wedge. Combine cooked shrimp and chopped celery and place between wedges. Serve with Miracle French. This robustly seasoned dressing has a touch of onion and garlic. It does something special for shrimp, and you'll love the way the color sparkles.

Have fun! Try all of Kraft's tossin' Dressings:
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

both Mrs. Hemmerle and Mrs. Monroe. But all these were minor changes.

From the moment of that first walk, the whole character of my life was transformed. As long as I had remained horizontal, my blindness had scarcely showed its outlines above the bedclothes. Now that I was vertical again, I could begin to make out the long cast of its shadow.

The question of blindness came still farther to the foreground when Doctor Unsworth announced that he was going to reopen my eyelids. While these had been sewed together, I had been able to postpone the consideration of any definite verdict. I braced myself for a difficult ordeal, but I was caught unaware when Doctor Unsworth gave me a shot of morphine in addition to Novocain.

"All finished," Doctor Unsworth said, swabbing off my face and eyes. "Now, let's have a look." He parted my eyelids gently with his fingers. "Look to your left."

Nothing looked any different. Just the same old street lights, burning more brightly than ever, probably because of the morphine. During the examination that followed I tried to focus my drugged attention on his comments. The general health of my eyes was improving. There was less congestion, better muscular control and increased firmness of the cornea tissue, but he did not commit himself on the one thing I had been waiting to hear. The suspense would have to continue.

Like a low fever, it burned steadily until the day when Doctor Denig arrived from New York. An old friend of my grandfather's, he had been called in for consultation with Doctor Unsworth. For a long time he bent over me while I looked in various directions. Then he went downstairs to talk to my parents and Doctor Unsworth. When he returned he was alone.

"So, my dear," he began, giving the back of my hand a little pat. "Be uff goodt cheer."

The "my dear," pronounced in his unmistakably German accent, was both amusing and embarrassing, but the kindliness of his tone reassured me. It was still too early to decide, he said, and in any case it was not doctors but Nature who must decide. She had already performed a miracle in saving my life. Perhaps she would wish to favor me again. I might hope to encourage her by doing everything I could to get well and strong again. I must eat and sleep and get out into the air as soon as possible.

Despite the absence of medical terminology, I knew that he felt the truth of what he was saying, and I liked him for it. When, with a final "Be uff goodt cheer, my dear," he said good-by, I was sorry to have him go. He had confirmed my own instinctive faith that my eyesight would depend on the inexplicable inner power that had saved my life. It would not be difficult to follow his advice. Indeed, I was already "uff goodt cheer." There was nothing to do but wait, and, while I waited, I could do no better than to make myself at home in this foreign setting. I began to explore the character of my temporary blindness.

My first and most obvious problem was simply that of getting from place to place. In my bedroom, I depended on my hands for orientation. To find the bathroom, I would feel my way along the length of my bed, take one freestanding step to grope for the corner of the bureau with my left hand, and then pivot around it to reach for the door with my right. Somewhat to my surprise, the stairs were simple. I had to approach them warily, but once I had located the top step, the equal spacing of the treads and the touch of the banister under my hand made descent easy. In the more complicated furniture arrangement of the living room I used my legs as well as my hands for orientation. My most consistent failure was a tendency to overestimate distance. Every room in the house seemed to have shrunk to two thirds of its former size, and until I learned to slow and shorten my stride I was continually barging into things.

I could always ask my family for guidance, but this, too, had its difficulties. It was hard to make verbal instructions precise and we were amazed at how often we confused left and right when facing each other. On the other hand, to be grabbed by the arm and pushed or pulled in the desired direction was both clumsy and annoying. It was much easier to put my hand on my guide's shoulder and to follow along a little behind and to one side.

Getting around the house was far more awkward than walking outdoors. I recall the first evening my mother and I stepped outside. I kept my hand on her shoulder down the driveway, but after we had turned into the road I let go and held a parallel course by the sound of her footsteps. There were no distances to gauge and no furniture to bump into so that I could walk without hesitating.

There was another reason for my jauntiness that evening, for that was the first time I had got myself fully dressed after weeks in pajamas. I had picked out my clothes very carefully and I can still remember everything I wore. It was terribly important to me to know exactly how I looked. The longing for familiarity was accompanied by an exaggerated fastidiousness. The notion that my pants might be baggy, my shoes unshined or my tie spotted was somehow humiliating and I took the most elaborate precautions with my appearance.

NAVAHO WOMAN AT DAY'S END

By ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG

Evening is my sister,
Desert dweller,
Daughter of the same dark people.
Evening is my sister,
Weary, like me, of watching silent flocks
And weaving patterns of loneliness.
Outside her hogan at the day's cool end
She sits alone, even as I am sitting now.
Outside her hogan, far to the west,
Waits, as I wait, for the last red hill to fade
And flaming sand to burn itself out,
While flocks of shadows graze, untended,
And only the fingers of wind
Move upon the sky's neglected loom.

While I was still in bed my parents had remodeled a previously unfinished ground-floor room at the back of the house. It had formerly been a large storeroom, and even with the addition of a lavatory in one corner it was more than ample to serve as a combination living and bedroom. When I had moved in with my desk and typewriter, records and phonograph I had the privacy of a separate wing, but if this privacy was not to be purely fictitious, I had to learn to keep my things in order independently.

I tried to discipline my memory and developed a fanatical zeal for neatness, but time and again I would misplace my tie clasp or belt or shoe polish. As I groped through drawers or under the bed my exasperation mounted steadily, and whenever I was forced to call for help I was inwardly boiling.

The true source of my impatience with others was my impatience with myself. My efforts to acquire some tolerance for my own blindness were exhausting. I remember the Herculean struggle of my first attempt to change my typewriter ribbon. It took forever and I came to hate the cobweb silken softness of the ribbon which oozed its ink into my fingers and bent and curled and twisted, but would not slip into the hair-thin grooves of the ribbon guides and carrier. Repeatedly I paused to lean back in my chair to rest and several times I rose to wash the ink from my hands and smoke an entire cigarette, thinking it out in my mind and trying to soothe the nervousness which made my hands shake and my heart pound. When it was over at last, I lay down on my bed to listen to the whole of the Beethoven Seventh.

That summer my records were almost an emotional necessity. They were not simply a means of escape. Apart from the discipline required to memorize the arrangement of two hundred records, I was using them as therapy for my frustrations. It helped me to pace myself to my limitations.

In one instance, blindness proved not to be a limitation. About a month after my first walk I was coming downstairs into the hall when some instinct made me jerk back my head. Putting out my hand, I found that my involuntary movement had saved my forehead a nasty bump on the supporting column at the foot of the staircase.

In a flash, I realized what had happened. Only a few days before, my brother had read me an article on a phenomenon called "facial vision." Facial vision, it explained, was a faculty developed by the blind for estimating the distance, direction and the approximate size of unseen obstacles from the barely audible echoes of incidental sounds reflecting from them. It is a sort of natural radar in which footsteps, voices or even air currents play the part of sound impulses rebounding from opposing surfaces.

I was fascinated by my first experience of it and I stood there for some time, moving my head back and forth beside the column. Each time I approached there was a looming sensation, more like feeling than hearing. Later I found that I could duplicate it by moving my hand toward my ear. I often practiced it sitting in a chair, and when I walked either indoors or out I would listen intently for the telltale contraction of the echoes when I passed through a doorway or under a tree. I played with my discovery as one might play with a new toy.

As a matter of fact, I played with blindness on a number of levels throughout the summer. One of my most absorbing preoccupations was the exploration of it as a social handicap. With the return of my brother Lo from prep school, my horizons widened. He brought friends to the house and drove me to the houses of other people. Together we took walks, attended the movies and went to several parties.

Because I was feeling out the outlines of a new world, the exploratory spirit of youth attracted me. Lo was not unsympathetic toward my blindness, but he did not seem to be fearful about it. Like me, he viewed it with objective curiosity, investigating its mysteries and experimenting with it in a way which my parents would have found impossible.

It was inevitably my brother with whom I felt most closely bound in this experimental attitude, but it is most clearly illustrated by an incident during a visit from two college classmates, Gordy Bent and Bobby Harvey. They were sitting in my room one morning talking while I dressed, when I noticed an undercurrent of laughter in their conversation.

"What's so funny?" I asked, mystified, and their laughter broke into the open.

"It didn't work," Gordy said. "We were trying to fool you."

"We switched your life line," Bobby explained, "to see if it wouldn't throw you off, but you've been wandering around for five minutes without making a single mistake."

My "life line" was a piece of string tied between my bedpost and the bathroom door. Originally, I had used it only to make my way to the lavatory, but they had noticed that I now made frequent contacts with it for purposes of general orientation. Curious to see what would happen, they had transferred one end to another door.

A similar curiosity prompted all sorts of different experiments. While taking a walk that same day, Bobby had stopped me, turned me around a few times to confuse my sense of direction and then asked me to point to where I thought the sun was. Guiding

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me down a flight of steps, Gordy ducked the shoulder I had my hand on after we had reached the bottom to fool me into taking another downward step. There was no immediate purpose to be served by such experiments, but they were useful as explorations of the extent to which my blindness was or was not a handicap.

My daily discoveries and adjustments to the nature of blindness were part of a continuous process of adaptation. Moreover, because adaptation presupposes acceptance, I was preparing myself for the final acceptance without realizing it. But this acceptance was still only partial.

This was clearly demonstrated in my reaction toward a gift from my other uncle, Whitney Baker. On a weekend visit, he presented me with a Talking Book machine. It was a portable phonograph, much like any other, except that its turntable could be adjusted to revolve at 33⅓ revolutions per minute, a distinct novelty in that day. Uncle Whit explained that by writing to the Library of Congress I could obtain my choice from a large selection of book records, lent to blind readers free of charge. He showed me a sample volume he had brought along. It was Joseph Conrad's The Arrow of Gold, complete on eighteen records. We immediately listened to one side of the first record. I was impressed by the ingenuity of the device, but the following morning when I played the second side the reader's clear, well-modulated voice seemed somehow monotonous and dehumanized. I postponed further reading on the pretext that my mother and I were already reading Tender is the Night, but when we had finished I somehow forgot about The Arrow of Gold. In the fall a post card from the library informed me that it was long overdue and guiltily I returned the records, still unheard.

At about the same time I had my first glimpse into another sort of reading. Returning from an afternoon outing with my brother, I found my mother in the living room with two men from the State Commission for the Blind. They had called to ask whether I would like to take Braille lessons. Because there was nothing else to say, I told them that I was very much interested, and we arranged for a first hour of home instruction with a Mrs. Connor, who would drive over from Hartford the following week. I was distracted as we spoke by an uneven staccato sound from where one of the men was sitting.

"I'm making a note on my Braille slate," he said, giving me my first inkling that he was also blind. "Would you like to see it?"

He explained the slate as he guided my hands over it. Each Braille letter was represented by one or more dots in combination according to six possible positions, arranged like the six on a die. The aluminum slate was like a long rectangular hinge which closed over a piece of stiff Braille paper. There was a series of little windows cut into the upper hinge, and beneath each of these, six indentations on the lower. With a stylus, a small wooden knob with a blunt metal point, he punched out the desired combination of dots through the windows and into the Braille paper enclosed in the hinge. He had written my name and gave it to me, but I could make nothing of the tiny bumps. I felt considerable apprehension about the impending lesson.

Mrs. Connor was a friendly woman of about forty, also blind. She sat on the sofa, and I took a chair facing her across the coffee table, on which she spread out the Braille primer, a large paper-bound book like a clumsy magazine. There were four different grades of Braille, she explained, 1, 1½, 2 and 3. Grade 1 was merely the alphabet, but the others involved an increasingly complex system of abbreviations and contractions, like shorthand. She took my right forefinger and guided it across the page, showing me the symbols for a, b, c, d and e. Mrs. Connor promised that I would make rapid progress if I practiced conscientiously. I did practice for a while, but I found that my hand and wrist, tensing with concentration, tired quickly and developed painful cramps. Therefore, although the mastery of Braille had appealed to me as a sort of mark of virtuosity, like knowing card tricks or the names of the constellations, I practiced only spasmodically. After all, there was no urgency about Braille when I had the Talking Book, and I did not need the Talking Book as long as I had my mother to read to me. So I neglected my Braille, and I used the Talking Book to play, not Conrad but Benny Goodman.

The dual character of my attitude toward blindness was most clearly revealed when a representative of the local draft board called to register me for selective service. In filling out my questionnaire, he asked whether I had any distinguishing marks of identification. The question seemed absurd, but I made a simple answer.

"Blind in both eyes," I said, and then added after a moment's pause, "May be temporary."

Carefully he inked in the words. "Blind in both eyes." Acceptance. "May be temporary." Rejection. The reason for the strength of my rejection at that moment was that I was due for a critical re-examination of my eyes, and was already thinking about the possibility of seeing again.

This time the examination was to take place in the office of Doctor Dunnington in New York. My mother and I drove down in the morning. The nurse led me from one room to another and introduced me to a series of doctors and technicians. I held my head still ar rolled my eyes to the left and to the right, u and down, while they held open my lids ar peered into my pupils.

An hour later I was sitting in a small roo that seemed very quiet. Actually, my moth was with me, but my recollection is of bein quite alone. The day was hot. I lit a cigaret and placed the match in an ash tray on a tab beside me. The office was so high up that, e cept for an occasional automobile horn, I cou not distinguish the various street sounds th floated through the open window.

Doctor Dunnington came in. "Well, M Putnam," he said, "I'm sorry to have kept yo

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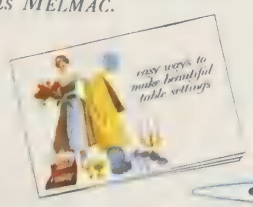


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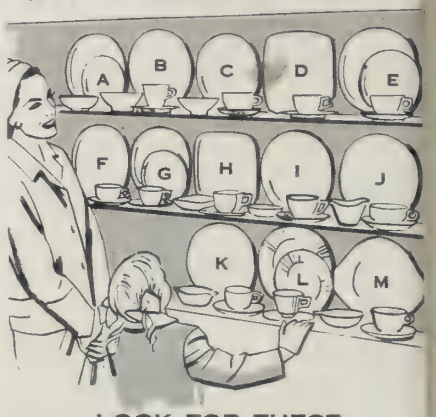
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aiting. We've been discussing our findgs."

I can remember that I felt absolutely nothg when I asked him what the verdict was.

"I'm afraid the outlook is not very hopeful. n the opinion of the other doctors and myelf, you will never be able to read again."

The pause while I tried to think what to say emed long, but perhaps I really interrupted efore he could go on.

"Do you mean with or without glasses?"

Immediately I could have bitten my tongue ff. It was an imbecile question, and I felt like n imbecile. It proved that all this time I had een cherishing in my subconscious Doctor Insworth's tale of the bespectacled draftsman. Now, in this unguarded moment, it had etrayed me. I burned with shame, and had to orce my mind to register Doctor Dunnington's explanation. The critical injury had not een inflicted upon the organs of sight. However, the blunt force of the bullet had damaged he optic nerves so badly that there appeared o be no likelihood that I should ever see well nough to read again. The phrasing was faniliar, but always before it had been qualified y "Time will tell." Now time had told. At east, it had told a little. If you could call not eing able to read again a little.

I knew I had been hurt, but I could not feel ny pain yet and so I did not have to hide ain. Listening to my voice, I felt sure that it as natural. The rest of the interview was going to be all right. I discussed it openly with ny mother in the taxi and later that evening ith my grandfather and uncle. We did not void anything, but when we had said what ould be said, we dismissed it and talked of ther things. It was only fter we had gone to bed hat I really had time to hink about it.

If I were to be blind, vhat then? There were lots of things a blind man could lo. There had been many blind writers and many blind teachers. Writing and eaching appealed to me mmensely. I could already type, and all Braille eeded was practice. The shadows had crept a ittle closer. That was all. Even if I could never ead again, I might recover sufficient vision to get around by myself. But never to read again. That hurt. It hurt a lot. Well, there was no use vorrying about it. The first thing I had to do vas to get my strength back. And so, once nore, I rejected my blindness in favor of vaiting.

I waited all summer long, but while I vaited Doctor Dunnington's verdict, like a vaccine injected into my blood stream, circuated slowly through my system. I was not quite ready. Not yet. But unquestionably the sound of his words had been an inoculation for he ultimate acceptance.

Soon after the trip to Doctor Dunnington ny mother, my sister and her children and I drove down for a visit to the Fabers at Manoloking. I had spent part of every summer here for the past ten years, and my familiarity with it enabled me to get around the house with relative ease. Brownie and Lynn were to sleep in the main house, while my mother, my sister and I were to put up in the little guest cabin about forty feet away. As I unpacked my things I felt all the satisfaction of a homecoming.

Since we were to have our meals at the house, one of my first problems was getting back and forth by myself. Shortly after our arrival my sister and I bought a half dozen two-by-fours in six-foot lengths, six ring bolts and a clothesline. My sister laid the line over the sand from the cabin to the terrace of the house, placed the two-by-fours at regular intervals along the way, and I set about burying the ends two feet deep in the sand and passing the clothesline through the ring bolts which I screwed into the uprights.

I derived an immense satisfaction from my work. The squeak of the bolts as I twisted them into the unpainted wood, the cool wetness of the coarse sand in the holes as I dug, the salt breeze blowing against the salt sweat on my face and the sound of the surf, rising and falling, as I raised and lowered my head over the shovel—all these were sensations I had known before.

To make certain that the posts were exactly vertical, I had to balance them carefully before shoveling in the sand around the base. It would have been simpler to call for help, but I had a naïve desire to do it all myself. For the same reason, I went to a great deal of unnecessary trouble in attaching the clothesline. As long as it had lain on the sand, it had furnished my direction between the two houses, but as soon as I fastened it to one of the end posts, I had to pull it up in order to pass it through the next, which destroyed my means of orientation. Swinging the loose end of the rope in front of me, I groped my way across the sand, until I heard it smack against the next upright.

When I had tied the final knot, I put my hand on the rope, walked triumphantly up to the terrace and sat down for a smoke. I was giddy from the heat and the exertion, but I felt hugely pleased with myself.

Perhaps my most vivid memory of the shore that summer was engraved on my senses the next afternoon. Because the ocean was still rather rough, following a storm, I had agreed to postpone my first swim until the weekend when Uncle Ebe could accompany me. When he arrived on the beach I was already waiting for him with my sister. Together we walked down to the water's edge. My skin, baked warm by the heat of the earlier afternoon, was suddenly chilled by the sea breeze of approaching evening, and I picked my way gingerly across the band of broken clamshells and debris left by the high tide.

"Here," Uncle Ebe said. "Let me take your hand."

We walked forward over the wet sand toward the roaring surf. There was a sudden louder rush of water close in front of us, and I let go my uncle's hand at the moment of its impact above my ankles. I could feel its pull as it skidded up around my shins, hissed up the beach behind me, eddied uncertainly just under my knees, and fell back, sucking the sand from underneath my heels. A thrill of goose pimples rose up my thighs, across my chest and spread over my arms, and I backed up the beach toward the sun.

"Warm as toast!" My uncle laughed at my shivering retreat, but he went on ahead.

Back on the drier sand, I tried a few push-ups to get warm. My biceps rebelled on the seventh, and the blood sang in my ears, but I felt refortified and turned back to the ocean. It must be quite rough. I stepped in flecks of foam as I advanced and noticed strips of seaweed whirling by my legs in the next wave. The surf was breaking far out, and the breakers were probably crisscrossing on the way in, but they still had a great deal of force when they reached the beach. Trying not to look like an old man, I stooped self-consciously to scoop up some water and splash it over my face and neck. Uncle Ebe's footsteps plunked up beside me.

"It's good," he called, "but a little rough. Do you want my hand?"

I shook my head and asked him just to tell me when there was a wave big enough to dive through.

We walked forward into the surf. Each time a wave hit my legs I stopped for a moment, bracing myself stiff-legged against the eddying pull.

"Now!" Uncle Ebe shouted, but I had already heard the roar of a big one and was plunging flat. The water hit hard and cold. I could hear it boiling in my ears and felt the sting of the particles of sand and whirling seaweed against my face and chest. The wave rolled over me, its momentum overcoming my forward dive, turning my body a little sideways and floating me back. I twisted around, reached for the bottom with my feet and rose, gasping, wading hard with the flow of waist-deep water before the backward pull could begin. At knee depth my uncle called "Here," and closed his hand on my arm just as another wave caught me under the seat. I ran with it, laughing. Up on the beach, I turned and waved to my uncle. I felt glorious, not cold any more, and anxious to try it again. We had several more dips before going up.

Later Uncle Ebe reported to my mother, "Cuphandles did fine," using his old pet name for me. "There was a moment there when I thought he was going to get himself boiled, but he sailed right up on the beach."

"I'm glad it was a success," my mother said, "but remember, darling, just be careful."

"Don't worry, mamma. I will."

I was finding it hard not to think of myself as some sort of conquering hero. Physically, I felt wonderful. My skin tingled to the remembrance of sun and salt, and in all my muscles there was an elasticity that I had forgotten. Sitting on the terrace, scenting the fresh sea air, hearing the distant surf, I was filled with contentment. Beyond the waving eel grass of the dunes, I knew just how the ocean looked. I knew how the bay, glittering under the late-afternoon sun, looked; and close around me I knew how the terrace and the white Adirondack chairs and the people sitting in them looked. At that moment the idea of blindness, past, present or future, simply did not exist.

I swam nearly every day after that, usually three or four times. Within a week I had gained such confidence that I attempted a relatively daring feat. I had waked very early, and

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- Unlike other materials, smooth, non-porous PYREX ware can't absorb or pass on any other taste . . . gives you the true coffee flavor every time.
- Doesn't stain, easy to clean, keeps its new look always.
- Take advantage of this rare, money-saving offer *now* at your nearby housewares store.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We guarantee that if you are not completely satisfied with this beautiful PYREX Range-top Percolator, you may return it at any time within thirty days, to the store from which you bought it, and your money will be fully refunded. Also any glass part of a PYREX Brand Range-top dish which breaks from heat within two years from date of purchase, when used according to instructions, may be replaced by any dealer of PYREX Brand Ware in exchange for the broken pieces.

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There's only one PYREX Ware, a product of CORNING GLASS WORKS, Corning, N. Y.

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found it impossible to go back to sleep. I put on my bathing suit, and made my way up to the terrace. There I lingered for a while in the hope of meeting Aunt Julie on her way for a prebreakfast swim, but there were no sounds of stirring life inside the house. At last I made up my mind. I felt my way along the narrow, slatted walk to the bulwark, squared my heels against the pair of steps on the other side, and walked as straight as I could across the hundred yards or more of sand to where the surf of low tide washed peacefully on the beach. Not daring to hesitate for fear of losing my direction, I walked straight into the water until it was over knee depth, took one long flat dive into a roller, turned at what I hoped was a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree angle and walked straight back across the beach. After what seemed like a very long time, my toe struck the bulkhead. I felt along its length until I had found the steps and then returned as I had come. There was no actual danger in all this. The sea was calm, the tide was low and I had ventured out scarcely above my knees, but my uncle's house was one of only three within half a mile, the wide and deserted beach could not be seen from the house. If I had missed my reckoning I should have been forced to wander up and down for painful minutes before the humiliation of a rescue. Nowadays, perhaps I might have allowed such a contingency to outweigh the pleasure of a morning dip. It was different that summer and from that time I made a regular habit of this solitary morning swim.

About the middle of August my mother and sister left me in sole possession of the cabin. My father had been ordered to the Cavalry Replacement Training Center in Fort Riley, Kansas, and my mother was going to accompany him to help him get settled. At the same time my brother-in-law had been transferred to Fort Orde, California, and although my sister could not join him until the fall, she had to supervise the packing and removal of her furniture from the West Point quarters.

And so I became master of my own ménage. After my morning dip and breakfast with Aunt Julie, I returned to the cabin to do my household chores. Although Aunt Julie protested, I enjoyed making my bed, emptying the ash trays and sweeping out the sand to the musical accompaniment of Benny Goodman or Louis Armstrong records. Occasionally I wrote letters. My typing was improving steadily, and although I sometimes lost my train of thought, my memory and power of concentration were improving too.

If it were a weekday I might either accompany my aunt on a shopping expedition to carry the packages or go out on the beach with her children, Theo and Timmy. On weekends my uncle and I often went sailing on the sloop which he kept moored in the bay. I remembered her well and could take over the tiller, provided he kept an eye out for approaching boats or a looming shore line.

After the noon swim and lunch there was always a long nap, followed by more bathing and an evening at the main house. When at last I went to bed, lulled by the pounding of the surf, I was at peace with myself and slept soundly through the night.

I was very close to both Uncle Ebe and Aunt Julie. They were younger than my parents and their companionship was very congenial, but it did not fully satisfy the craving for contemporaries that I had noticed in Litchfield. All the friends of the preceding summer were back in Mantoloking, but I was particularly indebted to a college classmate, Everett Allan. Because my uncle's house was over a mile and a half from the center of Mantoloking, I had a transportation problem. In the daytime my aunt could drop me at the Mantoloking Garage, which Ev was managing for the summer, and two or three times I walked along the shore to the bathing beach where I had arranged to be met, but in the evenings I depended on Ev to pick me up in his car, and he was very generous with his time.

With Ev and my other friends, I continued the exploration of blindness. There was one night when, under Ev's direction, I drove his car at a snail's pace for a mile along a deserted back road. Another time we played darts together in a local tavern until a wild shot extinguished the light bulb above the target. A more conservative form of amusement was a trip to the movies. I found I needed a minimum of explanation to visualize the action. My years of movie-going had engraved the faces and mannerisms of the stars and a majority of the bit players on my memory. Afterward we generally stopped for a hamburger and a beer. It was to a tune from a jukebox at the Point Pleasant Inn that I tried my first dancing. Occasionally my partner had to warn me away from another couple or a table, but I enjoyed it immensely. Later Ev and I took girls to the Saturday-night dances at the Bay Head Yacht Club.



Durinda insisted she could teach Peter to ski. "Durinda provided the irresistible incentive. My decision to ski was an affair of the heart."

The festive atmosphere of these dances was contagious, but conversation above the din was difficult. It was embarrassing to be silent amid all the gaiety, but in the movement and confusion I was often uncertain as to whom I was speaking. Two or three times I found myself shouting some fatuous remark to the empty chair vacated by a friend who had moved on minutes before. Abruptly I felt terribly, terribly blind.

If blindness was a social handicap at the yacht-club dances, it was rather an asset in smaller gatherings. Whether from a slightly morbid curiosity or simple Christian charity, everyone was very kind to me, and I became, for a time, the center of attention wherever I went. My natural vanity was flattered, and I could not help enjoying the new role, particularly with girls. After all, why shouldn't I? In learning to swim, to run, to sail, to attend movies and dances, I had managed to minimize my handicap in certain ways. If I could capitalize on it in my relations with girls, what harm was there?

I especially recall the night Ev drove me to a party at the house of a girl whom I had seen a great deal the preceding summer. The purpose of the party was to introduce a couple of Smith classmates who were staying with her for a few days, and I was absurdly pleased to find that I had met them both before. One had been the belle of the ball at a Hill School dance, and I had met the other on the train from Battle Creek, while on my way to Princeton as a freshman. The geographical range of these chance encounters made me feel like a national figure, and when they played up to the situation I was on the crest of the wave.

But my good opinion of my popularity received a shock not long afterward. A girl who had been responsive on several previous occasions turned suddenly evasive when I asked for another date. After two or three failures on the telephone, I mentioned my misgivings to Ev. It turned out that she had already confided in him. She really liked me, Ev said, but she felt that I was beginning to "get serious,"

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4 SPEED-UP SALADS

with sunny **CLING PEACHES** and creamy **COTTAGE CHEESE**
serve crisp, golden Fritos® on the side



TWO-MINUTE FAMILY BOWL! Want to watch your weight? Please someone small? Dazzle extra-special company? Then heap snowy mounds of cottage cheese in your showiest salad bowl, and ring it 'round with golden cling peaches. Garnish with romaine spears or celery sticks—and in two minutes, you've got the salad all America loves best! 'Specially tasty with crisp, crunchy Fritos corn chips on the side!



TIMELY LUNCH IDEA! Ring cottage cheese with plump cling peach slices. Now make clock hands with green pepper strips; mark hours with pimento.



QUICK FUN FARE FOR SMALL FRY! Catch compliments with a golden cling "sunfish"! Save wedge for the tail; garnish with olive slice.



A BREEZE TO FIX! It's a Sailboat Salad, with a green pepper-pimento boat on a sea of cottage cheese. Add clings and watch folks sail into it!

ONE MINUTE, PLEASE! To make sure you turn out a triumph of a salad, you'll want the sunniest, shapeliest, showiest peaches you can find. And that's just what you'll get when you choose *clings!*

Cling Peach Advisory Board

Canned Cling Peaches from California



"Lose Fat Without Agonizing Diets"

says MRS. ROBERT CUMMINGS*

"As a wife, and mother of four children, I'd be thin as a rail—if exercise alone could make you lose weight," says Mary Cummings. "Fortunately, I found time to read about the Ayds Plan in a magazine article. Now, I always rely on Ayds to help keep my weight down.

"Ayds helps me take off fat easily. About 15 minutes before each meal, I take one or two delicious Ayds candies, as directed. Ayds low-calorie appetite-appeaser starts right in. Ayds also supplies the essential vitamins and minerals my body needs.

"At mealtime, I'm just not as hungry. I do without the heavy foods . . . eat much less . . . take off pounds the natural way. I just couldn't be more satisfied with delicious Ayds."



Mary Cummings gave up her stage career for five good reasons: Patricia, Bob Jr., Baby Laurel, Bob and Melinda. Says Mary: "Staying at your ideal weight is sometimes hard—until you discover Ayds. *What a blessing.*"

Clinically Proved: At a New England clinic Ayds Reducing Plan vitamin and mineral candy was scientifically found best! Scores of overweight men and women were tested. Ayds users lost nearly twice as many pounds as those who tested the second best product—without suffering uneasiness, sleeplessness, irritating side effects. An actual reprint of the Medical Journal report of the famous Ayds test at a New England clinic is now available. See your doctor before reducing. Have him write for the report to: Campana, Box MD, Batavia, Illinois.

Money-back Guarantee: Ayds users report losing up to ten pounds and more with the first box. Do as thousands do. Lose fat the modern Ayds way. Proved by doctors. Proved by the public. Prove it yourself. Lose weight now with your first box, only $2.98, or money back. Ayds—at drug and department stores.

*Wife of the star of "The Bob Cummings Show," CBS-TV



Take **Ayds . . .** *first aid for overweight!*

A Campana Product

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and had decided it would be better to discourage any romantic involvement before it could develop. I laughed off this rebuff, but inwardly I was both hurt and angry.

For several days I nursed my wounded pride, but I had to admit that, perhaps, I had got what I deserved. If I were to put myself forward as a blind man, then I must expect to be treated as one. I had been trading on my handicap to build up social capital, but what had I done to overcome this handicap? I had viewed even Braille as a game. I had not tried to think about the future, in terms of a systematic adjustment to my difficulties. Instead, I had postponed all decisions in a moral blindness which was the worse in that it had been intentional.

The summer was drawing to its close. I could run a mile, do twenty push-ups or swim for half an hour without being winded. My weight was close to 160 pounds, and although I still seemed to need an afternoon nap, I felt alert and energetic throughout the rest of the day. Did I still harbor some fugitive hope that someday I was going to recover my sight?

Undressing for bed late one night, I determined to put myself to the test. Sitting down on my bed deliberately, I bent my head over the lamp on my night table and snapped it on. There was a flick behind my eyes, like the leap of a tiny electric spark, and then the ugly wavering glare of the street lights in the misty blackness. Was the blackness less black? I turned it off and felt another flick. On. Flick. Off. Flick. On. Flick. I stared into the bulb behind the street lights, then—methodically rolling my head from side to side, bringing it to rest each time at center—began counting up to ten, snapping the switch each time I reached the number, in a kind of hypnotic trance beyond which I could hear the steady drone of the surf, the song of the toads, the piping of the crickets, the restless flutter of the moths on the screen.

"Peter?" I started up guiltily as Aunt Julie's voice came through the window.

"Oh, hi, Jule. Is anything the matter?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you. I saw this mysterious flickering from my window, like a mariner in distress, and wondered whether there was anything I could do to help."

"Oh," I said, thinking fast. "I just couldn't figure out whether the light was on or off and didn't want to leave it burning."

"Well, it's on now. Are you sure that's all you wanted?"

"Yes. I'm terribly sorry to bring you all the way down here. I should have unscrewed the bulb."

"All right, then. If you're sure everything's O.K., I'll get back to bed." Her voice retreated across the sand.

Looking down at the light for the last time, I snapped it off. There was no difference. It was clear that the illusion of light was only an illusion, traceable to the sensation of heat on my face above the glowing bulb. I got into bed and lay back, filled with a kind of cold anger and contempt for my obstinate refusal to accept the obvious. No one could help me with this one. This was up to me.

The next morning I typed a letter to Doctor Scoville. Choosing my words carefully, I explained that although I thought I had accepted my handicap earlier, I found that there were still stubborn pockets of resistance within me. The time had come to remove the last lingering doubts and therefore, although the request reflected no lack of confidence in previous medical advice, I would appreciate his recommendation of a good nerve specialist with whom I might have one last consultation. It had not been an easy letter to write, but having written it, I felt suddenly emancipated. Very soon, now, I should be under way.

Three weeks later, I was sitting next to my sister on a train bound for Baltimore and an appointment with Dr. Walter E. Dandy, of Johns Hopkins. My voice sounded strange, as I reminisced lightheartedly about weekend trips to Baltimore in college days. Walking through the station, I pointed out the restaurant where my friends and I used to drink a last beer before boarding the train back to Princeton, but once inside the taxi, all sense of familiarity ceased.

Johns Hopkins was another world. We walked down hundreds of yards of corridor, pausing to inquire the way, and when at last we had found Doctor Dandy's door, we sat on a wooden settee in silence. I was hot and tired, and in the anonymous hall, in the hearing of other patients, there was nothing to say. There was nothing to think about either.

I was surprised, when my turn came, to have Doctor Dandy himself greet us at the door. The examination was brief, but before it was half over I think I knew what the verdict would be. Doctor Dandy delivered it gently, and when he had finished he leaned over, squeezed my hand and said, "You're a brave boy."

I cannot remember what else he said. I was only thinking how to say good-by and thank you and get out of there. Emerging into the corridor, I could feel that my face was stiff.

"Gee, Pete," Bimbi said in a low voice.

"It's O.K." I did not want to talk about it there. We did not say anything on the long walk through the corridors or in the taxi in front of the driver, or in the station restaurant, in front of the waitress. We each ordered a beer and a club sandwich, and when the waitress had gone Bimbi reached across the table and gave my hand a little squeeze.

"It's going to be O.K., Pete."

"Sure it is," I said. "It's only what I expected, and now I know where I stand."

After all, the situation had not really changed and there was no use quibbling about the "brave boy" line. I had had a wonderful summer and I had not really tackled the problem as yet. I had a lot to learn, but I had time to learn it in and I could take one thing at a time.

Do not crowd your schedule with useless things and leave the preparation of lessons to the last minute before class. Leave room for emergencies. For as you read or study, some new thought, quite apart from the lesson, may arise in your own mind. When it does, stop reading; follow that thought, wrestle with it, try to master it. Don't moon about it. Think! If you suspect you are mooning, take a pencil and put the main outlines of what you are thinking on paper. If none of it can be written out, you are only mooning.

In these times when so much is being done in the world to suppress freedom and independence of thought, I make one final plea that all young people in American colleges will be mindful of their particular obligation to maintain and develop in their own persons this most precious element in the heritage of the United States and mankind.

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The summer was over and from Johns Hopkins I went directly back to Litchfield. My father was in Fort Riley, my brother had returned to prep school, and when my sister had left with her children for California, my mother and I were quite alone on the farm. It was quiet there, but beneath the tremulous calm of the fading Indian summer I felt the restless stirrings of a seasonal change of spirit.

The status quo could not continue. It was unfair to both my parents to have my father alone in Fort Riley while my mother played nursemaid to me through the long winter. But that was only part of it. The visit to Doctor Dandy had changed my whole perspective. While my blindness had been temporary, my adjustment to it had been confined to going over the same ground in the dark. Now the

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New Maytag COLD WATER WASH delights "Good Housekeeping" editors



ONCE TWIN CASHMERES! *Left,* hand-laundered 12 times: slight fading and matting. *Right,* cold-water washed in a Maytag 12 times: color, size, softness just like new.

In Background: new MAYTAG *All-Fabric* Washer and matching *No-Vent* Dryer in Pasteltone Pink. (Also in Green, Yellow, White.) As little as $3.50 a week.

"Even kinder to wool, cashmere, 'Orlon' and the like than tenderest hand squeezing," says magazine

You may have read of this new Maytag feature in "Good Housekeeping." After weeks of testing, they report that cold-water washing is the thing for all those "wash and wear" type garments—lets you wash them automatically without losing their no-iron feature.

What's more, new high-style deep-toned towels, scatter rugs, bedspreads, sport shirts, etc., stay fresh and bright. Washing this way



reduces shrinkage, saves wear on fabric and finish, cuts ironing, too.

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Pushbutton cold-water washing is just one of the features that make the new Maytag the most modern and complete automatic washer you can buy. *The Maytag Co., Newton, Iowa.*

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THE LONG-LIFE **MAYTAG** *All-Fabric* AUTOMATIC WASHER

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temporary had become the permanent and I was forced to reckon with the future.

The immediate future meant a return to Princeton. Blind or not, the first step toward any more-distant career would have to be the completion of my college education, and I had never thought of any other college. Indeed, I had already discussed the possibilities with a friend much earlier in the summer. Speaking for his five roommates, he had made me a generous offer. I could room with them, he said, and they could take turns leading me to classes and reading me my assignments. What with my Braille, typing and the Talking Book, I had agreed that there were no insurmountable obstacles. I had agreed, but in the active involvements of Mantoloking the plan had seemed remote. Exiled to the lonely solitude of the farm, it became the only means of escape from an intolerable situation and I found myself compelled to take the initiative.

I began by writing a letter to Princeton, requesting readmittance for the spring term. Trying not to appear willfully optimistic, I outlined a full program for the solution of my problems. The letter itself was proof of my ability to type, and I exaggerated the extent of my progress with Braille and the value of the Talking Book. I touched on the psychological importance of returning before my classmates had graduated, but I did not stress any practical dependence upon them. I could hire self-help students who were taking the same courses to read aloud assignments which they would have to do in any case.

I could not, of course, say the most important things—that I longed to translate into action all the energy of my new-found love of life. I could only hope that what I left unsaid would lend some of its desperate sincerity to the cold logic of my reasoning.

What I believed would speak eloquently of my affirmative attitude was the statement that I planned to acquire a Seeing Eye dog. As far back as June, my mother had written to the Seeing Eye and I had passively acquiesced in filling out a tentative application, but I had no heart for the plan. I recoiled from the possession of a Seeing Eye dog as a permanent badge of handicap, and the printed information my mother read to me sounded singularly unappetizing. I would have to spend several weeks at the training school in Morristown with a group of other blind students. The regimen of the course promised to be extremely ascetic, and the notion that throughout it I would be an object of philanthropy was humiliating. The fact that I was willing to submit myself to such humiliation ought to be the firmest pledge of sincerity to the Princeton authorities.

Having asserted that I would acquire a dog before the spring term opened in February, I immediately wrote to the Seeing Eye to announce that I must have a dog by February in order to return to Princeton. I was playing both ends against the middle, but my conviction in the essential rightness of my course was so strong that I scarcely recognized the hypocrisy of my position.

While I waited for the outcome of these negotiations I studied the hateful little dots in my Braille primer and practiced writing with my slate and stylus. I ordered another Talking Book volume and forced myself to adjust to the new form of reading. I did setting-up exercises and took long walks with my mother to harden myself for the physical strain of the Seeing Eye course. Still the time passed slowly, and when a letter from Princeton promised only a careful consideration of my request, I asked my mother to drive me down for a personal meeting with Dean Gauss.

It was an uneasy interview. Imagining the serene, tolerant, always half-amused lines around his mouth and eyes, I thrust my arguments forward to penetrate the veil of silent space that hung between us. I tried to anticipate every objection, and when he made none I felt as if I had been charging against an enemy who had unexpectedly retired through the mist. He had been conciliatory and sympathetic but gently, firmly noncommittal as to the verdict of the committee which would have to pass on my case.

I decided to pursue the attack on the other front. I telephoned the Seeing Eye and arranged for an appointment the following Monday. The interview with Mrs. Campbell began with much of the same indefinite quality as that with Dean Gauss. She, too, was courtly but reserved. When she called for an instructor to test my co-ordination I followed him eagerly out to the driveway where he led me about in a series of quick turns by a U-shaped leather handle similar to those attached to the dogs' harnesses.

The most I had expected from the visit was an indefinite commitment, so that when we went inside I was taken aback by Mrs. Campbell's announcement that there had been a cancellation in the class to begin the following Sunday. Could I be ready to enroll at that time? I hesitated only long enough to offer my mother a chance to speak, and then I took the plunge. Certainly I could.

As I thought over what I knew about the Seeing Eye through the next six days I felt the chill of misgivings. It was going to be a lonely time. The sense of total isolation I anticipated had been summed up in Mrs. Campbell's answer to the sole question I had asked about the course. Would I be allowed to bring a portable phonograph and some records? Her refusal was polite but firm.

"You'll be too busy with your dog," she said, "to allow time for other distractions, and in any case, your roommates may not be music lovers."

Faced with the prospect of so dreary an environment, I suffered gnawing doubts as to my ability to master the training. Many people, I knew, had failed in the past and been forced to leave the Seeing Eye without dogs. I had pinned all my hopes on the procurement of such a dog. Without it, there would be no returning to Princeton, and without Princeton I could see nothing ahead. In a breath-taking turn of events the Seeing Eye had become the sole bridge to the future. Cross it I must, and I must cross it alone.

About three o'clock the following Sunday afternoon my mother turned the car into the driveway of the Seeing Eye. I was unloading my bags from the back of the station wagon when I heard footsteps on the gravel and a cheerful voice which identified itself as Mr. Northrup, the instructor for my class. We shook hands and I followed him into the big house.

He gave terse, accurate instructions as to steps, halls and doorways, supplemented by slaps of his hand on doorjambs, columns and railings, but whenever my mother offered to guide me he interrupted his chatter to call out, "Let him do it himself, Mrs. Putnam." When he had pounded out the position of my bureau, bed and closet and shown me the lavatory, he ushered us into a place which was called the Recreation Room and left us.

With all my heart I believe that our people have in them the same patriotism, the same nobility of soul to which Washington and Lincoln were able to appeal.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Our paths did not cross again until about half an hour later. My mother had left for New York to catch her train for Fort Riley and I was returning from the front porch where I had waved her off. Crossing the hall, I groped for the stair railing.

"Keep your head up, Mr. Putnam," he called from an upper landing, "and stand up straight."

In reaching for the railing I had allowed my head to creep forward on my neck and my shoulders to round. I stiffened guiltily.

"I'm sorry," I said and immediately blushed at the foolishness of the apology.

"It's all right," he said cheerfully. "It's a frequent mannerism of the new blind, but it's a good thing to catch early." And he bounded up the stairs. My education at the Seeing Eye had begun.

My principal recollection of the hours that followed is one of aimless boredom. We were not to receive our dogs for three days, and the time of waiting seemed unjustifiably long. Twice a day we heard short lectures from Mr. Humphrey, in charge of training, on the general principles of guide-dog technique. Each morning and afternoon Mr. Northrup provided a few minutes of practical application. Dividing the class into shifts of four each, he drove us to Morristown, where he led us about the streets, one at a time, by a U-shaped harness handle like the one I had used the week before.

We used the code name, Juno, in addressing the mythical dog whose part was played by Mr. Northrup, and as we followed him about a simple route issued the commands, "Juno, right," "Juno, forward," or "Juno, left," as the situation demanded. Mr. Humphrey had already explained that we must reward our dogs for every correct action in the performance of their duty. This reward was to be given verbally in the form of "Atta *good* girl!" intoned with all the simulated rapture we could muster. So it was that, as the ebullient Mr. Northrup stopped and started at curbs, turned to right or left, crossed and recrossed streets, I found myself, again and again, praising his unwavering obedience with a phrase which lost none of its absurdity through frequent repetition, "Atta *good* girl, Juno!"

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The lectures were interesting and the walks ere fun, but they consumed no more than vo or three hours every day. The rest of the me was spent in the dreary monotony of aiting. We waited for walks, for lectures and or meals. We waited to get up and waited to o to bed again, and there was nothing to do ut smoke, listen to the radio or talk to the ther students. Many a time in those three lays I thought bitterly of Mrs. Campbell's emark that I would be too busy for the disraction of my phonograph records. But all his was forgotten in the excitement of my rst meeting with Minnie.

As with everything else at the Seeing Eye, his followed a formula worked out through he experience of many years. One at a time, e were taken into the Recreation Room for he ceremony. When my turn came, Mr. Northrup sat me in a chair facing the door nd explained the procedure. He gave me a iece of meat in one hand and a leash in the ther. When Minnie appeared, I was to offer er the meat, and while she was eating it snap he leash on her chain collar. Then with a horus of "Atta *good* girl," I was to lead her o my room, play with her, pat her and make riends. When I had repeated these instructions Mr. Northrup left me alone and hurried off to the kennels to fetch her. The big front loor of the house slammed, and there was silence. I waited.

Minnie, I thought. *What a name!* I had earned it only that morning. I had learned, oo, that she was a German shepherd, faun-colored, spayed, and weighing fifty-nine ounds. I could hear the ticking of my grandather's watch in my pocket and the pounding of my heart inside my rib cage. I fingered the snap on the leash in my right hand and felt the raw hamburger, cool and moist, in the palm of my left. I wished I knew whether I had time to ight a cigarette.

Then the front door slammed again and I forgot everything else. I heard Mr. Northrup's voice, cooing encouragement to the dog that had been his and was to be mine. I heard the sound of her eager whimpering as they approached the top of the stairs, the click of her claws on the linoleum floor as they crossed the hall. And then I heard her come through the door in a rush.

"Here, Minnie," I said, holding out the hamburger. But she was half in my lap, snuffling my clothes, licking my face, and wiggling excitedly all over, a living thing of warmth and fur and breath and movement which burst through the dead statistics of the morning. It seemed a full minute before I was able to give her the meat. I clipped on the leash and, technically at least, she was mine. I rose.

"Minnie, heel!" I commanded. "Atta *good* girl!" Mr. Northrup followed us out of the room and down the hall, telling me to jerk back on the leash to make Minnie, who was straining ahead excitedly, walk quietly beside my knee. At the door of the bedroom he took my elbow.

"Be good to her, Mr. Putnam," he said. "She's a beautiful blond bitch, perfectly suited to a Princeton man."

Unforgettable as was my introduction to Minnie, it faded by comparison with the thrill of our first walk together. The following morning in Morristown, she waited at sit beside me, making quick nervous little gestures in her impatience to be off, but Mr. Northrup was deliberately reviewing the final details. Her leash, looped over to half its length, was to be coiled around the second and third fingers of my left hand, and then all four fingers were to be held in a light grip around the harness handle. That way, he explained, if I lost hold of the handle, I would still have her by the leash.

I grasped the handle with my leashed fingers to demonstrate my understanding, and Minnie got up.

"Put her at sit again," Mr. Northrup said, and when I had done so, reprimanded me sharply. "Reward your dog, Mr. Putnam!"

"Atta *good* girl, Minnie," I cooed.

"All right." Mr. Northrup stepped back. "Whenever you're ready."

I picked up the harness handle and Minnie started off eagerly before I had time to give her the command.

"Atta *good* girl," I repeated hurriedly, following her along the sidewalk. It was an amazing sensation.

From the moment we began, my mind was divided into two parts. The first concentrated on the technical details and mechanics of walking, the proper break in the wrist, the relaxed grip on the harness handle, the co-ordination of my movements with Minnie's. The other part of my mind was devoted to pure sensation. We were moving rapidly along the quiet street. With Mr. Northrup, we had traveled the same route at the same speed of four miles an hour, and yet this was different. It was as if, having learned to post the trot on a mechanical horse in a gymnasium, I was now on a live horse for the first time or as if, having mastered the steps of the waltz to the one, two, three of the dancing instructor, I now found myself waltzing with a real partner. The harness handle was identical to the one Mr. Northrup had used, but now it pulsed with the animal rhythm of Minnie's smoothly rotating shoulders. When she swerved around an oncoming pedestrian, hesitated at the grade of a driveway, or stopped for a curb, her movements had the instinctive grace of nature.

Minnie's arrival did more than put new life into the harness handle. It helped to explain, and therefore mitigate, the asceticism of our whole regimen. Getting up at six in the morning to take them out was not pleasant in itself, but it was certainly a reasonable concession to the dogs. For the first days, we were asked to stay out of the Recreation Room, to simplify their adjustment to their new surroundings, and even to stop smoking, to avoid offending their sensitive nostrils. We fed them personally, curried and brushed them once a day, and did not leave them to themselves for an instant. At night Minnie slept on the floor beside my bed, and during the day she accompanied me everywhere—including the lavatory when I washed and shaved—to spare

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her the pain of even the briefest separation from me.

The wonder, the miracle which grew rather than diminished on reflection, was the fact that such separation could actually cause her pain, but there was no doubting it. From the end of her chain, she watched my every move, crawling back and forth under the bed as I wandered from bureau to closet when dressing, or raised her head quickly if I happened to scrape my chair back in the course of typing a letter. Her capacity for affection seemed boundless, and to me, who had expected the attitude of my guide dog to be one of austere and distant loyalty, Minnie's puppyish ecstasy in play, nipping my hands as I patted her, or laving my face with her tongue when she wanted attention, was another of those gratifying surprises I encountered at every turn.

As the course gradually unfolded through Mr. Humphrey's lectures and Mr. Northrup's comments on our daily walks, the logic and care behind even the most trivial details of our training made a deep impression on my mind. All forms of correction were verbal, falling into three different categories. When our dog appeared to be dawdling, sniffing or generally inattentive, we might employ the words, "Hopp, hopp!" meaning roughly, "Get a wiggle on." It was to be pronounced with a rising inflection in a tone of encouragement. Growling, barking or failure to obey a previous command called for a clear rebuke, "Quit it!" spoken in a guttural, menacing tone. The most serious offenses, such as forgetting to stop for curbs, bumping us into obstacles or deliberate disobedience, were to be met with the severest reprimand, "Pfui!" mouthed with all the venom of which we were capable. So terrible was this imprecation that we were strictly forbidden its use during the first two weeks of the course. If a "Pfui" was in order, Mr. Northrup intervened to administer it. In special instances, such as a dogfight or an emptying inside the house, a leash correction, consisting of a sharp jerk on the leash, was a physical supplement to the purely vocal means of reproof, but it was regarded as a supplement only, a preliminary warning for the purpose of focusing the dog's attention on the awful "Pfui" which was to follow. Corporal punishment was absolutely prohibited.

The importance of moderation and justice in applying these forms of correction was illustrated by one of the anecdotes with which Mr. Humphrey sprinkled his lectures. It centered on a former student who tried to dominate his dog completely, jerking her around on the leash and reproving her with "Pfuis" for the slightest failures. Ultimately, showing a thoroughly human understanding of her rights, the dog walked with her blind master straight into a telephone pole, no mean reprisal in view of the speed with which we walked.

"You can't make these dogs do anything," Mr. Humphrey stated bluntly. "And the reason you can't is because you're blind, and they know it. They do what they do because they want to, and they won't want to unless you say 'Atta *good* girl,' every time they do, and sound as if you mean it every time you say it."

He followed with a story of a quite different sort of student, a man who deeply loved and admired his dog. He had progressed rapidly at the Seeing Eye, but some time after he returned home he began to experience a puzzling difficulty. His dog continued to perform smoothly in the streets, but no sooner had they left for work in the morning than she began to employ every method she knew to confuse his orientation and bring him back to his own front door. It developed that whereas he often got down to play with her on the living-room floor of his home, he had forgotten to express his gratitude for her efforts in the street. As a result, she sought always to return as soon as possible to that spot with which she associated her master's approval. As soon as he was reminded to reward her with the magical "Atta *good* girl," she became a cheerful and willing worker.

But if guide-dog techniques were simple in theory, there were a thousand and one complexities in practical application and my growing confidence was repeatedly shaken during my daily walks with Minnie. Morristown was an ideal testing ground. There was a business district with overhanging awnings, crowds of Christmas shoppers and heavy traffic, as well as a shanty town with yelping mongrels and cracked and broken pavements. There was a park with curving walks and distracting squirrels, as well as residential streets with children on roller skates, baby carriages and express wagons. There were disturbing diagonal crossings, high and low curbs, a long flight of irregularly spaced steps, a railroad station with clattering trains and hurrying travelers, and a construction project which filled the air with the nerve-racking staccato of pneumatic drills. Through all this maze of noise and confusion, I walked with Minnie daily. The formula for reward and correction was simple enough, but it was difficult to tell, when Minnie swerved suddenly to the left, whether she was preparing to chase a neighborhood cat or trying to take me around a parked baby carriage. If I misinterpreted her motives, I might be guilty of either reproving a good deed or rewarding a misdemeanor, both of which contingencies filled me with despair.

That which complicated all the other problems was the necessity of memorizing the route. Contrary to a still popular misconception, it is the master and not the dog who selects the itinerary. The dog is responsible for her master's safety as she guides him through moving traffic and stationary obstacles, but it is up to him to direct her with rights and lefts at curbs and intersections. For this reason he must know exactly where he is at any given moment. To accustom us to this necessity, Mr. Northrup outlined the itinerary of each walk before we started and then followed us, keeping silent as much as possible in order to simulate real conditions.

Accuracy of memory was crucial. Since the number of blocks on one side of the street was frequently not the same as on the other, to confuse "cross, and turn right," with "turn right, and cross" was to court disaster, and

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Everybody Works— Including Mother!



DALE HEALY

Members of our How America Lives family (see page 181) take turns cooking. Gerald's cap was a gift from Kathy (center). Carol and Darlene approve.

Gerald Dennerlein says, "No woman can do a complete job of housekeeping and carry a full-time job too. We all pitch in on the housework."

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor of the Journal

"Where do you find time? How do you get things done?" Rosellen Dennerlein, of Long Beach, California, manages to hold a job because the whole family helps provide the answers. "We have our own system," she says. "A working family really has to decide its own values and it's all a matter of what's important to the people involved." In some ways today's working wife lives by the books her mother and grandmother lived by—in others she turns the rules topsy-turvy to fit her own revolutionized working life.

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE THINGS AND BIG THINGS TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES

"We all know our jobs in the morning. It's a clockwork schedule then, but it's worth it." The alarm rings at 6:10 and for an hour the house hums with activity. Rosellen allows herself ten minutes to cook breakfast, including heating the plates. "Even in California an egg is pretty sad on a cold plate," Gerry says. Darlene, the oldest daughter, makes two beds. Carol, 15, and Kathy, 12, make two more beds, clear the table and wash the dishes, and Kathy feeds Joey, the pet parakeet. Darlene leaves first, and at 7:40 the rest of the family start to their various schools.

After school, the first ones home take on most-immediate jobs. Gerry usually finishes work by 3:30, so he shops and starts dinner. As the girls come home they pick up the house, work at chores, set the table. Dinner is usually on the table at 5:30 except when the whole family votes to go for a swim—"then we'll serve later—it's flexible."

FREE FOR ALL EVENINGS

After-dinner hours are usually left unassigned. "We don't believe in being utter slaves—you need time for doing what you want," Gerry and Rosellen agree. This year one of the things he wants to do is work on his doctorate. About twelve hours a week he and Rosellen together research and type, write letters, tabulate questionnaires and make graphs toward his degree. "If we get everything else done earlier in the day, we don't have to fight our consciences in the evening. That's where we reap the benefit of the busy schedule we have in the morning and afternoon."

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES FAMILY AFFECTIONS FROM COMING APART

Often in the evening Rosellen picks up her sewing. "It's a way of unwinding and I enjoy being domestic. While I'm holding a job I can't do all the dressmaking I'd like to, but the loose buttons or the hem that needs mending gets done while Gerry reads aloud and the family never feels neglected that way. I still feel my job is temporary and once the girls are through school I'll stop—let's see, that will be nine years more! But in the meantime we have all the satisfaction of giving them good music, dancing lessons and a college education." She rolls up a pair of Gerry's mended socks. "If I had all the rest of the housework to do, too, I'd never have time to make my family feel cared for with little attentions—and sometimes they're the most important."

PUT OFF TILL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO BETTER THEN

"There are small things we have to do every day—dishes, meals, bedmaking and general orderliness. We learned by experience that if you fall behind in the daily chores you never

each succeeding turn and crossing, even though correctly remembered, would take us farther off our course.

I know nothing in my experience of blindness more trying than the sense of being lost. The sudden thrill of panic which gripped me on the realization that I did not know where I was recalled those nightmare moments of my childhood when, losing sight of my family in a European city, I felt myself deserted and alone in the midst of crowds whose language I could neither speak nor understand. I broke into a cold sweat and my nervousness seemed somehow to impart itself to Minnie. When she stopped suddenly at a curb, my foot slipped over the edge, and my "Atta *good* girl" sounded perfunctory. She stirred restlessly as I tried to decide our next move.

"Waiting for a streetcar, Mr. Putnam?" Mr. Northrup spoke in my ear. "I'm getting hungry. Let's get back to lunch. Cross and turn left to the station wagon."

My tension vanished in laughter at his good-natured way of setting me straight, but when afternoon came I had to face the same bewildering variety of problems all over again.

With time and practice, my memorization of the routes and my physical co-ordination with Minnie improved. The most valuable lesson a Seeing Eye dog owner can learn is also the simplest. He must understand that he is blind and that his dog can see. This adds up to a human limitation and a canine potentiality. On the other hand, the owner has the power of reason, while the dog has a set of powerfully irrational instincts, and this adds up to a human potentiality and a canine limitation. Both have the power to love which alone can make possible the patience, the concentration and the self-discipline to weld the two—the man animal and the dog animal—into a working team. Through love they learn to recognize and to forgive both their own and each other's limitations and to realize their joint potentialities.

The growth of my new understanding and respect for my own limitations expressed itself in a new understanding and respect for my classmates. Despite all the differences in our backgrounds and temperaments, we got along famously together. We felt the same pride and affection for our dogs, experienced the same difficulties, and possessed the same determination to succeed. The nervous energy generated to meet the strain of the course had to have a release, and, because the Seeing Eye had made us optimists, we found that release in laughter. Some of the things we laughed at were funny, and some were not, but we laughed at them together, and our individual differences melted away as though they had never existed.

Beneath the constraint of the student-teacher relationship, I was developing a similar affection for the various members of the staff. There were Miss Hutchinson, who read me my mail; Morris Frank, the owner of the first Seeing Eye dog; Mr. Debataz, a French Swiss, who was cochief of the staff of instructors; and Mr. Ebeling, the German-born executive vice-president of the school. At lunch when they distributed themselves among the students in the dining room their conversation moved easily over a variety of topics, and it was clear that the range of their interests extended far beyond their professional duties at the Seeing Eye.

But it was Mr. Northrup with whom I had the most to do and, consequently, it was he who came to symbolize for me the versatile and well-rounded personality of the staff as a whole. Daily he walked some fifteen miles with responsibility for the safety and mental well-being of eight dogs and masters, and at night he slept at the school on constant call. Yet, despite the demands of his duties, he was finding the time and energy to read Nietzsche's Thus Spake Zarathustra, which he discussed with me at dinner. I especially recall a Saturday afternoon on which he advanced the entire schedule by half an hour, in order to listen to the broadcast of the last act of Die Walküre. Because, as Mrs. Campbell had predicted, my classmates were not music lovers, or at least not Wagner lovers, he invited me into his room to share his radio. Afterward I found myself making quite a confession of my personal history and hopes for the future. In the midst of it, he let fall a comment I have never forgotten.

"You're making a fine adjustment," he said, "and we all admire and respect you for it."

To hear these words from one whom I so admired and respected was immensely flattering, but, more than that, they struck me as a first possible guaranty of my success. I had come to the Seeing Eye regarding the acquisition of a dog only as a means to an end, an impersonal tool to my private ambitions. In my fear of failure, I had sought to repress every instinct, every appetite, every tie with the past which could not reinforce me in a grim test of strength.

To my growing surprise, I had found the loving devotion of Minnie, the intellectual appeal of the course, the camaraderie of my classmates and the entire character of my experience so appealing that they had enlisted the whole of myself in the preoccupation of each moment. I had been at the school only thirteen days, but these had been thirteen days lived entirely in the present. Now for the first time, I had a reassuring glimpse of ultimate success, and I began to think, in concrete terms, of life beyond the Seeing Eye. That night I had a telephone call from a classmate, Cliffy Jones. The following Sunday was to be the first upon which we were permitted to have visitors. He said that he and some of the other boys were planning to drive over in the afternoon. I looked forward eagerly to our meeting, and fell asleep happily, quite unaware of what the morrow would bring.

The morrow brought Pearl Harbor. I had no understanding of the news. My mind oscillated between the most trivial implications of the conflict and dreamlike flights of fancy. I thought of my father—would he be made a general?—and of the German relatives he might be called upon to fight, of the screaming headlines, WAR, in huge block letters on the newsstands, of war movies I had seen or war

catch up. Medium-sized jobs that take bigger chunks of time we save for weekends. That's when we clean the house, wash clothes, and shop and cook ahead. But all the big things—painting and remodeling and reupholstering, for instance—we save for vacation time. Long vacations—the teacher's luxury—help us out here. If we tried to do oversize jobs in our free hours during the week, the house would always look torn up and we'd always face half-done work staring at us. I can't think of anything worse for a family's morale."

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP INTO THE MACHINERY

"If you had all day at home, so a serviceman could come, it might not matter if something broke. But as far as I'm concerned, I work carefully now and read the directions first—not after a breakdown. Doing that, you don't have to call the serviceman so often." Both Rosellen and Gerry agree that without their household equipment and machinery it would be impossible to get the domestic work done in the time left over from their jobs. Their gas range, electric refrigerator and semi-automatic washer were bought in 1950, the year they bought the house. An upright vacuum cleaner has given excellent service for eleven years and an electric roaster, used for patio meals, was bought secondhand in 1948. Christmas gifts to the house included an automatic coffee maker in 1948, a portable beater in 1954 and a toaster in 1955. Two years ago they bought a steam-dry iron; next on their list is another laundry aid: a dryer.

DON'T OVERLOOK THE TREES FOR THE FOREST, EITHER

"Sometimes a job looks so big if you think of it all at once you want to throw up your hands and give up." So Rosellen never lists a week's work—too lengthy. "What I do to pace myself is set little milestones along the way. For instance, I decide I'll do the ironing Tuesday night, or by noon Saturday I'll do the washing, or whatever's on my mind. It's encouraging to think of one thing at a time." A change of pace is another part of the Dennerlein system when a job looms too big. If inside work gets tedious, she goes out to garden for a while (carnations, begonias, fuchsias and orchids show her care), comes back refreshed to the sit-down job indoors.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT— THE WHOLE TRIO'S INCLINED

"Our three daughters grew up learning to help out." That's basic in a working mother's household. "Housekeeping is never exactly fun, but we always arranged it as pleasantly as we could. When the girls were little we used to sit on the floor and powwow on who'd do what. Later we had a duty wheel, a circle with jobs around the rim, and when we spun it each girl's name would come opposite some chores. Now we put the main weekend jobs (laundry, scrubbing the kitchen and bathroom floor, vacuuming, and so on) on slips of paper and drop them in a hat. After they draw, the girls can trade if some jobs fit some schedules. But the shares come out even."

LATER TO BED OFTEN MEANS AN EXTRA TEN MINUTES' SLEEP IN THE MORNING

"Setting the breakfast table the night before actually does save us time because we're more alert when we do it. It takes five minutes to set out plates and silver and napkins and toaster and put the frying pan on the range—in the morning, with everyone half awake in the kitchen, it would be extra confusion and take longer. We don't do this setting-up job until everybody is ready to turn in because the table shows from the living room. Then when we wake up it's simply a matter of cooking the food, and it starts the day with an organized feeling."

A PENNY SPENT IS TIME EARNED

"The working wife has a different idea of economy, I think," Rosellen reflects. "It isn't always saving a few cents that counts, but smoothing your family life. For example, we could buy fresh vegetables at less cost than frozen ones, but by the time you shell peas, juice oranges or wash all that sand out of the spinach—Gerry's favorite vegetable—you're edging your way to a late dinner and a good case of irritability. I could can and preserve, too, but again it's a case of time—or giving up a walk or a swim or a picnic. So we're heavy users of frozen and canned foods, and packaged mixes and instant puddings."

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES CAN SAVE ON WORK

"Give me a washable surface every time," Rosellen says. "Show me anything that cleans with a sponge and I'll take it." In the Dennerlein house plastic upholstery on the dining chairs just gets wiped clean, and plastic place mats save all the work of ironing linens. When time comes to remodel there will be washable paints and wall fabrics used. Rosellen has fallen in love with wallpaper patterns she wouldn't buy. "A wife with a job just doesn't have time for the spring house cleaning her mother used to do." No-iron fabrics are slowly replacing curtains and draperies that wear out too. The house's curtains now all open flat for ironing, and the ruffled ones in the living room just need a touch-up around the edges with a steam iron.

IF IT'S WORTH DOING— THERE'S A SHORT CUT



"None of our timesavers are big or revolutionary in themselves," she sums up, "but when you add them up during a week or over a month they make a difference, so we make them a habit." All these are Dennerlein habits.

- Dishes are washed in detergent and drained dry. A two-way saving here—it cuts down dish-towel laundering.
- Paper towels and paper napkins help save on laundry too.
- Sheets and pillowcases aren't ironed but folded smooth right from the line—"You need hanging space for this so they'll *dry* smooth."
- A kitchen blackboard is used by all five to list items that are used up and need replacing—it saves one person from making a weekly inventory and missing obscure back-of-the-shelf needs.
- Cleaning gear is all kept in one closet so no time is wasted collecting things. "When you take turns at jobs, the work's half done if everyone knows where to find equipment. (And it cuts down excuses!)"
- Aluminum foil always gets fitted in the bottom of the oven and in the drip tray—it's easier to replace it than to clean the range.
- Everything gets put away. Gerry says, "After all, why toss a coat on a chair when you come in and come back to hang it up later? It's less work to hang it up in the first place"—a handy maxim most families would support and the working family learns because it has to.

books I had read, and of my friends at Princeton. Perhaps my first sense of real pain was the realization that they would not now be coming over, and, as the afternoon wore on, I pictured them envyingly, yearning to be with them.

By contrast the Seeing Eye seemed dull and lifeless. It was not a world unto itself but a retreat from the world. Even Minnie, nipping my hands as I patted her and wagging her tail enthusiastically, had no understanding of the staccato of Walter Winchell's voice as it came over the radio. I tried to call my parents in Fort Riley, but the telephone circuits were jammed. It was all useless. The sense of isolation I had so dreaded had come to pass. When I went to bed that night I was hopelessly alone.

In the morning the sameness of the routine had a soothing effect and, sitting with Mr. Ebeling, I was able to think about the war more calmly. How, I asked, would it affect the Seeing Eye?

"It is difficult to see into the future," he said reflectively, "but for the present our instructors are receiving deferments, and I think we shall go on pretty much as usual."

It was the simplest possible statement, but it held a confidence and sense of continuity with which I re-explored my thinking. In my subjective preoccupations I had ignored the march of world events. Here was a war. Neither the Seeing Eye nor I could participate directly in this one, but afterward we would have our work to do. For the Seeing Eye, there would be blinded veterans, needing guide dogs. For me, there would be other young men, requiring a different sort of education. I wanted to teach and I wanted to write, and whatever the subject matter of my writing and teaching, my experience here would inevitably form an important part of its content. The road to the future was a long one and filled with uncertainty, but I should be traveling it with Minnie, and uncertainty was just that which we had been learning to accept.

With the exception of my brother-in-law, who remained in California awaiting orders overseas, we were all back at the farm over the holidays. The day before Christmas, we drove down to my grandfather's, where nearly twenty members of the clan gathered to celebrate. Under the pressure of the war there was a peculiar poignancy in our traditional festivities, but I felt an additional sense of novelty as I introduced Minnie, described the training at the Seeing Eye and told of my experiences with the air of a long-absent son who, having run away to sea, returns to his own fireside to regale the stay-at-homes with tales of distant lands and strange adventures. I was aglow with the pride of an experience distinctly my own, and in the joy of home-coming I had to share it with others.

Yet less than twenty-four hours after our return to Litchfield I had embarked upon another adventure.

At about quarter to eleven in the morning I set off with Minnie for our daily walk. We had crossed the bridge and were about a hundred yards beyond it when a car drew up and stopped.

"Hi, Pete." It was a girl I had known that summer. "I've brought along an old friend to meet you. Peter Putnam, this is Durinda Dobbins. Durinda Dobbins, Peter Putnam."

"Hi, Peter Putnam."

"Hi, Durinda Dobbins."

We all laughed, a little embarrassed, perhaps, by the self-consciousness of youth.

"Are we interrupting your walk?"

"Not at all." I said. "But why don't we all take a walk? It's a wonderful day for it."

We did all take a walk, a long walk, three and one half miles, and it was a wonderful day for it. A bright winter sun had nearly thawed the recent snow, and the wind, which was brisk in gusts, had a quality of spring softness. But the springlike quality of the day had nothing to do with the fact that, before we had gone halfway, I was thoroughly smitten with Durinda Dobbins. What makes anyone fall in love? I liked her honest, energetic stride, which did not lag behind Minerva's rapid pace. I liked her laugh, the gusto of her conversation. I liked the sound of her low, husky voice which carried clearly through the fitful bluster of the winter wind.

We talked while striding along the muddy miles; and later, drinking beer before the fire, I formed a vivid impression of the girl with the husky voice and the infectious laugh.

She was a sophomore at Smith in the same class with three girls I had known at Mantoloking. She loved the Jersey shore where she had spent summers when her family owned a house in Bay Head. She had been to Princeton once, but I did not recognize the name of the boy who had invited her.

But my growing sense of kinship with Durinda Dobbins went far beyond our common acquaintance with persons or places. Here, I somehow knew, without knowing why, was a girl who loved life honestly, directly, and for no reason at all, as I had come to love it.

When she had gone, I fed Minnie and took her out to the driveway. Mechanically I followed her around on the leash as she sniffed at the ground, but my thoughts were all of Durinda. I wished I could see how she looked. *That's a girl I think I could marry!* I thought.

It is difficult to convey the stunning impact of this idea. During the high-school and college years I had felt spasms of infatuation for half a dozen girls. Around each of them I had constructed a dream world of sensuous, idyllic and romantic fantasies, but even in the wildest soarings of my imagination I had been conscious that they were fantasies only, and never was able to entertain even the most fugitive illusion of marriage. It was not that the objects of my infatuation were inconceivable as wives, but that I was inconceivable as a husband. Having no vision of the future, I could not imagine sharing it with anyone. The conclusion that I was incapable of love had been central to my total disenchantment with life. Now all that was changed. In the space of two hours I had discovered a girl I felt sure I could love.

Even if Durinda was not The Girl, the fact that there could be A Girl, any girl, was reason enough to marvel. The more I thought about it, the more I was convinced that, had I met this same girl a year before, there would have been no such response. Love meant giving of yourself and you could not give yourself as a spiritual virgin because you had no real self to give. What had happened was fantastic, yet it was grounded in the unshakable reality of my experience of self-discovery.

And suppose that Durinda was The Girl—what a fairy tale it was! What a labyrinth I had followed to this appointed meeting at a particular time and place. I had been born in Georgia in 1920, and for twenty-one years I had traveled around the United States and Europe. Our paths might never have crossed, or might have crossed before. We could have met in Bay Head in 1928, in Princeton in 1939, or in any one of a dozen other places. Indeed, perhaps we had met, but God or fate or destiny had somehow reserved the moment of recognition for the morning of December 27, 1941, on a muddy road in Litchfield.

On our third and last meeting before she went back to Smith, she came over for an afternoon walk. My parents tried to keep her for supper, too, but her family had planned a farewell dinner in Woodbury. She left with the promise that, if she could get away without hurting their feelings, she would come back. My heart sank, but two hours later she burst through the door, laughing and pointing out what "a truly remarkable girl" she was to have bathed, changed, eaten and driven over thirty miles on snow-covered roads in so short a time. I agreed enthusiastically, and throughout the remainder of a ridiculous and wonderful evening my admiration grew. We drove to a bowling alley in Torrington, where I threw a nearly unbroken succession of gutter balls, and afterward to two or three different taverns where we drank beer, danced to the jukeboxes and talked incessantly. The directness of her approach to whatever we did gave her true style, and her irresistible charm was that she had so much fun. Her honesty made it impossible not to be completely honest with her, and when we discussed my blindness I found it natural to tell her of the suicide attempt. She



was surprised, interested and sympathetic, but neither shocked nor morbidly curious. She seemed to recognize that I had mentioned it simply to clear the ground of any misunderstanding.

When we got back to the farm my family had gone to bed, and we sat on the floor before the fire listening to my Jerome Kern records. We were silent for the most part, but I felt very close to her, and when at last she rose to go, and we stood hesitating on the front steps, I summoned the courage to attempt a good-night kiss. Almost reluctantly, in the fear of appearing awkward, I reached out my arms to her and, laughing, she bent forward to my rescue, honestly, simply, the way she did everything else.

A minute later she was gone, and I was standing with Minnie on the hard-packed snow of the driveway, listening to the sound of the car, whining into second gear, as its wheels spun and caught on the frozen ruts of the hill and imagining the truly remarkable girl, leaning forward, straight-backed at the wheel, smiling at the challenge of the slippery road.

I could never have reconstructed the events of the next few days without the material evidence of a letter to Durinda. Even after reading and rereading it, I cannot fit together all the pieces of the puzzle, but I do remember the circumstance in which I composed it, sitting alone in the living room with the typewriter before me on the coffee table. My sister was giving the children their supper in the kitchen. The rest of the house was deserted. My mother was driving my brother back to school and my father had gone to Princeton. I had just completed a seven-mile walk with Minnie, who now lay dozing at my feet. It had been bitter cold outside, and I had lit the living-room fire, placed the love duet from Tristan on the phonograph, and poured myself a glass of brandy. Yet despite the reassuring warmth of the fire and the music and the brandy, I was shivering with inner dread.

Through most of the letter I concealed it beneath a stream of trivial banter, but toward the end it showed above the surface flippancy. "I was going to Princeton today to get reentered," I wrote, "but evidently my father wanted to say something to the little men in dear old Nassau Hall that was not for my unsullied ears, so here I am, with egg on my face, waiting to see what the results will be."

Even now, reading these seemingly lighthearted lines is enough to plunge me deep into the mood of panic and frustration I then felt. I can recall nothing of the electrifying letter from the Princeton authorities, which had requested a personal interview with my father, except that it threw serious doubts on the possibility of my immediate return to Princeton, and it was, I think, because this augured the deadliest peril to my whole future that I can remember so little else. The promise of the year just beginning consisted in its challenge, and the challenge could not be met, nor the promise fulfilled, except at Princeton.

Honor means that you are too proud to do wrong; pride means that you will not own you have done wrong.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN
Victoria Regina
Charles Scribner's Sons.

To begin with, there was Minnie. When I left the Seeing Eye, Mr. Ebeling had warned me that my adjustment to Minnie could not be considered firmly established for at least six months. For that period we would be on a sort of probation, and Litchfield was an inadequate proving ground. For miles around the farm, the roads had no sidewalks, curbs or well-defined intersections to act as landmarks and on our very first walk together we had been lost for nearly two hours. I could take practice walks in Litchfield or Torrington, but I had to be driven there, and although this might be acceptable for a few days it would be intolerable over a long period. To make a success of Minnie I needed the familiar terrain of the campus, the familiar routine of college life and, above all, a purpose toward which we could work together.

And then there was Durinda. For a short time, it had been rather amusing to find the usual role of boy meets girl reversed, to have her take me out, to drive me home again, but this could not go on forever. Granted the independence of college, I could invite her for a weekend, meet her at the train, take her to games and dances. In Litchfield I would be helpless. There would be nothing to do with Minnie, nothing to do with Durinda, nothing to do with myself.

From this distance, it is possible to reason differently. There are no conditions too difficult for a Seeing Eye dog, and Minnie and I could have learned to work in Litchfield. I might have visited Durinda in Northampton or met her in New York. Finally, forced back into myself on the farm, I might have begun the writing that was one goal of my ambition. But I had been too long in the process of building another sort of vision of the future. That future led through Princeton, and to deny it was unthinkable.

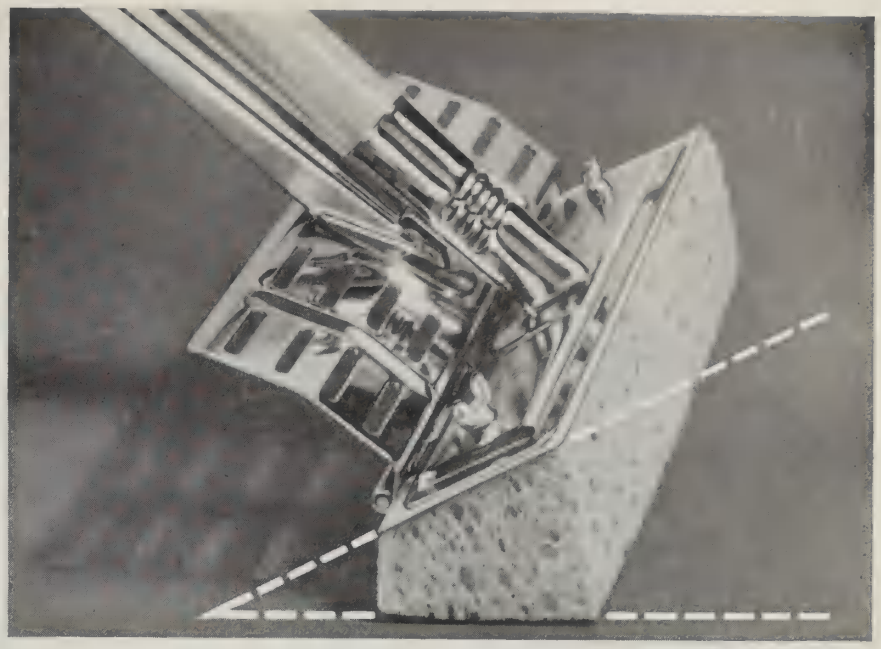
My reaction was to deny the denial. I was already doing so in my closing lines to Durinda. "Write me at Princeton sometime," I concluded, "and tell me whether my Mantoloking sweethearts still pine for me." For all their surface unconcern, the words expressed a passionate intensity of defiance. By the time my father had returned to report on his interview my denial was so complete that I cannot recall a word he said. I did not hear his words because I would not hear of them. I ignored the clear fact that the Princeton authorities had never committed themselves to my readmittance; I had already determined that my only recourse was to return to Princeton and to override every objection by direct frontal assault.

The meeting with Dean Gauss is clearly etched on my memory. I was sitting in the same office in which we had faced each other two months before. The dean sat behind his desk, speaking in the same measured tones, and I pictured the same thoughtful lines on the well-remembered face, half silhouetted against the north light of the window at his back, but at the moment the voice of Dean Gauss was the voice of doom. He was saying that he and his colleagues had taken my application for readmittance under serious advisement. It was their considered opinion that my return to Princeton at this time would be premature. Doctor York, the chief of the infirmary, was particularly concerned lest I should undertake a program too ambitious for my physical and psychological well-being, and they all agreed that it would be best for me to spend some months in a school for the blind, where I might be taught helpful techniques for study and general rehabilitation. After that, if I wished, I might renew my application for readmittance to college.

I ought to have been far better prepared to hear these words than I had been for Doctor Dunnington's verdict, but my rejection of them was violent. Doctor Dunnington's diagnosis had been a shock, but it had been a simple statement of a scientific fact over which neither of us had any control. This had all the impact of an arbitrary judgment—a judgment which ignored the real facts. I was the only fact that counted, and I was not going to blind school. I was going to return to Princeton. Indeed, I had returned. I had already moved my furniture into 231 Walker Hall, had already slept one night there in my own bed, had already arranged for the delivery there of Minnie's daily ration of meat. These were the facts, and each of them denied the slightest possibility of truth in what Dean Gauss was saying.

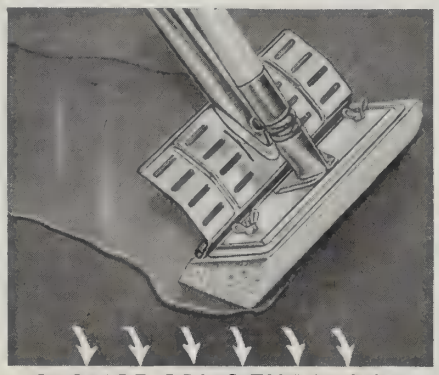
Fortunately, I brought more than indignation to my argument, and fortunately, too, my indignation was not directed personally at anyone. I went over the reasoning of our previous interview, from rooming arrangements to methods of study, but this was only a preface. It was Minnie who was my trump card. For the next six months, it was absolutely essential that Minnie and I should live and work in familiar surroundings that only

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165



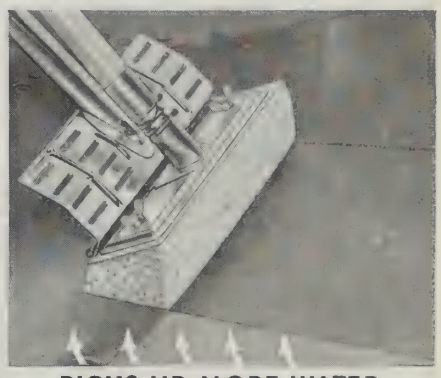
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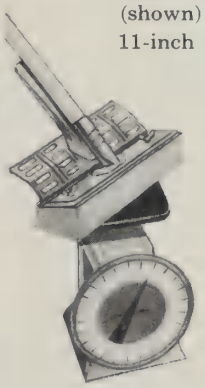


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***Never before such protection!**

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For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163

Princeton could offer. Perhaps there was something even more important. Looking back, I think it was the contagion of my personal conviction of rightness that loomed up larger than any logic into the keen vision of Dean Gauss.

"Peter," he said when I had finished, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. If you can persuade Doctor York of the validity of your argument, I shall recommend to the committee that you be allowed to return to Princeton for the spring term on the un-der-stand-ing"—he separated each syllable for emphasis—"that it be on a tri-al ba-sis on a strict-ly reduced ac-a-dem-ic sched-ule."

I lost no time in making my way to the office of Doctor York. There, trembling inwardly, I repeated my conversation with Dean Gauss. When I emerged into the January sunlight, weak-kneed but exultant, it was with the assurance that I should receive formal acceptance of my application for readmittance at the next meeting of the committee.

Because classes were not to begin for two weeks, I had time to orient myself to my new surroundings. The suite I was to share with six roommates was comprised of four bedrooms and two living rooms on the third floor of Walker Hall. Minnie and I were to have a bedroom to ourselves, just to the right of the staircase which wound up from the ground floor and directly opposite the lavatory. I arranged my furniture in geometric patterns, the bureau next to the closet and across from the bed, the Talking Book machine on the floor beside the easy chair, the desk before the windows. I hung my clothes in the closet, and even my ties on a rack, in a certain order, which I was careful never to disarrange. It soon became relatively easy to find things within this neat and simple order. It was far more difficult to orient myself in the living rooms on the opposite side of the stair well, for these were cluttered with the souvenirs and furniture that seven different owners had been collecting for four years. I had to thread my way cautiously through the chairs and sofas, rickety standing lamps, and end tables piled high with bric-a-brac.

At the same time I was working hard with Minnie. In addition to the half-mile walks to the Cottage Club for meals, I took her for daily practice outings in order to renew my acquaintance with the campus. We had our difficulties, but it was infinitely preferable to Litchfield, and at the end of a week I felt sure that we would be able to find our way to classes. Minnie, who had eaten poorly and shown signs of general nervousness during the first days, developed a ravenous appetite and slept contentedly through the night on the chain at the end of my bed.

I had signed up for the two courses to which my reduced schedule restricted me and hired three student readers, when I received a letter from Durinda at Smith. It could not have arrived at a more opportune moment. I wired her that afternoon an invitation for the coming weekend. It was the last before the opening of classes and I was in a mood to celebrate.

Late Saturday afternoon I met Durinda at the station, and we began the ritual pattern of a winter weekend at Princeton: a party in the room, dinner at the Nass, a hockey game at the rink, and beer, singing and a sandwich afterward. We talked with an animation that derived from unwrapping personal enthusiasms for each other to admire. Whether these enthusiasms were already shared or private, they drew us together. She promised that she would read F. Scott Fitzgerald and I warmed to her insistence that she could teach me to ski. Her attitude toward my blindness was refreshing. She accepted it as a perfectly natural and interesting problem.

"I'm going to teach you good manners," she laughed, as we sat on the sofa in the room. "I've got a cigarette in my mouth. See if you can light it by the sound of my voice." I tried it. "A little higher. Hold it. Good."

Sunday afternoon, one of the girls who had a car offered us a ride to New York, and, unwilling to have our weekend over so soon, we accepted. As we sat alone together in the Biltmore cocktail lounge, talking above the tinkling laughter, the deeper surf noise of the conversation, the strains of the string ensemble and the occasional ominous rumble of the trains in the station below, I sought to postpone the moment when one of those trains should carry her off to Northampton. I suggested dinner and a later train. Durinda demurred for a few minutes, then laughed.

"We're being very bad, you know," she said. "Have you got some change? I have to call my housemother."

A half hour later, after a taxi ride and an outing in Washington Square for Minerva, we were sitting in the Café Lafayette with the golden hours still before us and the excitement still growing. The Lafayette had been my grandfather's favorite restaurant, and he had taken me there as far back as I could remember. Everything went perfectly. Nicki, the headwaiter, recognized me, called me "Monsieur Pete," and was delighted to bring Minnie a pound of hamburger and a bowl of water. I chose my grandfather's favorite meal—Moules Marinières, Filet of Sole, Vin Blanc and Broccoli Hollandaise—and ordered a bottle of Café Monopole, 1934, for all the world as if I really knew something about wine.



"All I can say is men are bigger fools than I thought."



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Over coffee it finally, inevitably, slipped out. Feeling it coming, knowing that I could not stop it, I tried to measure my words carefully.

"It's a crazy thing to say," I said slowly, "and I know I haven't any right to say it, but I'm pretty sure I'm in love with you, and I think, maybe, someday, we ought to get married."

The sound of the words, the reckless, clumsy words, spoken so slowly and deliberately, wrung my conscience.

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "I shouldn't have said that, and I don't think we should talk about it. I just had to tell you what I was thinking. It's such a nice thing to think about."

Durinda squeezed my hand. "It is a nice thing to think about," she said.

That was all. We did not refer to it again that evening, but the memory of the words hung there enveloping us in a magical intimacy that did not require further articulation to live and grow.

Alone, on the train back to Princeton, I had plenty of time to think. The train was the 12:40, jolting to a stop every few minutes with the regularity of a trolley. The car was terribly overheated and a good half of its occupants were recent draftees, on weekend passes, returning to Fort Dix. I hunched close to the window with one foot perched on the radiator and the other spread wide to protect Minnie, who lay curled up on the littered floor.

My life had passed into a new phase. I no longer thought or reasoned about what it might be possible to do. I acted, spontaneously, almost without thinking, on what it was impossible not to do. The authority for such action was a personal experience that had imbued with flint-and-steel reality the airy fantasy of a fairy tale. My life was the fairy tale and I was driven on without conscious volition, from one miraculous adventure to another. In nine months there had been three of them and each had forced me on by its own logic.

Having fallen underneath the enchantment of Durinda, I could no more withhold declaration of my love than could the prince restrain the impulse to stoop and kiss the Sleeping Beauty. Step by step I felt I was following the path of an inevitable destiny.

"Princeton Junction! Princeton Junction!" sounded the chant of the tired conductor from a different level of reality.

I rose, stiff-legged, bracing myself in the aisle, while Minnie shook her harness gratefully and wagged her tail. The whine of the air brakes sounded above the rattle of the swaying car and we shivered to a stop. I picked up Minnie's harness and gave her the command of forward.

"Atta *good* girl!" I said.

The notion that I was living in a fairy tale may seem hopelessly romantic, but fairy tales are only the poetic embodiments of underlying psychological realities. They are neither true nor false in themselves and the truths we read into them are integrally connected with the realities of our personal experience. The truth about Cinderella is that she won the love of the prince not by fairy godmothers, pumpkins or glass slippers, but through a loving and self-sacrificing heart, and only the same character could maintain her "happily" ever after. Should she, in her delight at her good fortune, shut herself up in her palace boudoir reading French novels and eating sweetmeats, we know that the time is not far off when her plump little feet will be unable to squeeze into the crystal slippers and the prince will inevitably spend more and more time in hunting, jousting and business trips. Happy endings have to be won anew each day.

This was the challenge that faced me now and had been facing me right along. The inspiring devotion of Minnie was contingent upon a thousand irksome duties of care and feeding, currying and brushing and the closest attention to the many details of our working lives.

The winning of Durinda depended upon the tedious and patient construction of a future which might someday be large enough to embrace us both.

The conviction that my period of probation was something far wider and deeper than anything Dean Gauss or Mr. Ebeling had implied lent an extraordinary emotional intensity to the most prosaic episodes of my daily routine, and the very feverishness of my ambition seemed to make it inevitable that it should, from time to time, burn itself out, to be succeeded by a chill of panic at the prospect of failure.

The most irritating manifestation of this phenomenon was in the havoc it wrought on my sleeping habits. Having climbed into bed, thoroughly worn out by the efforts of the day, I would come awake with electric suddenness. Sleep would not return and finally, deciding that there was more peace in action than in enforced inaction, I arose, pulled on a coat and trousers over my pajamas and settled myself at my desk.

Sometimes I made lists of errands for the following day, punching them out on my Braille slate—razor blades to be bought, a suit to be cleaned, a dentist appointment to be arranged. As I wrote I planned the itinerary for Minnie and myself. The back way into the student tailor shop was closer, but unless a delivery truck was idling in the driveway to give the direction of the turn, it would be easier to find the flagstone walk of the front entrance. The dentist's phone number was 796. To have it written down eased the pressure on my memory. Afterward I might write for a new Talking Book or pull out my Braille notes of the previous day's lecture. I began to feel drowsy at last and to notice the chill in the silent room, but I finished the page before crawling back into bed. The inner fire was out, I was soon asleep.

Nothing will ruin the country if the people will undertake its safety; and nothing can save it if they leave that safety in any hands but their own.

DANIEL WEBSTER

The alarm clock awakened me at half past six. I was tired after my night prowlings, but as I washed and shaved my energy revived. There was a spot on my right cheekbone which I often missed. Durinda had remarked on it, and scraping at it now made me happy in the thought of her. Back in my room, I dressed slowly while I listened to the Talking Book. I was reading some short stories of Chekhov which I liked but was not sure I understood, and so I read them all twice.

I had carefully avoided arousing Minerva until I was ready to take her out. Now, as I unhooked her from her chain with several pats and "Atta *good* girl," she licked my face and dived into the harness I held in front of her. Then, wagging her tail eagerly, she led me down the stairs and out to the stretch of lawn where I took her four times a day.

At first, I had considered these outings only a necessary nuisance, but they soon became pleasant interims of solitary meditation. During these morning outings as the cool air dissipated the last shreds of sleep, I was apt to be thinking about the piano.

The piano occupied an important niche in my life that spring. For years I had had a longing to play, but it was not until after blindness that I found the determination to attempt lessons. Even before the term began I had gone to see John Dielhenn, a recent Princeton graduate, who taught many of the students. When I asked rather hesitantly whether he would be willing to accept me as a pupil, his response was unexpectedly enthusiastic. There were dozens of fine blind pianists, he said. He had enjoyed teaching one some years before and he would welcome the challenge of working with me.

But John Dielhenn had more than enthusiasm to offer. In the course of a few lessons, he unfolded to me what he called the psychology of the piano. Actually, it was the psychology of all learning and was based on the distinction of the subconscious from the conscious mind. The subconscious had a nearly infinite capacity. It never tired, never forgot anything, and could co-ordinate a dozen different actions simultaneously without confusion. The conscious, on the other hand, tired quickly, re-

embered with difficulty, and could focus on ily one thing at a time. The importance of the latively inferior conscious mind was that it as the sole means for transmitting any action the control of the subconscious. The conious mind was the recording head; the subnscious, the wax impression upon which it corded. Only perfect recording with the nscious could insure perfect reproduction. false note cut into the groove of the wax imession would play back as a false note. For is reason, the careless pianist, like the careless ath student, was apt to make the same miske over and over again.

The psychology of the piano dictated that ch piece to be played must first be broken to its component parts—melody, harmony, ngering, rhythm, the left hand, the right nd, and so on—to introduce them into the bconscious one at a time, slowly and carelly, before trying to put them all together. hn demonstrated the efficacy of this ethod a few weeks after we had begun. For ore than twenty minutes I sat before the ano without touching it, while he forced me analyze aloud every aspect of *Ach, du lieber ugustin.* Only when I had thought it all rough to his satisfaction did he permit me to lay it. My performance was slow and awkard, but I did not strike a single false note. I ad made a perfect recording. I had literally ought the entire thing into my mind.

This suggested electrifying possibilities, ot only for the piano but as a whole way of fe. I must learn to use my conscious mind to nalyze each problem as it arose, each shave, ch walk with Minnie, each book I read, a inute, an hour, a day at a time. It made me lerant of my painstaking progress as my finers groped across the keys and it made me lerant, too, of my other gropings in the long nd tedious process that lay ahead.

When Minnie had done sniffing her way cross the dewy grass I put on her harness and arted for the Dielhenn Music Studios. At rns or steps I concentrated on wheeling harply or stopping cleanly. Minnie tended to ut corners diagonally and to stop too far om curbs or steps for me to feel their outne with my extended right foot. These were inor failings, but I wanted no careless reording on our mutual subconscious. Despite y familiarity with the campus, there were roblems of orientation as well. At one diagnal crossing over a gravel parking area a light deviation might cause me to miss the agstone walk on the opposite side. When a ng straightaway freed me from other preccupations, I practiced facial vision. The tillness of early morning was ideal for this urpose. There was no sound-distorting wind nd none of the clamor of midday, when oices, footsteps and the bell for classes might bscure subtler distinctions of sound. Now he metal V's in my heels, striking the pavenent, echoed from the looming buildings and he trees lining the walk. But when I had rossed Nassau Street, the stillness which had acilitated facial vision on the campus became handicap. The stores had not yet opened and ave forth none of the characteristic sounds hat provided landmarks later in the day: the nipping of scissors in the barbershop, the latter of china and cutlery from Renwick's Coffee Shop, and the strains of phonograph ecords from the music store directly beneath he Dielhenn Studios. I had to guess at the umber of steps from the last curb to give Minnie the command of "Right."

Once the routine had been established in Minnie's mind, she learned to hesitate opposite the doorway, and the slackening of the forward pressure on the harness handle told me ve were nearing our destination. Inside the practice room, I congratulated her, and she esponded with enthusiasm. She seemed always to partake of my own uncertainty, and, ike a navigator who has just made a difficult andfall, to be doubly pleased at finding herelf in the proper port of call. Waving her tail, she snaked her body underneath the piano and dozed away the time until I should need her again.

After half an hour of patient stumbling hrough the scales and chord progressions of he twelve keys, I judged that my concentraion was tiring, and it was time for breakfast. The route to the club was unmistakable until the last turnoff. Cottage was the sixth in a line of clubs, perhaps three hundred yards from the last curb, down a sidewalk with no distinguishing features, and the buildings were set too far back from the street for the use of facial vision. At lunch or dinner, when there was more activity, I could count the opening and closing doors as I passed, but it was easy to miss the turn in the morning. Fortunately, there was a small lane just beyond, where telltale bits of gravel underfoot announced that I had overshot the mark. Once having missed the turn, however, it was not enough simply to locate it and go in. An improper groove had been cut, and I made Minnie repeat the turn several times over, rewarding each time with an ecstatic "Atta *good* girl."

When we entered the dining room, one of the dozen members present called out to me to direct me to an empty chair. I had learned to recognize most of their voices, but even when it was unnecessary I was always grateful to those who had the instinctive tact to add their names, parenthetically, to their good mornings. I felt surprisingly gregarious, partially because breakfast at the club was still a new experience. The year before, I had generally overslept it. Under my new regimen I had been up for hours, and as I started back for class with time to spare, I felt a little superior to those who straggled past me from the opposite direction.

The two courses to which I had been restricted, the European novel and Wagnerian opera, consumed only six class hours a week, and on two of the five weekdays I had no classes at all. On the classless mornings I kept busy with errands, walks, Braille, the Talking Book and piano lessons, but the lectures were a serious challenge. Despite my assurances to Dean Gauss, my ability to take notes was extremely primitive. At first I used neither punctuation nor capitalization, and was uncertain of even such simple abbreviations as the sym-

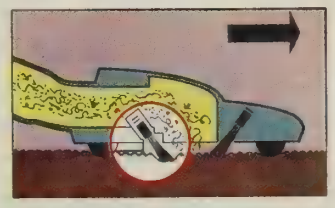


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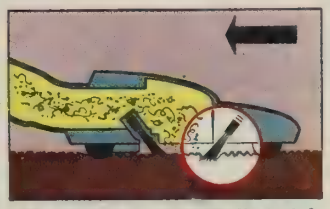
Lift no more, my lady! The amazing new General Electric "Roll-Easy" Vacuum Cleaner rolls anywhere easily—even up stairs. It's the ultimate in labor saving . . . lets you clean both high and low. It won't tip rolling over door sills, or rumple your scatter rugs as it rolls quietly from room to room.

The amazing new General Electric "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit glides along on full-width rollers to let you clean with brand-new ease. No changing! No lifting! No adjusting! One side cleans *both* carpets and floors . . . and you can use it on scatter rugs, too. It picks up stubborn lint and threads easily.

New General Electric "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit gets rugs and floors cleaner—faster!



Here's how this new unit works: The rear brush *pushes* dirt into the suction chamber.



The forward brush *pulls* it in! You clean rugs and floors with fewer strokes . . . less work!



One unit cleans rugs and floors. The low silhouette of General Electric's "Double-Action" Cleaning Unit lets you clean under beds, chairs, sofas and tables. It glides into spaces only *two inches high!* Vacuum Cleaner Dept., General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Roll-Easy
VACUUM CLEANER

NEW LOW LOW PRICE— $59.95*

Price includes set of color-matched attachments and plentiful supply of extra-large "Throw-Away" Bags.

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bols for "the," "and" and "but." The dots had to be punched through the paper in reverse so as to be read on the opposite side, and this mirror writing was both slow and liable to error. Before blindness, I had been able to cover four large sheets of note paper in a closely written hand. Now I was often limited to less than fifty words a lecture, and because the misplacing of a single dot completely altered the meaning of a symbol, many of these words were meaningless hieroglyphs. But as I punched at the paper I listened with a new intensity of concentration, so as to fill in the spaces between these distorted and broken fragments. Later in my room I puzzled out their meaning and typed them into comprehensible form. The end result was far superior to the notes of the previous year, and the conscious effort of deciphering them impressed their content on my memory.

If blindness was only a qualified handicap in lectures, it was no handicap at all in preceptorials. These were small informal discussion groups to analyze the weekly reading under the guidance of a faculty preceptor. In the past they had bored me, and I had entered the discussion only enough to get by, relying upon a backlog of general knowledge to conceal the shoddiness of my preparation. Now I was fully prepared and my own experience excited new interpretations of the insights of the reading. In preceptorials through which I should have yawned the year before, I often found myself arguing hotly in defense of my deepest convictions. During the walk back to the room afterward, I relaxed to the sense impressions of the new spring: the damp smell of earth, breathing freely through the softened crust of the night's frost; the sudden chilling of the air when a cloud shadowed the radiance which a moment before had been dancing across my sensitive eyelids; the swooping rush of wings and twittering of birds. Minnie reflected my mood as fully as she had shared the tension of the earlier morning. At the sound of the tolling bell on the way to classes, the harness handle had vibrated with a driving urgency and she strained forward. Now she held herself erect and a slight vertical spring at each step made a buoyant waltz in my left hand. An insect buzzed by her head. There was a sudden twitch, and her jaws snapped.

"Did you get it, Minerv?" I asked. "Atta *good* girl!"

For an instant she paused, then broke stride with a playful prance. Her tail struck my leg and I had the feeling she was laughing up at me in confirmation of the beauty of the spring.

When I had dropped my Braille slate in my room, I headed over to the gym for a workout. Usually I was joined by two roommates, Matty Gault and Cliffy Jones, but I no longer depended on them for guidance. Minnie hesitated automatically before the door of my corner locker. I had learned to work its combination by counting the number of clicks as I turned the dial. Upstairs in the gym I could find my way from dumbbells to chest weights to wall bars unaided. Still, Matty and Cliffy were pleasant company. I was trying to build up to my weight and they were toughening themselves for the Army, but none of us admitted any serious motives, and the strain of our physical exertions was interspersed with a good deal of verbal horseplay.

Afterward, while Matt and Cliffy took a few laps around the indoor track, I returned to my locker and stripped for a swim in the pool. I hitched Minnie to the steel leg of the diving platform, dropped over the side, and struck out for the opposite end, touching the edge of the pool with my inside hand at each forward stroke. Minnie always whimpered uneasily at first, and I could hear her with each roll of my head, but by the end of the second lap she had quieted down. As I swam, the rhythm of my breathing became stronger, steadier and easier. My body seemed to flatten, my spine to elongate, and my whole being to immerse itself in the warm chlorinated water that trickled past my ears. By June I could swim a mile, or seventy laps, without stopping and even speed up on the last four or five. When I pulled out, Minnie licked my streaming face in a joyous welcome. My eyes smarted with the chlorine, my mouth tasted dry and my palms and soles were water-soaked and wrinkled, but when I had dressed and stepped out of the damp-smelling locker room my pores, cleansed and purified, seemed to breathe a new freshness from the spring sun.

On the good mornings I would find Bertie O'Neill waiting for me in the living room at Walker.

"Hi!" His tone was offhand. "How's the body beautiful?"

I ignored the taunt. "Well?" I asked.

"Well what?"

"You know well what! Come on, quit stalling."

"O.K., O.K., calm your libido. Yes, the mail came this morning. Yes, there was a letter for you. Yes, it was from Northampton. And, yes, I'll read it to you. Only feed your hairy companion before she has a nervous breakdown."

My hairy companion was wagging her tail excitedly, alternately sniffing at the refrigerator door and looking up at me in eager expectation. She watched my every move as I mixed a handful of meal with a half pound of raw hamburger and when I picked up the pan she bounded through the door and scrambled across the hall into the bedroom, where I gave it to her. Bert followed us, closing the door behind him, and ripped open the letter.

It was Bertie who had read me Durinda's first letter, and so it was Bertie whom I asked to read all the others. Being Bertie, he could not resist an occasional irreverent aside, but he knew when to stop, and his basic tact minimized the embarrassment of having her confidences revealed to a third party. Incongruously, the sound of his voice, so at variance with the tone of the words, seemed to heighten the impact of the incredible confession with which each letter ended. Hearing the words, I felt an overwhelming tenderness for the girl who had written them.

When I had taken Minnie for her midday outing, we joined the rest of the boys for the walk to the club. After lunch the others drifted



The need for creativity... never greater than today

Progress, great and necessary force that it is, is not without its penalty.

Today has fostered a trend from "do-it-yourself" to "do-less-yourself." Visual entertainment comes to the living room at the simple twist of a knob. Mother's pride, the secret family recipe, gives way to pre-cooked, jiffy meals. The craftsman's tools gather dust... ready-to-assemble kits need little more than sandpaper and glue.

In our modern, restless world the need to create... with the hands... the mind... the heart has never been greater than it is today.

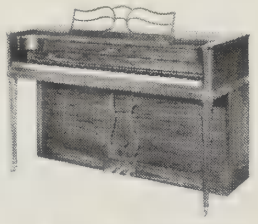
How we regain the joys of self-expression—the spiritual lift born from "doing" is a matter of personal choice. We, at Baldwin, as makers of the piano, offer this popular instrument for your consideration. Here is the way to true creativity... to fulfillment... enrichment... a way to the special world of happiness that music alone attains.

But the value of piano is not merely the playing of music for diversion and enjoyment. Far more than that: piano builds poise and popularity... stimulates the mind... and brings family "togetherness" into the home.

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Just make sure the piano you buy gives you everything a piano should. We urge you to compare the Acrosonic by Baldwin with all others before you decide. Compare its exclusive *Full Blow* action, its lightning response. Compare its full volume—its magnificent tone. Then compare for beauty. The Acrosonic offers you a wide choice of handsome traditional and contemporary styles in the exact finish for your decor.

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ff to classes, labs, R.O.T.C. or the library to ork on their senior theses while I walked ack to the room for a nap. On the good days, eling the coolness of the sheets on my warm kin, the sudden heaviness in my lids, I rowsed off in the assurance that the details of ne morning had gone well.

But the morning I have described was typi- al of only the ideal day. There were other nornings. Plenty of them—mornings when I verslept and missed piano practice before reakfast, when I became impatient or lost vith Minnie and arrived late to classes, when ny stiff and aching fingers stumbled so far ehind the words of the lecturer that I simply ut my stylus in my pocket. Any or all of these ight seem only minor compromises with the iscipline I had laid down for myself, and yet hese limited objectives were the goal of a des- erate ambition. And although I could forgive ailure, I could not tolerate nonobservance. On the bad days my conscience would not let ne sleep.

Worn out by guilt, I dozed restlessly until a udden upward flickering of consciousness nade me aware of a peculiarly unpleasant ressure on my chest. I shifted uneasily. Then, vith a penetrating shaft of fear, I sensed that was alive and moving. A thing, a living thing, either animal nor human. I gasped for breath, earing the moan of my own voice as I strug- led to dislodge the awful thing. I wrenched ack the bedclothes and lay there panting as he horror skittered back into the darker eaches of my mind.

I swung my feet over the side of the bed and at there dizzily, supporting myself with my ands. Minnie's bed chair rattled in response the sudden movement and I stooped grate- ully to put my arms around the reassuring urry warmth of her body. I pulled on my lothes, crossed to the lavatory to splash cold vater on my face and went into the living oom, where I stood by the open window to be lose to the sounds which floated up from the ennis court below.

I wanted to talk to someone, to play jazz ecords, to go to the movies, to do anything hat would take me away from myself, but I new that there was only one solution and so, when I had sufficiently collected my thoughts, returned to my room and set to work tran- cribing the Braille fragments of a lecture on he typewriter.

Two or three afternoons a week my solitude was interrupted by the arrival of the student eaders. All of them read very well, and read- ng aloud was far more thorough than ordi- nary reading because it prohibited uncon- cious skimming. Still, the presence of another uman being imposed an annoying screen be- ween myself and the author. It robbed me of oth the intimacy and the timelessness of or- dinary reading, for I could meet my authors only by appointment, as it were, and through an interpreter. Books which you read to your- self are timeless because they will repeat to you with infinite patience precisely the same thoughts and words at any time at which you choose to look into them. In depending on a reader I was under a constant pressure of time and I was forced to swallow at one gulp thoughts which I should have preferred to digest at a slower rate.

Under this pressure it was maddening to find myself subject to periodic fits of drowsi- ness which obscured whole paragraphs and pages of the reading, due in part, I suppose, to the general fatigue of my system and, in part, to the rising and falling rhythm of sound which lulled me into a sort of trance. There were many problems, but for all its disadvan- tages, this method of study was infinitely pref- erable to the erratic working habits of the pre- ceding year.

It was a relief after the long afternoon in the smoke-filled room to feed Minnie and take her down to the lawn behind the tennis courts. When she had finished, I put her through the daily ritual of obedience exercises and pulled her currycomb and brush from my pocket. Minnie gave a little prance at the mere sight of these tools and braced herself with sensuous enjoyment as I scrubbed the metal teeth of the comb back and forth through her thick coat. Upstairs I washed my hands, put on a tie and joined the other boys in the living room. Our conversation at these times was dominated by a sort of good-natured heckling of one an- other. As I look back, it seems to me we shared a tacit agreement that no one should be allowed to take either himself or the world too seriously. We held nothing sacred, and after the emotional intensity of my day I welcomed the display of our implacable irreverence.

I relaxed under the convivial banter through- out dinner and, if it were not one of those three or four evenings a week devoted to fur- ther reading, drifted along with it to the movies uptown, in the taproom at the Nass or in a "bull session" back in the room.

But whatever the schedule, the good eve- nings ended with a different and more serious sort of communion. This was expressed in typing a letter to Durinda. With the sublime egotism of one who knows he is loved, I poured out my heart in the conviction that everything I had thought or felt that day would be of absorbing interest to her. My let- ters were so many confessions—confessions of past failures, of present weaknesses and of faith in the future. But the most wonderful of all my confessions was contained in the simple statement, "I love you," for, of all the words

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171



Precious things deserve "Precious" care

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU MOVE LONG-DISTANCE!

"Word of honor, Sue, Mayflower will take good care of *both* our pianos!"

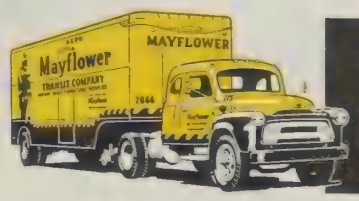
Mother's promise is safe . . . and so is Sue's piano. For we of Mayflower pride ourselves on giving *all* household goods the same "Precious" care . . . whether their value be great or small, material or sentimental.

In fact, we operate our own training school, complete with a furnished "laboratory" home, where our men learn modern Mayflower methods of protecting everything from pianos to planters.

Call your Mayflower agent. He'll answer all questions, and leave a free "what to do" booklet that will help you get through moving day with less work and no worry!

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America's finest long-distance moving service

A FORWARD STEP

An expert committee of the World Health Organization has classified the United States as a "backward country" in the provision of maternity care for all. One of the chief reasons why the United States is a *backward country* obstetrically is the crucial shortage of professional workers.

At this point the well-educated certified nurse-midwife comes into her own. Her educational background and experience qualify her to take professional leadership in the management of normal pregnancy and labor under medical supervision and in the education of expectant parents and nurses. Last winter we published three stories on the twenty years' experience of the Maternity Center Association in the education of the certified nurse-midwife. The graduates of the Association's school in New York and of the other two schools conducted by the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky and the Catholic Maternity Institute in New Mexico have demonstrated their capabilities in the provision of high-standard maternity care. A number of consultants in maternal and child health to the Federal and state governments and the World Health Organization are nurse-midwives. Maternity-nursing services in important hospitals are being directed by nurse-midwives. The time is therefore ripe for the recognition of this new (to the United States) profession. An important step toward this recognition was recently taken in Kansas City with the establishment of the American College of Nurse-Midwifery. The editors of BRIEFS wish this new specialist organization success in its efforts to improve the standard of care for all American mothers and babies.

BRIEFS

published by Maternity Center Association

SIMMONS will "custom-make" your Hide-A-Bed® sofa!

new "design-it-yourself" service!

See the all-new 1957 selections at your favorite store selling Simmons. Choose the style details you like best—and combine them with the size and fabric you want the most.

Then Simmons craftsmen will carefully tailor a Hide-A-Bed sofa to your special order! Prompt delivery, too—usually within three weeks.

Decorator-designed fabrics! Hundreds of hand-screened prints, tweeds and metallics, in 17 all-new colors! A perfect style choice of Moderns, Traditionals and Provincials . . . with such custom-look details as biscuit tufting! So many sizes, too—full and apartment, loveseats and extra-wide sofas.

Only Simmons offers—all this comfort

- *Wider arm-to-arm*—the full-size sofas are a full 65" between arms.
- *Super-comfort cushions*—Beauty-rest* (or foam rubber, slightly more).
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- *Easy-opening mechanism*—sofa opens in seconds to the bed with bedding in place.
- *Simmons mattress*—a full-length, full-width luxurious Deepsleep* mattress or the famous *Beautyrest* mattress, slightly more!
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TRADITIONAL HIDE-A-BED sofa detailed with a smart flounce base and gracefully curved arms. Shown in azure blue linen. Priced from $259.50, depending on choice of fabric.



PROVINCIAL HIDE-A-BED sofa, styled with charming "wings." Shown in gold. Also in turquoise, café orange or rose print. Priced from $289.50 depending upon your choice of fabric.



MODERN HIDE-A-BED sofa with the new shelf arms. Shown in green metallic bouclé. Also in burntwood, oriental blue, burma gold, etruscan brown, paprika or café orange. As shown, $279.50.



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See your favorite furniture or department store for a wide selection of Simmons convertibles, as low as $89.50. CONVENIENT TERMS can usually be arranged.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 169

he language, these were the three that I never dreamed I should ever be able to

efore I went to bed I took Minnie for her outing. It was the time when I always felt est to her. Our communion was too ply organic to be expressed at the level of ds, yet my love for the dog and my love the girl had something in common. On the ace, Minnie could be defined as a tool for use, but the love which alone made this function overflowed any such definition. ad forged a bond of sympathy so strong Minnie's happiness was dependent upon own. I owed my happiness, not only to elf but to Minerva, because she loved me. he same sense, I owed it also to Durinda, y family and to my friends, and the notion everything that I did for myself I was also g for them relieved my pursuit of happi- of its stark subjectivism.

ut there was one sense in which my love for nerva transcended every other. Her sympa- was able to comprehend without benefit of lanation. She could have no understanding he chords on the piano, the words of the ures or the splash- in the pool, but she ned to understand er than anyone their per meaning for my therefore, for her piness. Following over the grass ough the balm of the t air, I burned with itude for the gift of a love.

a routine whose ace tedium was con- ally broken by the of emotional lights shadows, day suc- ded day until the k of mid-term ex- nations late in April. ent to the appointed m along with the r boys, received a y of the questions, took it back to Walker. There, a mmate read me the stions and timed me le I typed my an- rs. When the hour up I signed the hon- pledge and returned paper to the proper ce. I felt reasonably fident of having done well, but it was not il the posting of my grades several days r that I discovered I had received the high- marks of my college career.

he following day I had a summons from office of the Dean of the College. I was wondering half guiltily what this ominous tation foreboded when I reported to Dean ss' office.

I called you up here, Peter," the dean an- nced conversationally, "because I wanted discuss your work. How are you getting "

said I thought I was getting on pretty well. I do, too, Peter." His soft, deliberate ac- ts were capable of extraordinary energy. ou're doing a grand job." He emphasized words by rapping his knuckles on the blot- "And I think you have proved that we old fers here in Nassau Hall don't know every- g. It is a pleasure to admit that we were te mistaken about your proper course last uary."

as embarrassed, but I smiled back at the s of sly amusement I pictured around the ners of his direct gaze.

At any rate," he continued, "we shall be py to have you and your good Minnie back h us for as long as you wish to continue r combined educations."

My admiration for the dean's great personal grity helped to muffle my self-satisfaction ing the remainder of the interview, but the re I thought about it afterward, the more nificant that interview became. It was not a ning point; the point of turning had been my return to Princeton, and the road still lay straight ahead. It only marked the route, like a signpost, confirming the direction previously taken, but the relief with which I greeted it forced me to admit that, for all the confident egoism of the past months, I had been inwardly uncertain. I had been traveling into an unknown future, and even graduation from the Seeing Eye had not guaranteed future success with Minnie. Now the new self I had found myself to be had both a future and a past. It was a brief past, to be sure, but it marked a reassuring continuity of progress, and Dean Gauss was a reliable signpost.

Events were moving fast that spring, and I did not have time to write Durinda the news because she was coming down the following weekend for house parties. That Saturday night I was sitting alone on the terrace at the Cottage Club. After dinner I had gone back to the room to change into evening clothes and I was now waiting for Durinda to come downstairs. It had been raining, and the bushes below the terrace still dripped moistly, but the air had cleared and the first strains of the orchestra floated out through the open doors of the big living room. With one part of my mind I followed the chord changes of All the Things You Are, which I was just learning to play. With the other, I pictured how it all must look: the light from the Japanese lanterns above the outside dance floor reflected in the beaded crystals on the shiny leaves, the cool green of the grass stained with huge trapezoids of yellow light from the windows of the club, the looming darkness of the trees beyond, and through them the bulk of Palmer Stadium, glimmering faintly in the fugitive light of the clouded moon. I heard high-heeled footsteps behind me and when Minnie got up, wagging her tail, I knew it was Durinda.

I wish I could describe it exactly as it happened, but I cannot remember the words we spoke then. Perhaps it does not matter because the words we really speak do not make good dialogue. Anyway, it happened. Durinda sat down beside me and said she had something to tell me. She had been thinking seriously, she said, and had come to a decision. She had decided that she was ready to accept my proposal of marriage. Her voice was very low and serious.

I kissed her then and afterward, to cover up my feeling, I asked teasingly whether this was the first time she had come to that decision. She laughed. No, she said, but she had known that this would be so perfect a setting that she had postponed telling me until tonight. We both laughed then, but I knew what she meant. It was a perfect setting.

We sat there for a while, holding hands and listening to the music in a dazed happiness. Then I thought of something. I got out my watch and felt its face.

"Do you know what time it is?" I asked.

"No."

"A little after ten-thirty. Do you know what day this is?"

Durinda thought for a moment. "May second."

"Right," I said. "In just an hour and a half it will be just one year from the day of the accident." I laughed and added, "It's been quite a year. Quite a year."

It was a trite remark, but for once I was not trying to analyze my thoughts and I left my feelings to themselves. There were no chills and fever. Only a wonderful incandescent glow around the words, "Quite a year. Quite a year."

END

SUDDENLY APRIL

By BARBARA SHOOK

Now suddenly April
Totters the heart
With a twist of tulip
And a woman's art.
Banners of brightness
Soften the sedge,
Fern fronds uncurl
By the water's edge;
While frail jonquil fists
Brave their own birth
'Twixt snow-tufted clumps
Of still-cold earth.
And high on the limb
Of a bare-branched tree
One robin sings—
Just for me.



Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps calm heartburn, nausea; helps control simple diarrhea without constipating. *A Norwich Product.*

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The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY
(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the letters that reach a beauty editor's desk, there are none so urgent as those from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Psychologists tell us pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause *permanent* damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave *permanent* scars.

Fortunately, today you can help your child with a modern, scientific pimple medication that really works. It's called CLEARASIL. In doctors' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So *don't* use skin creams which contain oils pimples 'feed' on. Use a true oil-absorbing medication—CLEARASIL, which helps remove these oils, actually 'starves' pimples.

CLEARASIL is *skin-colored* to end embarrassment immediately. Greaseless, fast-drying, antiseptic . . . it's guaranteed to work for you, as it did in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).

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Cannon Towels give your bathroom the new Golden Look!



You'll wish these new Sparkler towels didn't dry you so fast, they're so nice to use—put you in such a good mood. And good as gold is their modest price: only $1 buys the large bath size. Like all Cannon towels, their terry stays soft and fluffy—their Carefree colors true through washing after washing. For lasting beauty, count on Cannon.



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WHO ARE AMERICA'S TEN RICHEST MEN?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

her companies, dealing in everything from ndy to chemicals. He has vast gas holdings, ttle ranches, a chain of drugstores. In 1954 e teamed up with his lifelong friend, Clint furchison, to help Robert R. Young get conol of the New York Central Railway. This icked him for $20 million, but the investment eemed sound; and anyway, Murchison anted him to.

Richardson, a large, barrel-bodied man with hinning brown hair, a rolling walk and a exas drawl, has been a bachelor all his life. Whenever he is teased about this, which is ften, he remarks amiably, "Why, I been hinkin' about a wife for forty years now." Vomen have been chasing him in vain for ecades. "They're all wantin' a landin' field, ut mine's fogged in," is his permanent omment.

Evidently he likes bachelor life—and as one ess affluent observer commented: "When ou're *that* rich, you don't need a helpmeet."

For thirty-five years Richardson has lived in otels or clubs, and for the last sixteen years e has occupied the same two rooms in the Fort Worth Club. He is partial to the cowboy-ndian-soldier paintings of the Old West by Charles Russell and Frederic Remington, and is walls are decorated with their art. The enter of his bedroom is occupied by an island f suitcases, each packed with clothes proper o hot, medium or cold climate. Whenever he vants to go anywhere in a hurry, he throws hree clean shirts into the proper suitcase, and e's off—usually in one of the two fifteen-assenger DC-3 planes which he owns.

Richardson's day begins at 6:30 A.M., with a elephone call from Murchison in Dallas. Leaning back against the rumpled pillows, he alks million-dollar deals, and lights the first igarette of the day. He smokes five packs a day, but only an inch of each cigarette, and he never inhales. Breakfast at 8:30 is a raw egg in orange juice. By 10 A.M. he is in his office downtown. He prefers doing business by telephone rather than by secretary. And he would rather listen than talk. "You ain't learnin' nothin' when you're talkin'" is one of his favorite maxims.

January and February Richardson spends with friends in Southern California. Midsummer finds him with the Murchison family in La Jolla, California, where he spends every day at the Del Mar Race Track. Richardson and Murchison own the track jointly, and claim they devote some of its profits to an organization called "Boys, Inc." aimed at combating juvenile delinquency. Richardson's other philanthropies, if any, have not been publicized, although he is said to be tight with money in little ways and generous in big. He once, however, gave a coming-out party for his niece Nancy Ann Smith, in which 10,000 bunches of grapes were used in the decorations. One of his gifts to friends is a gold money clip bearing an oil derrick outlined in diamonds above a diamond-studded initial.

November and December, Richardson lives and hunts on St. Joseph Island in the Gulf of Mexico, enjoying his glass-walled home with its furniture handmade from driftwood and its deliberate lack of telephones. The island, which he owns, has 32,000 acres stocked with cattle, and a wild area stocked with deer, quail, duck, turkey and geese.

In 1937 Mr. Richardson entertained the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt on the island and in 1949 he was host to Dwight Eisenhower. Both Murchison and Richardson have claimed to be Democrats, but both supported Eisenhower—in 1952 Richardson went to Paris to urge the then NATO military commander to run for President. Since the election he has dined frequently at the White House, but he does not disclose the subject of the conversations.

Another favorite retreat is the Koon Kreek Club, located in a millionaire-exclusive wilderness near Athens, Texas. There the fellow magnates can lie around in old sports clothes, fishing, playing poker and enjoying a rugged masculine life, far from all those eager women.

Both Richardson and Murchison seem to have a lot of fun together, hunting, fishing or following the horses. "They are both nice guys," one Dallas oilman remarked. "They have the simplest, most innocent desire in the world—to make money. All they want is more."

So, apparently, does Arthur Vining Davis. At 81 this spry gentleman retired from active participation in the affairs of the Aluminum Company of America, and began building a new career and a new fortune in Florida. So successful have his efforts been that now, close to 90, he can count a $450 million pile and call himself (according to most estimates) America's second-richest man. He is still going strong, buying up properties and companies, although no one knows quite why. Mr. Davis does not like publicity, and has rarely been interviewed.

Property owning is evidently in his blood, for his ancestors held considerable property in New England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "His forebears were so strictly Anglo-Saxon and New England," his sister once said, "that you may well introduce him as a 'Yankee' pure and simple, and be done with it."

Born in Sharon, Massachusetts, on May 30, 1867, Davis was the son of a Congregationalist minister. His father saw to it that the boy was trained in the habits of New England thrift and hard work, and gave him a good education; he attended Roxbury Latin school in Boston and was graduated from Amherst College in 1888, a Phi Beta Kappa.

After that, he was on his own, and he made the most of expanding America. In Pittsburgh that same year he joined an industrial firm which a few years later was to begin turning out America's first commercial aluminum. At $14 a week, wearing overalls, he opened packing cases, kept books, answered letters and supervised a thirteen-hour shift—seven days a week. (When aluminum went into production, Davis gave the first stew pan ever made to his mother. She used it for many years in her cooking—and the pan is still preserved.) In 1891 he became general manager, and during the next half century he pioneered Alcoa into what is now one of the world's richest corporations. He is still chairman of the board, a director of the Mellon National Bank and Trust Company and half a dozen others.

His real life, however, is in Florida, although he will fly from time to time to New York or Pittsburgh to take care of financial tag ends involving only a few millions or so. But the acquisition of property and business, particularly in Dade County—which means Miami and its suburbs—is his current absorption. He owns one eighth of the county, and many of its banks, hotels and skyscrapers. "Arthur Vining Davis is a large body of money surrounded by Dade County," quipped one observer.

In a forty-five-day period last year Mr. Davis bought the lavish Boca Raton Club and its lands, an airline, a downtown office building, a large cattle ranch, and 200,000 acres of land on the Isle of Pines, 70 miles south of Cuba. During this period he also announced plans for a $20,000,000 shopping center, and leased an ocean-front tract for $2 million, where he said he planned to build a million-dollar hotel. His purchases have averaged $250,000 a day—and he has sold nothing except a tomato farm which was losing money.

What this is all for, few people know. Davis is said to be "interested" in various civic organizations, including hospitals and schools—but whether some foundation will get the fortune remains for the future to reveal. His first wife died in 1908; his second, in 1933. Still a widower, he sees little of his closest relatives, an older brother and a stepdaughter. A faint but enigmatic clue comes from a banker with whom he has been associated: "Mr. Davis has planned everything for the next one hundred years."

Just over five feet tall, white-haired and peppery, Davis at 89 is still a dynamo. Up early every day, he talks business with aides before breakfast, whips into Miami, whirlwinds through business deals at his office, and skips lunch, as he has for years. He spends the afternoon inspecting newly acquired or contemplated enterprises, and often works late at night. He expects the same devotion to work—that is, to making money—on the part of his subordinates. A while ago Mr. Davis spotted an idle workman at one of his projects. "Are you supposed to be working for me?" he asked. "Yes, sir," said the man. "Well, you aren't," snapped Davis. "You aren't sweating!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175



"All right, what's all this infernal quiet about?"

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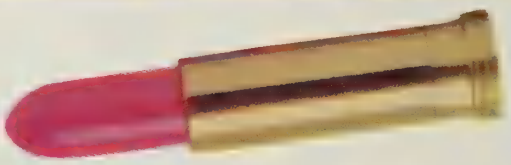
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EDWARDIAN ROSE *is the rose that was made for your new gentle look...*
the rose that puts wing, ding and zing into the new grays, beiges and blues
you're wearing...the rose that goes on like velvet and stays on like velvet...
all day long because it is Sheer Velvet lipstick by Dorothy Gray.
This is the rose! Yum! $1.25.

For beauty the modern way **Dorothy Gray**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 173

Mr. Davis shows few signs of age. His hearing is acute, and he uses eyeglasses only for reading. He walks slowly, but won't accept a helping hand. He dresses nattily, and prefers to wear a vest. He likes to wear his straw hat straight on, with the brim turned up all the way around.

If Davis can be said to have a hobby, it is horticulture. His interest in tropical plant life is intense, and characteristically he has developed this interest in the form of one of the world's largest orchid farms, which he owns. He also seems fond of club life, for he belongs to 27: 7 in Pennsylvania, 12 in New York, 2 in the Bahama Islands and 6 in Miami. Many of these are devoted to sports, in which he has always been interested. He is a founder and former president of the exclusive Porcupine Club of Nassau, and among the ten top millionaires the only active yachtsman.

Davis has several homes, some of which he rarely sees but continues to maintain. He has an apartment at his own Boca Raton Club, and another on Fifth Avenue in New York. He has a fishing camp in the Florida keys, which he rarely visits. He also has a handsome new dwelling on his 30,000 acre property on the island of Eleuthera in the Bahamas. There he has opened up a harbor, built an airstrip, an eighteen-hole golf course and thirty guesthouses. All this, he hopes, will become a tropical paradise retreat for "rich millionaires."

His principal residence, however, is a 50,000-acre estate near Coral Gables, which he has busily torn apart and put together again since he bought it several years ago. The main house is pale pink, Spanish style, with views of soft green lawns and subtropical trees. A deep-water channel has been dredged from Biscayne Bay, a mile away, to a yacht basin near the house. A public road, too close for comfort, has been moved (at Davis' expense) to a quieter distance. An old water tower has been transformed into a miniature campanile—Davis likes to take guests up in the specially installed elevator and show them a view of the Atlantic. Inside the house, the walls are covered with old and with modern paintings. "I don't use an art dealer, just my own bad taste," says Davis. In the kitchen wing lives Trini, a parrot Davis picked up in Trinidad thirty-five years ago. "And he was an old bird then!" he exclaims in admiration.

Davis' official hostess is Evelyn Mitchell, a young Virginian who was his part-time secretary during World War II. Miss Mitchell supervises the staff, plans the menus, sees to the care of Mr. Davis' wardrobe, and handles much of his personal mail. In the early evening, if he is not busy buying a skyscraper or an airline, they sit on the estate's sunlit patio, where Mr. Davis enjoys his favorite dry Martini, smokes a rare cigarette and talks to guests—usually young people, for Davis far prefers their company to that of his contemporaries. ("She was all right," he remarked of a 50-year-old dinner companion, "but rather elderly.")

Sometimes these evenings include a stroll about the estate, with Davis proudly pointing out the rare trees and the long vistas. Christened by a wry sense of humor, the estate is known as "Journey's End." No one ever sees it who is likely to ask Arthur Vining Davis any rude questions about why he keeps on piling up the millions at an age when most men would settle for orchid culture.

A man who has managed to ask a lot of rude questions—and answer some, too—is Henry Ford II, who with his $400 million ranks third in the don't-need-to-ask-how-much-it-costs hierarchy. Since 1945, when he was 27, Ford has guided the destinies of the Ford Motor Company, listening in the early years to a number of blunt questions from old-line executives and union leaders, and answering them apparently to most everyone's satisfaction. The company, which was staggering through evil days when young Ford first took over, is now doing nicely, thank you.

Born in Detroit on September 4, 1917, Ford was the eldest of the four children of Edsel Ford. His grandfather, of course, was old Henry Ford, founder of the business and, in a sense, of the automotive age. From their earliest childhood the new generation of Ford boys was encouraged to play around the assembly plants, to become accustomed to the roar and grind and precision of the industry. Young Ford's first job with the plant, which came after he had decided to quit Yale in 1940, was greasing cars in the driveaway garage at Dearborn. Under the careful supervision of his elders, who had made him a member of the board in 1938, he progressed through other departments, learning the hard way.

In 1941 he joined the United States Naval Reserve, and was commissioned an ensign. Two years later his father died unexpectedly; Ford returned to Detroit to work on war contracts.

Ford became executive vice-president in 1944, but he was far from happy with this high-sounding title or with the company. The old tradition, by which he was still bound, was that the Ford Company never needed to make a profit because Henry Ford and his family, sole owners, were already rich enough. Uninterested by the worry of meeting competition, the company had fallen behind in the automobile scramble. Top executive Harry Bennett was king, and he ran the plant, some considered, on feudal lines. Relations between management and labor were, to put it mildly, not good.

In 1945 grandfather Henry resigned, and at a momentous meeting of the board young Henry the Second was elected in his place. Some say that his mother threatened to put her personal stock on the market—an unthinkable thought—unless her son was made president. Others say that his grandfather's influence and faith were decisive. What *is* definite is that within minutes of his election Ford fired Harry Bennett.

In common with his fellow millionaires, Ford has the ability to pick good men for the jobs he wants them to do. He brought in Ernest R. Breech, president of Bendix Aviation Corporation, as his over-all trouble shooter; in the next ten years the two men pulled the company out of its hole, eliminated feudalism. When Ford stock first went on the open market in 1956, the move created economic history.

A leading exponent of industrial liberalism and the importance of human relations, Ford has applied his convictions to his own workers; management and labor now sit around the table and come to terms. From 1943 until 1956 he headed the $500 million Ford Foundation created by his father and grandfather in 1936 to help "establish lasting peace throughout the world" and to "eliminate restrictions on freedom of thought, inquiry and expression in the United States." He is now a member of the board of trustees. His personal philanthropies are generous and far-reaching.

In 1940 Ford married Anne McDonnell, of Southampton, New York, turning Roman Catholic to do so. They have two daughters and a son—all of whom are carefully protected, as was Ford when he was a boy, from the danger of kidnapers (when young Ford attended Hotchkiss he had a bodyguard known as a swimming instructor). Ford will not permit, for instance, any photographs taken of his home, a spacious but nonpalatial Georgian brick house comfortably furnished with early American pieces.

Ford is considered to be an amiable person—when he is not opposed. He prefers tweeds, is an expert horseman, plays tennis and golf, enjoys hunting and fishing. He flies his own plane, frequently with his family to Southampton for weekends.

Most days he rises around 6 A.M. and drives to the factory in a new car, one day off the assembly line. Having tested it, going and coming, he returns it and picks up another new one for the evening drive home. Ford seldom goes to night clubs, but entertains frequently at home. He is a moderate social drinker, and a rare to hardly-ever smoker. He golfs in the 90's, and sometimes takes his wife skiing. He insists firmly that he understands nothing about machinery. Nevertheless, he seems to be doing all right.

And so is Howard Hughes, who weighs in with Joseph N. Pew, Jr., at $350 million. Over the years, more words have probably been written about this gaunt meteor than about all the other men put together. For all the others have a flair for life, but in Hughes the flair approaches genius.

He has always been much more than just rich. He is a man who took over his father's tool plant when he was 20, and turned it into a multimillion-dollar business. He is the man

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You've probably noticed . . . when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. *Mum keeps on working actively* to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

More people depend on MUM than on any other deodorant . . . it works when others fail

who made Hell's Angels, and discovered Jean Harlow. He is the man who broke the land, transcontinental and round-the-world speed records in planes he designed, built and flew himself. He is a man who never remarried after an early divorce, and who has spent his playboy hours escorting girls like Billie Dove, Katharine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Mitzi Gaynor, Ava Gardner and Ginger Rogers. People say he is a man who knows how to break up a romance without breaking up a friendship. And he is the man who, while making The Outlaw, designed the cantilever brassière which started Jane Russell on the road to fame.

Howard Hughes' father was a Missouri lawyer who started out for the far West early in the century, and found himself permanently delayed in Texas. Attempting to drill for oil, he was balked by the problem of getting through rock—so he invented a rock drill, and founded the Hughes Tool Company to manufacture it. In his childhood young Howard, who had been born on December 24, 1905, was allowed to play around the tool yards. By the age of three a talent for mechanical invention was unmistakable; a few years later his father equipped a complete workshop for the boy. In his early teens he built himself a radio, with odds and ends of electrical equipment lying around the shop. At 15 he began taking flying lessons, with his father's money and reluctant blessings.

For schooling, he attended the Fessenden School, near Boston; the Thacher School in Ojai, California; and Rice Institute, in Houston. He was a freshman at the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, California, when his father died. He was only 18, but a year or so later he took over complete control of the $500,000 company and put it on the road to its present million-dollar-profits success.

By 1926, the business safely in the capable hands of his managers and the money pouring in, Hughes went to Hollywood to satisfy his ambition to make movies. His first successful one was Hell's Angels, with Jean Harlow, which cost $4 million to make and brought in a *profit* of $3 million. Hughes did a great deal of the writing and directing himself, as he did on his following pictures, Scarface and The Front Page. A few years later he produced The Outlaw, and fought it through the censors.

But movies weren't enough to absorb the energies of this thin and driving young man. After a session of copiloting with American Airlines, deciding what he thought was wrong with commercial planes, he set up a workshop in a Los Angeles hangar, and started designing planes. The flights resulting from this experimentation made him famous, and fame reached its climax in 1938 when he broke the current record by flying around the world in three days and nineteen hours.

While Hughes is no longer a record-breaking aviator, he still retains his interest in flying. He helped design and launch the Constellation, he owns the majority of the stock of Trans World Airlines, and he flies his own private planes. He also spends time on the affairs of the Hughes Tool Company, on the brewery he decided to establish in one of the company's unused buildings (which is now one of the largest breweries in the West) and until recently the RKO motion-picture studios, which he picked up one casual morning in Hollywood for $8,825,690.

These days Hughes lives most of the time in Las Vegas, Nevada, where he leads a strange and outwardly lonely life. He works until he is tired, he sleeps until he is rested—sometimes at his house, sometimes in hotel rooms. He eats when he feels like it, usually steak, green salad with Roquefort dressing. He carries most of his business in his head, and does business by telephone, often calling associates in the middle of the night. "I don't know whether Howard is a genius or crazy," says one of them. "Maybe he's a little of both. I know I sometimes feel like blowing my top when I hear the phone ring at four A.M. But then he's always so polite and apologetic for waking me up, I forget about it."

People of "importance" find it hard to get near Hughes. Sometimes he disappears, even from his associates, for days at a time. But when he is in Las Vegas he wanders into and out of the night spots at all hours, often lingering to talk with bellboys or bartenders. He seldom drinks or gambles. "Howard likes Las Vegas because he is nocturnal in his habits and Las Vegas never sleeps," says a friend. "He likes to be able to find a restaurant open in case he wants a sandwich."

Hughes' wife, the beautiful Ella Rice, whom he married when he was 19, divorced him a few years later, mostly for inattention. Since then he has had many romances, but none of them serious enough to lead to marriage. As for the women involved, they are said to fall in love not with his fortune or his fame but actually with Hughes himself.

In many ways, Hughes seems frugal. He spends almost nothing on clothes, for his favorite dress is shirt, slacks and tennis shoes. Sometimes he makes night-club managers add up the check again in his presence, asking why they charged so much for some particular item. He has no known church affiliation, and his only recorded recent philanthropies have been the Howard Hughes Medical Institute and the Howard Hughes Medical Research Scholarships and Fellowships, both of California. The standard directory, American Foundations and Their Fields, states that it was unable to obtain any information on these organizations for the 1955 edition. Howard Hughes may be the most publicized millionaire, but it is clear that not everything about him is known, nor will it ever be.

At the opposite end of the publicity spectrum is Joseph Newton Pew, Jr., contender for the $350 million third place. In Mr. Pew's Philadelphian (that is, non-Texan) environs, money is not impressive. Family is. So is the Republican Party. So is the Presbyterian Church. Publicity is definitely not desirable, and over the years the Pew family has managed to avoid it with dignified agility. Even the Pew Memorial Foundation, organized in Philadelphia by the family in 1948 "exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific, literary or educational purposes," and reporting assets of over $100 million, is virtually unknown, even in Philadelphia.

Joseph Pew was born in Pittsburgh on November 12, 1886, son of the founder of the Sun Oil Company. He attended Haverford School, Haverford, Pennsylvania, and was graduated from Cornell in 1908. He joined Sun Oil the same year, first working in the purchasing department and then, at his father's suggestion, laying pipe in the oil field and performing other oily but instructive tasks for five years. After that he rose, to become chairman in 1947. He is also chairman of the board of the associated Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, of which his older brother, John Howard Pew, is a director.

Aside from oil, Mr. Pew's primary passion for many years has been the Republican Party—particularly the party in Pennsylvania. However, his political power resulting from his generosity has somewhat waned in recent years, due to Democratic gains at the Pennsylvania polls. Other philanthropies include the Pew Foundation, the Presbyterian Church and a Philadelphia hospital.

Mr. Pew lives in Ardmore, on Philadelphia's socially correct Main Line. His large and handsome house is of red brick, and the garden is a show place. In the spring a beautiful rock garden is its main feature. The house, comfortable but not conspicuous, is furnished with eighteenth-century Philadelphia antiques. In addition, there is a country estate not many miles away, with a spacious stone house, some riding horses and a herd of beef cattle. Something of a sportsman, in his youth Pew was a squash and tennis player. He is also an ardent salmon fisherman.

Six feet tall, with bushy eyebrows and a shrewd, long upper lip, Mr. Pew is said to have "a quick humorless smile." He lives a quiet and decorous life with his wife, whom he married in 1916, participating only mildly in the social affairs of the Main Line. Their three daughters and their son, all married, live nearby.

As different from Mr. Pew as a rumba from a minuet, Clint W. Murchison breezes in next with his $300 million. Mr. Murchison likes loud neckties, hearty companions, and the

eep pleasure which comes from owning half a undred big companies. He owns gas lines and il wells, taxi, bus and steamship companies, a ring of motels, a chain of grocery stores, anks and insurance companies, a fishing-ackle factory, a New York book-publishing ouse, and part of the New York Central ailway. He owns a chain of radio and tele-ision stations and a chain of drugstores. He is art owner of three large cattle ranches. He is, aturally, a Texan.

Murchison's father was the bank president n Athens, Texas, where young Clint was born n 1895. His father taught him the mysteries of nance early, and brought him into the bank s a teller after the boy had been expelled from rinity University for shooting craps and re-using to sign a pledge that he would shoot no nore. By this time, however, young Murchi-on had learned all about trading from his riend Richardson, four years his senior. After short and boring stint, e quit the bank and tarted out on his own, rst in trading, then ith Richardson in oil.

By the time he was 32 e could, and did, sell ut his interests for $5 nillion, and retire. But e soon discovered that unting and fishing as full-time occupation eft much to be desired: rincipally the fun of naking more money. oon he was back in fi-ancial circulation, con-entrating at first on atural gas, but even-ually proliferating into is present state of mul-iple ownership. He lets ood managers run his ompanies, and spends is own abundant ener-ies on what is some-imes called "wheeling and dealing."

"Murchison is the kind of man," says Richardson, laughing, 'who tells you, 'Here, hold this horse while I go and catch another one.' First thing you know, you got your hands full of Murchison horses." One Murchison horse, for a while, was Senator Joseph McCarthy, a good friend.

Murchison's first wife died while his two sons were young, and the busy tycoon brought them up himself. The two boys, recently graduated from Yale and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, are now associated with their father in business.

With his pretty second wife, Virginia, Murchison lives in a twenty-room mansion near Dallas. He likes to give big parties, to see his guests take off their coats, roll up their sleeves and have a good time. A focus of most parties is a large bar, with walls covered with tarpon scales. He keeps a private plane for business trips, and also to whisk him to Richardson's island in the Gulf of Mexico, or his own huge ranch and shooting preserve in the mountains of Mexico. The Murchisons once entertained the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at the ranch, and the visit apparently left no permanent scars on either side.

A man's-type man, Murchison says the favorite of his several homes is the one which has eight beds in one room, "so a group of us boys can talk oil all night." Wherever he is, though, his servants know when he's home by his undeviating shout of arrival: "Start the juleps rolling!"

Like Clint Murchison's father, Paul Mellon's father was also a banker—but rather richer. Andrew Mellon's banking, steel, aluminum and oil fortune could never be estimated, but it was thought to be over a billion; when he became President Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury he resigned from the boards of fifty-one corporations. His son Paul comes along in the $250 million class, and with only a few banking and philanthropic-fund associations to his Who's Who name.

Young Paul, who was born in 1907, grew up in a large, gloomy Pittsburgh mansion, surrounded by servants, guards and underlings; he was a little frightened of his awesome father, and spoke later of his father's "ice-water smile." His parents were divorced when he was a child, and his mother returned to her native Ireland, where the boy spent several months with her every year. With this background, it is perhaps not surprising that Paul Mellon resembles the description of his father: "The shiest of all American men of wealth." Little or nothing is printed about his personal life.

Young Paul attended Choate and Yale, to both of which alma maters he has since contributed generously. At Yale he wrote poetry, edited the literary magazine, and said he wanted to be a publisher. But after graduation he went into the banking business; in 1931 he began learning it in the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, under the direct supervision of his father. Except for a four-year spell with the Army (in which he enlisted in 1941 as a private) and the OSS overseas, he has been continuously associated with his father's industrial and financial enterprises.

But there is much more to Paul Mellon than banking. Described as a scholar and philosopher by his friends, he shows his true interests in the organizations to which he has chosen to give both time and money. He created and finances the Bollingen Foundation, which helps scholars and gives an annual and coveted prize to poets. He created the Old Dominion Foundation, which is interested in the humanities, higher education, mental health and the conservation of natural resources. He is director of the Fund for the Advancement of Education (created by the Ford Foundation) and a trustee of Washington's great National Gallery of Art, which his father gave to the nation. In 1939 young Mellon actively directed interior construction of the gallery.

Mellon's many philanthropies are quiet, effective and clearly motivated by sincere personal interest in human welfare.

"I believe that it is essential that private citizens rather than the Government support our colleges," he once said in a speech. "It's much healthier to have our colleges supported directly by the people."

Mellon's first wife, whom he married in 1935 and who bore him a boy and a girl, died in 1946. Two years later he married his present wife, Rachel. Their home is a spacious stone house with white pillars on an estate in Virginia. There, for many years, Mellon has operated the famous Rokeby Stables, which has produced many winning race horses. Something of a fisherman, for a long time he had an estate in Florida, which he sold in 1950. Mellon, unlike some of the other millionaires, is a man of many facets.

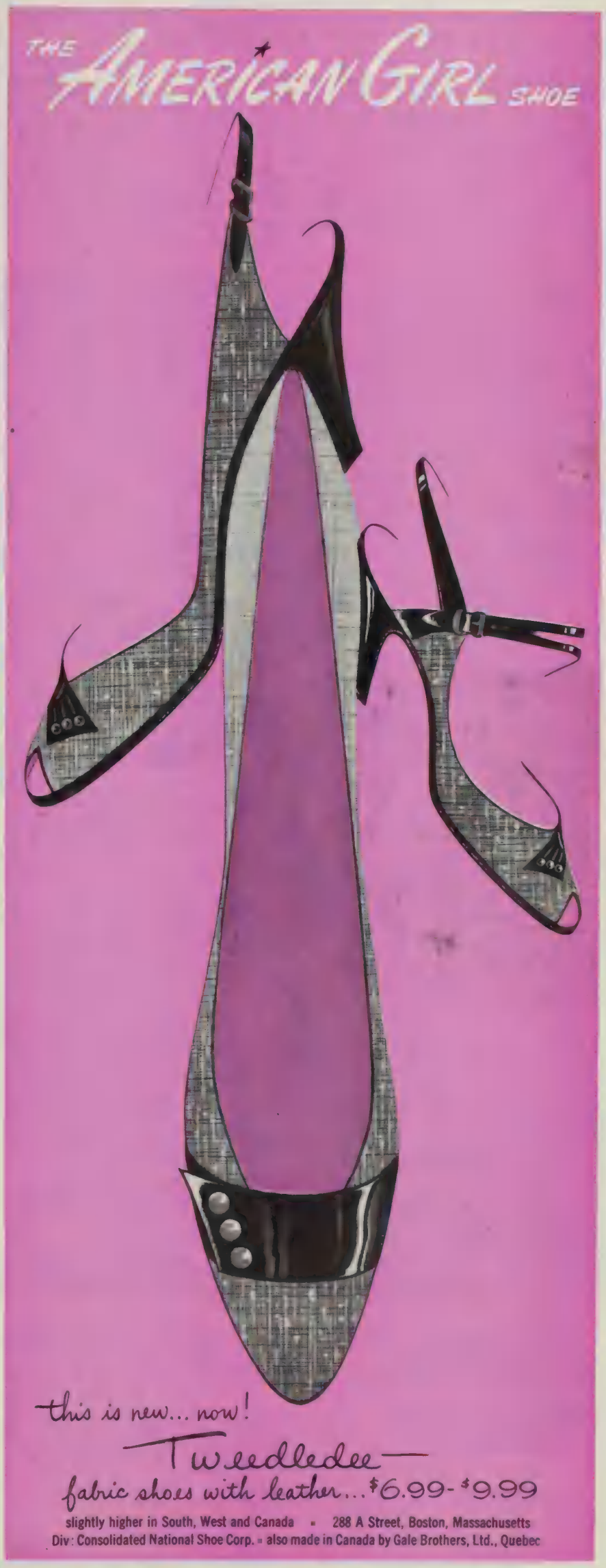
So is August A. Busch, the St. Louis brewer who, of all the millionaires, seems to many to get the most fun from his money. In his case it amounts to $250 million, and never has a fortune been more zestfully enjoyed—except

GRANDMOTHER

By HELEN MITCHEL

With thread and needle she outlined a bear,
A romping dog, a kitten and a duck
On bibs her three grandchildren were to wear
When eating at her table. She would tuck
The white cloth under famished mouths, and I,
A youthful mother, had no knowledge of
The tender memories they must untie,
Nor had I lived enough to fathom love.

But now her gentle hands are lost to view
Among the shadows, lessening like a dream.
I have the bibs . . . they're all worn out but two,
And even they are frayed along the seam.
Sit still, my precious grandson, while I pin
This romping dog beneath your baby chin.



perhaps by his grandfather Adolphus, who came from Bavaria 100 years ago and turned a little brewery into a giant.

At 58, Busch is a joyful leader in the vitality sweepstakes. He sings German folk songs until midnight, and gallops at dawn in pink coat and bowler hat over the Missouri fields on one of his hunters. He drives a dashing sleigh over the snows in winter, and is a sharp-eyed man with a shotgun when the geese and ducks are flying over. He lives in princely splendor with his family in a great French Renaissance château a few miles south of St. Louis, where he has been known to entertain on one occasion 11,000 beer wholesalers, retailers and saloonkeepers. Usually, however, he entertains his family—a large, cohesive and sociable clan. Believing, as he once said, that only sports involving wild animals, dogs, guns and horses were worthy of a man's attention, Busch startled the sports world in 1953 when he bought the St. Louis Cardinals, a baseball team. Today he loves to put on the Cardinal uniform and toss the ball around with the boys.

August Busch is the fourth member of his family to head the Anheuser-Busch Brewery. His father and grandfather were already immensely wealthy when he was born in St. Louis on March 28, 1899, and the boy was raised in a tradition of luxury and German joviality. There was a zoo on the Grant's Farm estate (where Mr. Busch still lives) and every summer the two elephants and the Shetland ponies were moved with the family to the summer home in Cooperstown, New York. Early in life the boy was taught to ride: first Sicilian donkeys, then Shetland ponies, then hunters and jumpers.

Schooling was casual, and after a short stay at Smith Academy, a private school in St. Louis, he left the academic life forever. "Without doubt," he says now, "I was the world's lousiest student. I never graduated from anything."

But young Busch entered the family business in 1924, learned the hard way while the company made soft drinks and yeast during prohibition, and took over with a capable hand following the death of his father, and later of his older brother. Today he is president of the company, which he largely owns with his family.

Generally considered hot-tempered but fair, Busch often bellows at his family or at members of his board, "Let me finish! Then you can blow *your* top!"

His voice is said to resemble that of a hoarse lion. The effect, however, is particularly good on *Ach du Lieber Augustin* or *Ist Das Nicht Ein Schnitzelbank?*

Busch's first wife died in 1933; his second marriage ended in divorce and a one-million-dollar property settlement. His third wife, Gertrude, the daughter of a Swiss restaurant proprietor, is tall and beautiful. She shares her husband's enthusiasm for chasing foxes and, like him, is an excellent shot. In the family tradition, she loves wild animals (there are herds of deer and a zoo on the estate) and sometimes adopts and raises motherless fawns. She also loves to travel about the country with her husband, who first used a private bus fitted out like a land yacht, then a private plane, and who now owns and uses the most luxurious private railroad car on the tracks. An eighty-six-foot home-away-from-home, it is equipped with a sitting room, four conference rooms, kitchen, bar, baths, accommodations for eleven people, and a generous supply of beer. To visitors, the car gives a dazzling impression of stainless steel and glass. The décor is "advanced modern."

Since his last marriage, some say Mr. Busch no longer shouts and hollers in the old free style. Mrs. Busch, say his friends, has gentled him to the point where his supply of energy is now only tremendous.

Possessing another kind of energy, quiet John D. Rockefeller III uses most of it to give money away in useful ways. Between 1900 and 1953 the Rockefeller family gave away one billion dollars of its oil-founded wealth. The five Rockefeller brothers, John, Nelson, Laurance, Winthrop and David, are continuing the tradition. Most of them probably possess wealth close to that of their elder brother, but his is thought to be slightly larger because of his position in the family and also because of careful investment of what was a slightly bigger sum to begin with. Their father has for years been distributing his money among his sons.

"John and his four brothers feel," the New York Times quotes a friend as saying, "that their wealth is not a God-given right. It's an accident to them that they have this wealth. Therefore they have a powerful sense of responsibility to see that the means that are theirs are used not just for personal ends, but for social ends.

"And as they've gone along, they've also felt that whatever job they've done has had to be justified on its own merits, that they didn't buy their way into anything. They've had to work at it."

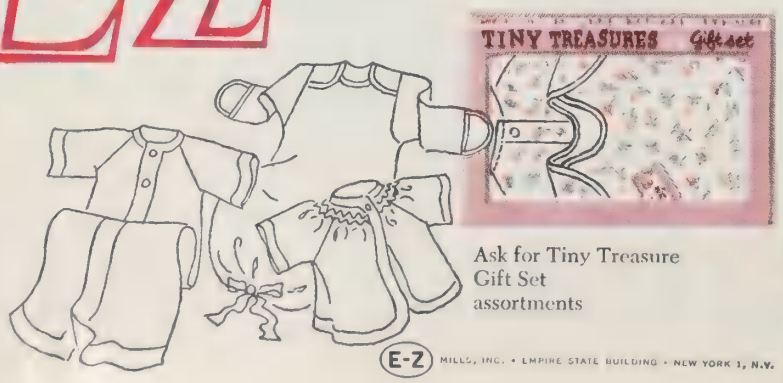
John, with his $250 million, his disinterest in business, his position as eldest brother and his inborn sense of dedication, has probably worked hardest. Since his graduation from Princeton in 1929 (encouraged at first by his father, but later under his own steam) he has



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taken an active and direct interest in the work of the many Rockefeller foundations and other organizations which he heads.

The gentlest and most withdrawn of the brothers, Rockefeller is known for his quiet tact, for his determination to study all the facts at first hand before making a decision. Not many years ago he made a grueling trip through the jungles of Africa, trying to find out for himself where his money might do the most good. So modest was his rumpled appearance, so unheralded his arrival that many officials refused to believe that he really *was* John D. Rockefeller III.

Recent interests, branching out from those of his family, include the world's pressing population problem, and the Far East—Japan in particular. He now travels frequently to Japan, and likes nothing better than sitting around in fishing or farming villages, talking to fishermen or peasants. He also is fond of talk sessions with student groups, even in India where students are famously critical of American capitalism.

By report, he enjoys his new presidency of the projected Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York City—the first time any member of his family has been associated with this branch of the arts.

"I never had any great knowledge or particular ability in the arts," he says. "But my wife majored in music in college and had a broader experience in the arts than I. And we have given our four children the same exposure, and it has been a really significant factor in their development. They get great pleasure from concerts, from good records and from their own playing."

Raised in a frugal tradition by his parents, Rockefeller at 51 now lives not frugally but quietly. He and his tall, willowy and charming wife, the former Blanchette Hooker, do little entertaining and usually go to bed fairly early. Rockefeller has been known to shudder visibly at the suggestion that a short night-club stop might be made on the way home from the theater. He almost never drinks, although he might sip at a sherry on festival days. Unless he is staying at the family estate in the country, he rises early in his duplex apartment overlooking New York's East River, and walks across town to his skyscraper office. All day, then, he is deep in plans for wiping out malaria, balancing man and nature in Japan, or building comfortable dressing rooms for New York's actors.

"He has a beautiful soul," commented a Japanese, smiling at the phrase, but sure of his judgment.

Though Rockefeller seems devoted almost entirely to the sweet uses of prosperity, Robert Winship Woodruff, our last millionaire (with $200 million), seems a fine example of the well-rounded life. For many years Woodruff has managed to balance sports, business and philanthropy in his life. He is almost unknown out of his native South—yet he *is* Coca-Cola, he golfs with President Eisenhower, and the research station he established has virtually wiped out malaria in Georgia.

Woodruff's father had the foresight to buy the Coca-Cola Company in 1919 from another visionary who had bought it from the inventor for $1750. The elder Woodruff paid $25 million, and it is now worth many times that amount.

Young Robert, who was born in Columbus, Georgia, in 1889, trudged through military academy and a few semesters of Emory University in Georgia and then left to work on his own. In 1923 he permitted his father to bring him into the business as president—and he has been a power in the industry ever since.

Like Henry Ford, Woodruff recognized that a business is happy if the workers, the retailers and everyone concerned are also happy. Coca-Cola is very happy indeed, particularly since it has become a world-wide beverage.

In 1955 Woodruff retired, but his life is far from idle. He loves to entertain, and his plantation in South Georgia with its gracious, Southern-style house is famous for its hospitality. He is a strenuous host, however, smoking numerous strong cigars, drinking (Coca-Cola, no doubt) and playing poker until midnight and expecting his guests (male variety) to do likewise. At dawn the guests are roused to go hunting, and protests have no effect. President Eisenhower is said to be the only guest who ever rose earlier than Woodruff, somewhat to Woodruff's reported dismay.

Woodruff has had the same butler for thirty-five years, the same cook for thirty years. And he has also been fortunate with the women in his life. Of his mother, a servant said when she died, "Miss Emily was the sort of person who could go to heaven without changing her clothes." He has had the same tiny, devoted and lively wife for forty-four years—a constant companion on Woodruff's many travels, often quietly in the background, but usually right there. "Miss Nell's" influence is particularly felt on the plantation, where she has encouraged the Negro laborers to sing the old spirituals, and has in effect organized a choir. Listening to their songs in the evenings is a favorite pastime.

Woodruff is said by his friends to be a combination of his shrewd businessman father and his warm, generous and gentle mother. It is her influence, perhaps, which makes his philanthropies many, and as private as he can keep them.

"A religious man" in the eyes of his friends, he has contributed heavily to the Presbyterian Church, and has helped his Negro friends with their churches and boys' clubs. He has given sizable grants to Emory University to help fight cancer, malaria and venereal diseases. Close friends notice that until he has diverted some of his profits to useful human service he seems uncomfortable.

Apparently extroverted, Woodruff has restless and moody spells, when he recalls his favorite saying: "The future belongs to the discontented." Often he broods. But this, it seems, is an occupational disease suffered by all conscientious millionaires. END



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Benefit of school working: late afternoons are free to swim, vacations to fix up house near beach. Gerald, Darlene, Rosellen. Kathy and Carol take daily dips.

There's more Fun than Money in Teaching

All five Dennerleins go to school in Long Beach, California—two work, three study. Rosellen and Gerald pool pay checks for family expenses.

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON • Photographs by LARRY BARBIER, Jr.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

TO THE EDITORS OF THE JOURNAL: Say! How about the plight of the *not*-so-young mothers? What about us who had our several babies during the years 1935–45—before television, sans baby sitters? I'll tell you where a lot of us are now: working outside the home trying to boost the family income to meet added financial demands—the expenses of orthodontia, glasses, illnesses, music lessons and higher education.

Our girls are 19, 15 and 12, attending college, high school and junior high. To top it off, my husband is a high-school teacher, and I work as a secretary (Civil Service) in an elementary school. Boy! Are we education-minded! We manage to scrape through the school year (narrowly) financially, so that the two summer months can be spent pursuing our special interests—and we swim and swim and swim. But this is a year-round vacationers' paradise—Long Beach, California, 40 miles below Los Angeles. Best of all is our little peninsula. Can you imagine living three houses from a lovely bay and one very short block from a beautiful ocean beach?

We live in a little six-room Spanish stucco house which badly needs fixing, furnishing and paying for. (How do we spend the money we earn? If I just write *necessities*, you have it in a nutshell.) I'm afraid we'll never have a fancy family room or a dreamy kitchen, but the place will always be running over with people, swim suits, driftwood and sand, sand, sand.

Sincerely, ROSELLEN DENNERLEIN

From the sun deck over the garage, you see white sails glinting in the bay, and houses in sugar-candy colors, piled as close as bonbons, on the little peninsula stretching below Long Beach. To match the view, there's thirty-nine-year-old Rosellen Dennerlein, with a golden tan, tawny hair and eyes the color of sky-blue water. In a brilliant tangerine sailcloth dress, she might pose for "Relax in sunny California—while working 75 hours a week."

Forty of the hours are spent on a job that earns $3300 a year. On the side, she washes, irons, cleans, sews for herself and three daughters, and keeps up with a nonstop husband. "He believes in do-it-yourself-with-the-whole-family-helping."

Two-hundred-and-ninety-pound Gerald Dennerlein has a genial, boyish face, topping a massive six-foot-one body, and it wears an incongruously worried look—like a baby who has swallowed a penny—when he talks about money. "It's always been the toughest problem in our married life. There hasn't been a single day when I didn't worry about it."

His wife said, "Well, of course it's a problem, but I think the way people get along is a lot more important. The toughest problem *I* ever had was to make a working combination of our marriage, and not be dominated. The first few years Gerry wanted to make all the decisions, but I felt I was grown up enough to make some mature decisions on my own. I wanted us to be able to discuss things right out in the open frankly, and both have a say."

"Well, that's how we operate now," her husband said, with as much satisfaction as if he had invented the CONTINUED ON PAGE 183



Meals are hearty at all hours. Food bills run $250 a month. But it was "the extras"—and higher education—that persuaded Rosellen to take 8:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. job.

"We worked out the plan six years ago..." says Gerald



Small tile-roofed house is a step from bay, has 1180 square feet of living space on 30' x 80' lot. "We can only move up. But one sniff of this sea air . . . it's heaven," family decided in 1950.

By 4:45 there's still time for a swim, driftwood hunting, a picnic on beach. Kathy, 12, misses her mother most during day, tags after her in free hours.



"How do we spend the money? Necessities... in a nutshell"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181 system. Look at the way we worked out the plan six years ago."

It was a plan that sent his wife to a job and brought them to Long Beach. Up to then, the Dennerleins had lived in seven different communities in California, wherever Gerry's work took them. "And in some pretty awful rented places, because of the housing shortage. But this was the place we dreamed of. Both of us had been coming down from Los Angeles to the beach here since we were kids. One sniff of this sea air"—she inhaled blissfully—"some people think it smells fishy, but to us it's heaven."

In the fall of 1950, the "working combination" got within more than sniffing distance of their heaven. Gerry began teaching at Polytechnic High School of the Long Beach Unified School District, and his current salary, after deductions, is $529.73 a month. Rosellen worked first in Payroll Accounting at the Board of Education, then after taking Civil Service exams, as secretary-clerk to the principal of the Fremont Elementary School. During an 8-A.M.-to-4:30 day, her duties hurtle the gamut from bookkeeping to wiping the bloody nose of a five-year-old battler. "The nurse is there only three half days a week, and I'm the first-aid station the rest of the time." Her take-home pay, $248.62 (covering ten months, like Gerry's), helped buy their house, "the nicest present we ever gave each other, and a fabulous buy at $11,000. The down payment—$2000—scraped our savings right to the bottom." Carrying charges are $100 a month. "And we still don't have any savings, because it's all gone into the house."

Of the $3000 they've spent on remodeling, the Gerry-built sun deck cost $500, and is worth every penny and blister. The walls are sea-green plastic glass, mellowed brick and redwood, with ice plants cascading down. Sprawl-out redwood chairs flaunt bright terry-cloth covers. There's a trestle table with benches near the charcoal grill, and a charming driftwood piece like an abstract sculpture, christened Venus Dennerlein. "Gerry even scraped every brick himself, after he bought a load of old ones." She went on in a pleased tone, "I doubt if many men would do as much around the house. Since I've been working he does most of the cook——"

At this point, her husband let out a bellow of anguish. "My soup! I forgot my soup!" He dashed to the two-burner gas plate in the corner opposite the grill, tasted the contents of a vast iron pot, and said raptly, "Out of this world. I put in nine kinds of vegetables."

"He even does all the marketing," his wife said, beaming, "because he gets out of school at three-thirty. Of course sometimes he overbuys, because of his appetite. Our food runs about $250 a month—more than a third of our budget. And we have a terrible time making Gerry diet. He's lost 20 pounds lately, from 310, but he ought to get down to 250. That was his weight when he played football. His friends look at him now and say, 'Hold that line!' And the girls' latest nickname for him is Large Economy Size."

Her husband hurriedly dropped the ladle back into the pot. "You can imagine what my life is like, living with four women," he said piteously.

His wife burst out laughing. "Do you know what his worst fault is? We have to bawl him out because he won't do anything by himself. Even when he goes for his daily swim or takes his after-dinner walk on the beach, he always wants at least one of us along."

"Well, I like their company."

"Now it's your turn to tell my worst fault," his wife said generously.

He tugged at his thick brown hair, thinking. "Well, she's an awfully hard worker."



Snacks and dinner often run together. Gerry frequently cooks on charcoal grill or makes specialties like Dutch spareribs. Nights are usually spent at home. The 3 girls may go out to movies; their parents go "four or five times a year, no more." Favored pursuits are TV, books, P.T.A. work—"if chores are done—that's our rule."



Evenings, after job, Rosellen gets to home sewing. She makes girls' clothes, her own, Gerry's sports shirts. "but we practically live in beach clothes all year." Wardrobe problem: blending clothes and sun tans. Carol (in green) has delicate skin, light hair, tans slightly. Darlene (in blue) needs clothes that cover "year-round bathing-suit-strap marks." Kathy, still undating, "isn't fussy yet."



"When the girls are through school," Dennerleins agree, "we'll take time out to travel—and rest!" Current trips are camp-outs, trips to national parks, drives to nearby desert.

In 21st year of marriage, Dennerleins see clear sailing ahead

"That's a *fault!*" Rosellen exclaimed.

He grinned. "I'm just starting out cautiously." Then his face sobered. "Besides, it's only fair to mention that first. She's worked with me all the way through. And since I've been doing research on my doctorate dissertation, I'll bet she's typed enough for me to fill a garage."

His wife, who had been typing all Sunday morning till the visitor's arrival, said with a kind of fond exasperation, "But he wants things to go at too rapid a pace. Our problem is to keep the lid on him. The rest of us like to proceed in a more leisurely way."

Her "leisurely way" starts at 6:10 A.M., and ends with ironing and sewing at night. "The girls and I draw straws every Saturday to see who cleans which rooms. Then we do the washing, but the ironing hangs over to haunt me. I often drag the board in where I can watch TV with Gerry in the evenings, to take the curse off ironing."

Sewing rates no curses. "Last night I counted up, just for fun, how many things in our closets and drawers I had made myself. They came to seventy-two, not counting anything in the wash." This includes everything from her husband's sports shirts to a floating green-mist evening dress spattered with rhinestones which fifteen-year-old Carol wore to a recent girls'-club dance of Job's Daughters. From one of the three small bedrooms, Rosellen brought out a pile of brilliant fabrics bought at sales and cached away, which she displayed as lovingly as jewels. Rather regretfully, she said, "But we have to buy an occasional coat or suit now, because since I've been working I just don't have time to tailor." In a happier tone, she continued, "But of course we practically live in beach clothes at home, most of the year round."

"Let's go join the girls on the beach," Gerry suggested hopefully.

The Dennerleins look at you in astonishment, and even pity, when they learn that having left New York on a cold fall day, you somehow neglected to bring a bathing suit. Soon you find yourself in hospitably loaned raiment, lolling on the white sands a minute's walk from the house, watching Rosellen and twelve-year-old Kathy ride the waves on an impromptu raft—the rubber mattress from a sleeping bag used on camping-out trips. Gerry, between dips, comes to join you in admiring his older daughters' expert aquatics. "They're a darn sight better swimmers than I am. Been bringing them to the beach ever since they could walk." His wife, in a bright wool swim suit that showed off her attractive 135-pound figure, sat down to dry her short hair. She said, "The only time the girls balk at coming down here is when Gerry wants them to help him lug twenty-foot boards home for firewood. They think it's undignified."

Like their father, both older girls tower over Rosellen. Nineteen-year-old Darlene is two inches under six feet, with clear olive skin, an extremely pretty face, and Gerry's big-boned tendency to overweight; she weighs well over 170 pounds. She's now a sophomore at Long Beach State College. "Tuition's only $29.50 a semester. That's one of the many reasons we wanted to live here. All three girls can have a good education, and otherwise we just couldn't swing it."

Darlene and Carol earned $75 apiece last summer, baby-sitting, and they use this for club dues, a once-a-week movie, and so on. Each of them now has a joint checking account with a parent, to learn the mysteries of finance. The family budget pays for college textbooks, bought mostly secondhand and sold at the end of the year. Rosellen talked with quiet pride of Darlene's school record: B average, member of the Intervarsity Club, the Association of Women Students, and Westminster, a CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

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THE CLEANEST CLEAN POSSIBLE
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184

Presbyterian group. "And when she was in Wilson High, she was one of twenty out of a class of eight hundred who won a jeweled W for best all-round student."

Later, back at the house, Darlene mentioned that occasion as "one of the few times when I felt the disadvantage of having mother working. I'd won something I was sort of proud of, and a lot of parents came for the presentation. I guess I felt a little wistful mother couldn't be there." She added quickly, "Mother's still good about discussing lessons and school things with us, but of course we aren't as apt to bother her when we know she's so busy."

Rosellen said, "The minute I get home, I'm dying to hear what's happened to them all day, but Gerry has a rule, 'No shoptalk at dinner,' so the girls and I get together beforehand and get caught up on news. Gerry's students think he's a big good-natured guy without a nerve in his body. And he's wonderful with them. They'd do anything for him. But he uses up all his enthusiasm and patience with them, and by the end of a day he's had it. He can't stand any more school talk."

Carol, a statuesquely good-looking 5′ 8″ blonde, gave her father an impish glance. "At least we wait till he brings up the subject himself, and then *everybody* talks school."

Gerry laughed rather sheepishly.

"We ride him a lot, but we pet him, too," Rosellen said.

"He rides us, too," Carol pointed out. "He calls us My Boys. And he nicknamed me Flamingo because I'm long and skinny-legged." Any flamingo lucky enough to have Carol's legs would be in instant demand as a model. She's a junior in Wilson High, and like Darlene plans to be a teacher. A course she especially enjoys is art; one of her attractive pastels, a still life, hangs above the upright piano in the white-walled living room, and she's recently done an amusing wire sculpture of Elvis Presley.

Watching her quick, wide smile, you remember Rosellen saying, "When I started to work, Carol had to have braces, and then Kathy, so that was twenty-five dollars a month for orthodontia."

Kathy is still wearing braces, which she refers to cheerfully as ironwork. She has hazel eyes (the only non-blue-eyed member of the family), a small, piquant face, and a friendliness that pops out as sunnily as her freckles. Although Rosellen had mentioned that her two older daughters sometimes feel Gerry favors Kathy as a companion, you notice that both Darlene and Carol speak up quickly when their father teases Kathy about her left-handedness, and get him to stop. And it's with warm affection that they tell you, "We may complain sometimes about having to house-clean all day Saturday, but if any of us had to make a real adjustment when mother started working, it was Kathy."

Kathy seems to be taking any problems of adjustment in her beautifully balanced stride. "They claim I talk in my sleep and scream out." She shrugged and grinned. "If they had it on tape, I might believe them." Kathy is in eighth grade, and brings home straight A's and a host of young admirers. She is also athletic representative of her home room, and acted out with great vividness a crisis in a recent volleyball game. Her stick-at-itiveness is rather awesome: when a small neighbor caught a fish, Kathy decided she too would catch a fish. She stayed on the beach in a broiling sun for 6½ hours (her worried father took her lunch down) and returned with a large corbina and an even larger sunburn.

When she appears in a fresh play suit, she forestalls a visitor's foolish questions by saying gaily, "No, this is one my mother did *not* make."

This reminds you to ask why clothing, on the itemized budget, comes to $50 a month, in spite of all the saving in sewing. "Oh, that covers all our Christmas and birthday presents, too," Rosellen explained. "I just lump them together."

"You should hear four women hinting at me ahead about birthdays," Gerry said.

A chorus of feminine voices chanted, "He never remembers dates. The only thing he *can't* forget is Christmas."

"Well, I don't like picking out presents just because I'm supposed to," their father said. "Maybe that's bad of me, but I can't help it."

Again the female chorus rose, this time to cite unscheduled presents he'd brought them recently, including a small carpet sweeper for his wife—"I'd been longing for one"—and a double study lamp for Carol and Kathy's bedroom.

"So how could we get mad at him for forgetting sometimes?" Rosellen asked simply. "And whenever we have an anniversary coming up, I get two tickets for the Community Playhouse or something, and then I say, 'Gerry, we're going to do such-and-so to celebrate.' Then he says O.K. He's always been rather blunt and outspoken, but it doesn't bother me. The only time he really shocked me was when I was eighteen and he came home from college for vacation and said briskly, 'Let's go down and pick out a ring for you.' *That* was a proposal!" She looked affectionately at her husband. "But I went right along."

She not only went along, but started things rolling, when they met in Garfield High School in Los Angeles, in 1933. Gerry had come from Baden, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, where his father was a brick contractor. When his parents, with his sister and brother, moved to a new section of Baden, Gerry discovered the new school didn't go in for football, and promptly went west to live with his grandmother, so that he might play on a good team. "I can see now that it was a drastic thing to do," he said. "Mother cried, but she didn't try to stop me from going. I was so nuts about sports that's all I could think of."

It was still all he was thinking of when he first saw Rosellen Jones in chemistry class, although a mild molecular reaction set in. "I thought, 'H'm-m-m, there's a good-looking blonde.' She was with a very noisy girl, and I liked Rosellen for being more reserved."

Under Miss Jones' reserved exterior, she, too, was molecularly aroused, only more so. "He was a letter man and a senior, and the biggest thing I'd ever seen." Rosellen, then a junior, lived in Los Angeles with her parents and brother; her father worked for a streetcar company, the Los Angeles Railways. Like Gerry, she was of German-Scotch-Irish descent, but with a dash of Welsh added, and it may have been the Welsh that provided the volatile fizz. When her best friend bet her that she'd never get a date with the big football star, Rosellen went into action. She slipped a note into the pocket of Left Tackle Dennerlein's football sweater, hanging over the back of his chair. It said, "You're always so sleepy in chem class. What's the matter—too much lunch?"

Gerry reports, "I was sort of intrigued, but I was sore too. What did she mean—sleepy? I was getting better marks in chemistry than she was!"

Soon the notes were being pocketed and unpocketed with the rapidity of squirrels dealing in nuts. Rosellen said, "My favorite from him was 'I don't own a car or a bicycle, or even a pair of skates, but may I come over anyway and see you, some night soon?'"

He came. Soon she was going to his grandmother's, and savoring the easier family atmosphere there, and the card games her own rigidly religious mother disapproved of. "And of course we went swimming." She brought out a photograph album to show a snapshot a friend had taken, of Gerry holding Rosellen aloft, in a gentlemanly manner. "I thought it was so daring I was careful not to let mother see it. And the day Gerry developed the negative in chem lab, I was too embarrassed to go to school, thinking, 'What if he's caught with it!'"

That fall, Gerry went off to St. Mary's College, near San Francisco, on an athletic scholarship that kept him humping, on and off the football field. Rosellen says, "I was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

NEXT MONTH

"We drove 5816 miles through 7 states and with frills it cost $15.15 a day—without frills, slightly less than $9.75 a day."

■ Jim Wortman, his converted-camper wife Gloria and under-three Mary saw everything—Disneyland, Mesa Verde Park, the Rockies and the Painted Desert—in a jaunt between April 28 and May 13. Back in St. Louis, Jim gives a blow-by-blow account of the family vacation that cost $333.32. Come along on a round-trip ticket to adventure in next month's issue . . .

CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME!

By JIM WORTMAN

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the May JOURNAL

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186

having a fine time with other boys, but I'll admit I was hurt when I didn't hear a word from him."

Her husband chuckled. "Tell her what you said to my grandmother when you met her in the supermarket."

"Well, I just said airily, 'Oh, I feel sorry for any girl who has to marry him—him and his athletics.'"

It was swimming that brought them together again the next summer. Gerry was working at Cudahy's Packing Company as a beef lugger (an occupation heartily encouraged by the football coach) to earn money for his next year's expenses. On his day off, he had thriftily hitchhiked to Long Beach for a day's swimming, with fifteen cents for lunch. "I was just going to get a hot dog when I ran into Rosellen on the beach with her family. She looked great, but what really looked great to me was the big picnic lunch her mother had brought. When Mrs. Jones asked me to share it, that was music to my ears."

His wife said, "I've always suspected it was mother's lunch that did the trick. After that, he wrote all the time, and then he got a second-hand Model A Ford, and came down weekends. But there was never any I-love-you talk."

After the brisk ring-buying expedition, they announced their engagement at a family Christmas dinner at Lucca's restaurant, in 1935. Gerry said, "My family didn't take it very seriously. I guess they thought I was still more in love with athletics. But I'd already decided to teach. I think two things turned me that way. The fathers at St. Mary's were wonderful men and wonderful teachers. I wasn't a Catholic, but I certainly admired them. And then I got a fractured elbow, and I noticed that people who'd made a big fuss over me as an athlete dropped me right away when I was out of the games for a while. So I decided teaching was a better profession to count on."

Rosellen was having her own sobering thoughts; she had left Los Angeles college in her sophomore year, after her mother had a severe stroke, and was taking care of the invalid. "She was much too sick for me to be married at home, but she and dad gave us their approval, and then we eloped to Las Vegas in May of 1936."

Gerry said, "We hadn't told my grandmother, but she opened my mail and saw the marriage license, so she knew too." In spite of the bridegroom's total assets, $100, there were no loud family objections.

Rosellen wore a pink crepe dress for the ceremony before a justice of the peace. "No flowers—no friends there." After a weekend honeymoon at a motel in Boulder Dam, she went back to her parents' home. Gerry graduated a year later, soon after Darlene was born. "I'll never forget my first sight of that big football hero wheeling a baby carriage. It was so sweet."

To support his new family and finance his graduate work, Gerry went east to play professional football with the New York Giants. He's modestly reticent now about his sports laurels, but Rosellen mentions the All-Star games he played in. "He had to be gone four months that first trip, but he wrote me every other day, and his letters were so long and full of just everything he was doing. They meant so much to me that if I ever had to give them up it would be like tearing off a piece of me."

Her mother had died, and she was keeping house for her father, to whom she's devoted. Gerry was working toward his master's degree at the University of Southern California (where he has since done all his graduate work) and alternated these sessions with more money-raising bouts of football, with the Giants and L. A. Bulldogs. Meanwhile, he started his first teaching job in the fall of 1938, at San Jacinto. It wasn't a happy year for the young married couple who were finally together in a furnished apartment. Gerry said, "We quarreled a lot, but I blame most of that on myself, because I was under a strain as a new teacher, and coaching every night till six, so I was hard to get along with."

After getting his master's, and later his administrative credentials, in summer sessions, his next jobs were as principal and district superintendent. "We stayed in Kern County two years and I hardly got my nose out of the house," Rosellen said. "Darlene broke her arm, then she had scarlet fever followed by ten weeks of rheumatic fever. The two other girls had measles, and Carol was left with bronchitis. Then Darlene got desert fever—it's a miserable thing—and Carol caught it, too, so we had to move. We were living in a log cabin on somebody's farm—the only thing available—and was I glad to see the last of it!"

It was also in the log cabin that they had the worst quarrel of their married life. "Gerry had been holding up a neighbor as an example to me. He kept telling me day after day how hard she worked and how much she did. Finally I got fed up, and I served him breakfast one morning just as that woman would have done it. I didn't have on make-up, my hair wasn't combed, and I slapped down a cup of coffee without a saucer, and a messy blob of cereal. Gerry got so mad he threw the dishes on the floor and banged out of the house. Then he felt so penitent he bought me a new set of dishes. And that was the last I heard of that paragon."

In talking about any family flare-ups now, she said, "I've learned not to let it build up inside until it becomes a big issue. The girls and Gerry know how I feel, and they know where they stand. We all talk things out, and we try to take up the slack in each other's behavior. But sometimes when Gerry gets to pressuring me, I explode all over the place." She laughed. "Then he tiptoes off and spreads the word. 'Watch out! The lady's on the warpath.'"

"Well, I don't like anybody to be huffy at me."

His wife countered gaily, "Oh, but think how dull it would be if we never got huffy."

The daily schedule allows small time for dullness: when the alarm screeches at 6:10, Rosellen leaps into a robe and starts breakfast, while Gerry showers in the tiny extra bathroom he installed in the garage. (Kathy reports, "The plumbing moans and groans like a foghorn." Her father retorts, "But at least I get *in* there.") At 6:30, Rosellen calls the girls, and fifteen minutes later the family sits down to bacon and eggs, fruit, toast and coffee. Darlene says, "I go around like a sleep-

HOW THE DENNERLEINS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Both Gerry and Rosellen work ten months a year in the school system, with net income shown below. Figured over a twelve-month basis, the combined net salary averages out to $648 a month. Expenses usually run close to this figure, with emergencies taking care of any leftover money.

Gerry's Income		Rosellen's Income	
Gross monthly salary	$666.00	Gross monthly salary	$330.00
Retirement pay, taken out	63.67	Retirement pay, taken out	31.58
Income tax	72.60	Income tax	49.80
10-month basis	$529.73	10-month basis	$248.62

MONTHLY EXPENSES

Food	$250.00	Phone	5.00
House payments, carrying charges	100.00	Clothing	50.00
Insurance	10.00	Cigarettes	1.25
Utilities	15.00	Magazines, newspapers	5.00
Vacation	15.00	Club and professional dues	6.00
Taxes (state, city and county)	24.00	School expenses	10.00
Church and charities	10.00	Dry cleaning, shoe repair	15.00
Car expenses	40.00	Transportation not by car	3.00
Household cleaning supplies	6.00	Furniture, remodeling and appliances	15.00
Medical, dental, Blue Cross	40.00	Recreation	10.00
		Total	$630.25



walker. Dad's still teasing me about the times I forgot to put the top on the percolator, and the coffee spouted to the ceiling. And Kathy always coos to her parakeet during breakfast, and the rest of us sound about as sensible." The phone often starts ringing before 7 A.M., teachers calling Rosellen to report illness and asking her to arrange for a substitute before school opens that day. While this goes on, Kathy clears the table, Carol washes dishes, Darlene makes her parents' bed and straightens her own room. "At least that's the theory," her mother said, "but it's often left in a toss-up, because she's the first to leave the house."

At 7:35, Darlene, carrying a "reducing lunch" of fruit, leaps into the family's second car, a '39 Chevvy, "which might bring twenty dollars on the open market," and drives three miles to Long Beach State College. A few minutes later, the four other Dennerleins ride off in the opposite direction, in their '51 Hudson. Carol said, "Dad let me drive every morning while he was teaching me, but he says it took several years off his life." They drop Kathy first, at Rogers Junior High. Then Rosellen disappears through the shady loggias of the Fremont Elementary School. Carol gets off at Wilson High, and Gerry continues on to Polytechnic, where he teaches history and Social Living to classes averaging thirty students. (Long Beach, now fifth largest city in California, with a population of 379,000, has done itself proud on roomy, modern school buildings.) All four Dennerleins eat a soup-and-salad lunch in school cafeterias, and this accounts for $20 a month of food expenses. Sometimes Rosellen goes to a nearby lunch counter for her half-hour noon break "because I think it's a good idea to get a change of atmosphere."

Fremont, with 400 students from kindergarten through sixth grade, is an attractive, spacious, well-run school, but if you spend an hour in Rosellen's big office adjoining the principal's, you'll see how a little change of atmosphere might be restful. Teachers, parents and offspring stream in and out. Phones ring constantly. Rosellen moves tranquilly, a one-woman office force, from adding machine to typewriter to Mimeograph and back again. She even shows genuine enthusiasm when small students rush in to display such treasures as a baby shark in a fish bowl. Along with her secretarial work—typing letters, requisitions and a flow of reports—she's in charge of the textbook and record-album libraries and their inventories, prepares stencils for programs and bulletins, and works with the P.T.A. "They're a terrific group here. They get so much done." She is also receptionist, and coffee maker for the teachers' morning break. She says cheerfully, "I like the job because I can keep changing my pace all day. And my boss, the principal, Mrs. Darling, is wonderful. She really deserves her name."

Mrs. Darling, in turn, tells you, "Rosellen is tops. The youngsters like her as much as she likes them, and she's so efficient. She keeps her head no matter what."

Rosellen said later, "I'm almost never physically exhausted at the end of a day, but sometimes I get a kind of exhausted frustration, seeing all the things I'd like to do if I just had more time at home. But I try to shut my eyes and remember I'll catch up in the summer." (She painted every room in the house one vacation, and has made all the curtains.) "My mother was the sort who even scrubbed the front steps every day, and if I got like that I'd drive myself and the others crazy."

By 4:45, after a ride home with Darlene, she's watering the brilliant miniature garden she's green-thumbed in boxes her husband built bordering the front: an exuberant mass of hibiscus, angel begonias and pinks. She points out proudly the work Gerry has done on the exterior, to change it "from fake Spanish to real California." He latticed in the bare little on-the-sidewalk entrance patio, so that it's now a pleasant, sheltered porch. He also transformed an ex-porch into a workroom containing his books, filing cabinets and a rickety sewing machine. "The girls filed all my patterns as a surprise for me, and I can put my hand on anything now." Eventually she hopes to put her hand on a new sewing machine. "We're supposed to be saving for that and a garbage disposal—we never buy on installment—but we never seem to get the cash together."

There is certainly no stinting on food. Gerry prefers day-to-day marketing so that he can take advantage of advertised specials. "I even got fryers at thirty-five cents a pound." Because he learned about meat cuts at Cudahy's during the beef-lugger days, he feels that he gets good buys. "We usually have fairly inexpensive cuts of steaks or chops. The girls don't like leftovers and they won't even eat chopped meat."

They have two economy-minded favorites that are also fine for entertaining at buffet suppers on the sun deck. One is a rice pilau, from a recipe

CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

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No vitamin can cure disease of the nerves, bones, blood, liver, kidneys, heart or digestive tract except in certain cases which only a doctor can recognize and treat. If you are sick see your doctor. Let him use his skill and judgment to decide what you need.

For more information about a good diet and the proper uses of vitamins, ask your pharmacist for a free copy of the Squibb leaflet "Hidden Hunger."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189

Gerry's sister-in-law learned during a stay in the Orient. The other is Dutch sauerkraut: "Gerry uses spareribs with dill seed, and grated apple and potato."

Her husband said modestly, "It was your dish first," and Rosellen crooned, "But you improved on it so much."

He cooks most meats on the charcoal grill, while his daughters serve as helpers in the Delft-blue kitchen. In spite of the predinner bustle, and Rosellen's straightening the house, the women often get in a swim, and Gerry never misses a day. This undoubtedly whets his outsize appetite to new highs, and temptations such as grated potato pancakes and Carol-baked chocolate cake topped with ice cream leave you with a happily confused notion of Dennerlein dieting.

During the 5:30 meal, Joey the parakeet sits by the dining-room table supplying exotic color, and the nonfeathered members of the family supply the gusto for good food and talk. At a recent dinner, they discussed foreign-exchange students, and told how much they'd enjoyed a German boy Gerry brought home. Rosellen, glinting with amusement, persuaded her middle daughter to quote a student from the Middle East. Carol said, "Well, he only wanted to ask me the next day's assignment, but he addressed me as 'Oh, delight of mine eyes.'" Darlene gave her coined definition of "a girl who dates with hoods and wears too tight skirts. She's a *hooda*." Her father, giving his views on the purpose of education, quoted John Dewey's "The best educated man is the one who does most for others."

Afterward, while the girls did the dishes, Rosellen played Chopin, with a clear, nice touch, and said wistfully, "I think that's the thing I miss most now—my music. It's been a year since I really touched the piano. I used to play a half hour for Gerry every night before dinner, and I gave all the girls lessons, but they haven't practiced much. They sang as a trio in church, last Mother's Day, and I accompanied them." The Dennerleins are Presbyterians, but go to the Congregational church now because it's near. "But Gerry and I've been so busy Sundays lately we haven't even gotten there."

Her momentary air of harassment vanished when Darlene came in and played two charming melodies she'd composed. Soon all four females were giggling, as they described Gerry's rock-'n'-roll rebellion. "He hid all the Fats Domino records in with the towels," Rosellen said. "But I helped the girls search till we found them, and we played the whole lot while he was out, then hid them again so he wouldn't know."

Gerry said, "Ha, I knew all right, because they had on their victory smile." He pointed out reasonably that six hours straight of rock-'n'-roll on the scratchy little portable phonograph was really too much. "But the trouble is, one of them does something wrong and then all four get together and whip it around till it turns out *I'm* the culprit!"

Luckily, he and his wife have the same preferences on television: they both like plays. To preserve family peace, the girls have their own set in a bedroom. Carol, with a dead-pan expression, said, "And we almost never argue over the best seat and which program to watch. I would say not more than one fight a night."

What with homework, Rosellen's domestic chores, and Gerry's research reading done at a nearby library or at home, after an early evening walk, no Dennerlein seems in danger of TV-itis. Both Gerry and his wife take a deeply personal interest in the research project he's chosen for his doctorate dissertation: Factors Relating to the Measurement of Teacher Morale. They say, not bitterly but rather sadly, that too many communities regard (or disregard) teachers as low-salaried, unimportant minions, "instead of respecting them the way they do doctors or lawyers."

In spite of this, Gerry loves teaching so much that although he thinks he could get almost twice his current salary if he went back to administrative work, he wants to stay where he is. "Anyway, the administrative end always sends up my blood pressure."

Although Rosellen says frankly she regards her own job as temporary, "until I can afford to go back to my real job as a full-time housewife," she would never urge her husband into a higher-paying, nonteaching job. "And we don't believe in pressuring the girls either. We want them to get whatever is best out of their age group, and not feel driven, or overcompetitive." When her daughters wandered back in, during an intermission in homework, she said to them, "This is your chance to speak up and get in your licks. Tell what you don't like about us, as parents."

Kathy said, "I liked it when mother didn't work, because she was always here when I got home, and there were fresh flowers in all the rooms, and the smell of something nice cooking, and surprises like the furniture being changed all around. I'd rather she didn't work; but if she must, well, she must."

Darlene and Carol had only one criticism: "They're firmer than most parents. They keep closer tabs on us."

Gerry said later, "We're a close-knit family—maybe too much so."

In a rather troubled voice, he mentioned suddenly that the only life insurance he carries is a $1500 policy with the Teachers' Association. On the credit side, there's the retirement pay taken out of both their salaries each month.

Both Dennerleins take evenings out for school-faculty affairs, and Rosellen served a term as president of the Polytechnic Faculty Wives. They also support such community projects as the Film Forum and the Playhouse, and the famous Alamitos Bay Parade of Lights at Christmas, when all the boats in the area are decorated, and thousands of visitors come to see the brilliant spectacle. Gerry served one Christmas as chairman of the Program Committee, and his wife worked on decorations. Each New Year's, Rosellen's father and stepmother, come down from Puente to visit, and the Dennerleins often see Gerry's grandmother in Los Angeles.

Their vacations are spent on family camping-out trips—to Sequoia National Park, Kings Canyon and Mount St. Helen. Last summer, to celebrate their twentieth anniversary, Rosellen insisted that she and Gerry should go off by themselves for a week. "And I told him, 'Just for once, no sleeping bags!' We drove to Carmel, and the truth is it wasn't quite the satisfaction we'd planned. We kept saying, 'Oh, wouldn't the girls love this? What do you suppose they're doing now?' And we could hardly wait to phone them every night at six-thirty. Gerry said to me, 'Once a parent, always a parent. You and I worry about them, and they tell us they're having a ball!' But when we got home, we found a huge sign over the garage door. They'd painted Gerry's and my faces on the top, and in big red letters: WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE BACK. And oh, were we glad to be home." END



By POLLY TOLAND

The skies are cloudless; the flowers all red and canary yellow; the birthday cake has come and gone. The guests are gathered about William, a crowd of three-year-olds.

"These presents are all mine!" says William fiercely. "You can't play with them!"

"William!" I say, shocked. The assembled mothers all smile that there-but-for-the-grace-of-God-goes-mine smile of the exonerated, while I add lamely, "These are your guests ——"

"But these are *my* presents, mummy." (The boy's not so dumb, I think proudly; but am forced to go on playing mother.)

"*William!*" I say, in my most meaningful voice. "Remember about Sunday school and *sharing?*" (Poor little boy! After all, they are his toys.)

William, undefeated, climbs down from a pile of rumpled birthday paper, ribbons and toy trucks. "O.K.," he says grandly, "they can have them. But it's my birthday, and they can't have that!"

. . . A wonderful exchange, my son: a cloudless day, with flowers all red and yellow. William's day.

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Memo to: Barbara J. Subject: Wardrobe for Spring

Purchases for spring wardrobe since January...silk polka-dot dress, white knit cardigan, lightweight wool sheath and jacket, beige linen skirt and blouse, and beige tweed coat. Needed...

One Enchanting dress

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

By BET HART

This sums up Barbara J.'s current fashion thoughts in a nutshell. Barbara always writes down (just in case you haven't suspected it long before) exactly what she has, and with this neat slip of paper in hand continues from there with her mental gyrations. Barbara may be purely hypothetical (we sometimes wish she weren't!), but her fashion calculating is very much in the realm of reality. Every purchase in the past has been made with utmost determination to be a true fashion investment . . . a blessing to Barbara's wardrobe as well as to her morale. What Barbara has reaped from these purchases is more than even *she* ever hoped for!

We think this time enchantment is matched by practicality, but amazingly enough (or perhaps not so amazing for Barbara) she comes up with exactly the kind of dress she is looking for. It makes a spring wardrobe complete!



ROGER PRIGENT

Dining out, *Barbara wears the dress, shown here with its own white piqué cuff outlining the pretty neckline. The skirt is full, falling in soft unpressed pleats. Tiny tucks at the front are one more added detail. The fabric, Dacron and cotton, shows up its practical side. All these fashion points for a glorious $17.95!*



Entertaining at home, *Barbara adds her gay checked apron with a huge rose tucked into the waistband. Her new red sandals strike the same color accent . . . cost her all of $3.99. She also adds chalk-white jewelry to keep the colors basic and gay—red, white and black!*



MARIBETH

Dancing *is exactly what Barbara had in mind for the dress, and we think it looks prettier than ever on the dance floor! Here, removing the white piqué cuff shows up the other version of two pretty necklines. She adds a cotton-print sash (1 yard of fabric, 59 cents) tied for the ends to drift over the floating skirt.*



Party at a friend's. *Barbara wears her white sweater she made in January. The color accent this time: bright turquoise, her cummerbund she made last November. She wears her black suède pumps.*



On a Sunday, *a new costume—but the same dress. Barbara wears her coral bolero, short white gloves, and a new hat of tiny leaves and flowers . . . $2.98.*

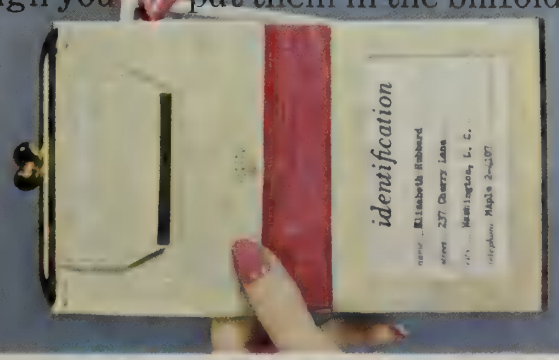
Spring Fashion $'s

Total beginning from January, $71.18. Add to this $25.51 for the black dress, red sandals, print sash and hat to make a total of $96.69... a spring wardrobe complete!

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DAVID'S NEW GIRL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

because if he was she was having a dance, a very small dance, and if he wasn't she'd ask someone else. I said the last I knew he would be here but that a letter had arrived this morning which I'd not had time to read and that I'd have to let her know.

At my back Mr. Dunstable coughed. I hung up and he said sorrowfully that there was nothing wrong with the furnace. It was the thermostat. He said we'd have to have a new thermostat. Luckily for us, he said, he had one on hand. Otherwise we might have had to wait weeks. As it was, he reckoned he could have the thing in by nightfall.

Gordon, looking harried, came home for lunch. The latest weather report had it that the temperature was going down to twenty tonight. If it did he might as well consider the broccoli a dead loss. He paced up and down the kitchen while I made sandwiches and more coffee. Farming, he said, was a backbreaking gamble. A foolhardy way to earn a living. Imagine anyone in his right mind trying to earn a living betting on the weather. If he had it to do over again he'd be a lawyer, doctor, dentist. Anything but this. And why wasn't the furnace on?

We ate our sandwiches huddled in front of the fire in the east living room and I opened David's letter:

Dear Ma and Pa: Will be home as planned late Wednesday night. Driving. Am bringing a girl home with me.

Later. She can't get away until Thursday A.M. Flying. Her name is Angela Cutler. See you soon. Love.

I handed the note to Gordon. I said, "Here we go again. Poor Sally," I said. "I wonder what this one does. All David's girls do something. Intensely," I said. "Remember the one who wrote? Nasty little verses about everybody she met. And remember the one who was studying insects and wouldn't let us kill the cockroaches the entire time she was here? I had to call in the fumigator after she left. Cockroaches," I said, "have the most astonishing habits of reproduction. Faster even than rabbits. I do wish David would settle down."

"I think David has settled down," Gordon said slowly, and read the telegram on note paper through again. "I think," he said, "this Angela has got him."

David isn't even Gordon's son, but he's always been right about him. I had David when I was nineteen and going to be an actress. I played understudy to Juliet for four weeks in a summer-stock company in Massachusetts and when it was over I eloped with the youth who understudied Romeo. It seemed like the most dramatic way to end a most dramatic summer. It was terribly romantic and irresponsible and utterly superficial. We were in love, but we didn't really like each other at all. When I found I was going to have David, Romeo's understudy took a job in a mining camp in South America because wives and children were not allowed. I went home to my parents and had David and got a divorce. I met and married Gordon when David was two and I think that is why Gordon has always felt closer to David than to any of our other children. He associates him with falling in love. David was there when the bells rang. The others weren't.

However, I felt that this time Gordon was carrying rapport a bit too far. I said so. I asked him what he was basing his preposterous assumption on. He said clairvoyance. I said never had David been less communicative about a girl he was bringing home. I said that always before David sent ahead enough information to compose an obituary. I reminded him that the only thing David had considered worthy of mention about this girl was her name. I pointed out that nowhere had he expressed the hope that we would like her and vice versa, a refrain which dotted his other similar announcements with the regularity of punctuation.

Gordon grinned and said I'd hit the nail on the head, that this time David didn't care whether we liked her or not; and as for the note's lack of salient details, what man, unless he's a poet and sure of it, ever attempts to describe his true love? "I may be wrong," Gordon said, "but I'd say we'd better get out the old family silver and start polishing it up."

"You've got to be wrong," I said hotly, "because already I don't like her; and besides, David is going to marry Sally—we've always known that—and besides, any girl named Angela is just not daughter-in-law material."

The telephone rang. It was Mother Blair wanting to know if David was coming home for Thanksgiving because if he was she wanted to invite Sally for Thanksgiving dinner. I said that David was coming home but that he was bringing a girl with him, that her name was Angela and that Gordon for some obscure reason was convinced David was going to marry her and that furthermore the furnace had died and the broccoli was going to, too, if it went down to twenty the way everyone said it would. I then took a deep breath and asked her how she was.

One of the nice things about Mother Blair is that she never tells you how she is. She said if the furnace wasn't going by tonight we could come to her house and that I wasn't to worry about David because he still had another year of college and that a lot could happen in a year. She said she would pray for the broccoli.

When Gordon left I reread David's letter, looking for some dot or dash that might have escaped me the first time, and decided that for once Gordon was mistaken.

Mr. Dunstable arrived with the new thermostat.

Bertha arrived bundled up in my old beaver coat and wanted to know what for I kept the house so cold. Didn't I know it was going to



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Woolite started the rejuvenation of cashmeres and woolens. It is the *cold* water soap that keeps them bright and youthful, without shrinking, without matting. You don't even have to block them. Recommended by famous woolen wear makers, Woolite assures long, glamorous life.

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As soon as you can, we suggest you get some Woolite at a department or specialty store, or wherever woolens are sold. And, for yourself or as a gift, you can also get the 20-packet Travel Pack.

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THE MIRACLE COLD WATER SOAP **WOOLITE** RHYMES WITH DELIGHT!

THE COLD WATER SOAP APPROVED BY THE LABORATORIES OF UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY, INC

eeze tonight? When I told her about the urnace she started buttoning up my beaver nd said she'd do the dishes but then she'd ave to go. Said let her rheumatism flirt with is cold and there'd be nothing left of her. started to tell her that Mr. Dunstable was xing everything right at this moment when Mr. Dunstable returned from the basement o tell me that this wasn't the right thermostat fter all and that he might have to order one fter all though he'd try Mason's Hardware rst, much as he hated to do business with hem.

The twins blew in from school wanting hot hocolate, an apple, two sandwiches each and anting to know why the cooky jar was lways empty. Tuck said wistfully that if it ould just get a few degrees colder and then ain it would snow. I told them what would appen to the broccoli if it snowed and they ooked so solemn and concerned that I felt like shrew. "But if it should snow," I said, "we'll ake snow sherbet and a snowman and for- get about the broccoli." I hugged Johnny be- ause he likes to be hugged and patted the tubble top of Tuck's head because he doesn't nd they began talking excitedly about build- ng sleds. Did I happen to have any old run- ers around anywhere?

Mothers of identical twins seem to consider t a point of honor to declare that their twins are really nothing alike except physically. Johnny and Tuck are identical twins. They have sandy hair, hazel eyes and chins that we're hoping the orthodontist will develop into something more sculptured. They like the same food, the same games and pretty much

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools. HERBERT SPENCER

the same people. Johnny is a little kinder than Tuck, but that's just because Tuck doesn't know how. He'd like to be. Tuck is a little more dependent on the good opinion of others, but that's because, not having Johnny's gift of kindness, he finds their good opinion a little harder to come by. They both are determined and they both like to build things and I was sure that, runners or no runners, by nightfall they'd have something you could lie on that would slide on snow.

Amanda telephoned from her friend Patricia's house. Casually she asked if the furnace was fixed and, on learning that it was not, as casually said she thought she'd stay at Patricia's awhile because Patricia had some divine new records.

Bertha, ever true to her word, washed the dishes and departed. She is definitely not the old family retainer I've been searching for all my married life. The house seemed awfully empty after she'd gone. Empty and cold. Downstairs in the basement the twins were dragging old crates around, a sound much like the scraping of fingernails across a blackboard.

I put on my coat and walked down to the corner store to look for something for dinner that would take no preparing, a minimum of cooking and would be tasty, hearty and hot. Mr. Corey suggested a leg of lamb, sweet-potato casserole and green peas fresh out of the pod. Beneath his scornful gaze I purchased several cans of baked beans, canned Boston brown bread and a box of frozen vegetables, and bit back the spineless impulse to explain to him about Bertha and the furnace.

Walking home through the early twilight, I thought again of David's note and of how it had been just such an evening as this when I'd walked from my parents' house to the hospital to have David. I'd walked because the pains weren't very compelling and the winter twilight was, and also because I was scared and wished to postpone as long as possible the moment when the hospital doors would swing shut behind me and I would find myself alone in a strange place with this new and devastating experience that everyone described as indescribable. It seemed only yesterday. *David can't get married*, I thought fiercely. *He's still mine*, I thought fiercely. *Gordon is crazy*, I thought fiercely, and banged open our front door. A warm blast of air met me and Mr. Dunstable's voice floated out to me from the west living room where he and Gordon were talking. Tuck, manfully trying not to look defeated, greeted me with the news that the latest weather report predicted warmer temperatures by midnight. Amanda—wearing, now that the furnace was functioning, wool slacks and a turtle-neck sweater, and her hair in a new way—called to me from the kitchen that she was cooking dinner: a leg of lamb she'd got out of the freezer, sweet-potato casserole and two vegetables. She also said that she'd just been voted "best-all-around girl" by the high-school yearbook committee, which I guessed explained this sudden and startling assumption of responsibility and possibly the hairdo which made her look too tall, too thin and awesomely capable. Slipping into the pantry to conceal my pitiful purchases on the shelf reserved for the boys' camp-outs, I wondered if this best-all-around business might not swing Amanda's choice of college away from the academically pure and emotionally pristine girls' college of her choice and more in the direction of the coeducational university which Gordon and I felt she needed. When I got to the living room I found Mr. Dunstable coming out. He looked frightfully jolly. The coffee table was covered with pamphlets proclaiming the charms of the new air-blowing, air-receiving furnace; Gordon, pencil in hand, was studying price lists. I said how could we buy a new furnace when we couldn't even afford new slip covers for the living room? Johnny brought in another log for the fire. The fire crackled. I took off my shoes and stretched out on the couch. In the kitchen Amanda dropped something. Across the hall in the east living room Superman told the twins to buy his brand of cereal *now*. Gordon smiled at me over the top of a furnace

CONTINUED ON PAGE 197



WHEN YOU TAKE THIS LIPSTICK OFF AT NIGHT—

"Alive" Color Stays On Your Lips!

YOU WAKE UP BEAUTIFUL

Yes, at night when you cleanse your face – the lipstick comes off, but the color stays on! Next morning, your lips feel soft and smooth as silk, are still radiant with color. Then, when you use Coty "24" before going out, you're set for perfect lip make-up all through the day. So get the one lipstick that keeps "alive" color on longer than any other you've ever used . . . Coty "24"!

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Modern elegance in a case you keep. Save 35c when you refill—or change shades. Refills 90c

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The Picture of Health for April



by MAXINE DAVIS

In the early Spring my mother always did a big sales job trying to get the family to drink sassafras tea—and like it! When we squirmed and made faces, she'd tell us how much more tasty it was than that old-fashioned sulphur and molasses *her* mother forced down young and protesting gullets.

Our elders realized—as we do—that while the first sunny days give a happy lift to the spirits, winter sluggishness still persists.

Now, thank goodness, I don't have to stew the bark of a tree or struggle with a smelly mixture that may or may not be tonic. I have BEXEL Vitamins.

I give BEXEL to everybody in the house, from Gramp to the baby. Bexel vitamin-mineral capsules really do supply the nutritional elements that make the difference between feeling dragged down and ready to soar like the cardinals in our syringa bush.

We adults and half-growns take our BEXEL capsules gladly because we know what they do for us. The children like the bright little red ones, made especially for them, because they're like tiny Easter eggs—though sometimes they prefer their BEXEL in pleasant-tasting syrup. The baby burbles when she gets it in her formula. For all of us, BEXEL is a part of Spring.

With the bounce that BEXEL brings, you're looking forward eagerly to the Easter festivities.

The only cloud on the day of a party is remembering that as soon as it's the least bit warm you begin to perspire, especially under your arms.

You know that perspiration is a natural normal function. You guard your dresses daintily but nevertheless you fret because you know it's not—well—fragrant.

Actually, the odor doesn't come from the perspiration itself, as most people think, but from bacteria that flourish on it.

Well—I've investigated this problem, and find that the new YODORA is by far the best answer. YODORA is the newest idea in a deodorant. It's the only one compounded with an antibiotic (*pertexol*) which paralyzes those wretched bugs. It has a light cold cream base that soothes and heals any irritated surface, and a very delicate fresh evanescent scent that won't interfere with your new perfume. You can put it on, forget it until tomorrow, and have a wonderful time! The teen-agers help themselves to Mother's YODORA, and frequently.

With Easter holidays coming, they're likely to be more worried about their pimples and acne.

Personally I advocate a preventive program: the adolescent should begin to use UTOL as soon as she notices her first pimple spots and blemishes. For while we parents know there is no one treatment for acne we know too that UTOL not only helps the skin but also hides pimples, and therefore improves the youngster's state of mind, which is half the battle.

Suggest to your daughter that she smooth UTOL over her skin and put her make-up on over it. She'll be glowing at the Easter dances because she'll know her "spots" don't show! It's flesh-colored; your son can apply it without fear that anyone will notice it.

UTOL is an ointment, primarily antiseptic and antibiotic. It kills pimple germs, prevents new infections, relieves minor irritations and itching—and, that averts scratching which may cause permanent scars.

That's why they should also use UTOL routinely at bedtime. It's benencent all around the clock.

April showers bring May flowers all right, but first they bring wet feet, houses and clothes that are too warm or not warm enough, rough irritated throats, and voices and tempers that are anything but joyful!

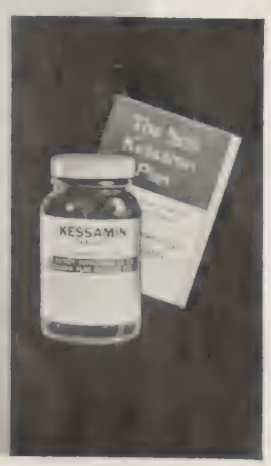
This is the time when I check on my supply of NEO-AQUA-DRIN lozenges. I keep a couple of tubesful in the medicine cabinet and one in my handbag, and offer them like blessings. Their antibiotic content (tyrothricin) guards against lurking secondary infection and their anti-pain action makes communication normal instead of a nightmare. I wouldn't be without them!

Wonderful new way to win—and keep

the slim figure of fashion

...the trim figure of health





McKesson offers a new Beauty Plan ...The Kessamin Plan...to help you lose 5 to 14 lbs., pleasantly, safely!

Have a new Beauty Figure for Spring—spend the Summer with a lovelier, slimmer you! Because here is a plan to help you reduce, safely, easily, pleasantly — and what's more, to keep your figure attractive and slender. It is called the Kessamin Plan for a "beauty figure."

The Kessamin Plan was compiled by a leading nutritional expert. It is safe for your health —and it really does work.

The Kessamin Plan helps you shed unwanted weight — without hunger pangs, without the nerves or fatigue that often go with losing weight —without any dangerous drug side-effects.

With the Kessamin Plan, healthful, enjoyable menus are supplemented with the almost magic formula Kessamin #14. These little tablets contain essential nutritional vitamins and iron to keep you feeling well, plus a neutral food additive that makes smaller food helpings seem quite enough. Thus, the Kessamin Plan helps you change over to better eating—painlessly—so you can easily prevent the return of excess weight.

It's guaranteed! Either you are pleased and happy with what the Kessamin Plan and Kessamin #14 do for you—either you win a new beauty figure—lose weight, and feel better—or your money back!

Ask your physician about reducing. Consult your druggist about the Kessamin Plan. Your druggist will tell you it is based on natural, normal, healthful processes. Your druggist will trust your confidence in wanting to lose weight. Along with your doctor, he is the man most concerned with your, and your family's health. As with other fine McKesson products, Kessamin is one more example of how McKesson "makes it better—so it's better for you."

• Watch the HOME Show with Arlene Francis.

KESSAMIN

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 195

catalogue—one of those married smiles that say, *I like it here and how are you?* I sighed contentedly. I told Gordon that after due consideration I'd come to the conclusion that for once he was mistaken about David. Gordon said he undoubtedly was, that it was just a feeling that he'd happened to have. I stretched and sighed again. The telephone rang. The long imperious ring that usually heralds a long-distance call.

It was David. He said he'd decided to stay over and fly down with Angela on Thursday. He said Angela was a perfectly marvelous girl and he knew we'd be crazy about her and vice versa. He said please not to plan anything because Angela was tired and didn't want to do anything. I went back into the living room and told Gordon happily that everything was going to be all right because things were beginning to run true to form again and that the only thing that wasn't running true to form was that apparently Angela didn't do anything.

Gordon looked relieved and said again that it had just been a feeling he'd had and again the telephone rang. Again the long imperious ring that usually heralds —— I ignored it and in a moment Tuck howled that it was for me and who did I know in Boston. "I don't," I said.

When the operator had made sure that I was Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Gordon Blair, Mrs. Gordon R. Blair and not some impostor, she said, "Here is your party," and a woman's voice with an accent that I can only describe as Eastern boarding school topped off by a year of European travel said that she was Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. Reginald Cutler, Angela's mother.

I murmured that it was nice of her to call and she said not at all. She said she'd only just learned that Angela planned to come to us over Thanksgiving and she wanted to be sure that it wasn't too much of an imposition. She said she'd never allowed Angela to visit without an exchange of letters between parents, but that it had all come up at the last minute and that Angela had been determined. "Young people today," she said, "are so impetuous, so headstrong. The amenities are, after all, important even in this day and age," she said crossly, but I felt she scolded Angela rather than me. Was I quite sure it was going to be all right? I assured her that it was and knew I didn't imagine the defeated sigh at the other end of the line. She added unconvincingly that she hoped someday we might meet and hung up.

When I got back to the living room Gordon asked me who I knew in Boston. I said that I knew Angela's mother and that she sounded terribly upper crust and terribly anxious about the amenities and a little anxious about Angela.

Amanda, coming into the room to announce dinner, wanted to know who was Angela. When we told her she said had we ever noticed that David's girls were never pretty but that they all had the most devastating sort of figures and didn't we think it rather vulgar of him? Then she said "Poor Sally" and I remembered that I'd promised to call Sally about her little party for a very few.

Sally said in a gay, tremulous voice that she hoped she'd meet Angela while she was here, that all the girls David brought home were always so interesting, and added after only the briefest hesitation that the party wasn't really going to be so very small after all and that after all she did want to meet David's friend and so did I think they would like to come? Friday night. Eight-thirty. At the club. I thought about Angela and how David had said she didn't want to do anything and I thought about David who probably wanted not to do just what Angela didn't and then I thought about Sally and I said that I was sure they'd love to.

Wednesday

I got up making lists in my head, which always means a depressing day. Clean curtains for guest room. Speak to Bertha about habit of shouting things from kitchen. Speak to twins about table manners. Ask Amanda please to be nice to Angela even if it turns out she has a devastating figure and isn't interested in anything. Suggest to Gordon that he not bring up the subject of segregation or any controversial subject until after Thanksgiving dinner. Polish the silver.

Bertha in one of her despondent moods. Her husband Harry drinking again. I decided it was not the day to speak to her about anything. On the bright side—her cooking, when she is despondent, is divine. At breakfast the twins nervously remind me that this is the day they are appearing as Pilgrim Fathers in the school auditorium at eleven. I decide to let the

MY FIRST JOB



LIFE PHOTO BY ALFRED EISENSTADT

By
MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

I lost my first job and cried bitterly over it. I had been working as a waitress for 40 cents an hour and needed the money to see me through senior year at Cornell. It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. It turned me to my camera.

With an old Ica reflex that my mother had given me, with a cracked lens, I started in as a free-lance photographer on the Cornell campus. To me it always has been breathtakingly beautiful. I took the Hall of Science on a winter night and made my own curving trails of footprints through the snow; a silhouette statue of Andrew Dickson White in front of Goodwin Smith Hall; a lacy picture of Risley Hall at dawn seen through layers of mist. I climbed to the top of the Library Tower and all over the ice around the waterfalls, frozen solid like great organ pipes. I was all over the campus taking pattern pictures.

From a local commercial photographer I rented darkroom privileges and worked night after night. I pulled myself through that last year by selling my pictures.

A slow elevator handed me my second lucky break, just before graduation. I'd been urged to take up architectural photography, and I went to see a prominent New York City architect for some unbiased advice. He was hurrying to catch a train, but the elevator was so slow I took out my portfolio and showed him a few pictures. When he saw the Library Tower he said, "Let's go back and look at them." Because of his encouraging words I opened up my own shop and went to work for myself.

"Smartness... in travel has three meanings...

Yes, there's smartness in choosing a smart way to go—such as one of our luxurious Domeliners or beautiful Streamliners.

Then there's smartness in knowing the appropriate clothes to wear and to pack. Also, it's smart to know how to arrange a trip and how to feel perfectly 'at home' on a train. I'll be happy to point the way to an enjoyable, leisurely trip. Just mail the coupon."

Mary Lou West

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Domeliner "CITY OF LOS ANGELES" AND "THE CHALLENGER"
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Streamliner "CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO"

☐ What should I wear while on the train?
☐ How can I get tickets without standing in line?
☐ Can I go right through without changing trains?
☐ How much should I tip for service when I travel?
☐ Can you arrange other accommodations besides rail?

Mary Lou West, Travel Consultant
Union Pacific R.R., Room 770, Omaha 2, Nebr.

Please advise me about a trip from

_____ to _____

I am interested in the items checked.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Phone _____

table manners go. Amanda, having overslept, gulped a hurried breakfast, berated me for not having things better organized and galloped off to school, forgetting her lunch money and a notebook on which was inscribed "Personal, Keep Out." I decided Angela will just have to take her chances with Amanda.

There's rumor of another freeze on the way. Gordon came home late for supper and had to go out again right afterward to oversee placing of smudge pots and covering of broccoli. We drank hot milk in the kitchen at midnight and talked over the advisability of cutting down on broccoli next year and planting some hardier crop. We talked about Tuck and Johnny as Pilgrim Fathers. And about the Hazelton divorce, which I am all for and Gordon is all against. I decide if Angela can't handle controversial subjects it's just too bad. I did get clean curtains up in the guest room. Also polished silver.

Thursday

Much debate as to who was to drive to Charleston to meet the plane, in the midst of which David called from Charleston and said they'd caught an earlier plane and would take a bus over. Angela, David said, had never ridden on a bus and wanted to. "Never ridden on a bus!" Amanda howled. "Maybe," I said hopefully, "she's just never been anywhere before."

Mother Blair called to say she'd gone ahead and asked Sally, Angela or no Angela, and should she put her on one side of David and Angela on the other or separate everybody? I said separate.

Mother Blair called again and said she was having difficulty with the flower arrangements and should she put Dolly's widower on her left and the Reverend Crutch on her right as usual or could she just this once indulge herself by putting them both at the far end of the table? I said if Amanda would meet David's bus I'd be over shortly. I took the twins with me because they are enchanted by Mother Blair's house, which has a glass-brick front, a blue roof and a carport that is ideal for roller skating. Mother Blair built it six months after Father Blair died and the town couldn't have been more shocked if she'd taken on a lover. The old Blair house, which neither Gordon nor I wanted because it was even bigger and draftier than ours, was considered one of the handsomer landmarks in the town, beloved almost equally by the Bromley historical society and Father Blair, who loved it with a passion second only to his passion for guns and hunting dogs. Gordon and I still have long, inconclusive debates as to whether the new house symbolizes Mother Blair's inner self submerged by years of childbearing, child raising and a domineering husband whom she seemingly adored, or if it was simply her way of shedding the habits of a lifetime which had, in the absence of him who'd shared them for so long, become too painful to her. Perhaps the most revealing thing to be said about her is that no one will ever know.

This morning she was wearing one of a series of boxlike creations which she lovingly calls "house dimities." She greeted the twins abstractedly. She detests all children but her own and her own's own, because those are the only ones she feels free to treat as adults from the moment they can talk.

She didn't see, she said, why all this frenzied insistence on seating men next to women anyway. Men, she said, were conversational dullards over a plate of turkey and women would much rather talk to each other—married women, that is. She said, shepherding me into the dining room, that she wasn't a bit satisfied with the centerpiece as her chrysanthemums this year hadn't done too well and that what it needed—the centerpiece—was more body. She shoved a handful of place cards into my hand and said she did hope that this one of David's would be prettier than the last one and would have less brains or at least not make an exhibition of them as the last one had, especially if David was serious this time, though how he could be when Sally was such a darling and obviously adored him —— She said had I heard that the Hazeltons were getting a divorce and didn't I think it sad especially as there were no children—nothing more than an extended affair that ended badly, she said. Studying the place cards, I thought that there were times when I yearned for "nothing more than an extended affair"—with Gordon, of course—and realized there were two more place cards than places.

Mother Blair said the unset places must be those of the Reverend Crutch and wife, whom she hadn't wanted to ask in the first place but had felt she should because of dear Amy. Dear Amy had been the reverend's first wife and Mother Blair's dearest friend.

Reminiscing about dear Amy, Mother Blair set the two forgotten places while I juggled Sally, David and Angela, finally deciding in a burst of abandon to put Sally next to David and let Angela fend for herself between Gordon and young Fritz Blair, Roy and Margaret's oldest.

The twins and I got home just in time to see David and a tall blond girl in a fur coat alight from the station wagon which Amanda, for some reason, had driven around to the side door—the skates and rubbers entrance. The twins dashed ahead of me to greet David with a flying tackle.

People who don't realize that David isn't Gordon's son say that they look alike. They don't really: David is fair, Gordon dark; David tall, Gordon square-set. Until today I'd thought perhaps it was their smile, but today when David smiled at me over the top of the twins' heads I didn't see Gordon in it or even David. I suddenly saw Romeo's understudy back in the early days at the playhouse when he still believed in himself and in me and in love and I thought, startled, *So that's what it was that happened to me!* and then David scraped off the twins and was hugging me and smiling over the top of my head at the tall, thin blond girl in just the way he'd smiled at me and saying, "Ma, this is Angela!"

The girl was exquisite: straight honey-blond hair that swung back from her face as though blown by an invisible breeze, gray-green eyes



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neath delicately arched brows, a smile that s shy. Beside her Amanda looked awkward l unfinished and touchingly young. Even twins were regarding her with a kind of areness heretofore reserved for sports cars l jet planes.

said it was nice that she could come. She d it was nice of us to have her and that the s trip had been divine. The twins, to every-e's astonishment except Angela's, grasped r suitcases and started for the house.

David said, "Gee, ma, you're looking ind."

Amanda said, "Gee, David, you look astly. What have you been doing, sitting all night in an opium den?"

David said if she must know he'd acquired s special pallor languishing in the parlor of iss English's finishing school for girls. An-la blushed. Amanda gave me a look that id, *A finishing school, yet; wouldn't you just ow it!* and with the twins leading the way I ered everyone away from the side door and ound to the front where I hoped Angela uld see the silver bowl of chrysanthemums the table in the hall before she saw the ayed slip covers in the west living room.

Gordon, looking impatient, met us at the or. He had his gold watch in one hand and as wearing the righteous, inflexible look he ways gets when he's trying to herd us all mewhere on time. Didn't we realize, he id, that we were due at Mother Blair's this ry moment? I said, "Gordon, this is Angela utler, from Boston." Angela said, "Not oston; New York." She said mumsy had lled from Boston because mumsy just hap-ned to be there doing a poetry reading. manda gave me a look which said, *Poetry ading, yet; wouldn't you just know it!* and I ade up my mind to have a talk with Amanda out snobbery, about how there are all kinds id about how she is in danger of becoming me kind, maybe a snob's snob. Gordon ook Angela's hand and in his eyes I de-cted something akin to the twins' startled wakening and I thought, *Well, she is pretty, t not that pretty.*

In the hall Angela allowed David to take ff her coat and I was astonished to see that ne had no figure at all. Her ankles, her wrists, er hands were lovely, but she was as flat-chested and flat-hipped as a boy and much too thin. I looked at Gordon to see how he was reacting to this unveiling, but he hardly seemed to realize she'd been unveiled. He was still holding the gold watch, but only because he'd forgotten to put it away. He was telling Angela about the time David had saved Bobby Calhoun's life at Lake Hare one summer when they were twelve. I'd never heard him tell anyone the tale before and I listened fascinated as the lake grew larger and Bobby heavier and David more heroic by the moment.

David, looking utterly wretched, caught my eye. I tried to catch Gordon's eye, but his eyes, still with that look of startled wonder, were fixed on Angela's upturned face. It was Johnny who finally broke the thing up by the simple expedient of dragging Angela off bodily to look at his shell collection.

Thanks to Gordon and his drowning saga, we were the last to arrive. Mother Blair had held up the hors d'oeuvres until we got there so that we were greeted by a kind of chilly annoyance. Even Sally, who usually turned herself inside out to make people feel comfortable, especially David's girls, gave Angela one long frightened look of appraisal and took off to a small isolated love seat and played ostrich.

I looked around for young Fritz to cheer her up, but he was already hanging over the back of Angela's chair talking into her free ear. Her other ear was politely turned toward Dolly's widower who, looking more animated than I'd thought possible, was, I judged from the flailing motion of his arms, giving Angela a play-by-play description of his encounter twenty years ago with the English Channel. Gordon and David stood over this little tableau with the fatuous possessive air of sponsors at a giveaway show. I joined Sally on the love seat.

My relationship with Sally dates back to her fourth birthday party to which I took a miserably scrubbed and rebellious David. It has continued on much the same forthright level which on that occasion prompted her to ask me what made my tummy so fat and me to reply, "An unborn baby." Today without preamble she said, "This girl's different from the

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MY FIRST JOB



LOTTE JACOBI

By MARGARET MEAD

At twenty-three I arrived in Pago Pago with a typewriter, a metal strongbox, notebooks, camera, a baby pillow, a few clothes and $4.50. And the Samoans. My assignment: find out how Samoan girls grow up. I'd only just emerged from girlhood myself! Now I had a fellowship grant from the National Research Council and this advice from my professors: "Don't waste your time doing regular ethnology." So I had no model to follow; and suddenly what seemed wonderfully adventurous in prospect became in fact somewhat frightening.

Over and over in those first weeks I said despairingly, "I can't do it." One day I said it in Samoan. That was the turning point. I never said it again.

I lived in the ramshackle Pago Pago hotel and wrote my family not to worry "as there are only missionaries here." Later I learned it was the hotel about which Somerset Maugham wrote "Rain"! I went to live in the village of the Turtle and the Shark where I slept beside the chief's daughter on a pile of mats, and became "Makelita." I was accepted as just another girl. I learned to eat raw fish with my fingers, weave garlands and baskets, go torchlight fishing, walk barefoot over the reefs at night.

That first field trip was the basis of my book, Coming of Age in Samoa, and it is still more real to me than the eight others I have taken. Each detail stands out sharply; the smell of coconut or bananas brings back with a rush the voices chanting, the soft clapping of hands at twilight.

I was never homesick in a Samoan house. I know, and cherish the knowledge, that if I were ill or disabled I could still go back thirty years later and the children of Ufuti, my "brothers and sisters," would take me in.



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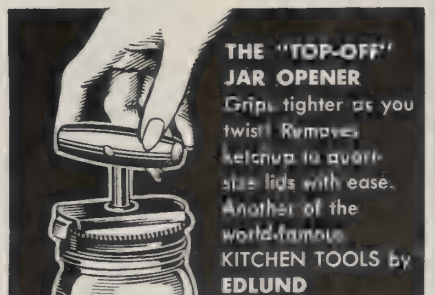
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- ¼ cup olive or salad oil
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- 1½ cups uncooked rice
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- 2½ cups chicken stock or bouillon
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- ¼ teasp. pepper
- ½ teasp. thyme or crumbled sweet basil
- 2 cups cleaned, cooked shrimp

Heat oil in heavy pan that has tight lid. Fry onion and green pepper in hot oil until golden. Add rice; cook and stir only till lightly tanned, not brown. Mix rest of ingredients except shrimp. Stir into rice. Cover tightly. Turn heat to lowest position. Simmer without raising lid or stirring for 30 minutes. Stir in shrimp. Add ½ cup sliced mushrooms, ripe olives or cooked peas if you like. Cover and heat 10 minutes. Makes about 4 servings.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 199

thers." Her voice held a despairing note and thought, *David and his capricious taste!* I nought, *Oh, well, by next Thanksgiving we'll ll look back on this as David's "beautiful-face ra."*

I said, "You look especially pretty today nd what's this I hear about the rush you've een getting from Bruce Carter?"

Sally said crossly, "Oh, him!" Whereupon David, having torn himself away from the ableau, sat down between us and, putting an rm around each of us, said smugly, "Well, irls, what do you think of her?" But he didn't vait to find out because just then "her" waved nd David leaped to his feet and charged cross the room to her. I think I knew then, ut I managed to bury the knowledge under wo helpings of turkey, one each of plum pudding and pumpkin pie, an indiscriminate ssortment of fruit and nuts and afterward heartfelt lecture to the twins on overeating.

The remainder of the afternoon passed in merciful blur of televised football and a game of Monopoly, at which the twins took me for everything I had and a lot that I didn't. Angela and David, who had disappeared with the station wagon as soon as we got home, ut in an appearance at sundown just long enough to change clothes and then they were gone again, this time in Gordon's car.

I'm sure it was midnight when I dreamed I heard the car turn into the drive and hours after that when David knocked on our door. His hair was tousled and he'd made no attempt whatsoever to remove the lipstick that scarred cheek and ear like pastel war paint. He looked pale and hollow-eyed and hideously wide awake and he smelled of perfume. I shook Gordon to partial life and he and David lit cigarettes and took three puffs by actual count before David said that he supposed this *could* wait until morning. I said it already was morning and David said that he and Angela were engaged.

I said, "But, darling, we hardly know the girl"; David said, "That's why I wanted her to come home with me, so you could get to know each other"; Gordon took another considered puff of his cigarette and said, "Engaged, eh?"; David flushed and said well, he hadn't got her a ring yet and her family didn't know yet but they were in love and wanted to get married and wasn't that about as engaged as you could get? Gordon allowed that it was but I, thinking of Romeo's understudy, said that love could be an awfully tricky business. "Sneaks up on you, doesn't it?" David said. "One day you're safe and sound as an empty bank vault and the next ——" He grinned and snapped his fingers. "Never thought it would happen like that," he said and shook his head wonderingly. I said that that wasn't what I'd meant; I said that I'd meant "tricky like a fox." David looked blank and Gordon said, "Go easy, Janet," and David said, "Gee, mom, I thought you'd understand. I thought you'd be happy for me." I said, "Give me a little time." I said after all he had brought home a number of girls before, but this was the first one he'd got engaged to and it would take a little time. I said, "And what about Sally?" David said, "What about her?" Gordon gave me a withering look and David said that Sally was a peach, a grand girl, one of his best friends, but what did she have to do with this? "Oh, men!" I howled and Gordon said, "A callous lot, all of us," and grinned at David and said, "Well, congratulations, son. I think your Angela is quite a girl." David grinned back at him and said, "Thanks, pop."

Feeling left out of the festivities, I said, "What are her family like?" David lit another cigarette and said they were grand. Just grand. They lived at Aenead-on-the-Hudson in a funny old house with cupolas. He said I'd be crazy about Angela's mother because she did things—wrote poetry and gave readings and put on dramatic skits. Gordon said, "Look, son, I've got to get some sleep." I said, "What does her father do?" David said he was a stockbroker and I said, "I better get some sleep too."

As soon as David had gone I said, "Wherever did David get the idea that I liked people who did things?" Gordon said that he'd once known a lady who gave poetry readings and that she wore little-girl peasant skirts and little-girl peasant blouses but that the blouses were cut very low and she wore nothing under them. I said, "Oh, well, David has another year of school. A lot can happen in a year." Gordon said he wouldn't count on it and put out his cigarette, put out the light and turned on his stomach. I said how could he sleep when David's whole future was at stake? Gordon said how could he sleep with me talking

MY FIRST JOB



LOTTE JACOBI

By
DOROTHY THOMPSON

My first job would have been teaching, but I flunked my state teachers' exam in English. So I went to work for the Women's Suffrage Movement in Buffalo, New York. It was a varied, colorful life for a minister's daughter. I do not think any movement from those days to this has been carried forward with so much energy and imagination. We were dedicated to the idea of keeping "Votes for Women" before the public by every conceivable means. At country fairs we tried to drown out sideshow barkers. In pulpits we promoted the temperance movement. In beer halls we pointed out that where women were allowed to vote, the liquor trade was permitted to continue. We were the workingman's friends, and our political power would strengthen the unions. On the other hand, women were natural conservatives, we told businessmen. We were for peace; but when our country went to war, we were ardent patriots. We never heard of psychological warfare—but we practiced it. We were radicals, liberals and reactionaries; raving beauties and plain as pikestaffs; demanding the vote or sweetly pleading for it. Leaders, speakers and organizers, paid and unpaid, came from every social group and embraced as many political and social ideas as there are in the nation—and as many types of women.

To those of us who did it as a full-time job it was an extraordinary experience, an education in politics, publicity, public speaking, organization and an insight into every variety of the human condition; and for me, a natural steppingstone to the field where by then I knew my chief interest lay: journalism.

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to him? I said, "The trouble is that I don't even like her." I said, "The trouble is I think she's cold and spoiled and I'll never understand her in a million years." Gordon said, "The trouble is your boy has turned man and it hurts." He turned the light back on and got into my bed and said, "You know, it's funny your saying those things about Angela, because they are just the sort of things my mother said about you the day I brought you home to meet her." I cried that I didn't believe it, because his mother liked me. I was sure she did. Gordon said, "Of course she did, she's crazy about you. That was a long time ago." I wiped my eyes with the sleeve of his pajama and said I guessed I wasn't being very civilized about things. Gordon said he liked uncivilized women the best and turned off the light.

Friday

Got up determined to get to know Angela, but had the feeling that this would be much easier had David left her at Aenead-on-the-Hudson and just given us *his* version. She slept late and David went out to the farm with Gordon to see the new irrigation system, leaving detailed instructions: Angela liked her coffee strong, her eggs scrambled, her toast dry and would I please keep the twins out of her hair until she'd had her coffee—not that she didn't like them, quite the opposite—and speaking of hair, would I say something to Amanda about that new Edith Sitwell hairdo of hers before Angela got the idea she was an intellectual snob and would I also please call Sally and tell her they couldn't get to her dance because, well, because they couldn't and why had I told her they could in the first place when he'd specifically told me that Angela didn't want to *do* anything ——

I called Sally and told her that Angela had a sore throat, and as soon as I heard signs of life from the guest room I told Bertha about the strong coffee and the eggs scrambled and the toast dry, to which Bertha retorted that she always liked people that got up in the morning.

When I finally located Amanda her hair was down again but her intellect was not. She was sitting on the window seat in the dining room reading Proust and taking notes in a small leather notebook. I said maybe after breakfast she'd like to drive Angela around and show her the town. Amanda said she couldn't imagine Angela's being interested in anything except the shops. I said, "Amanda, dear, there are all kinds of snobs and they're not all of them ——" Amanda said, "I know, mums, sometimes I think I'm really the worst kind of all"—she smiled sheepishly—"the compensation snob." I hugged her gratefully. Angela appeared, looking tired and anxious and, when she found David had deserted her, utterly forlorn. She said, "No eggs, thank you, just coffee." Bertha angrily brought in the eggs anyway and the twins came in in football helmets and devoured them. As a token of their gratitude they asked Angela to referee a scrimmage in the front yard.

The telephone rang. It was Mother Blair. Didn't I think the dinner had gone off very well, considering, and had I noticed how the men flocked around David's "little friend" and how did I explain it? I said she had a lovely face and Mother Blair snorted and said the woods were full of lovely faces and that a lot of them had figures as well *and* something to say and had I noticed that Angela had not uttered more than two words all day and yet she always seemed to have someone talking to her and how did I explain it and was David really serious about her and just what was the girl's background? Not wanting to go into poetic readings and the stock market, I said she went to Miss English's finishing school in New Jersey. Mother Blair snorted again and said she looked finished enough to her; and by the way, when was Amanda going to get herself a beau? I said crossly that there were several boys who asked her to go to the movies with them and football games but that they were for the most part awfully young and they bored her. Mother Blair sighed and said, "The unfortunate thing is that she'll not find the older ones any less young or boring," and hung up. When I returned to the dining room Amanda was asking Angela what she was majoring in at Miss English's and Angela was saying French and homemaking. Amanda let this pass with uncharacteristic grace and Angela asked her what she was going to major in. Amanda said she hadn't absolutely decided yet between physics and creative writing but she rather thought it would be physics, as creative writing you can do on your own if you really want to badly enough. Angela said she thought it a shame for a girl as attractive as Amanda to bury herself in a laboratory, though maybe she had a point, as there would be a lot of men buried there with her and practically no women. Amanda, with a withering look at me, said she wasn't going to college to man-hunt; that she was, in fact, going to a girls' college just for that reason. Angela looked blank and the telephone rang.

It was New York calling for Miss Angela Cutler. Angela, looking suddenly pale, said, "I suppose it's mumsy." I said I supposed it was. She said, "I suppose David told you . . . about us, that is." I said that he had and that I just hadn't had the opportunity to tell her how —— She interrupted me by saying rather stiffly that that was quite all right and rather stiffly walked out to the telephone which was right outside the dining-room door. At the telephone she said "Hi, mumsy," and I said to Amanda that we mustn't eavesdrop and Amanda said "Sh-h-h!" and Angela said, "Yes, mumsy, the trip was fine," and "No, mumsy, I didn't bring my raincoat but I honestly don't need it," and "How are you and dad?" and suddenly, breathlessly, "I know three minutes are up but there's something I've got to tell you. Something terribly important about David and I, I mean me . . . we, he, I ——" Amanda said, "Don't tell me they're engaged or something like that." I nodded and Angela said, "Please, mumsy, try to understand, I'm a big girl now, a woman practically and —— Of course I love him, why else —— But I can't wait until I get home to talk it over, because it's already happened —— No, not yet, but he's going to cash in some war bonds." There was a long silence and presently Angela said, "What do you mean, *our* kind of people? I'm sure you and dad —— He's a farmer and she's just darling; I'm sure you and dad —— Please, mumsy, don't *cry* . . . pleeese ——"

Quietly I shut the dining-room door and Amanda said it sounded as though the Cutlers weren't any happier about things than we were. I said hotly, "Who said we aren't happy about things! After all, if it's what David wants ——" Amanda said, "But we hardly know her." I said that that would take time. Amanda said what about poor Sally and I said poor Sally would just have to manage somehow. Amanda shrugged and said, "Oh, well, he can't get married until he graduates; a lot can happen between now and then," and I said, "I wouldn't count on it," and went in search of Angela, who had never returned.

I found her sitting cross-legged in the middle of the guest-room bed lighting matches and blowing them out. The gray-green eyes were flooded and the beautiful mouth trembled. She said, "I suppose you overheard." She said, "I knew it wouldn't be easy, but I didn't think it would be this bad!" A few tears spilled over and wandered down her cheeks. She said, "I mean she might at least be civilized about it!"

Burning with shame, I said, "There, there."

More tears spilled over and she said, "I mean I would like to be happy on the happiest day of my life and now it's ruined—everything is ruined."

The front door slammed and David bellowed for Angela. In one lightning motion she was up and off the bed and in front of the mirror dabbing at her eyes with the sleeve of David's shirt, running a comb through her hair. David bellowed again and this time she answered him in a voice that was like the opening bars of a song.

If there were any tears left in her eyes, they resembled stars, and the face she turned to greet David looked as though it had been dipped in sunshine. David, looking like a small boy who's been caught by the truant officer, said, "Amanda tells me your mother called."

Angela, still with that opening-bar voice, said that she had. I bit back a compelling impulse to get out the adhesive plaster, a lollipop and a story I used to tell David whenever he got hurt, about Mighty Mouse and the Invisible Pain. David said anxiously, "Did you tell her?" Angela sang that of course she had. David moaned, "Well? How did she take it, what did she say?" I looked at Angela hopelessly, but she wasn't looking at me. She was looking at David and her eyes were as wide and candid as forget-me-nots.

"Say?" said Angela. "Why, just what any mother would say on the happiest day of her daughter's life—why, she was even more excited than I was—so that settles it. Makes it official. Isn't it marvelous!"

David agreed that it was indeed marvelous, but I wasn't so sure. Things were moving too fast for me. It was one thing to have your son fall in love with a lovely child, but quite another to find that she was just as adept at administering adhesive plaster, lollipops and stories about Mighty Mouse as you had ever been.

Sunday

Gordon and the twins drove David and Angela to Charleston to the airport late this afternoon while I stayed home ostensibly to prepare supper for the twins, who are going to an acolyte meeting, and for Amanda, who is going to Patricia's to work on her dead frog for biology because she can't work on it here on account of the twins who bawl like babies and call her a cannibal. I barely waited for the car to get out of the driveway before climbing into a wrapper and collapsing in front of the living-room fire with a whodunit. Amanda drifted in looking wistful and asked me if I thought they would be happy—"really happy, I mean." I said nobody was really happy or unhappy any more; they were either adjusted or they weren't. Amanda said, "But you and daddy aren't adjusted." I said "Rubbish." I said that marriages were like icebergs: three quarters submerged, and no one ever knew what really went on beneath the surface except the people involved. Amanda said she wondered if Angela knew that when David first waked up in the morning he looked positively repulsive and that she really thought people should see each other when they first wake up before deciding anything. I put down the whodunit and said crossly that when people loved each other enough to want to see each other when they first waked up they loved each other enough to get married. Amanda said I needn't sound so scared as she had no intention of having an affair before she got married if that's what I was scared about. "Affairs," she said loftily, "went out with the twenties. And what," she said, "are we having for supper?"

The telephone rang. It was Sally and she sounded as though she had a very bad cold. She said that she'd just heard something and could she come over and talk to me for a few

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

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Heat oven to 350°. Grease well and dust with flour 3 layer pans, 8 x 1½" or two 9 x 1½". Beat butter, sugar, eggs, vanilla 5 minutes, high speed on mixer or by hand until fluffy. Sift flour, baking powder, salt. Add in four additions alternately with milk. Start and end with dry ingredients. Blend on low speed JUST until smooth. Pour ⅔ of batter into prepared pans. To rest of batter add red food coloring and peppermint flavoring. Pour here and there over plain batter. Cut through batter with knife several times for marbled effect. Bake *30 to 35 minutes.* Frost with Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix tinted with red food coloring. For those who like lots of frosting, use 2 pkg. frosting mix.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 202

minutes. I toyed with the notion of telling her that the something she'd heard was all too true and that she could cry on my shoulder tomorrow, please, and heard myself saying, "Of course; come right over and eat a pickup supper with us." I hung up, inwardly cursing David for not tending to his own broken hearts, and the telephone rang again. It was Bernice Hazelton, of the divorcing Hazeltons. She said she just absolutely had to talk to somebody and could she come over for just a few minutes? There was something she just had to get off her chest or she'd go mad. I toyed with the notion of telling her that I'd had just about all I could take of both requited and unrequited love for one weekend and heard myself telling her to come over and eat a pickup supper with us. I'd barely started "picking up" supper when the telephone rang. It was Gordon calling from Charleston. The plane was grounded on account of the weather and should he leave Angela and David there to wait for a flight that might not materialize until morning or should he bring them back? They, he said, wanted to stay, but did I think that was a good idea? I said that I thought it was the only good idea I'd heard in the last two hours but that I doubted if Mrs. Cutler would agree with me and so he'd better bring them back and we could all have a pickup supper.

5:30 P.M. Sally arrived. She looked as though she had a very bad cold. She blew her nose and said was it true that David was engaged? I said it began to look that way and took her into the kitchen and sat her down with a bowl of peas to shell. I hadn't planned to have peas. She said did I think that this time he was really serious? I said I rather thought so. She blew her nose and said, "What has she got that I haven't got, Mrs. Blair? I mean, not that I'm any raving beauty or anything—but ——" I said, "You're one of the prettiest, most attractive girls in Bromley, or anywhere around, for that matter, and you'd be a silly goose to waste one more moment brooding over a stupid oaf who hasn't the sense to appreciate you." She said David wasn't an oaf and he wasn't stupid and she'd never care about another boy again as long as she lived, and she didn't think she'd stay for supper, thank you, because she wasn't the least hungry.

6:00 P.M. Bernice arrived looking as though she had a very bad cold and before she'd as much as taken off her gloves wanted to know if we were alone. I said Amanda was around somewhere and shut the living-room door. As soon as the door was closed she burst into tears and sobbed that the most terrible thing imaginable had happened. I murmured that I was sorry and she blew her nose and said she probably shouldn't have come because there really wasn't anything anybody could do and her first impulse—which, she said, had been to cut her throat—was undoubtedly the only solution. While I wondered impatiently if Bernice had actually, as some of her lesser friends had rumored, left John for another man and if the other man had now —— Or if John, as some of his lesser friends had rumored, had —— Bernice got up and checked the door, sat down and said that none of it would ever have happened if John hadn't come back to pack his things. She wanted to pack them herself, she said, and send them to the hotel by taxi, but John, she said, had a mania about anyone packing for him. It was one of the things, just *one* of them, that had always driven her mad—that and his mania for making lists. He not only made lists, she said, of the things he had to do but he also made lists of the things she had to do. It made her feel, she said, like an employee. She paused for breath and I reminded her that John had come home to pack his things. She sighed and said, rather breathlessly, that if only he'd come in the morning like any normally estranged husband, but no, he had come at ten o'clock at night. "At ten o'clock at night, mind you," she said and stopped and I saw to my utter astonishment that she was blushing. Wondering what all this maidenly modesty had to do with the most terrible thing imaginable, I ventured a timid "And so ——"

"And so," Bernice said, "after ten years of marriage and within a month of divorce I am going to have a baby. Have you ever heard of anything so sordid in all your life?"

6:30 P.M. The living-room door opened with a crash and the twins, back from Charleston, catapulted in shouting why was I hiding and what were we going to have for supper and "How-do-you-do Mrs. Hazelton" and "Do we really have to go to acolytes' meeting now that it's so late?" Bernice said that I was an angel to listen to her troubles and thanks so much for the advice and that she didn't think she'd stay for supper, thank you, as she never felt like eating any more and fled, leaving her gloves and two very damp handkerchiefs.

10:00 P.M. I fell into bed. In the next bed Gordon read the stock-market reports aloud to me, and said it looked as though broccoli was going to bring a good price this year. He said did I think that if David married Angela he'd still want to live in Bromley and be a farmer? When I didn't answer he said he thought he would, as David underneath it all was a very stable boy. He said and what did I think of Angela now that I knew her better? When I didn't answer he said he thought she was quite a girl. He said he never had thought Sally was right for David. He said and what was Bernice doing here—crying on my shoulder? When I didn't answer he said the whole trouble with Bernice was that she was cold. I didn't answer and pretty soon he said—at least I think he said, though I very well may have dreamed it—that he hoped David would bring Angela home for Christmas.

CORRESPONDENCE

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
November 30

Dear Mrs. Blair: Angela tells me she had a really delightful time over Thanksgiving.

You and Mr. Blair were good sports to take her in at the last moment. As you've undoubtedly gathered, our young people seem to have taken quite a fancy to each other, though they are of course much too young (Angela has just had her nineteenth birthday) to take themselves as seriously as they seem to wish to. We can't entirely ignore the situation and Mr. Cutler and I would be most pleased if you and Mr. Blair could pay us a visit your next trip north. We always go to Florida in January, but any time after that until June you will find us in residence.

Thanking you again for your kindness to Angela,

Sincerely yours,
DENISE CUTLER

Miss English's
Princeton, N. J.
December 1

Dear Mrs. Blair: It already seems, like simply aeons ago since I was in the sunny South. It's snowing here.

I don't know how to tell you what a marvelous time I had and it wasn't all just being with David and getting engaged. Which reminds me that he brought me my ring last night, an amethyst because I've never liked diamonds. It is perfectly beautiful. David has such marvelous taste, along with everything else.

Well, I better get to my homework. Thanks for everything. I think your whole family is just marvelous.

Sincerely yours,
ANGELA

Ivy Hall
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.
December 1

Dear Folks: Back at the old grind but just want to say thanks for being so grand about everything. I can see now that it must have been quite a shock—old carefree me falling in love etc. Which reminds me Angela's ring cost a little more than I'd expected. If you could see your way to lending me a spot until Christmas I'll pay you back then. I'm taking a job afternoons in the college bookshop. Punch the twins for me and tell Amanda Angela thinks she's going to be a knockout someday.

Love to all,
DAVID

22 Barnwell Street
Bromley, S. C.
December 5

Dear Mrs. Cutler: We loved having Angela with us and all of us think she is a darling. Am only sorry the visit was such a short one.

Your suggestion that we visit you our "next trip north" is a delightful one. Unfortunately we get north only too seldom. However, if you are driving to Florida in January, we are not very far out of your way and would be only too pleased if you could plan to stop over with us for a day or two.

Sincerely yours,
JANET BLAIR

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
December 9

Dear Mrs. Blair: Thank you for your note and kind invitation. Frankly, I am at present deeply distressed about Angela. She has written that she wishes to announce her engagement at Christmas. In view of the fact that she is so very young (she has just had her nineteenth birthday) and that David has still another year of school Mr. Cutler and I feel that this is a bit precipitous and feel sure that you and Mr. Blair will agree. However, I can't seem to get through to Angela any more

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perhaps you could. She apparently admires
u tremendously and might listen to you,
en she won't listen to her own parents.
pecially if you were to point out to her the
vantages to David in waiting until they are
h more mature before rushing into this
ng. Until this David business, Angela has
n as tractable and reasonable a child as
parent could wish. I feel that this head-
ng disregard of everyone's wishes but her
n is just a phase and that a word from you
this point might be all that is needed to
n the tide.

Sincerely yours,
DENISE CUTLER

22 Barnwell Street
Bromley, S. C.
December 12

Dear Mrs. Cutler: I am sorry if David is
using you discomfort and uneasiness regard-
Angela's future, but I cannot find it in my
rt to write Angela the sort of letter you
gest and even if I could I doubt if it would
ve any effect except to make her wary and
tious with me in the future. If you decide
let her go ahead and announce her engage-
nt at Christmas, do let us know, as my
sband and I have a little gift we would like
give her on that occasion.

Sincerely,
JANET BLAIR

P.S. Perhaps David has told you that he is
child by a former marriage, though it may
ily have skipped his mind as Gordon
opted him when he was three and he has
er known or wanted any
er father. J.B.

ir Mail Special Delivery
Ivy Hall
Princeton, N. J.
December 15

Dear Mom: Please brief
by return mail on per-
ent facts re my father.
s. Cutler wants to know.
Angela planning engagement party at her
use Christmas so I probably won't be com-
home until week after.

Love,
DAVID

P.S. Hope my father wasn't too much of a
nder. The Cutlers believe that heredity
es it and that environment can't undo it.

22 Barnwell Street
Bromley, S. C.
December 15

David, dear: Your father's name is Albert
ings. He was the only son of a widowed
ther who adored and indulged him out-
geously. He was an extremely attractive and
arming and talented young man with little
no sense of responsibility or direction. He
s young. I was young. Neither of us was
rticularly kind or understanding. Our mar-
ge was a childish fiasco and I wouldn't have
ssed it for anything in the world.
Several years ago I read in a New York
per that an Albert Goings produced the
y Always Winter. Your father was in-
ested in the theater and married the
ughter of a wealthy Brazilian plantation
ner, so that it is possible that this was
ur father, but I am not at all sure as it's
n many many years since I've known any-
ng about him at all.
We shall miss you at Christmas but shall be
oicing for you and Angela in your happi-
ss. Your father and I are sending her the
ethyst brooch that Mother Blair gave to
when your father and I were engaged. This
s entirely your father's idea and one with
ich Grandmother Blair heartily concurs,
d may do more toward giving the Cutlers a
e picture of your background than any long-
nded discussion on the relative merits of
redity versus environment.

All our love,
MA

Ivy Hall
Princeton, N. J.
December 17

Dear Ma and Dad: Never having been the
udlin type, the amethyst brooch leaves me
th little to say except thanks and God bless
u. So, "Thanks and God bless you."

Seems there's some ferment about an engagement party because the Cutlers always go to Florida in January and start closing up the house right after Christmas and would rather have the party when they get back in the spring. Angela and I say never mind party, but they want to make a to-do and she is their only child etc. so I may be home for Christmas after all. But here's the thing. Don't know whether or not I've ever written to you about Raoul but in case I haven't he's a French exchange student (from Marseille) and before Angela and I got engaged etc. I had already asked him to come home for Christmas with me because he hasn't anywhere to go for Christmas and I didn't think you and dad would mind one extra. The honest truth is that I forgot all about asking him until this business of Christmas on the Hudson came up and he said to forget my invitation to him as he understood etc. how things were etc. so I naturally said you and dad were counting on him etc. I mean he looked so beat I had to. So could you write him a note, I mean if it's all right with you, and invite him. His name is Raoul Fuguet. His father was Resistance and his mother is a novelist and he's a four-square guy, tops in his studies and an ace track man. Frankly, I've kind of had him picked out for Amanda. However, if it works out I'm not coming home and it looks like too much just say so and I'll find an out.

Your grateful son,
DAVID

P.S. Thanks, dad. For everything.

We are often sorrier for others than they are for themselves.
E. V. LUCAS

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
December 18

Dear Mrs. Blair: Thank you for your letter of the twelfth. I do understand how you feel about writing anything to Angela at this point that she might interpret as interference. Why is it that the young don't realize that it is only their welfare that concerns us? I feel sure that you will be pleased to learn that the young people have decided to wait until spring to announce their engagement.

In the meantime Mr. Cutler and I plan to go to Florida the first of January and will be more than pleased to take you up on your kind invitation to stop over in Bromley for a day or two. If there is a hotel or inn nearby perhaps you could make reservations for us for the night of January fifth.

Looking forward to meeting you and your family,
DENISE CUTLER

Ivy Hall
Princeton, N. J.
December 20

Dear Folks: Angela just called to tell me the engagement party is on for December twenty-seventh after all so I won't be coming home. Sorry I couldn't let you know sooner but I didn't know myself. You were a peach to write to Raoul. I know you'll like him. Tell Amanda her hair looks best the way she had it last summer.

Love,
DAVID

CHRISTMAS EVE

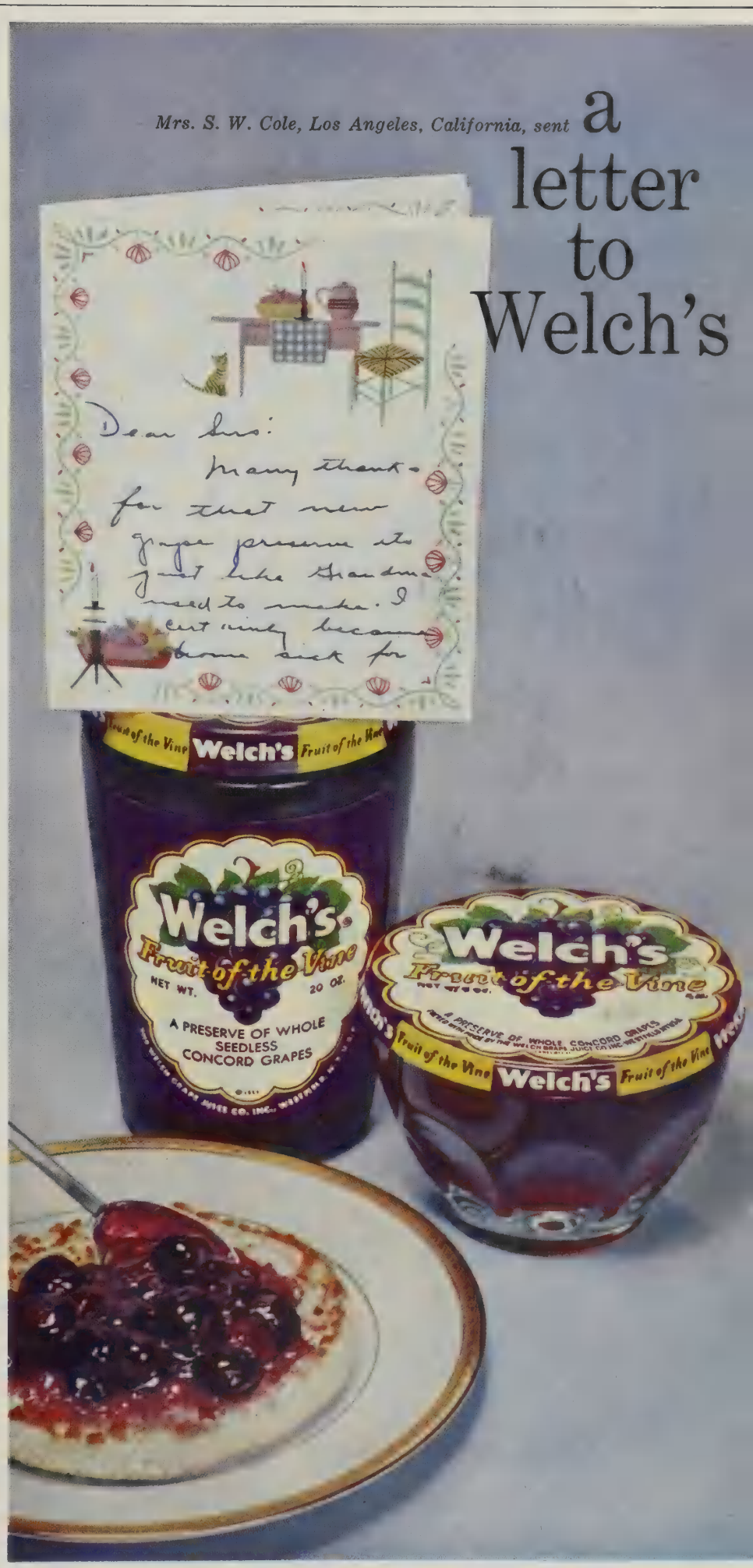
Christmas Eve is always a day of lists and frantic scurrying from one bit of last-minute unfinished business to another. Every Christmas I promise myself that next year I will get everything done beforehand and spend Christmas Eve serenely exuding Christmas spirit. I have a long-cherished picture of a completely decorated tree, completely wrapped presents and Gordon, me and the children grouped around the piano singing carols before supper on Christmas Eve, or even shortly afterward. Instead I usually find myself cross with the children, waspish with Gordon, who has never in eighteen years learned to string lights or put together mechanical toys, and hating myself for my crossness and waspishness and all the things I've left undone. The spirit of Christmas emerges only at odd and lonely moments when no one is around to benefit. I awoke this morning to the lists I'd made the night before staring at me from my dressing-table mirror.

Chestnuts for stuffing. Tree. Blue lights. Extension cord. Mother Blair's damask cloth. Return Gordon's pajamas to be exchanged for size. Speak to Bertha about shouting from the kitchen. Mail amethyst to Angela. Mother Blair's present? Make place cards. Call Mr. Dunstable about cough in furnace. Mend blue satin dress. Uptons at five. Choir practice twins six. Silver ribbon. Call Sally about supper dance at club if Raoul comes in time.

Raoul arrived a little before noon in a topless convertible with a French horn and a Dalmatian that apparently makes the front seat his permanent home.

He said he would have got here sooner had it not been for the rains of Virginia. Because of the topless convertible he and Triquot, he said, had to seek the shelter when it rained. He said he'd met a lot of so kind people that way. David had neglected to tell us that Raoul has dark waving hair, curling lashes, a devastating smile and Charles Boyer accent. I felt something dangerously close to a flutter as he

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took my hand and Amanda—who only an hour before, observing me arranging our more erudite periodicals on the living-room table and concealing the pedestrian ones beneath it, had stated that I could put on all the airs I wanted to, but she for one was going to be herself, track man or no track man—fled upstairs at sight of him and shed her jeans in favor of a skirt and her one cashmere sweater.

Tuck and Johnny, looking dubious, shook hands stiffly and asked Raoul if he'd ever been on television. There was a spy, they said, on Foreign Intrigue that talked just like him. Raoul said he'd been on the television once, a students' forum, but that was all. Johnny wanted to know what was a fore-arm and Tuck told him it was a table that people sat around and asked each other important questions. Raoul said that whatever it was it had been very dull and that he'd much rather have been on Foreign Intrigue. Amanda, who wouldn't miss Invitation to Learning for anything, said that she, too, thought forums were dull but that she supposed they were necessary because so much of the world was so poorly informed. Raoul smiled and said that she looked just as David had said she would look. When Amanda asked tremulously "And how was that?" Raoul smiled again and said he liked A-mary-can girls because they were so direct.

Amanda hardly waited for the guest-room door to close behind him before saying that she didn't think she'd go to Patricia's for the carol singing tonight after all because after all Christmas Eve should be a family thing, didn't I think so? I said that I did and fervently wished I'd not arranged to have Raoul take Sally to the supper dance at the club and wondered how I could tell Amanda about it without being too pointed. I told her without being too pointed and she said stoically that after all she had *promised* Patricia and Patricia was counting on her alto and that just so a family was together Christmas Day maybe Christmas Eve didn't matter. She said where were her mittens as she thought she'd take a walk, a long walk because she needed some fresh air. Just as she went out the door she said she didn't see why everybody was being so considerate of Sally just because David had gone and got engaged. It wasn't, she said, as though Sally had been widowed. Besides, she said, Sally just wasn't Raoul's type in the least. She strode out slamming the door behind her.

Raoul emerged from the guest room wearing an old pair of Army pants and an old shirt of David's. I asked him if he'd like to go out to the farm with the twins and me to collect the tree and he said he would be most pleased. He put on his coat and the expressman arrived with the chemistry set for Tuck, the punching bag for Johnny, and the new parts for the electric train, which I locked in the Santa Claus closet under the stairs.

The telephone rang. Mother Blair wanted to know if Raoul had arrived and if I thought he would like to meet the Durbins because they had spent a year in Paris with UNRRA and she had such a charming way with strange young men. I said the last thing Raoul needed was someone who had a charming way with strange young men, as would be perfectly obvious to her (Mother Blair) the moment she laid eyes on him and that besides I didn't think the year in Paris had improved either of the Durbins.

Mother Blair said had I heard that the Hazeltons were back together again and what did I make of it? She said she thought it very undignified of them. She said she thought that once people had gone that far publicly toward a divorce they should make it stick. She said what was I giving Gordon for Christmas and did I think he would like one of his father's old guns?

Bernice Hazelton called and wanted to know if we were going to the Uptons' party. I said I wished people wouldn't give parties on Christmas Eve but that we would probably go because Maizie Upton entertained only once a year and was terribly sensitive about it and because Roger Upton had been such a help to Gordon on the lawsuit about the fertilizer. Bernice said she didn't know whether she and John would go or not because she didn't have anything to wear that didn't make her look you-know-what and she couldn't bear it if people guessed you-know-what because there was enough talk as it was but that if they did decide to go could they go with us as they needed ballast.

The phone rang again and Raoul took off his coat and sat down on the bottom step of the stairs and read Gordon's latest Farm Journal, which he must have retrieved from *under* the living-room table. It was Gordon's sister Dolly, who wanted to know if I'd heard about Bernice Hazelton. I said what about her and Dolly said she'd heard that the reason the Hazeltons had got back together was that Bernice didn't have long to live. I said "Pshaw" and Dolly said she'd heard that what Bernice had was a malignant growth and did I remember that Bernice's mother had died of cancer?

When I hung up and apologized to Raoul for all the delay he said delightedly that this was just like at home because his mother, he said, resided always on the telephone.

The telephone rang. Gordon wanted to know when I was coming for the tree. I said any day now and Raoul put on his coat.

We were late for lunch and Bertha, who always gets off right after lunch on Christmas Eve, shouted from the kitchen that the soufflé had fallen and that she was due at the First African Baptist Church at two o'clock and not one minute later. Amanda appeared wearing her hair the way she used to last summer, faint blue shadows around her eyes and her lips painted on so that they tilted upward at the corners in an alarming way, as though they might possibly fall off. She asked Raoul how he'd liked the farm and what he thought of America as a whole and did Triquot, the Dalmatian, actually live on the front seat of his car and if so what did he do when he wanted to take someone out—about Triquot, that is. Raoul said that only when it rained did Triquot leave the car and that when he wanted to take someone out if she was small Triquot could make room, if otherwise he took taxi. Amanda said gleefully that she doubted if Sally would be small enough. Raoul wanted to know who was Sally. Amanda told him and added that she was sure he would like Sally because she was so *wholesome*. The twins contributed to this somewhat distorted view by telling Raoul that Sally could beat anybody at tennis and last year had almost won the women's golf tournament. Raoul, looking understandably depressed, said this Sally sounded most interesting, whereupon Amanda hastened to seal Sally's doom by saying that even if he didn't find Sally exactly his type she hoped he would be nice to her because Sally needed to have someone be nice to her now that David had gone and got engaged to someone else.

After lunch I took to the living-room couch with ribbons, paper, the new book on flower arrangements for Mother Blair, the wallet with the Indian head painted on for Gordon from the twins and the new lamp for Gordon's desk which defies wrapping except in a box which I haven't got. Between wrappings I opened an ominously fat letter which had just come from Mrs. Cutler this morning and which I trusted would give a play-by-play breakdown of the change in plans. The ominously fat letter proved to be an engraved invitation to the announcement party. Folded into this was a breezy little note saying she wished that Gordon and I could be there for the occasion and that David was truly a fine boy and that she had written a little poem for Angela to commemorate the occasion, a copy of which she would send us if we so desired, though she never liked to thrust her little efforts on people. I closed my eyes and wondered if the little effort would be in free verse or sonnet form and wondered if it were true that sons when they married always gravitated toward the wife's family and away from their own and what David really thought about Mr. and Mrs. Cutler when he thought about them at all.

Amanda, trying not to look ecstatic, interrupted my wonderings to tell me that she and Raoul were going downtown to do some last-minute shopping. She added that they were going in the topless convertible. The twins, she said, had turned the hose on Triquot and he was now sitting under the kitchen table

slobbering at Bertha and waiting for the rain to stop.

Gordon telephoned to ask if we'd picked up the tree and if David's protégé had arrived and if we really had to go to the Uptons' party as something had come up about the lettuce and he doubted if he'd get home before six. I reminded him that last year it had been the new foreman something had come up about; I reminded him about Roger and the fertilizer. I did not tell him the Hazeltons were coming with us and he allowed as how he might make it by five-thirty but not to count on it.

Sally telephoned to say the supper dance at the club would be at nine and to ask if Raoul had brought a Tuxedo because if he hadn't it would be all right as some of the boys weren't wearing them but she just wanted to know because if he hadn't brought one she would wear ballerina length instead. She said she'd got a note from David asking her to be nice to Raoul and telling her something about him but she'd torn the note up and couldn't remember what the something was and what did I think of him, Raoul? I said I thought he was very French and Sally snorted and said that was just what she'd been afraid of and didn't I think David had a nerve even if he probably did *mean* well? She said was it true Angela was announcing her engagement right after Christmas and did that mean they'd be getting married next summer? I said they wouldn't be getting married for years and Sally snorted again and said she wouldn't count on that as she'd never seen a girl so *avidly* after a man in her life.

I finished wrapping Gordon's lamp and Johnny came in looking mysterious and shut the living-room door behind him and asked in a whisper if I'd please help him wrap Tuck's present. Tuck's present turned out to be the two goldfish in a bowl which Johnny had been eying greedily through the dime-store window for months. I said I didn't see how we could wrap it and couldn't we just tie a red ribbon around it and put it under the tree, but Johnny said no, it would have to be wrapped. This took two enormous pieces of the most expensive paper because the most expensive paper was gold, Johnny's favorite color, and a whole roll of gold ribbon. Five minutes after Johnny's departure Tuck tiptoed in, closing the door behind him, and asked if I'd help him wrap Johnny's present, which turned out to be two goldfish in a bowl. I hugged Tuck even though he doesn't like to be hugged and we wrapped it in two sheets of gold paper because gold was Johnny's favorite color.

Amanda and Raoul returned from downtown looking mysterious and asking if they could have the living room and the paper and the ribbons to themselves for a little while.

As I mended the blue dress and showered before going to the Uptons', Amanda perched on my bed and asked me if I knew that Raoul's father had been Resistance and that his mother was a novelist who wrote about Napoleonic times because she thought women in Napoleonic times were so much more independent than women today because they took lovers and didn't care who knew it and nowadays they care. Amanda said that Raoul said that he was glad he hadn't been alive then because he despised independent women. Raoul, she said, thought that I was marvelous because I was happy in a woman's role and played it so graciously. I said crossly that was because I'd once aspired to be an actress and could play any role graciously. Amanda said did I know that Raoul was an English major and wasn't that a coincidence? I said "Why a coincidence?" and Amanda said because that was what she was going to major in too. Cruelly I asked her what about physics and she said that though physics "interested" her she hardly thought of physics as a woman's role; and speaking of a woman's role, did I realize I'd put on a little weight around the middle? Raoul, she said, thought I had a perfectly divine figure and she knew I'd want to keep it that way.

Gordon arrived at six and wanted to know why I wasn't dressed yet. It would take him only two minutes, he said, to shower and shave and here it was six o'clock and I wasn't even dressed. I said I was sure it would take him only two minutes to shower and shave but that I could be dressed, hair fixed, make-up on and nails done in the time it would take him to pick out a necktie. Gordon won't ever let me decide on his necktie and it's always a major decision involving past combinations, present contingencies and future possibilities. He said he didn't see why people had to give parties on Christmas Eve when people should be at home trimming their trees and singing Christmas carols with their children. He said was that long-legged Romeo sliding down the banisters with the twins David's protégé and if so would I please tell him who he—Gordon—was, and that even though he—Gordon—wore boots and a sheepskin jacket he was the man of the house and had not, as Raoul thought, come to fix the furnace. Would I also tell him, in case Mr. Dunstable did come to fix the furnace—though he, Gordon, was sure that he wouldn't and that the blasted thing would be dead of consumption before morning—that in America we address furnace fixers and farmers alike as Mr. and not as "My good fellow." He said would I please get him out a white shirt and he hoped Bertha had ironed the collar right for once.

In a few minutes he appeared looking scrubbed and handsome and serene. He said he was so glad I was wearing the blue dress as it had always been one of his favorites because it matched my eyes. He put on shirt, trousers, socks and shoes and sat down on the chaise longue and said that if this weather held we'd have a bumper crop of lettuce this year and that the new foreman was working out much better than he'd expected he would. I chose this moment to tell him that the Hazeltons were going to the party with us and he said that was fine as he wanted to talk over with John some investments he was thinking of making if lettuce did what he thought it was going to do. The doorbell rang and I left Gordon to pick out his tie while I went down to greet the Hazeltons.

Bernice in clinging black looked slim and svelte as ever. If anyone gave the show away it would be John. Always tending toward a certain smugness, he now seemed to burst at the seams with pomposity. Every time Bernice moved he was at her elbow pulling out chairs, arranging cushions, his eyes filled with a tender solicitation which would have been touching had it not been so incongruous.

Gordon finally appeared wearing a red-and-blue tie and slightly off-pink socks. He had his watch in his hand and he was scowling. John helped Bernice out of her chair and into her mink cape and out to the car, and Gordon asked me worriedly what was wrong with poor old Bernice. He'd heard, he said, that she had cancer, but he hadn't believed it until now. I said that Bernice did have a growth but that it was not malignant, it was benign. We got into the car, Gordon and Bernice in front, John and I in back, a seating arrangement

CONTINUED ON PAGE 209

FOR YOU

By SUE MOK

I can wait a night's song until
the dawn
Comes to caress the shadowed
sill,
And wait a wanton autumn
Until the spring blooms full
beyond our eyes,
I can wait the harvest's time
Until she bears fruit beneath our
feet,
I can wait a winter's white wake
Until a star kisses the snow-sad
streets
And yet
A moment
Seems too long.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 207

that seems to be chronic with all couples who've been married over two years and one which I thoroughly abhor but have never had the courage to oppose. The next phase is even worse, husbands in front and wives in back, but should be easier to circumvent as no male vanity is involved.

The Uptons, comparative newcomers to Bromley, live in one of the oldest, least inhabitable houses in town and have spent thousands of dollars keeping it that way. It has even been said it took two plumbers and a graduate engineer to restore the roar to the chain-manipulated closets. Mr. Upton is a retired corporation lawyer and his wife is a retired perfectionist. Their once-a-year party is always huge, noisy and overstaffed. As we walked up the front steps and heard through the closed windows the familiar barnyard sound of women's voices raised to party pitch, Gordon said, "Forty-five minutes is all. I'll meet you in forty-five minutes. At the front door."

One hour and forty-five minutes later I was finally able to extricate him from an utterly absorbing conversation with Mrs. Upton's red-haired divorced niece. Gordon, looking immensely pleased with himself, said he was sorry he'd run a few minutes over our allotted time but that he'd had no idea Mrs. Upton's niece knew so much about modern art. Except for the purchase ten years ago of two Cézanne prints and a beat-up Monet that may or may not be an original, I'd no idea that Gordon was interested in modern art either. I counted to ten and said how nice and that we would have to have her over before she left, to which Gordon replied happily that she wasn't leaving but planned to open a small art shop in Bromley, though by all means we should have her over as she found Bromley, for the most part, pretty dull.

Got home to find Amanda, having for reasons best known to herself and possibly Raoul cut short her evening at Patricia's, struggling to make the tree fit the old tree stand. She was wearing her silver ballerina-length dress, flat silver sandals and my silver earrings, and every fifteen minutes she looked at the clock and every other fifteen minutes she repaired to the lavatory off the dining room where she put on more lipstick and powder. By eleven o'clock she looked made up for the Folies-Bergère. To Gordon's innocent query did she have a late date she delivered a heated dissertation on how important it was to look festive on festive occasions. At eleven-fifteen I suggested that the twins go to bed and received from them a heated dissertation on how Christmas came but once a year. At eleven-thirty Tuck went to sleep in Gordon's chair and at eleven-thirty-five Johnny collapsed under the big table. At midnight the tree was finished and Amanda said she thought we should sing carols. Gordon said he thought we should go to bed. Amanda, again looking at the clock, said the trouble with our family was that we didn't have any Christmas spirit. In France, she said, they sang Christmas in. In France, she said, no one thought of going to bed until Christmas morning. Gordon said that in France the only thing that divided any night from any day was the color of the wine you drank. The French, he said, hoisting a twin across his shoulder, were notorious for turning night into day and vice versa, which was just one of the reasons why he was glad he was not a Frenchman. Amanda looked as though she were about to cry and I quickly suggested a nightcap all around. Mercifully at quarter past midnight Raoul returned, but Amanda's joy was short-lived. Raoul, tossing his coat onto the nearest chair, dashed across the room to plant a kiss on my startled brow. "To thank you, to thank you," he cried joyously, "to thank you for leading me to Salleee. Such a girl, such a wonderful girl, so alive, so clever. I am already half in love."

My eyes flew to Amanda, my little painted Folies girl with her heart pinned to her sleeve, and I could almost feel my own heart constrict with a long-forgotten pain. The shine faded from her eyes but her mouth still smiled and she seemed to whirl on silver sandals as she turned to take the bottle of pop Gordon had brought her.

"Bravo," she said in a voice that I'd never heard before and dimly realized was to be Amanda's woman's voice, "then we shall drink to Sally's rapid recovery, shall we?" For a moment Raoul looked blank and then, tilting the glass Gordon gave him, he asked worriedly if Sally had been sick. Amanda, suddenly herself again, flushed and said not really and Raoul said, "Oh, you mean David." He smiled. "Poor Salleee"—he shook his head—"so in love, so very much in love and so heartbroke. It has made her eyes large and her mouth soft and she will learn, so much she will learn. From me," he added complacently and, holding his glass high, said, "I prefer to drink to a Joyeux Noel and to the so kind Blairs." We drank to a Joyeux Noel which I tried, in spite of Amanda's stricken look, and the fact that the furnace was making an entirely new and ominous noise, to visualize.

I've got the brooch on right now. It looks simply marvelous with everything but especially with what I've got on right now.

Love to the twins and Amanda. (How did she like Raoul? Isn't he marvelous?)

Thanking you again,

Your future daughter-in-law!

ANGELA

c/o Reginald Cutler
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
December 28

Dear Family: What a Christmas! You must have hocked the farm. Thanks, pop, for the check. It will come in mighty handy (already has). And mom, the Brahms album is super and as for the money for "courtin' clothes," as you put it, I've done all my "courtin' " for the next fifty years, I hope. Had no idea Angela had so many relatives, friends and miswhile father. Seems she knows somebody that knows somebody that knows his wife's sister.

D.

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
December 30

Dear Mrs. Blair: Mr. Cutler and I both enjoyed having David with us for Christmas. He is a charming lad and was apparently successful with family and friends alike.

The engagement party was sweet, very simple, only eighty people and a string quartet. I do think the children enjoyed it. Enclosed is the little poem which you wanted me to send.

Mr. Cutler and I are preparing to get away by the fourth and should reach Bromley sometime the afternoon of the sixth but you mustn't try to have us at your house, you really mustn't. As you say, the inn is nearby and will allow us ample time for visiting.

Sincerely yours,

DENISE CUTLER

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McCall's made a similar offer, which was accepted. Therefore, if your Woman's Home Companion subscription was to expire after the January 1957 issue, one of the following things will happen:

- ***If you were a Companion subscriber as well as a Journal subscriber, your Journal subscription will be extended by the number of copies of Companion still due.***
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- ***Companion subscribers in California, Indiana, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Texas who are subscribers to both Journal and McCall's will receive McCall's. All others, except Canadian, will receive the Journal.***
- ***If you are not in any of the above groups, arrangements are presently being worked out to fulfill the unexpired portion of your Companion subscription.***

The work of cross-checking nearly 10,000,000 names and correcting stencils and other records is obviously enormous! A number of months will be required to complete this work. Meanwhile, may we ask your co-operation? To speed the task, *please* do not write either to us or to McCall's about your Companion subscription. Further announcements will be made from time to time. Thank you for your co-operation.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CORRESPONDENCE

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
December 28

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Blair: The brooch is perfectly beautiful and I practically cried when I opened the box and saw it. Our party was simply marvelous and it is a shame you couldn't have been here. Everybody thought David was marvelous just the way I knew they would and I think even David had a good time.

David and I haven't said anything to mumsy or father about this so it's still strictly graveyard but we both think it's awfully silly now that we are *really* engaged to wait a whole year and a half to get married. I mean we don't want to impose on our parents even if we could which David says we absolutely can't but I'm sure there must be a way especially if I leave Miss English's and go to secretarial school or something like that. Just wanted you to know in case David mentions something about it when he's home at New Year's so you would know I'm all for it. I think long engagements are a ghastly strain on everybody, don't you?

Much love,

DAVID

P.S. Mrs. Cutler says to tell you that the Albert Goings who wrote the play is my erstcellaneous people that "we have to be nice to." There've been parties every night. I shall use your money to buy a nice little padded cell, or if worst comes to worst a shroud. All kidding aside, it will come in mighty handy, mom. And I *will* spend it on clothes. I promise you.

Thanks, Johnny, for the socks and thank you, Tuck, for the notebook. How did you know I was fresh out of socks and notebooks?

Amanda, you were an angel to think of a frame for Angela's picture. I've already got it (her picture) in it. It's one I took myself with tricky lighting effects and makes her look like a real seductress which is just exactly what she is, bless her. Anyhow, thanks.

Must stop now and shave for Aunt Abigail's little shindig this afternoon. Aunt Abigail is ninety-three and reminds me of Mr. Dunstable in a funny sort of way. Maybe it's just because they've both of them never married and seem pleased as Punch about it.

See you New Year's.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Ever since Christmas Eve everybody has had something the matter with them. Amanda is in love with Raoul, a state which has produced hives, two headaches and the disposition of a prima donna on opening night. Gordon lost twenty acres of lettuce, a state which has produced a very bad cold and the disposition of a wounded tiger. The twins have had some sort of mysterious stomach upset which Doctor Flanders has diagnosed as flu but which I suspected, until today, had to do with the disappearance of two boxes of candied orange peel and half a fruitcake. But today Raoul, who was supposed to have left yesterday and didn't because Salleee had not yet promised to come to the Princeton prom in the spring, came down with a "mysterious" stomach upset.

David arrived at five A.M. having as usual taken an "earlier" plane. He and Raoul held a reunion in the kitchen over fried eggs, coffee and fruitcake that roused the entire household. After that David held a reunion over the telephone with Angela. It seems they'd been separated twenty-one and a half hours and that neither of them had ever experienced such concentrated anguish before.

His anguish somewhat assuaged by ten minutes huddled over the little black instrument of communion, mouthing some incomprehensible gibberish in so low a pitch it was hard to believe that Angela, one thousand miles away, could understand him when we, in the next room, could not, he returned to the kitchen to ask what was on for New Year's Eve. This set off a depth charge that until that moment I'd managed to keep under control by the simple expedient of pretending not to hear anything at all. In the clamor that followed the twins made it clear that they were staying up until midnight, at which time they were going to shoot off firecrackers from Raoul's topless convertible which he would, they hoped, be driving down the main street of the town. Amanda, in a new Christmas negligee from Mother Blair which she wouldn't have been caught dead in two months ago, made it clear that they would be doing no such thing as Raoul was ill and at midnight should be propped in front of a warm fire with a hot toddy. However, she failed to make clear just whose fire, and Raoul, looking pleased and grateful, agreed that that was exactly what he intended to do if he could persuade Sally to leave the party they were going to early enough. David, looking astonished, said, "Sally? You're going somewhere with Sally?" Amanda, looking as though she, too, were coming down with the mysterious stomach ailment, said, "Why of course, naturally. Raoul is mad about her." David, still astonished, said about who and Raoul, beaming, said about Salleee of course and how David could not have guessed he could not guess and how David could ever have broken her heart he could not guess though he must admit Angela was a very beautiful woman, a woman with soul as well, but still . . . he shrugged and Amanda swept out of the room trailing yards of blue silk behind her which caught in the kitchen door as she

slammed it. David said what was the matter with Amanda and as I gave him an I'll-tell-you-later look from behind Raoul's back Johnny explained that she'd been that way ever since he'd broken her eyelash curlers. Raoul said Amanda was a grand girl and just to prove it he would get her another eyelash curler if Johnny would tell him what they looked like and where they could be purchased. I, who had been wondering at the look of chronically startled fawn, said rather crossly that if he really wanted to do something for Amanda he could tell her that her eyelashes were beautiful just as they were and went off in search of my woman child with the straight eyelashes and the battered heart hating all men for their cheerful lack of awareness.

In the upstairs hall I encountered Gordon angrily pacing outside Amanda's closed door. In an accusing whisper he said, "She's in there crying her eyes out," and propelled me into our room and shut the door and in a voice more in keeping with his frame of mind bellowed that that Frenchman would have to go. Everything, he said, and everybody had been off base since he got here and as for that dog of his, well any fool animal that spent his life in a fool car without even a roof on it . . . and as for that Charles Boyer accent, well, he never had liked Charles Boyer. . . . I sat down and mustered on my "quiet listener's" look and Gordon said, "I know he's a nice boy and all that, means well probably, but why is he still here? I thought he was supposed to leave two days ago." I explained about the mysterious stomach upset and Gordon said he didn't look very sick to him, not nearly as sick as he—Gordon—felt, and when was he going, tomorrow? Next week? "If I just had something to look forward to," he said, "a peaceful happy home again. Even you," he added dolefully, "have changed." Twice before Gordon has told me that I've changed: once when the twins and David all had the mumps at once and Bertha chose that time to get married and go on an extended honeymoon, and again the time when his sister's first husband died and at his suggestion she came with her three children for a month to recuperate. The first time it happened I wept, from sheer exhaustion; the second time I blew up, from sheer exhaustion. I now counted to seventeen and said, "Darling, let's not go to the club tonight. Let's just you and me stay home and see the New Year in alone together, shall we?" For a moment he looked like one of the twins when a carefully lighted firecracker has failed to go off, but suddenly he grinned and pulled me to my feet. "Poor darling," he said, "so many noses to wipe!"

When I finally got to Amanda I found her still swathed in blue silk seated at her desk copying something out of a small volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay into a pink-velvet-covered notebook and I wished I knew whether it was from the gallant I burn my candle at both ends era or one of the later and more maturely philosophic ones. Without this cue I was rather at a loss as to whether to proffer the comfort I'd come armed with or something less forthright. I said, "Darling, it's almost lunchtime, don't you think you'd better think about getting dressed?" Amanda, still scribbling fiercely, said she didn't want any lunch. Her long narrow back hunched over the desk had a broken look which the frail slender line of the neck and jaw above it did little to alleviate. I ventured a hand on one of the bent shoulders but it was sloughed off, as though it were some foreign object too heavy to be borne. She said that I really mustn't worry about her not eating because she'd stored up enough food what with Christmas and everything to last her a year. She said if she saw one more piece of turkey or fruitcake she'd scream and that was why, she said, she'd decided not to go to the Morgans' New Year's open house with Patricia's cousin from Alabama. I, who had known about neither party nor cousin until this moment and had been anxiously hoping that David would come up with some solution to Amanda and the New Year, sat down and said that after all she didn't have to eat anything even if she did go to the open house.

At that she closed the pink velvet notebook, gave me a withering look, and said that I knew very well that it wasn't really a question of the food, not really a question of Patricia's cousin who was a terrible bore and not good at anything except getting girls in dark corners and mauling them. I knew perfectly well, she said, just why she'd turned down the invitation and just what a fool she'd been to do it, but she didn't want to talk about it, couldn't possibly talk about it, and now would I please go and leave her alone.

The last was said so despairingly that I was not surprised when she stopped me at the door with an anguished, "What has Sally got that I haven't got?" I sat down again and pretended to think the question over when what I was really thinking over was could I possibly tell Amanda that being in love could still be an exciting and wonderful experience whether you got loved back or not and Amanda said, "It's so degrading! Being mad about somebody that doesn't even know you're a girl much less practically a woman. Couldn't I just go away somewhere until he leaves?" I said would that really help and she burst into tears and said that of course it wouldn't, that the truth of the matter was that she couldn't bear to think of his leaving, much less of leaving herself, but what was she to do because she couldn't stand it any longer, she simply couldn't. I said Raoul was really quite a person, wasn't he? Amanda nodded bleakly. I said he was certainly one of the most delightful, charming boys I'd ever met. Amanda nodded bleakly, and I said in a way she was lucky Amanda scowled and said "Lucky?" and I said lucky to have met him, to know him, to be in love with someone so special. Amanda dabbed at her eyes and I said, "Loving isn't all being loved, not by any manner of means." I said, "Look at Emily Dickinson." Amanda said she'd rather look at Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "Besides," she said, "who wants to write poetry instead of being loved? I'd give up every career I've ever thought of having if Raoul would just look at me once the way he looks at Sally," she said, and picked up the pink velvet notebook and hurled it across the room. Her back no longer looked broken and there was color in her cheeks and I wished Raoul could see her now because whatever else he might not realize he would realize that she was, as she'd said, practically a woman.

Someone did knock, but it wasn't Raoul. It was David. He wanted to know if it was all right if he and Raoul took the twins out to the farm to shoot off their firecrackers now so they wouldn't hold out for midnight and Raoul's topless convertible and would Amanda like to come along. Amanda said that she would, and unexpectedly here was the empty house I'd been longing for ever since Christmas, the hour or two alone in which to gather myself together before the New Year caught up with me. Determined to use this little oasis for spiritual advancement, I sat down at my desk and at the top of a clean sheet of paper wrote "New Year's Resolutions," but pausing to choose between "contribute more to the community" and "better organization at home," my eye lit on the list of things to be done today which I'd made that very morning and promptly forgotten: "Get Gordon's tux from cleaners." . . . "Button on Johnny's jacket." . . . "Call Mother Blair about Sunday dinner." . . . "Do something about Amanda and the New Year." . . . "Ask David what the Cutlers are really like and if when they come I should put them in guest room with double bed or in David's room with singles."

The telephone rang. It was Bernice Hazelton. She wanted to know if when I was pregnant I'd ever had shooting pains in my back. I said probably though I couldn't really remember and why didn't she ask her doctor. She said because he'd never been pregnant, that was why, and wouldn't I please try to remember because it might not mean anything but then again it might and if it did she'd be awfully upset because she was beginning to get attached to the little monster. I said she should call her doctor whether I'd had shooting pains or not because everybody was different and that, as she said, though it probably didn't mean anything, it was best to know. She said I sounded just like her Great-aunt Trudy and hung up and I called Mother Blair. Before I could ask her for Sunday dinner she asked what Gordon and I had planned for New Year's Eve and before I could tell her about our quiet evening alone she said if we hadn't planned anything and were going to be at home she'd like to come over and see the New Year in with us because if she didn't she'd have to have the Wilkens sisters and the widow Jennings in as usual because they'd expect it and while she had nothing against them, was in fact very fond of them, she did feel she was getting in a rut on this New Year's Eve business. I said we weren't doing a thing and would be delighted to have her. She said in that case would we mind very much if she brought her new neighbors, the Corleys, with her as they didn't know many people yet and were lonely For a moment I contemplated making "Honesty at all costs" one of my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

S S S S S

Heaven will not be heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there.

ANDREW JACKSON

S S S S S

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KARO PECAN PIE

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When your recipes call for corn syrup ... that's KARO!

KARO PECAN PIE

1/2 recipe pastry
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup KARO® Syrup, Blue Label
*1/8 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1 cup pecan meats

Roll pastry 1/8 inch thick. Line a 9-inch pie pan. Mix remaining ingredients together, adding pecans last. Pour into pastry shell. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 30 to 35 minutes longer or until a silver knife inserted in center of filling comes out clean.

*If salted nuts are used omit salt.

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Don McNeill

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 210

New Year's resolutions, but the New Year had not yet begun so I said we'd love to have the Corleys. She said she was sure we would like them because they were so young and spirited. Feeling suddenly old and dispirited, I said we'd look for them around nine.

Then Sally called to ask tonelessly if she could speak to Raoul, please. When I said that he had gone out to the farm with David she was silent for a moment and then she said, "You mean *your* David? I thought he was up north getting himself engaged." Before I could answer she said, "*That* spoils everything. Absolutely everything," and hung up.

I was inspecting the midnight-snack department when David called to say they'd be home shortly and I wasn't to worry about a thing, that they were at Doctor Bailey's office and Doctor Bailey had already said that it was just a surface burn and Tuck was being a brave little soldier and I wasn't to worry about a thing.

I said I'd be right over and David said that wasn't necessary, that he'd let me speak to Tuck instead. Tuck said tremulously that the doctor was going to give him a shot and that if he didn't cry could he stay up until New Year's. I said that he could indeed and he said "Johnny too?" and I said yes.

I'd just about decided that we had almost enough food to see us through Mother Blair and the Corleys when the telephone rang again and it was Sally again saying that actually the party she and Raoul were going to was going to be deadly and that while she could get David an invitation it was going to be deadly and besides he might not feel loyal to Angela going out on New Year's Eve and as long as Raoul hadn't been well and probably shouldn't go out would I mind very much if she just came over here and we all had a quiet New Year's Eve together. I said I wouldn't mind very much but if it was a quiet New Year's Eve she wanted there were about a dozen other places I could suggest, the country club among them. Sally giggled appreciatively at what she considered my little joke and said to tell Raoul to pick her up about nine.

When Amanda heard of this latest development she said she couldn't possibly sit around all night and watch Sally making eyes at Raoul, not possibly, she'd die first and what was she to do? There was only one thing she could do and I did it. I called Patricia and asked her to bring her date and her cousin from Alabama over after the Morgans' open house.

The only nice thing that happened was a telephone call from Gordon at five to say apologetically that two produce men from New York had just dropped in on their way to Florida and that the only way he would be able to get rid of them was to take them out and buy them a dinner. He said this was going to make him pretty late but otherwise he'd have to bring them home with him and then they'd be here all night. He said he hated to let me down when we'd planned a quiet evening together and that maybe I'd better go ahead and ask a few people in. I said maybe I'd better and he said I did understand, didn't I, and when I assured him that I did he said I was wonderful and that next New Year's Eve he'd make it up to me.

And so in the end Gordon's and my quiet New Year's Eve alone together boiled down to a few stolen minutes alone together in the kitchen under the mistletoe Bertha had hung from the kitchen light which we turned off.

January 3

The boys got off today, David by bus and Raoul and Triquot by topless convertible. Everybody kissed everybody good-by and Amanda has been going around holding one hand to her cheek ever since, with the other she occasionally dabs at her eyes. Gordon, on the other hand, has taken on new life.

Only now as I crawl gratefully into bed at nine-thirty do I realize that I forgot to ask David about how to sleep the Cutlers and that he forgot to talk to me about what Angela said he was going to talk to me about. And also realize with a feeling bordering on panic that the reason why none of these things got talked about was that David and I didn't have five minutes alone the entire time he was here. And only yesterday, it seems, we would while away an entire afternoon under the sycamore tree, my little boy and I, and have no idea we were spending anything of value.

CORRESPONDENCE

Ivy Hall, Princeton
January 4

My dear, so kind Mrs. Blair: Never has a Frenchman's heart been so full of gratitude for the "American way of life" of which you gave me so generously. I am very fortunate that whenever I shall think of an American family I shall think of you and your husband and your handsome children.

Triquot and I returned with little difficulties excepting Delaware where it rained and we passed the night with a farmer and wife whom we met in a barn waiting for the sun to shine. But the farm was not like that of Mr. Blair, the farmer also, and his wife the kind had not your charms or figure.

Tell the twins as you say "Hay" and tell Amanda I love her like she was my own sister.

Always faithfully,
RAOUL

P.S. Should I too write Sallee's mother inviting Sallee to the spring dance or is that old-fashioned in this country? R

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
January 4

Dear Mrs. Blair: Mr. Cutler and I have been somewhat delayed by unexpected business at his office, but we will surely get off by tomorrow and if all goes well plan to reach Bromley in the late afternoon of the eighth. I shall be delighted to accept your generous invitation for the night, but Mr. Cutler will stay at the inn, as we are accustomed to separate rooms.

We are looking forward to meeting Angela's future in-laws and only hope this delay in our plans has not inconvenienced you.

Sincerely yours,
DENISE CUTLER

Air Mail Special Delivery

22 Barnwell Street
January 6

David darling: In all the confusion of your visit I never had a moment alone with you. Please wire collect any pertinent details re Cutlers. Tastes, et cetera. Food preferences, etc. All send love,
MA

Telegram

PRINCETON, N. J.
JANUARY 7

GHASTLY RICH. TASTES SIMPLE. BOOKS, MUSIC, PAINTINGS, ETC. TAFT REPUBLICANS. ANTISEGREGATION. ANTILABOR. SEA FOOD, GAME AND BEEF. HE DESSERTS. LOVE. DAVID

3 Rue De La Mère
Paris, France
January 7

Dear Mrs. Blair: Have just received an ecstatic letter from my son Raoul written from your home in South Carolina where he seems to have spent the holidays. How very kind of you. I do hope he behaved. He can be a darling, and is, but impetuous. He writes that he is in love. I cannot help being a little curious as this is the first time, to my knowledge, that he has been able to close his eyes to all women in the favor of one. He neglected to tell if the recipient of his heart was your daughter Amanda or one named Sallee.

As a small token of gratitude for your kindness toward Raoul I am sending a painting of a scene in your South Carolina by a young Parisian who I think will someday be worth something. I spent a whole day in shops trying to find something French but at same time interesting and amusing and finally came home and found this out of my own attic where I'd put it after falling out of love with the artist who painted it. He spent a winter in your state tutoring on one of the plantations—and did some of his best work there. I do hope you like it. I can sometimes be wrong.

Do you ever come to Paris?

Thanking you again,
NANETTE FUGUET

Miss English's School
Princeton, N. J.
January 7

Dear David's Mother: It is wonderful to think of you and Mr. Blair meeting mumsy and dad and I know that you are going to like each other once you get to know each other.

David says he didn't talk to you about my plan to leave Miss English's and take a secretarial course so we can be married in June because while he wants to get married just as badly as I do, even worse at times, he's so afraid that even if I got a job something might happen and then we'd have to ask my parents for help. I've already promised him I won't have a baby or anything like that but you know how men are. However, I do think he's beginning to come around a little bit but the point is I haven't said anything about any of this yet to mumsy and dad because I thought I'd wait until they got back from Florida all rested and relaxed et cetera.

So I guess mum is the word.

Love to everybody,
ANGELA

P.S. Tell Amanda David and I are working on a date for her for the spring prom and I think we've found just the one—a physics major who likes girls to be serious about their careers etc. A

THE CUTLERS

January 8

Awoke feeling harassed but didn't remember why until Gordon, who had sneaked into my bed sometime during the night, yawned and stretched and said, "What do you talk to stockbrokers about? Stocks?" I said did he think we should have roast beef for dinner and be safe or should he break out the pheasant Dolly's widower had brought us after his last hunt? Gordon said he supposed if worst came to worst he could talk about the New York Central Railroad. He said he'd noticed that anyone living up the Hudson took personal pride in the New York Central. I said did I just imagine it or did the house seem abnormally cold and just then Johnny stuck his nose in the door and howled that the furnace was off.

Mr. Dunstable said sleepily that he'd be over after he'd had his breakfast. I explained about David's future in-laws and said I'd personally cook him breakfast. He said he always had liked my coffee but how about my eggs? Couldn't ever be sure about a woman's eggs, he said, and added did I mind very much David's getting himself hooked up with a Yankee girl? Yankee girls, he said, were mighty brainy which, he felt, left much to be desired in a woman. I said crisply that we were all very pleased about the match but that if Mr. and Mrs. Cutler arrived to find the furnace out of order it might change the whole picture. I added that I'd never had any complaints on my eggs, fried or scrambled, and that I'd expect him within the hour.

I leaped into a pair of Amanda's old jeans and one of Gordon's flannel shirts and shivered my way down to the kitchen where I found Amanda sitting at the kitchen table in her old brown bathrobe drinking coffee and reading Christina Rossetti. Now that Raoul was gone and I no longer was paralyzed with tenderness every time I looked at her, I could speak my mind and did. I reminded her that she was due at school in one hour and ten minutes, that the Cutlers were coming and she hadn't yet given her room the promised cleaning and that much as I needed her help in getting breakfast for five people in a cold unheated house, I'd still prefer she do something about her room before she went to school.

Very slowly she stood up, clutching the bathrobe around her in an injured way, and fixed me with large, somber, tearful eyes. "I'd give anything, absolutely anything," she said, "to be in your shoes and yet all you do is complain." Thinking of the Cutlers, the broken-down furnace and Mr. Dunstable's eggs, I couldn't imagine what on earth she was talking about and said so. Gently she picked up Christina Rossetti and tucked it under her arm; pityingly she looked at me. "*You*," she said, "are cooking breakfast for the man you love."

"I'm cooking breakfast for Mr. Dunstable," I said cruelly, and at that point Gordon appeared in high boots, sheepskin jacket and his cap with the ear protectors on it and said in that case he thought he'd pick up breakfast at the Royal Café on his way to the farm. An escape which he'd obviously had in mind ever since he got out of bed this morning. I said as long as he was being so blasted noble would he be a little nobler and take the twins with him and drop them off at school.

Mr. Dunstable arrived at the back door just as Amanda, having picked up her room, showered, dressed and put away two helpings of cereal, three pieces of toast and four of bacon, departed out the front.

He didn't go near the furnace until he had cheerfully partaken of three fried eggs, four rashers of bacon, six pieces of toast, four cups of coffee, over the last of which he held forth on the marvels of electricity, the utter helplessness of a city without electric power, the tragedy of a civilization so utterly dependent on a man-made commodity. My eye on the clock, I nervously agreed. Finally, wiping his mouth with a large handkerchief which he pulled from his pocket in preference to the napkin I'd given him, he pronounced my eggs the best yet—at least female cooked, that is—and said, "And now let's have a look at the furnace." While he was gone the telephone rang. It was Western Union. A telegram from David which the telegraph operator had to read to me three times before I would believe it.

"A and I busted. Kaputt. Engagement off. Letter following." For one wild and dazed moment I thought this also meant we would be spared the Cutlers, until I remembered the Cutlers were at this point only a matter of hours away from Bromley and undoubtedly knew nothing about anything.

Mr. Dunstable returned from the basement to tell me gaily that there was nothing wrong with the furnace except that someone had turned the thermostat down to fifty-five and had forgotten to turn it up again. Knowing full well who that someone was, I blushed and Mr. Dunstable, looking the other way, said chivalrously that boys would be boys and I must expect this sort of thing with twins in the house. I unchivalrously said nothing and he thanked me again for breakfast and departed.

I couldn't reach Gordon at the farm so I called Mother Blair instead and read her David's telegram. She said what does "kaputt" mean and when I explained she said that was too bad because she'd rather liked Angela but if they had made a mistake it was better to have discovered it soon than late. I said I felt sick about it and could only hope it wasn't David's fault. I said and what on earth was I to do about the Cutlers? I said it had been hard enough knowing how to entertain them when we had David and Angela in common, but now we had nothing and here they were about to descend on us, a perfectly strange couple who didn't even share the same bedroom. Mother Blair said that was the first colorful thing she'd heard about them and did I suppose it was because he had someone else or she did or both and speaking of which had I heard that Bernice Hazelton didn't have cancer after all, that she was pregnant and didn't I think that was splendid? I said I did indeed but that she wasn't helping me with my problem a bit and hung up.

Gordon didn't come home for lunch—I'd somehow known he wouldn't—but he did have the grace to call and ask if the furnace was fixed. Without going into details I told him it was. I also told him about David's telegram. He said Angela was a heartless, fickle little wench and who did she think she was? I said maybe it was David who was heartless and fickle and Gordon said David might be young and all that but he was as steady and reliable as they come and that what Angela needed was a good spanking. I said that might well be, but what were we to

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E. E. HALL

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do about the Cutlers? I could tell from the sudden silence at the other end of the line that Gordon, like me, had assumed that now there would be no Cutlers. I said that after all they'd been on the road for days and undoubtedly knew nothing about this, and that was undoubtedly why David had wired instead of writing.

Gordon said, "Did he wire collect?" And when I said he didn't, Gordon said in that case he guessed it was the real thing and frankly he didn't know what to do about the Cutlers unless we just ignored the whole thing until after they'd gone. A solution which to me, at the moment, seemed inspired.

The Cutlers arrived at about five. I was helping the twins with homework with one eye cocked toward the driveway looking for something long and black and hearselike and was entirely unprepared for the jaunty blue station wagon that bounced up to the front door with a confident air and came to a stop just short of my pet camellia bush.

Though I'd rehearsed Bertha that very morning on the fine points of greeting people at the door, I heard, as I descended the stairs, her usual ringing "Come right in. I'll call the missus," which she did in full voice.

From Denise Cutler's letters I'd formed a very definite picture of her, pale and prim and possibly given to vapors. I certainly was not prepared for a woman younger than I and extraordinarily lovely to look at in a patrician and well-bred way. Mr. Cutler, having remained faceless and formless until this moment, was less of a surprise, especially as I felt I'd seen him before here and there, in Pullman diners, in men's clubs, in the receiving line at debutante dances—well preserved, courteous, withdrawn, exuding the well-being not so much of the man who has arrived as that of the one who has always been there.

Mrs. Cutler said she did hope they weren't too early but they'd made so much better time than they'd expected. Mr. Cutler commended me for our state's excellent highways. Bertha, looking doggedly determined to do the right thing, took their coats and I led them into the west living room. Mrs. Cutler, looking around in a maddeningly detached way, said she'd had no idea from Angela's vague description that we had so spacious a house. I thought it clever of her to have so quickly found the only adjective in the entire English language which overlooked the faded slip covers, the battered furniture, the unpolished floors. Though I had rather hoped she'd notice Grandfather Blair's portrait or the eighteenth-century spinet or even Gordon's rather impressive collection of first editions relating to the War Between the States. Mr. Cutler agreed that it was indeed spacious, adding that he always had liked rooms that looked lived in, which rather startled me, as I'd spent a large part of the morning removing all signs of "lived in" and had kept everyone out of the room ever since. I said perhaps Mrs. Cutler would like to see her room, but she said that though she undoubtedly needed to freshen up she was just too exhausted right now to move. I said motoring could be very tiring. Mr. Cutler said, perhaps so, but that he thought it the only real way to see a country. Mrs. Cutler said they always hired a car abroad as it was the only real way to see a country. Didn't I agree? I said rather defensively that I'd never been abroad. The conversation, already undernourished, died and we tried to revive it with a heated discussion of Northern and Southern climates, a subject on which we were in complete agreement.

Gordon arrived on the dot of six, unshaven, still in farm boots, and radiating good cheer. Mr. Cutler seemed somewhat overwhelmed, but not Mrs. Cutler. She seemed all at once to emerge like a butterfly from its cocoon. Though she didn't literally spread her wings and fly to meet Gordon, one had the feeling that that was what was happening: her eyes lit up, color came and went in her cheeks and even her voice took on a lilt which had been entirely lacking before. She said she was enchanted to meet David's father, she said we'd all been sitting here champing at the bit waiting for the man of the house to start the festivities. Her poetry-reading voice, I decided. I also decided that it couldn't be Mrs. Cutler who was the separate-room addict and somehow felt just a little tiny bit closer to her.

I stole a few moments alone with Gordon in the pantry. I was dying to ask him what he thought of the Cutlers, but have long since learned this only makes him evasive and that it's better to let him ask me first, if I want the truth, so I said instead did he think they had any inkling that the engagement was off and he said if they did they were certainly mighty cheerful about it. I said they'd been cheerful only since he'd got there and Gordon said they were younger than he'd expected and what did I think of them? I said that as long as David wasn't going to be their son-in-law I didn't have to try to like them, which somehow made things easier and what did he think? Gordon said he thought they were two of the unhappiest people he'd run into in a long time, but in spite of that, or maybe because of it, he found them, and especially her, rather appealing.

I said what did he think had happened between Angela and David and he said angrily he thought it was a clear-cut case of a girl's just not knowing her own mind. I said maybe we should tell the Cutlers, because David had obviously expected us to and it might break the ice. Gordon said he didn't think we should tell them anything until we knew whose fault it was. He said that though he was sure it was Angela's fault we couldn't prove it yet, and if it should be David's fault it would make things even icier.

When we got back to the living room the twins and Amanda had taken over and the whole climate had miraculously changed. Mrs. Cutler was telling Amanda that she'd heard she was interested in poetry which, she said, made them related already as poetry was the very breath of life to her, and who were Amanda's favorite poets? On the other side of the room the twins were telling Mr. Cutler that if he was Angela's father he must have five cars and one of them a Jaguar because

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McCORMICK . . . THE HOUSE OF FLAVOR

David had said so and could they sometime after David and Angela were married come and visit him and ride in it? Mr. Cutler was smiling, which suddenly made him look less like the man in the library of the men's club and more like Angela's father. After forty-five minutes of the twins' undivided attentions he confided to me as we went in to dinner that he had always wanted a son and that was one reason he was so pleased about Angela's engagement. He and David, he said, hadn't had much chance to make friends yet but he looked forward to the time when they would because he thought David was a fine boy and just the sort of son a man would want and did I think he might be interested in the brokerage business? Behind us Amanda and Mrs. Cutler were deep in Christina Rossetti. Bertha's husband had been on one of his sprees and Bertha, being in one of her despondent moods, had done marvels with the pheasant, also with the avocado mold which I hadn't been at all sure of. In fact, everything was going so unbelievably well I forgot all about David's telegram until Mr. Cutler stood up and proffered a toast to "our absent children who we hope will bring each other much happiness." At the other end of the table Gordon gave me a look that said the time had come and cleared his throat and just then the telephone rang. It was long distance from Princeton for Mrs. Cutler. Gordon gave me a look that said *Here it is* and cleared his throat again and asked Mr. Cutler if he would have some more pheasant. I tried not to look as though I was waiting for anything to happen. Mrs. Cutler, who had after the first course become Denise, was gone long enough to have broken two engagements and heard both sides of each. When she returned I gave her a look which I tried to make detachedly interested but which was in point of fact searching. She smiled, rather tremulously, I thought, around the table and said she was sorry to have been gone so long but that had been Angela and Angela treated all telephone calls alike, whether she was chatting with her next-door neighbor or someone in Timbuktu. Angela, she said, had sent all of us her love. Again she smiled round the table and forthwith applied herself with a kind of forthright intensity to the remainder of her dinner. On the way into the living room for coffee she detained Mr. Cutler for a few moments in the hall and Gordon, following me in with the coffee tray, muttered that he'd give his eyeteeth to know what they were saying and I said they were probably wondering how to break the news to us and Gordon said they would undoubtedly wait until the children went to bed. I said that was just as well, as maybe by then we could tell by their attitude toward us whether it had been Angela's or David's fault—whereupon Amanda came in and asked us what everyone was whispering about. The Cutlers in the hall and us in here. She said it gave her the creeps and wasn't very polite besides. I said didn't she have any studying to do, but I didn't make an issue of it because I saw it wasn't time yet for the twins to go to bed and there was no ruse under the sun that would get rid of them until then.

Happiness is a perishable fruit, which must be used each day, for it will not keep.

E. L. BENEDICT

I waded through three cups of coffee while Gordon and Mr. Cutler and the twins waded through a game of Monopoly and while Amanda explained to Mrs. Cutler, now Denise, why she preferred Edith Sitwell to Amy Lowell. Finally it was the twins' bedtime and Amanda remembered that she did have some homework after all and Gordon and I found ourselves sitting stiffly on the edge of our chairs waiting for the Cutlers to fire the opening shot. Mr. Cutler settled back in his armchair and asked if I'd mind too much if he smoked a cigar. He said he always liked a cigar, just one, after dinner. Mrs. Cutler settled back on the sofa and began talking quite calmly about what an enchanting girl Amanda was. It was so seldom, she said, that you found true sensitivity in young people today. She hesitated and Gordon and I leaned forward expectantly and she said she did hope we'd let Amanda visit them someday. Mr. Cutler mused that he would certainly like to take those boys to the circus. Mrs. Cutler asked testily why and he said because he'd always wanted to take a boy to a circus and never had. Gordon got up abruptly to remove the coffee cups and I, under pretext of checking on the twins, followed him out to the pantry. I said that this was ridiculous, that we should tell them that we knew and let them off the hook. Gordon said why spoil an evening that had turned out so much better than anyone had expected, and besides, how could I be sure that the Cutlers actually did know? I said because of the call from Angela. Gordon said how did I know what Angela had told her mother? He said maybe Angela was just as anxious as we were to keep everything under control until we weren't all breathing down each other's necks. I said I wished David had felt the same way. I added that I thought the Cutlers were behaving commendably and Gordon said he wished they'd stop acting so commendably and go to bed.

Mr. Cutler eventually did, escorted to the inn by Gordon, but Denise, to my horror, suggested "a little chat" before turning in, "just the two of us." I inwardly debated whether I should admit to any foreknowledge of what I was sure our "little chat" would be concerned with. But as it turned out our little chat was not in the slightest concerned with David and Angela but with the subject of separate rooms and how awkward it was to explain when they went visiting. I said she shouldn't feel that she had to explain, that lots of people preferred separate rooms, that it was actually no one's business but their own and no one thought a thing about it. Having delivered myself of this monstrous lie, I sat back and eagerly waited for her to continue, which she did with startling alacrity. It wasn't, she said, the way it seemed at all. She and Reggie, she said, really got on remarkably well, considering. She paused and I waited breathlessly for *the* revelation and just then Gordon returned and Denise, flushing prettily, said she hoped they'd not kept us up too late because she knew that men who worked with the soil had to be up at dawn. Gordon, who'd never seen himself in quite this light before, looked vaguely annoyed and said he guessed he would turn in at that if we'd excuse him, and Denise, yawning prettily, said she, too, thought she'd seek the arms of Morpheus.

Gordon was in bed before I'd half got my dress off and asleep before I'd brushed my teeth, but I lay awake for hours wondering about David and if he was hurting and how badly and what he would do about the hurting and if it would change him. I wondered about Angela, too, and how very in love she'd seemed and what could possibly have happened. I finally crept, cold and shivering, over into Gordon's bed and told him I never wanted to be young and in love again. He muttered something about beets and an early planting, which actually was as comforting as anything he could have said even if he'd heard me.

January 9

David's promised letter, fat and bulging, arrived an hour after the Cutlers left in a blaze of gratitude and sprightly vows to see each other again soon. Though the children were in school and the house was quiet, I took the letter up to my room and shut the door.

Dear Mom and Dad: You've been so swell about Angela and everything that I think I owe you a play-by-play account of what happened. I'm sorry it had to happen now with the Cutlers coming, but I thought you ought to know so the four of you wouldn't waste your time talking about Angela and me.

It started as soon as I got back after New Year's. Angela had some fool idea of quitting school and taking a secretarial course so she could get married and support us through my last year of school. Needless to say, I couldn't let her do that. In the first place, it wouldn't be fair to anybody, especially her; and in the second, her family would raise the roof and probably end up by kicking her out. And what-

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ever she says or however she acts, she's crazy about her parents and vice versa, even though they are kind of depressing at times. Besides, after all you and dad have done for me, I don't want you to have to do any more. Besides, marriage, as far as I'm concerned, is a pretty serious business and a lot of responsibilities that Angela hasn't even thought about. I tried to explain all this to her, but she wouldn't listen. She just cried and said I didn't love her or I'd want to get married as soon as possible just like she did. I told her that actually this long-engagement business was probably a lot harder on me than on her but that if we stopped beating our heads against a stone wall and accepted the situation we could have a lot of good times and something to look back on in our old age. But she just went on crying and saying I didn't love her and that actions spoke louder than words. By that time I was pretty miserable about the whole thing and would have given her almost anything to stop her crying but it wasn't lollipops she was crying for so what could I do? I just sat there looking stupid and feeling worse and all of a sudden she jumped up and threw her ring at me and said it had all been a horrible mistake and she never wanted to see me again and that I'd humiliated her deeply.

I don't know an awful lot about women—less every day, I guess—but I thought a lot of what she said was just in the heat of the moment and that after she'd slept on it she'd see my side of it too. I met her at the Nassau the next afternoon. She looked terrible, all worn out, but she hadn't changed her mind a bit. She was calmer and quieter but she said the same things, that I didn't love her or I'd want to help her work things out so we wouldn't have to spend another whole year all tensed up and tired all the time from trying to keep things under control and proper. I said maybe she couldn't see it my way but was that any reason to call off the whole thing and she said it was because it went a lot deeper than that. She said it meant there was a basic lack of understanding between us and that in the end we would only grow to hate each other. She wouldn't take back her ring and I haven't seen her since. I've called every day but she won't come to the phone and now I hear she's been dating a British exchange student hot and heavy, just as though nothing had happened. So this is it. I wrote her a letter today and told her just what I think of her—her shallowness, selfishness, etc., so that finishes it. Sorry you and dad and the Cutlers had to get so involved before we found it was a mistake. Frankly, I feel pretty sick about the whole thing.

Love,
DAVID

When I showed Gordon the letter he said did I think it would do any good if he took a flying trip up there between beets and spinach? I said that all depended on what he intended to do once he got there. I said it all depended on what he thought about the whole thing. He said he didn't know what he thought about the whole thing except that David needed us. He said what did I think about it? I said that I thought Angela had a point. Before Gordon could explode I went on to say that I thought it rather sweet and touching of her to want to go to work for David. Gordon agreed that that part of it might be sweet and touching, but what did I think about her breaking David's heart just because she couldn't get her own way? I said that was childish of her, but that actually she probably felt David had broken her heart. I said that of course David had been right and that I was proud of the maturity he had shown but if he'd been a little more mature he could have perhaps handled it better. I said that after all Angela had offered herself and been rejected and that she was bound to be wounded; Gordon said that what she needed was a good spanking and I said that what she needed was to get married and that I thought we should fish around in the security box at the bank and see what we could do about it. Gordon said he thought we should let them work things out for themselves first and then offer to help. He said he didn't believe in interfering in lovers' quarrels. I burst into tears and said that if we didn't interfere it might be too late. Gordon pulled me down on his lap and lent me his handkerchief and said that was the pain of being parents—the business of standing by and letting your children make their own mistakes. I said that it wasn't fair to stand by and not tell David we would help him, because David wouldn't have any choice unless he knew we were planning to help him and Gordon said that was perfectly true but that Angela had a choice. He said she'd had a choice all along and that she still had one and that we should wait and see what sort of stuff she was made of before we handed over our David.

I knew he was right but I spent the rest of the day going gloomily about the business of housekeeping and child caring while inwardly I carried on long and inconclusive arguments with Angela, with the Cutlers and even with David, on: early marriages and working wives.

January 9

Dear David: I wish I could be with you even though I can't imagine what help I'd be. I also wish I could say in all honesty that Angela has behaved abominably and that what has happened is for the best, but I can't. Angela has simply behaved like a woman, a very young woman, in love, and whether or not it is for the best only time can tell. Be patient with her, darling, and not too proud. We love you.

MA

The Pines
West Palm Beach, Florida
January 10

Dear Janet: We couldn't have had a pleasanter visit than we had with you and your charming husband. In view of which Mr. Cutler and I are doubly distressed to learn that our children have broken off their engagement. However, they must have had valid-enough reasons, though I cannot help but wish that they had taken our advice in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 218



A GOOD HAM IS LIKE CA$H IN THE BANK

What flavor dividends in every rosy ounce!

Ham-and-Egg Triumph

Slice four peeled onions thinly and steam, covered, in about one cup water until tender. Cut up one half pound processed American cheese and melt in top of a double boiler over hot water. Keeping the heat low, add onions and juice. Season with salt and pepper. Cut cooked ham into nice substantial slices and sauté on both sides just enough to heat it. Poach an egg per person. Arrange toast or rusk on a platter. Place a slice of ham on each piece, next a poached egg, and blanket all with the cheese sauce. Makes five to six servings.

Spanish Casserole

Here is a dish with the zest of a flamenco dance. In a skillet, saute one and one half pounds diced cooked ham with one cup chopped onions and one clove garlic, crushed, in one tablespoon bacon fat. Add two eight-ounce cans tomato sauce and one half cup water. Simmer until well heated. Mix with three cups drained, cooked rice. Season with one teaspoon salt, pepper to taste, one quarter teaspoon each of thyme and basil and one half teaspoon *oregano*—that vital Latin herb. Mix one cup cooked or canned peas with ten chopped, pitted ripe olives. Fold into the rice mixture and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Makes six servings.

Ham Pomodora

Sauté one pound diced cooked ham in a little ham fat until golden brown. Add three cups chopped peeled tomatoes and four drops hot red-pepper sauce. Simmer for a few minutes. Then turn out some fluffy scrambled eggs onto a platter and surround with the sauce. Makes four servings.

Florentine Ham

Wash three pounds spinach in several waters, or use three packages frozen spinach. Cook, covered, with one quarter teaspoon salt and just the water that clings to the leaves. Follow package directions for frozen spinach. When it is merely wilted, drain and chop fine. While spinach is cooking, melt two tablespoons bacon drippings in a small saucepan. Add one onion, minced, one and one half teaspoons flour and one third cup liquid from the spinach. Cook until smooth and thickened. Blend in one quarter cup heavy cream, one eighth teaspoon nutmeg, the chopped spinach and salt and pepper to taste. Grind two cups cooked ham. Spoon the spinach into a one-and-one-half-quart casserole, place the ground ham on top and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for fifteen to twenty minutes, until well heated through. Makes four to five servings. Wonderful for a spring luncheon.



STUART

Ham-and-Egg Triumph



Spanish Casserole



Ham Pomodora



Florentine Ham



Something old Something new...

to show what you and Jell-O can do

You can do wonderful things with Jell-O and cream! Serve it as usual with whipped cream on top . . . or create a delightful *new* dessert by blending the whipped cream right into the Jell-O gelatin!

It's Jell-O Bavarian! And this is all you do . . . Prepare your favorite Jell-O flavor (we used delicious new Black Cherry) in the usual way, dissolving a dash of salt and ⅓ cup sugar with the Jell-O. Chill until slightly thickened. Whip 1 cup of cream and fold it into the Jell-O, blending well. Chill. Makes 7 to 8 servings.

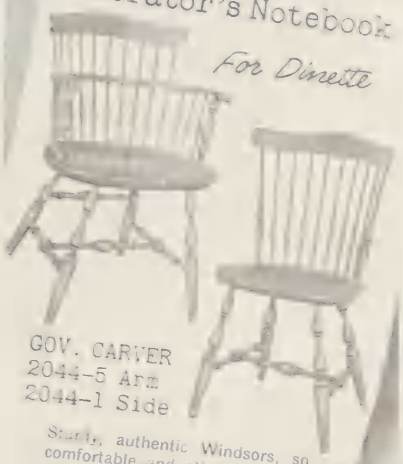
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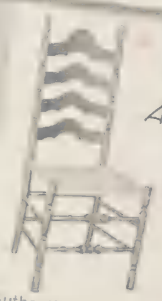
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 216

first place and waited awhile before announcing their engagement. I cannot tell from Angela's letter just what happened or how much or how little this has hurt her, but if it was a mistake better to discover it soon than late, though needless to say it causes us considerable embarrassment. At least Angela has undoubtedly learned her lesson and will not be so impetuous in the future.

Thanking you again for making us so welcome.

Sincerely yours,
DENISE CUTLER

Miss English's School
Princeton, N. J.
January 10

Dear Mrs. Blair: I guess David has written you about how everything is over. I am truly sorry that things turned out this way. I am returning the brooch because under the circumstances it wouldn't be fair or even decent to keep it, much as I love it and appreciate the sentiment behind it.

Thanking you and Mr. Blair for all your kindness,

Regretfully yours,
ANGELA CUTLER

Princeton University
January 14

Dear Mrs. Blair: I who have already taken such advantage would again ask a kindness. Would you please tell Sallee's mother that I am respectable and serious and dependable, that is if you agree. Sallee, the angel, wishes now to come to spring dance but her mother has prejudice against the French because of something happened to her when she traveled in Canada in her youth. Will you please also tell her Canada is not Paris, not nearly, and that they do not speak even the same language.

Thanking you for all your troubles with me,

RAOUL

P.S. I think Sallee begins to mend the broken heart.

P.P.S. Tell Amanda I have found very serious, fine, pure physics man who shall ask her to dance if you let her come.

22 Barnwell Street
January 17

Dear Raoul: Mother tells me you are trying to arrange a blind date for me for the spring prom. Though I appreciate your efforts I do wish you wouldn't, as frankly I don't go for blind dates. In fact, frankly, I think the whole idea is rather sordid, you and David scraping around trying to find an escort for me, so I'd rather you'd just drop it.

Isn't it awful about Angela and David? They seemed so terribly in love it makes you wonder just how anyone can ever really know what is the real thing unless, of course, you're the type that's just born knowing.

Give Triquot my love.

Sincerely,
AMANDA

Ivy Hall
Princeton, N. J.
February 1

Dear Mom and Dad: I am in a spin. The Cutlers have called twice from Palm Beach and once from New York where they flew this afternoon. It seems Angela pawned her wrist watch (heirloom) and left school and went to New York and got a job clerking in a department store. I didn't know anything about it until Mr. C. called and wanted to know when was the last time I'd seen Angela. When I said it had been weeks he put Mrs. C. on the phone. She sounded hysterical. She said it was all because I'd broken Angela's heart and that the least I could do was to go to New York and try and talk her into going back to school. She said Angela would listen to me. I said that was a laugh but the truth was I was pretty upset too and I couldn't think with her crying into my ear so I said to give me a little time and call me back. Naturally once I'd thought it over what I wanted to do was catch the next train to New York and find out what it was all about but I had an exam at eleven and also I'd forgotten to ask where Angela was staying or what store she was working at so there was nothing to do but sit around and cool my heels and wait for Mrs. C. to call me back which she did in about an hour. She sounded calmed down a bit, said she was sorry if she'd been abrupt with me because they'd been so worried but that they'd finally managed to reach Angela since talking to me and had decided to fly up to New York and straighten things out themselves. When I asked for Angela's address she said that wouldn't be necessary now and probably hadn't been too good an idea in the first place—that is, my seeing Angela. I said I'd still like to have her address please and she suddenly started sniffling again and said hadn't I already done enough damage. I don't know why that made me so sore but it did. I said I didn't know what Angela had told them about our bust-up but, I said, whatever she'd told them they needn't think she had any corner on the broken-heart department. I said I didn't ask to be dragged into this latest fiasco but they had dragged me in and now the least they could do was give me Angela's address. She sniffled some more and gave it to me and said all that she asked was that as long as they were flying up that afternoon I not try to see Angela until after they'd had a chance to talk to her, to which I agreed.

Now, mom, the point is this. I'm going up to New York tomorrow morning. Of course I don't even know if Angela will see me, much less what all this means, but I've been thinking and it seems to me it could mean that she's still carrying the torch and wants to show me that she can be independent of her family and a working girl. Though to you this may all look (her running away, etc.) pretty melodramatic and childish, it is actually the only way she could have pulled it off, her parents feeling as they do about things. Anyhow I think before I see her I ought to have made up my own mind what I'm going to say if the above reason is why she's done this and I've about made up my mind to tell her to stick to her guns and let's get married this June. I know this isn't fair to you, which is why I didn't do it long ago, but the point is if I let her down now it's really finished for us. I know, and she's my girl, ma, the only one for me. I know you and dad will understand. You always do and I'll see to it that you don't have to shell out any more than you have been. I can get my old job back in the campus store and pick up some odd jobs on Sundays and Angela can swing her end of it—obviously. Just wanted you to know before I took the plunge. Wish me luck.

Your loving son,
DAVID

Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.
February 1

Dear Amanda: I am shocked you should believe David and I must "scraping around" for escort for you when it is quite opposite. *Three* boys seeing your picture have begged that we choose them for you but we choose Martin because he is more the type for one's sister, serious and pure. So please, please do not disappoint him. He would write himself only he is shy and scared you think him bold. Also everything depend on you as Sallee can come only if you come. Her mother has said it. So please, please do not break my heart and that of Martin.

Your devoted friend,
RAOUL

Collect telegram to 22 Barnwell Street

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. FEBRUARY 2
ANGELA SELLING STOCKINGS MACY'S. SECRETARIAL SCHOOL NIGHTS. LOOKS MARVELOUS. IS MARVELOUS. CUTLERS RADDLED BUT RESIGNED. JUNE WEDDING IN CARDS. ANGELA AND I IN CLOUDS. LOVE.
DAVID

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
February 12

Dear Janet: Just a note to tell you that Angela and David will be married at Saint Bartholomew's Chapel on June eighteenth of this year with the reception following at Brooke Hall. We will try our best to make it the beautiful occasion we had always dreamed of in spite of our disappointment at the way things have worked out.

When I can pull myself together and organize my thoughts I shall write to you at greater length regarding invitations, lists, et cetera. Reginald and I shall of course want you and the children to stay at Brooke Hall with us.

Sincerely yours,
DENISE CUTLER

VALENTINE'S DAY

February 14

I woke to the muffled sound of tiptoeing feet and whispered "sh-h-h's" and valiantly kept my eyes closed until I heard the twins bounding away down the hall. I opened them to two large pink hearts pasted over with bluebirds, forget-me-nots and paper lace,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 220



"Now that's the silliest statement I've come upon in many a long day."

What's most becoming to a **HAM** *at Easter?*



Easter Menu

Relish Tray

Baked Ham
with a French's Mustard Glaze

New Potatoes in their jackets

Sliced Green Beans
with Sautéed Almonds

Green Salad

Rhubarb Sherbet
with fresh Strawberries

Coffee

...any of these glorious glazes made with jelly or jam and FRENCH'S MUSTARD...

Irresistible! The exciting combination of flavors you get when you glaze a ham with jelly or jam and French's Mustard! Made with a special blend of secret seasonings and mustard seeds, French's has a light and lively flavor that won't fade out in cooking—won't freeze out, either.

And is it ever *smooth* . . . just about the smoothest-mixing mustard made because it's double-creamed. On food...in food, French's Mustard tastes best, does most. Get a jar!



...here are your easy recipes

Apricot—Combine ½ cup Apricot Jam, with ¼ cup French's Mustard, and a dash of ground cloves or cinnamon. Beautiful in color, good, too.

Grape—Follow recipe for Apricot Glaze, using Grape Jelly instead of Apricot—or any tart jelly such as currant or plum. Bright in flavor. Don't skip this one.

Cranberry—Mix ½ cup jellied whole cranberry sauce, crushed, with ½ cup brown sugar and ¼ cup French's Mustard. Good on lamb, too.

French's All-Time Favorite—Mix together 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tbsps. flour, ¼ cup French's Mustard. Spread on ham. Everyone loves it.

General Directions: Bake ham as usual. 15 minutes before ham is done, take out of oven; remove rind, if any; score fat criss-cross and spread ham with any of these glazes. Arrange pineapple chunks in flower shapes (secure chunks with toothpicks). Add clove centers as shown. Put ham back in 450° oven for 15 minutes.

F R E N C H ' S M U S T A R D

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 218

propped upright on the table beside my bed. On the backs were scribbled the expected "Guess whos" but Johnny, never one for anonymity, had placed his initials in tiny letters at the bottom. I turned to share my treasures with Gordon but he was gone and, looking at the clock, I saw to my horror that it was almost nine-thirty. I leaped out of bed and into my clothes wondering just how I could word the tardy excuses the children would have to take to school so as not to reveal that their mother was a lazy sloth when suddenly I remembered it was "teachers' institute." I also remembered it was the day I'd promised to go shopping with Amanda, who, now that she'd made up her mind to sacrifice herself to Raoul and Sally and the spring prom, was engaged in such a frenzy of preparation you'd have thought the thing was taking place next week instead of almost two months hence. An attitude which, gritting my teeth, I encouraged.

I also remembered it was the day I'd promised to help Mother Blair entertain her garden club and the day I'd meant to steal an hour in which to write a private valentine verse to my husband because I never had and had always wanted to.

It turned out to be the day that Mrs. Cutler's letter arrived and Amanda, deciding she might be asked to be a bridesmaid, deferred her shopping until she could work out the intricacies of prom clothes, bridesmaid's clothes and a budget that would have to take care of both.

It turned out to be the day that I decided if I was to be the mother of the groom I'd have to go on a diet and do some grotesque hipline exercises and look into the new hair styles.

It also turned out to be the day that Sally dropped in just as I was dressing for Mother Blair's and sat on my bed and asked me what did I think about Raoul, really. She said she frankly found him utterly terrifying. She said she wasn't used to men whose emotions spilled all over everything and how could you tell when they spilled over you if it meant anything? She said what she'd liked about David was he was so easy to be with. Raoul, she said, was exhausting and did I think that was healthy? I said that depended on whether she had stamina enough. She blushed and said that wasn't what she'd meant at all. What she'd meant was did I think it queer that someone could be so, well, interested in someone that always left them feeling as though they'd been dragged over a roller coaster by the hair. I said being interested in someone often made one feel like that. She looked immensely relieved and said in that case she'd stop lying awake nights wondering where all this was leading to.

And then suddenly, surprisingly her eyes filled with tears and she said, "Wherever it leads it's something of my own. I never did stand a chance with David, you know. Not even when he was between girls, really. There's not even anything to remember except how I felt about him."

It also turned out to be the day I came down with the flu and was driven home from Mother Blair's by a worried Gordon who put me to bed with a hot toddy, orange juice, aspirins and two nameless brown capsules he took once when he had malaria. He also helped Amanda get supper for everyone, shushed the twins, and peered in at me every half hour or so to ask if I was feeling any better. I enjoyed it while it lasted because I knew from experience that, having devoted an entire evening to nursing me back to health, he would expect me to be completely recovered by morning. However, this is the break I've been looking for ever since Christmas and I've no intention of recovering until I've finished the whodunit I started two weeks ago, the sweater for David started before Thanksgiving, a box of chocolates confiscated at Christmas and hiding in the top drawer of my desk ever since and the awesome-looking book on yoga and the Contemplative Life which was Mother Blair's Christmas present to me.

CORRESPONDENCE

33 West 77 Street
New York, N.Y.
February 28

Dear Amanda: Just a note dashed off between breakfast and a mad dash for the subway to ask you if you will be in my wedding. Mumsy is attending to all the bridesmaid dresses—pale green, which should look marvelous on you—she wants to get the measurements off to Hattie Carnegie this week so please send same presto.

Don't tell anybody, but I'm mad about my job. You see all kinds of people and every day something funny happens.

Love to all,
ANGELA

P.S. Am so glad you're coming up for the prom especially as Martin is going to be an usher and it will be nice for you to have somebody you already know in the wedding—that is, besides David and me and Raoul.

A

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
March 15

Dear Janet: Have received your invitation list and while it is most thoughtful of you to offer to help address them, I've engaged one of Reginald's secretaries to help me with all these details. I noticed that you did not include Albert Goings, David's father, on your list. Was this intentional? It seems that my cousin who is a friend of Mr. Goings' wife has told them (the Goings) of Angela's coming marriage to David and apparently Mr. Goings is most anxious to receive an invitation. It has occurred to me that the omission of his name on your list was simply an oversight. On the other hand, if it was deliberate we shall certainly respect your wishes in the matter.

Sincerely yours,
DENISE CUTLER

22 Barnwell Street
Bromley, S.C.
March 20

Dear Denise: Am surprised to hear that Albert, who has for twenty-two years ignored David's existence, should want to attend his wedding. I can't pretend that I see any point in asking him. However, I think this is a matter best left to David to decide. I am sending him your letter without any comments from me and will let you know how he feels about it!

Sincerely yours,
JANET

P.S. Amanda is enchanted at the idea of being in the wedding and has talked of nothing else ever since Angela asked her. J

Ivy Hall
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.
March 27

Dear Ma: I don't know what to say about Mrs. Cutler's letter except that I wish you and dad would do whatever you want to on it. Naturally I'm a bit curious to see what the old man looks like, but whether he comes to the wedding or not couldn't matter less. I wonder why he should want to after all these years. Do you suppose he's getting sentimental in his old age? Still say it's up to you folks. If he does come he'll just be another guest as far as I'm concerned, but I can see that you might not feel that way.

No news here. Am working like six dogs and won't see Angela until the prom, which isn't far off but seems like years. Am looking forward, too, to seeing Amanda and Sally. Tell Amanda not to bring any books or notebooks as the girls will all be staying together at the same place and it might get her off to a bad start with them. Love to all,
DAVID

22 Barnwell Street
Bromley, S. C.
April 5

Dear Denise: You may send an invitation to David's father if you like. David doesn't seem the least troubled at the prospect of a perfectly strange father drifting about with the guests. Only do please keep it just that—for Gordon's sake especially.

Sincerely yours,
JANET BLAIR

THE PROM

April 15

Amanda and Sally returned from Princeton today and though Gordon had to go to Charleston on business and there were a thousand and one things demanding my immediate attention here, I trumped up a few imperative city errands for the simple reason that I couldn't wait to hear all about the weekend. Amanda, as the time approached to go, had thrown herself into the adventure with increasing enthusiasm, but I'd begun at the last minute to have qualms. I was afraid that in spite of everything she was still nurturing dreams of a happy ending with Raoul. I was afraid the pure physicist would be a ghastly bore and that she wouldn't like him in the least. I was afraid Amanda would go into one of her sulks and he wouldn't like her in the least. I was afraid she'd be a wallflower at the dance. I was afraid she'd catch cold because she always does when she's unhappy.

It was a beautiful spring morning and on the drive over, Gordon and I had a chance to

Most men need more love than they deserve.
MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH

Don't forget to have
Easter clothes cleaned
in time...





Let your Sanitone Dry Cleaner
help you look your best
in the Easter Parade

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get caught up on a lot of unfinished business such as should he raise his foreman now or wait and see how the tomatoes went and what were we to do about Tuck's stammer which was brand-new and seemed vaguely connected with dancing school which was also brand-new and which he adored and feared with equal fervor.

It's always a jolt to my perspective to view one of my children from a distance made up not only of space but of time. As I watched Amanda alight from the plane she was momentarily as much a stranger to me as the man ahead of her or the woman behind. She looked groomed and poised and slightly disdainful peering over the tops of heads, in a detached way, until she saw us. She waved indifferently and stood aside at the foot of the ramp and waited for Sally to catch up with her.

I'd been sure that the minute I saw Amanda I'd know what sort of time she'd had. Her eyes would either sparkle or they'd have that touch-me-not withdrawn look. I'd also been sure that whatever sort of time she'd had, we'd hear about it the moment she alighted. But her eyes told me nothing, and to my breathless "Well?" as soon as we were in the car she said pleasantly enough "Well what?" as though I were a backward child who needed prompting, and settled down into a corner of the back seat. Gordon gave me a sidewise warning glance and so I subsided and tried to gather from Sally's uninhibited chatter and an occasional glance in the rear-view mirror just what this new Amanda was all about.

Sally said it had all been divine, absolutely divine—hadn't it, Amanda?—and Amanda nodded expressionlessly. Sally said she'd had no idea a Northern town could have so much Southern atmosphere or that Northern girls could be so friendly and didn't Amanda agree? Amanda agreed expressionlessly. She said Angela and David looked marvelous and were divinely in love, weren't they, Amanda? Amanda said "Obviously." Sally

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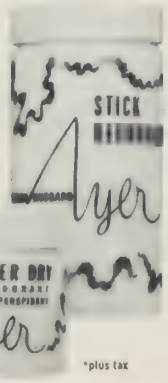
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said Angela had literally begged her to come to their wedding and so had Raoul and so she thought that she would and wouldn't that be divine? To this Amanda repeated "Divine" and Gordon gave me a sidewise glance that said, *It's that Frenchman again, that's what's the matter with her*, and I quickly said to Sally, not to Amanda, "And what was Martin like?" Sally said that Martin was a perfect darling, not very good-looking or anything like that but real sweet and a perfect darling, wasn't he, Amanda? Amanda nodded expressionlessly.

It wasn't until we dropped Sally off at her house that the silence became really oppressive. Gordon tried a jovial "How does it feel to be a prom trotter?" which elicited a shrug and I tried a less jovial "How does it feel to be home?" which elicited an unconvincing "Fine."

Gordon carried her suitcases up to her room and came down looking baffled and wounded. He said she hadn't even thanked him, had hardly seemed to know he was there, had just stood there waiting patiently for him to leave so she could take a bath. He said we should never have let her go, that he knew it all along. He said she'd been hurt, her spirit broken. He said obviously she'd had a rough go of it in some way because obviously it had done something to her though he couldn't say just what but whatever it was she wasn't the same girl that had got on the plane less than a week ago and by Jove he'd like to get to the bottom of it. By Jove he'd like to give that Frenchman a talking to.

I said maybe it was Amanda who needed the talking to. I said after all, Raoul was a perfectly nice boy, a perfectly kind boy. I said he had never pretended to be interested in her except as a friend and had been crazy about Sally ever since he laid eyes on her and had never made any bones about it, all of which Amanda knew before she ever went to Princeton, and that if she was going to let this sort of frustration blight what could and should have been, according to Sally, a perfectly divine time, then I said she most certainly did need a talking to. Gordon said if I said one harsh word to that poor unhappy child he'd—he'd—well, he didn't see how I could be so unfeeling. As though summoned by this outburst, the poor unhappy child appeared and asked what on earth was all the shouting about. She had had a bath and changed into blue jeans and one of Gordon's old shirts. She looked pink-cheeked and bright-eyed and wanted to know when was lunch because she was utterly famished, had in fact never been so utterly famished in all her life.

Between gulps of oyster stew she told the twins all about the trip up and the trip back complete with stops, weather reports, and a graphic description of how the earth looked at ten thousand feet. Between mouthfuls of ground-beef-and-mushroom patties she regaled Gordon and me with an hour-by-hour accounting of her time from the moment she and Sally arrived at the Newark airport until Raoul and "Marty" put them aboard the plane again three days later.

Having finished her dessert, she leaned back contentedly and sighed and said that Marty had asked her to wear his fraternity pin but she'd refused, not because she didn't like him—he was awfully nice, really, even if he did take life too seriously and didn't know the first thing about dancing and was considered somewhat of a drip by the smoother boys—but because she didn't want to lead him on. He had also asked her to write to him, which she thought she would do because that wouldn't be leading him on, would it, and he was awfully nice really.

At that point Gordon, in spite of a dark look from me, exploded with, "What was so awfully nice really about him?"

Amanda smiled and pushed back her chair, stretched and smiled again, this time in a new and, I thought, somewhat secretive way and said to be perfectly honest she supposed what was really so nice about him really was that for some crazy reason he was completely mad about her. The smile became less secretive, spilled over into a giggle and she said that for some crazy reason he thought she was the most exciting girl he'd ever met. She said, "Have you ever heard of anything quite so madly crazy in all your life?"

I looked at Gordon and Gordon looked at me and Tuck said no, he never had.

It was hours before I dared ask her what the trouble had been on the drive home, but I finally did when we were alone together in the kitchen washing supper dishes. She smiled that same secretive smile I'd noticed earlier and said she hadn't been aware of acting as though anything was the matter but if she had acted that way it was because she had never in her life been so hungry. Martin, she said, was on a scholarship and terribly poor, so to save him chow money she had pretended she was on a very strict diet for her health and she hadn't had anything to eat but soup and toast for two whole days. Coming home in the car, she said, she just let Sally carry the conversation while she sat back and dreamed of what she'd have for lunch.

S S S S S S S

You cannot kindle a fire in any other heart until it is burning within your own. ANON.

S S S S S S S

CORRESPONDENCE

Brooke Hall
Aenead-on-the-Hudson
May 30

Dear Janet: I am sorry you people aren't going to fly up so that you will be in time for Aunt Abigail's tea on Thursday, but trust you will be here for the rehearsal party Friday night which Cousin Moseley Cutler is having at Briarbrook Farm, white tie, and for the bride's luncheon on Saturday, tweeds, which Cousin Sibley Moseley is having at the country club.

If Mr. Blair will telephone when you reach Peekskill someone will drive out to the Texaco station that is situated on the right-hand side of the road as you come into Aenead-on-the-Hudson and lead the way out here, as it is quite complicated and directions can be confusing.

We will expect you and Mr. Blair and the twins to stay here at Brooke Hall and Amanda, too, if she'd like to, but most of the young people will be staying with Aunt Abigail and I imagine she will prefer to be with them.

You will be relieved to know that the Albert Goings have not received invitations to either the rehearsal party or the luncheon and will therefore be here only for the wedding and reception and plan to return to New York that very night.

Sincerely yours,
DENISE CUTLER

P.S. Is Sally Dunn a friend of Amanda's or of David's or is she a contemporary of yours? We are, of course, delighted that she is coming, but am at somewhat of a loss as to whether to place her with Aunt Abigail or at the inn, where she would perhaps be more comfortable. Not having Angela here until next week makes everything so complicated!

D.C.

AENEAD-ON-THE-HUDSON

June 17

Somehow we missed the Texaco station where I'd planned not only to call our hosts but also to do something about my lipstick and the twins' cowlicks, and arrived at Brooke Hall at dusk hungry, tired and slightly grimy at the edges. As we inched up the steep stony driveway toward the immense hideously turreted structure that we'd been informed, down the road, was our destination, Tuck asked anxiously if he and Johnny could please have a room together. Gordon said he'd often seen places like this from a distance and wondered if anybody actually lived in them. I said I'd always just assumed that Charles Addams lived in them and Amanda, snatching the comb out of my bag, said please did we have to be so superior about everything just because the Cutlers were rich, that she personally thought it was a perfect dream of a castle and a marvelous atmosphere for writing poetry and no wonder Mrs. Cutler did. The place

was lit up like a Christmas tree, which helped, and the manservant who let us in, having ascertained we were honestly related to the groom and not just lost and asking directions to the nearest filling station, took us straight to our rooms, which also helped, though I longed for a glimpse of David, whom I'd not seen since January, and would also have been somewhat reassured by a glimpse of our host or hostess, though I had heard as we were whisked down a hall past parlors, libraries, conservatories, and so on, the sound of human voices and gathered that the house was inhabited. Gordon and I were deposited in a small, elegant suite on the third floor and the twins, looking awed and not a little frightened, were led off to another part of the house where I could only hope they'd have the good sense to take baths and change their shirts. Amanda remained with us, but only after the manservant had consulted a small black notebook whose message was apparently that Miss Blair was to dress here for the rehearsal and party following at Briarbrook, after which she would go to Miss Abigail Cutler's for the night. As soon as he'd gone Amanda said didn't we think it time Bertha addressed her with a little more respect. Gordon asked were we supposed just to wait here until somebody happened to say to somebody, "Whatever do you suppose happened to the Blairs?" I said I thought I'd take a bath but I found I couldn't because Amanda had already beat me to it. Gordon said, "What, only *one* bathroom for the two of us?" and I kicked off my shoes and stretched out on a bed.

There was a rap on the door and Denise, on the other side, said, "Samson only just told me you were here." I did a quick plunge from bed into shoes. Gordon opened the door and Denise in silver lamé floated in just as Amanda in towels floated out of the bathroom. Denise said why hadn't we called from the Texaco place so that she could have given us a real welcome and how soon could we come down and meet everyone because everyone was dying to meet us. Though Amanda would have to hurry as the rehearsal was at seven, we needn't hurry as the dinner at the Moseley Cutlers' wasn't until eight and everyone always took his time getting there. She paused to smile fatuously at Gordon, and I, trying not to sound wistful, asked if David was anywhere around. Denise said last time she'd seen him he and some French friend of his had been going out the back door with a snack for some friend of theirs called Triquot who she hoped was not a girl as there weren't any extra men for the dancing.

Amanda had fortunately had time to shed towels for evening dress when there was another rap on the door and David, on the other side, said, "Open up," and there he was, the darling. There were also Raoul and Sally and a scrawny sad youth with bright red hair and rather appealing eyes who was never introduced to us but who eventually turned out to be Amanda's Martin.

I completely forgot about the twins until Samson appeared and without referring to the little black notebook once said that a Mrs. Bob Butler had come and taken the boys over to her house for supper and that when she returned them he, Samson, would personally put them to bed. It hadn't occurred to me or the twins that they, like all the other details of a large wedding, would be efficiently arranged for and I could only hope they were taking it manfully.

After the raucous reunion in our suite the group in evening dress gathered in the drawing room downstairs appeared frighteningly elegant and sedate. The young people had all gone off to the rehearsal and this was what was left—the Cutler hierarchy. I yearned for Mother Blair with her pearls and her brooches and the ivory-topped cane she always carried on "trying" occasions, but nothing could have persuaded her to leave her garden at this time of year and the truth was she avoided weddings and funerals alike because they always made her cry and she considered tears in public the worst possible calamity.

Denise first introduced us to the Moseley Cutlers, a gray-haired, florid man in his late fifties with an extraordinarily young wife. Gordon, who is wonderful at putting names and facts together, remembered that it was the Moseley Cutlers who owned Briarbrook Farm and was able, after trying cattle and fruit trees unsuccessfully, to launch a sprightly conversation pertaining to the New York Central Railroad. Mrs. Moseley Cutler, seeing that I was somewhat adrift when it came to corporations and monopolies, introduced me to Aunt Abigail, a tiny wisp of an old lady with a theatrically pitched voice and probing eyes, who in turn introduced me to her niece, Sibley Moseley, also a spinster and the career girl of the family by dint of her own apartment in New York, where she managed a large bookstore. She, it seemed, was giving the bride's luncheon the next day and, overwhelmed with the responsibility, kept dashing away to "confer" with Denise. It was while she was on one of these little forays that a small, brown, mousy woman whom I'd already picked as the sort always assigned to look after the groom's mother sidled up to me, introduced herself as Mary, Robin's wife, and said if there was anyone I hadn't met—or whose name I needed to be prompted on —— I asked her about the particularly vivacious redhead who seemed to have rescued Gordon from the New York Central and plunged him straight into some huge joke which the two of them were convulsed over. Mary, Robin's wife, said that that was Mrs. Dell, and when I still looked blank added, "One of Reggie's little compensations. Actually one of his secretaries, but no one really blames him. Denise lives in such a cloud. Not that she isn't forever falling in and out of love, too, but on such a high plane there's no keeping track of it."

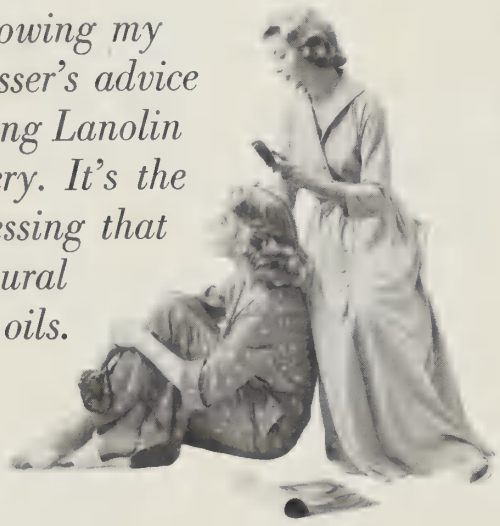
On second look I decided that what had appeared mouselike about Robin's Mary was simply that she didn't look like a Cutler. I was just about to strike for more local color while the iron was hot when Aunt Abigail, in a voice that silenced even Mrs. Dell's convulsive laughter, said that we could all stay here if we liked but she was going to Moseley's and eat



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if she had to eat alone. The response to this clarion call was immediate and impressive; wraps were fetched and within five minutes we were on our way to "Moseley's." I had rather hoped for a glimpse of Gordon somewhere along the way, but Denise, producing a little black book which was the twin of the one Samson carried, shuttled us into cars and I found myself stuffed between Robin's Mary and a strange sandy-haired young man in the back seat of a limousine driven by a chauffeur. As soon as the motor started Robin's Mary clicked off the speaking tube that connected us with the front seat and said had I ever seen anything like the way everyone jumped like rabbits when Aunt Abigail cracked the whip? She said though she'd been married to a Cutler for eight years she'd never understood how they worked out the business of rank. Aunt Abigail, she said, was neither the oldest nor the richest and yet she was undisputed matriarch of the entire tribe. The sandy-haired young man yawned and said it was all a matter of character. Aunt Abigail, he said, had character, but Robin's Mary took exception to this; she said if it were a matter of character then Moseley was her choice. Moseley, she said, was the only one who'd ever done anything. It evolved that what Moseley had done was to give up his seat on the stock exchange in order to raise beagle hounds and write articles for Sportsman. The sandy-haired young man yawned again and said that was all very jolly but what in the blue blazes did raising beagles have to do with character? Robin's Mary said it showed independence at least but that surely he'd admit that getting rid of Rita and marrying Bette had taken character.

The young people were at Briarbrook before us and Angela, whom I'd not seen since I arrived, greeted me at the door. She was even prettier than I'd remembered, but she was beginning to get that cornered, frantic look common to brides on the eve of a large wedding, and I was only mildly surprised when halfway through dinner she excused herself and we learned later in a kind of whispered grapevine over the coffee that she was upstairs in Bette's bedroom having hysterics. I looked around for David and saw that he was in agonized consultation with Denise in the hall. I longed to tell him that bridal hysterics are as common as colds in winter and have nothing whatsoever to do with the groom, even though at this very moment Angela was probably sobbing that it had all been a terrible mistake and that she simply couldn't go through with it.

However, Aunt Abigail was telling me about the time she caught a burglar single-handed armed with a flashlight and a piece of garden hose and I didn't dare interrupt her. When I again looked both Denise and David had disappeared. The rest of the evening went by in a sort of blur of Cutler faces and Cutler voices through which I occasionally heard my own voice making polite mother-of-the-groom conversation while my mind ticked away the hours and minutes until, shed of girdle and the French heels Amanda had insisted on, I could be myself again.

It was after midnight when Gordon and I finally fell into the Louis Quinze beds at Brooke Hall. Gordon presently said he couldn't sleep because it was too hot in there. He got up and opened a window presently said it was too cold and got up closed it. I said why didn't he try coun Cutlers jumping over a fence? He said d think the twins were all right or should go check? When I didn't answer he said what about David, he hadn't seen him hours. I said I hoped David was asleep as I had been until the temperature sta rising and falling so rapidly. Gordon said was awfully sorry if he'd waked me up and t I must go right back to sleep because tom row was going to be even worse than tod

I agreed sleepily and he said did I have qualms about seeing Goings again? I h enough qualms to say emphatically that I not and found suddenly that I was w awake. Gordon, yawning, said he was awfu glad I had no qualms and went immediat to sleep. I lay awake for a long time stari at the ceiling and wondering if David w really taking all this as easily as he appear to be and if somehow somewhere I cou manage to be alone with him for a few mi utes before the we ding and just wh I'd say if I were. also wondered if would recogni Romeo's understu among the hordes strange faces or if would have to introduced.

June

Everybody we around all morni telling one anoth that it couldn't be more beautiful da for a wedding, whic was perfectly tru and I would hav been in a beautifu frame of mind for wedding if I coul have got into som old clothes and wan dered off all alon and sat on a hil somewhere an thought about Davi and Angela and love but instead I had t climb into my girdle again and go to the bride's luncheon.

I was reunited briefly with the twins in the billiard room just before we left for the country club, but it was much like visiting them at camp where, having established themselves in a new and alien environment, they'd treated me coolly and with a certain amount of distrust. A Satanic-looking little boy several years their senior who they obviously thought was terrific was teaching them the game and they listened with only the vaguest pretense of hearing to my last-minute instructions on what they were to wear to the church and how they were to conduct themselves at the reception.

I had rather hoped at the luncheon to have a chance to hobnob with the young people, but I should have known better. The status of mother of the groom being what it is, I again found myself being looked after by Robin's Mary before lunch and at lunch again seated on Mr. Reginald Cutler's left, and afterward again listening to one of Aunt Abigail's almost interminable legends, this time about the time she'd somehow or other got herself on the wrong boat and gone to England instead of Nassau.

In the ladies' room where I repaired to shake the fog of England from my bones I encountered Amanda putting on a new and ominously dark mouth which she explained breezily was for one of the groomsmen whom I'd not yet met but who was a perfect dream of a dancer and thought she was twenty and somehow related to the Cutlers. I said what about Martin and she tossed her hair in the way that Angela does and said what about

NEXT MONTH

"The whole of Delhi is standing on my doorstep with hands joined, begging for my daughter," said Lalaji proudly.

● Nimmi was already eighteen and every day Lalaji's wife, his sons, his other daughters pleaded with him: "Arrange a marriage for Nimmi!" Yet Lalaji could not bear to lose his Nimmi, his pearl. "She is yet young," he protested.

Nimmi vowed she would never marry. She longed to be like her friend Rajen—modern, fashionable, free to bob her hair and go to night clubs. Free, most of all, to flirt with her two admirers: the handsome Pheroze, and the gay young man who skipped when he walked.

A PRINCE FOR NIMMI

By R. PRAWER JHABVALA

complete in the May JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by W. W. Norton

m? I said bluntly, because there wasn't uch time and because I wasn't at all sure I as going to like this Aenead-on-the-Hudson manda, that though I'd seen him for only a w minutes I'd liked Martin very much. I id that even if she didn't like him very much e should be nice to him because he obvisly was mad about her and didn't deserve have his heart broken in quite so ruthss a fashion. I added that having someone love with you whether you liked it or ot was a responsibility of sorts and not to be eated lightly. Amanda put the finishing ouches on her mouth and, turning around, ave me an affectionate and somewhat maernal pat and said there was nothing to get xcited about, absolutely nothing, that of ourse she wouldn't hurt Martin, not for anyhing in the world because he was such a arling really and besides, she said, having a an in love with you, any man, was, like the ight clothes, a luxury but essential, positively ssential. With another toss of her hair she athered up her pocketbook and departed.

The wedding was at five, but because I anted a little space in which just to sit in a allowed place and think my own thoughts Gordon and the twins and I got to the church t four-thirty and whom should we find wanering around among the tombstones but Romeo's understudy? His back was to us but knew him; I knew that back, it was David's ack, straight and lean and possibly a little rrogant. I paused and clutched Gordon's and in a warning clasp and just then Albert urned and I experienced a moment of panic wondering if he would know me and then he miled that old half-tender smile that used to go straight down my spine and into my toes nd walked toward us, bringing with him a all, dark woman with enormous tired eyes nd a dissipated mouth. He said, quite as hough we'd been in touch yesterday, that he nd Lollita had thought the wedding was at four-thirty and were just deciding they'd got heir dates mixed when we happened along. He then introduced Lollita as his wife and I ntroduced Gordon and the twins. We stood around awkwardly for a moment talking about what a beautiful day it was for a wedding and then mercifully Lollita saw someone she knew and we disbanded. As we walked into the church I stole a sidewise glance at Gordon to see what sort of impression my past had made on him and hoped he would not notice that my hands were trembling and that if he did he would attribute it to a state common to mothers of grooms, but he was staring straight ahead wearing his going-to-church expression which I'd always found completely impenetrable and which at this moment made him seem frighteningly far away and out of reach.

The church, like so much of Aenead-on-the-Hudson, was Gothic and pretentious and forbidding, but I concentrated on the way the afternoon sun illuminated the stained-glass windows and touched the altar with a soft and gentle light, and pretty soon the trembling in my hands was stilled and I could, as I'd planned, think my own thoughts for a little while before the music of the wedding march thundered in my ears and I looked up and saw David, white faced and solemn, waiting at the altar. The rest is vague, a series of impressions: the look of hurt surprise Reginald Cutler wore when he returned to his pew after giving his daughter away; Amanda, a beautiful, misty-eyed stranger in her bridesmaid's gown, tossing David a chin-up glance; the twins' stifled giggle when David kissed Angela; and Angela's radiance distilled to a grave, trusting smile as David swept her down the aisle.

The nice thing about the receiving line was that David and Angela, Raoul and Amanda—all the people I hadn't seen for years—were in it, and we could, in the little empty spaces between handshakes, exchange pleasantries. Amanda said she'd never realized before how much poetry there was in the Episcopal prayer book, that while she and the other bridesmaids had been waiting for Angela she'd read it, really read it—parts of it—and some of it was pure poetry. Raoul said that personally he liked less poetry and more meat with his prayings. David said please not so loud and Angela said, "Shush, David, you're not supposed to talk in a receiving line, just 'How do you do' and 'Thank you' and 'I'm sure we will be.'"

I'd dreaded the moment when Albert and David would meet and wondered how it could be anything but a kind of ludicrous experience for both of them, father and son meeting for the first time in, of all places, a wedding receiving line. However, I felt they must have encountered each other somehow before the wedding because there was neither curiosity nor self-consciousness in their handshake. I heard Albert murmur something about a beautiful bride and all the luck in the world and David's noncommittal "Thank you, sir," and realized that the reason why David's expression at that moment revealed nothing more than polite interest was undoubtedly that that was all he felt.

I finally caught David alone for a moment in the laundry room behind the kitchen, where he'd gone to retrieve the "going-away suit" he'd hidden there the night before. I thought, *This is it, the moment of parting from my son, my first-born, heart of my heart;* I said, "Darling, you never should have hung the suit in here. Look how mussed it is." He said, "It's nothing to what it would have been if I'd left it where the ushers could have got their hands on it." He looked frightfully adult and frightfully scared—in an adult way. I thought, *Now is the time when I should say all the things . . . how proud I am . . . what a joy he has been . . . how happy we want him to be but that even more than that we want him to make Angela happy because therein happiness lies. . . .* I said, "Please, darling, don't drink any more champagne because you've got to drive"; he said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, ma! I'm a man now, remember? The minister just pronounced me one, a man and wife. That's me." He grinned and I thought, *If only I could kiss him without crying.* I said, "Have you packed your razor? You always forget to pack your razor." He said he had not only packed his razor but razor blades as well. He looked nervously at his watch and I said, "You'd better be getting into that suit." He said he guessed he'd better.

He paused halfway to the door looking as though there was something else he wanted to say if he only knew what. My throat filled and my eyes began to sting. I said, "Run along with you now. Someday you're going to make some woman a wonderful husband." He grinned and bent and kissed me lightly on the forehead. He said, "Do what you can with the twins; they're laying for us—bags and bags of rice." And he was gone.

I found Gordon talking to Reginald Cutler and a handsome brunette whom I'd never seen before. I could not help wondering if she were one of Reginald's "little compensations" and was just about to find out when Romeo's understudy took me by the elbow and steered me straight into one of the imported palm trees and himself into a large bucket of ice which one of the waiters must have forgotten. He begged my pardon and that of the palm tree, hiccuped softly and said he'd been trying to get me alone ever since he got there to tell me how lovely I was, how completely and perfectly lovely and what a wonderful, wonderful, yes truly wonderful job I'd done on "our" boy. For a minute I wondered whom he was talking about and then I said that he himself didn't look ■ day older, not a day, and that I thought his wife charming, perfectly charming. He listed a little to the windward, grasped the palm tree for support and said his wife was a perfect shrew and he hadn't had one happy hour since he left me. I cast a despondent look in Gordon's direction; Gordon nodded and smiled encouragingly. The understanding husband. Romeo's understudy listed to the leeward and clutched at my shoulder for support. He said, "But I did love you, you know. As much as I'm capable. It's just, just"—he unloosed my shoulder and stood almost straight, balancing himself with a slight swaying motion from the hips like one of those wind-up toys—"it's just that I loved myself more. Always have. Sorry," he said, and for a moment his eyes cleared and looked straight into mine with a little of the old bravado, the old charm. I said, "You mustn't be sorry," and because he seemed dubious, I said, "First you gave me David and then you let me find Gordon. You mustn't ever be sorry. I'm one of the happiest women alive."

"I drink too much," he said forlornly. "Tomorrow I won't even remember—and I want to. . . . Have you seen that wife of mine? Better find her before it's too late, only it always is," he said and went to find her, he who'd never even found himself.

There was a commotion in the hall, which meant the bride and groom were about to make their getaway. I looked around for the twins, but they were nowhere in sight. Gordon, moving with the crowd toward the hall, grasped my hand. "I'm an old hand at weddings," he said. "Just follow me." He got us somehow through the crowd and out onto the lawn just as the front door opened and Angela and David were catapulted out in a storm of rice. They didn't see us, and I barely saw them. They dashed for their car and, flushed and disheveled, drove away in the cream-colored convertible which was a present from the bride's father. It wasn't until they were almost out of sight that I realized to my horror that the two blobs in the back window which I'd assumed to be baggage were the twins, their noses pressed against the window, their arms waving triumphantly. END

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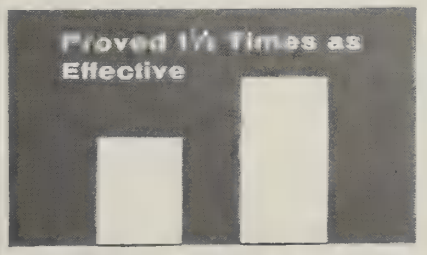
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REDUCING DIET IN A FREEZER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

DIET BREAKFASTS

Each 300 calories or under

Grapefruit (½)
Boiled Egg
Protein Toast (1 slice), lightly buttered
Coffee, black or with nonfat milk

Orange Juice (4 oz.)
Crisp Bacon (3 slices)
Protein Toast (1 slice), lightly buttered
Coffee, black or with nonfat milk

Grapefruit Juice (6 oz.)
Oatmeal (½ cup) with nonfat milk and sugar (1 tsp.)
Scrambled Egg (1 egg, 1 teaspoon butter)
Coffee, black

Fresh Fruit (peach, pear, or 2 apricots)
Poached Egg
Protein Toast (1 slice), lightly buttered
Coffee, black or with nonfat milk

Orange Juice (4 oz.)
Ready-to-eat Cereal (¾ cup cereal, ½ cup nonfat milk, 1 tsp. sugar)
Boiled Egg
Coffee, black

Sliced Orange and Banana (½ of each)
Crisp Bacon (2 slices)
Protein Toast (1 slice), lightly buttered
Nonfat Milk (4 oz.)
Coffee, black

Tomato Juice (4 oz.)
Scrambled Egg (1 egg, 1 teaspoon butter)
Protein Toast (1 slice), lightly buttered
Coffee, black or with nonfat milk

RECIPES FOR FREEZER DIET

All main-dish recipes make four servings. They appear here in the order of preparation.

POACHED SCALLOPS

Simmer gently 1 can chicken broth, a dash of salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 clove garlic, crushed. Cool. Add 2 pounds fresh uncooked scallops cut into bite-size pieces and 3 tablespoons chopped parsley. Pour into 4 individual freezing containers, cover and freeze.
To serve: Thaw just enough to remove from containers. Heat in top of a double boiler until thawed and well heated through.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Cut out the top, seeds and white membrane of 4 green peppers. Simmer them in salted water for about 5 minutes. Remove, drain, salt and pepper the insides.
Filling: Brown 1 pound ground round steak in a lightly salted hot skillet. Add ⅔ cup finely chopped onion and cook until it is tender. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon orégano and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Add ½ cup tomato sauce and ½ cup beef bouillon. Simmer gently for a few minutes. Then add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and stuff the peppers. Place in individual freezing containers. Pour over each 2 tablespoons tomato sauce. Cool, cover and freeze.
To serve: Allow to thaw just enough to remove from the containers. Place in a baking dish and cover with aluminum foil. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until peppers are heated through, about 20–25 minutes.

SPONGECAKE

To the egg whites in 1 package of angel-food-cake mix add 1 cup of water and follow the directions on the package for making the meringue. Beat together about ½ minute the flour mixture, 3 unbeaten egg yolks, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind and ⅓ cup water. Then carefully fold this into the meringue. Pour into two 9″x5″x3″ loaf pans and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 20–25 minutes. Remove from the oven and invert the pans until cool. Take cakes out of their pans. Wrap well in aluminum foil or transparent plastic wrap and freeze.
To serve: Allow the cake to stand at room temperature 25–30 minutes before cutting. Each serving is 1½″x3″x3″.

BROILED LIVER PATTIES

Pour boiling salted water over 1¼ pounds of calves' liver. Simmer for a few minutes. Remove the skin and tough membrane. Put the liver through the food chopper. Season to taste and add 1 tablespoon grated onion. Shape into 4 patties. Wrap slices of partially cooked bacon around the patties and skewer with toothpicks. Wrap well in aluminum foil or transparent plastic wrap. Freeze.
To serve: Unwrap frozen patties and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 20 minutes. Then broil until the patties are hot and bacon is crisp.

KIDNEY STEW

Simmer 2 beef kidneys in 2½ cups boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Lift out kidneys and cool. Strain stock through cheesecloth. Cut the kidneys open, remove the tubes and fat and dice them. Make a brown roux of 3 tablespoons shortening and 3 tablespoons flour. Add kidney stock and cook until thickened. Season with 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1 large onion, chopped, 1 bay leaf, crushed, and a pinch each of salt, cayenne and thyme. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Cool. Divide into 4 equal portions. Cover and freeze in individual containers.
To serve: Thaw enough to remove from containers. Heat in double boiler until steaming hot.

SHISH KEBABS

Cut 1 pound lean lamb into 1″ cubes. Arrange on long skewers alternately with cubes of pineapple and canned whole onions. Place on individual pieces of aluminum foil. Then make a marinade of ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon salad oil and ½ teaspoon meat tenderizer. Season with a pinch of marjoram, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, a dash each of monosodium glutamate, salt and pepper, and ½ teaspoon soy sauce. Pour evenly over the kebabs on the foil. Wrap the meat with an airtight fold. Allow to stand at room temperature for 1 hour before freezing. Freeze.
To serve: Place frozen packages in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 10 minutes. Then open the foil and broil the meat until slightly browned.

MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

Sauté in a hot, lightly salted skillet 6 cups sliced fresh mushrooms. Cover while they cook. When barely tender, add ⅔ cup finely chopped onion and continue cooking until the onion is tender. Stir in 1 tablespoon flour and 1 can condensed consommé. Cook, stirring gently, until the sauce is thickened. Season with 1 teaspoon basil, ¼ teaspoon thyme, ¼ teaspoon rosemary and 4 drops of hot pepper sauce. Pour into 4 individual casseroles. Cool. Wrap in aluminum foil or transparent plastic wrap and freeze.
To serve: Thaw for 20 minutes at room temperature. Remove the covering from the casseroles. Place on a baking sheet and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., until the casseroles are bubbling.

FILLET OF SOLE

For each fillet of sole to be frozen, prepare a strip of aluminum foil large enough to cover fish and make an airtight wrap. Place the fillet on the foil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add a little lemon juice, a dash of marjoram and thyme. Wrap securely and freeze.
To serve: Place frozen packages in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 20–25 minutes. If you would like your fish browned slightly, slit open the packages. Sprinkle a little paprika on the fish and run under the broiler until it is browned.

CHICKEN WITH VEGETABLES

Cook 8–10 small peeled white onions and 1 cup sliced carrots in 2 cups hot chicken broth for about 10 minutes. Drain, reserving broth. Mix 1 package thawed, frozen peas with the vegetables, along with 2 cups cooked chicken, cut into bite-size pieces. Season the broth with salt and pepper to taste. Blend 2 tablespoons nonfat dry skim milk with ¼ cup broth and add to rest of broth. Pour over the vegetables and chicken. Mix well. Cool. Place in 4 individual baking dishes. Cover and freeze.
To serve: Allow the dishes to stand at room temperature ½ hour. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 45 minutes.

PEACH SHERBET

Mix 2 tablespoons sugar with ¾ cup diced, thawed, frozen peaches. Heat until sugar is dissolved. Cool and add ¼ cup frozen orange-juice concentrate. Pour ¾ cup liquefied nonfat dry skim milk into a freezing tray and freeze until it is mushy around the edges. Pour into a cold bowl and beat until the consistency of whipped cream. Beat 1 egg white until frothy. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, gradually, beating well after each addition. Fold into whipped milk. Add peach mixture. Pour into 2 freezing trays and freeze until partially frozen. Beat again and return to freezing trays and continue freezing overnight. The next day, rebeat until the consistency of ice cream. Add ½ teaspoon almond extract. Pour into 2 pint containers. Cover and freeze until firm.

BEEF RAGOUT

Brown 1 pound of cubed lean chuck in a hot, lightly salted skillet. Add 2 large onions, peeled and sliced, and 1¼ cups water. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Season with salt and pepper. Slightly cook ⅔ cup diced carrots and ½ cup sliced celery. Do not overcook at this point because they are to be cooked again. Drain. Add ¾ cup thawed frozen peas and allow to cool. Thicken beef with 1 tablespoon flour mixed with 2 tablespoons water. Add cooled vegetables. Divide into 4 equal portions. Cover and freeze.
To serve: Heat in the top of a double boiler until thawed and well heated.

TONGUE-AND-ARTICHOKE SALAD

Slice into thin strips ½ pound canned tongue. Cook 1 package frozen artichoke hearts according to package directions. Drain. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cool. Add tongue. Divide into 4 individual containers. Cover and freeze.
To serve: Allow to stand at room temperature until able to separate. Serve on lettuce. For dressing, use fresh lemon juice.

TUNA SALAD

Mix 2 cans dietetic-pack tuna with 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 teaspoons grated onion and 4 sliced canned water chestnuts. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a dash each of pepper, celery salt and monosodium glutamate, and 2 teaspoons grated onion. Cover and freeze in 4 individual containers.
To serve: Thaw. Add some diced green celery, sliced radishes, and serve on a lettuce leaf.

MIXED VEGETABLE SALAD

Add ⅓ cup water to ⅔ cup wine vinegar. Add 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and 1 small onion, cut into quarters. Let stand at room temperature for 1 hour. Meanwhile cook separately, according to directions on the package, ¾ cup each of frozen cut green beans, wax beans and peas. Cook ¾ cup sliced carrots in salted water until tender. Drain and place in a bowl. Remove onion and garlic from the dressing. Pour over vegetables. Let marinate until vegetables are cool. Place in 4 half-pint freezing containers. Cover and freeze.
To serve: Allow to stand at room temperature for ½ hour. Arrange on lettuce leaves.

SHRIMP CREOLE

Brown ½ cup finely diced onion and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 1 tablespoon salad oil. Add 1 lb. shelled and cleaned shrimp and sauté for a few minutes. Add 1 cup tomato sauce and 2 fresh tomatoes, cut into small pieces. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a dash each of pepper, orégano, basil and

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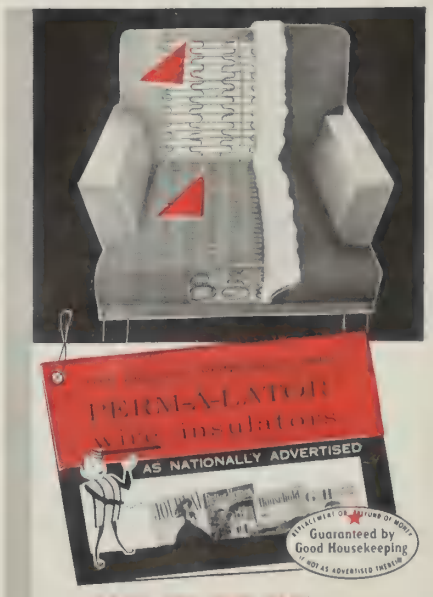


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cayenne. Simmer, covered, for 15 minutes. Remove from heat. Cool. Freeze, covered, in 4 individual containers.

To serve: Thaw just enough to remove from the containers. Place in the double boiler and heat through.

CEREAL LACE WAFERS

Sift together ½ cup cake flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder and ⅛ teaspoon baking soda. Mix ¼ cup molasses, ¼ cup butter and ¼ cup sugar in a saucepan. Bring to a rolling boil and boil for 1 minute. Remove from heat. Add sifted dry ingredients and ½ cup crispy rice cereal. Mix well. Drop by ¼ teaspoons on a greased baking sheet, 4" apart. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 7–9 minutes. Makes 5 dozen cookies. Wrap in aluminum foil or transparent plastic film packages of six. Freeze.

VEGETABLE SOUP

Partially cook ½ package each of frozen peas and wax beans. Cook 1 cup diced carrots only until barely tender. Drain and add to the liquids ½ can chicken broth and 1 medium onion, sliced. Cook until the onion is tender. Cool. Add the vegetables. Divide into 4 containers, cover and freeze.

To serve: Heat in the top of a double boiler until steaming.

READY, SET, REDUCE!

Shop for all the foods you will need the day *before* you plan to start preparing and freezing them, so that on the first "big day" you can get off to a really fresh—and early—start. You'll find it's easiest, and most efficient, to make up the entire diet before you start eating it. It may seem like a big order, but we've divided the work into two days so there will be time for essential household duties and for an occasional rest period for yourself!

On the First Day

Simmer the broth for the scallops and put the green peppers (for the stuffed green peppers) on to poach. Set them aside to cool and prepare the filling for the peppers. This, too, should cool before putting it into the pepper shells. Next mix up the spongecake and put it in to bake. The liver patties can be made while the cake is baking and, also, the kidneys for the kidney stew can be poached. While the liver patties are cooking, finish the kidney stew and set it aside to cool. Thread the shish kebabs and wrap so they will marinate an hour before going into the freezer. Prepare the mushroom casserole, and while it is cooking wrap up the fillet of sole and all the other things that have been cooking. Pop all these in the freezer marked with the name of the dish and its calorie count. If you would like, you can steam your chicken and have it ready to go all cooled in the morning.

On the Second Day:

Start with the peach sherbet because it will be worked with at various times all day. When it is in the freezer for the first time, put together the chicken-with-vegetable dish. Set it aside to cool and do the beef ragout. This, too, must cool, so the next step is to cook the artichokes for the tongue-and-artichoke salad. While they are cooking, slice the tongue and that is ready to go. Follow this with the tuna salad and the mixed vegetable salad, and then do the shrimp creole. While this is cooking, bake the cookies and prepare the vegetable soup. Wrap everything at one time. Again, mark it and all is ready for the diet.

HANK AND JULIE AND DYLAN THOMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

She went away, and Hank Woodridge went into the cellar and stoked the furnace.

The next night, though, with borrowed skates, he went around to the dean's front door and rang the bell. Julie came herself, stood scowling at him. "I thought you might like to go skating," he said.

"Well, I wouldn't."

"Oh, come now! I don't have many nights off—there's a moon."

"Sometimes I could kill you. Actually," she said. "Wait a minute."

She came downstairs in the plaid skirt, carrying skates.

"You see, you ought to let the man be the aggressor," he said with mock patience. "*Men* pursue."

"Some do and some don't," she said crossly. "Why didn't you come to dinner Thursday when mother asked you?"

"I don't know. Let's leave it that I don't like to be obligated."

"How snobbish you are about poverty! Did you ever stop to think that mother just might *like* you? She thinks you're a 'personable young man.' You are, you know."

"See, there you go again. Don't say things like that to me. It's forward."

The moon made a silver path on the black lake and all around the edges the snow lay deep. The two joined hands and swept onto the ice, moving freely as birds in soundless rhythm.

After a long wordless time, she said, "Isn't it better than Dylan Thomas?"

He gave a chuckle and said, "Ah, but it *is* Dylan! He's all for living, you know, honey."

"Don't call me 'honey.' It's insulting, from you. And I'd already mentioned living to you. You're the one who doesn't listen."

He whirled her around and said, "Dylan had his demijohn—I have you!"

She couldn't help laughing, though it made her angry to do so. "Thanks," she said. "Hank, you're not really going to be a poet, are you?"

"On the side—on the side, I might. Everybody ought to be a poet or a painter or something on the side. As you said, I'm a mathematician. But between classes, in the summer vacations—though I expect I'll have to teach in summer school to make both ends meet—well, in the chinks, I'll write poetry. Makes me feel like a king!"

"Oh, you feel like a king anyway. Never was any human being so condescending."

"Well, one has to take you down a little. You'd be intolerable without a little discipline. You're just too used to having your own way."

"All right. Skip it. It's that complex you've got, because you're poor. Silly, but that's the way you are. What's so special about being poor? Makes a man ambitious and all that."

His laughing face grew sober. "The truth is, Julie, that I *am* poor. You can't imagine what it's like to be really poor. And yet I have Dylan—he makes me feel like a king. As if I could lift the world on my shoulders and never feel it. As if I could laugh and love and never mind an empty pocket or cooking hamburgers on a gas plate night after night."

"Love?" She picked the word softly out of his sentences as if it had stood alone.

"M-h'm—that lovely fleeting emotion called 'love.'"

"Oh. Just anyone?"

"No. I'm choosy."

"Why fleeting? Sometimes it lasts."

"How would you know, honey? How many times have you been in love already? Dozens, I expect. It's fleeting, all right, but so lovely while it lasts."

"How many times have you?"

"Oh, a number, a number. I haven't been giving my mind to it lately, though. Lots of snow to shovel—marks—all that. But Dylan

MMMMM

For every ailment under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

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MMMMM

has warned me time is passing. So, here we are, flying in the moonlight ——"

"You don't mean you've chosen *me* for your fling?"

"No, I just thought I might practice on you—you're always *so* available!"

"And after me?" Julie said at last.

"Who knows? I'll have to wait and see. I'll know when the right time comes. Meanwhile, you'll have to do."

"Let's go home. I'm cold."

"Cold? With me?"

"Yes, always with you. You send off sparks, Hank, but you don't warm anything. And what will you do, Hank, if you find it isn't fleeting? If you get stuck with your fling? It happens, you know. And suppose she doesn't get stuck but fleets away? I wish it would happen that way and then you'd be cold yourself. Cold and lonely and sick."

"I've been that often enough, Julie. Don't hex me now. You're handy with words yourself. You don't actually know anything about being cold and lonely, any more than you know about love. You overdramatize your emotions—you always have."

"All right. I don't feel like playing any more. Take me home."

"As you wish." But he whirled around and faced her, holding her arms tight. Then he leaned and kissed her squarely on the mouth.

She let him kiss her, did not pull away, but when he straightened, she said, "I really hate you, Hank."

"So? Then leave me alone," he said.

They skated to the bench, took their skates off, went silently up the slope and to the house. He said, "Good night, Julie." She shut the door firmly in his face. He went slowly around to the back and into his own room.

Two days went by and she was back again, coming this time by the cellar door.

"You wouldn't want to give me a hand with trig, would you?" she asked.

"Not especially. What's bothering you?"

"Everything. It doesn't get through to me, trig doesn't."

"Well, where is it? Sit down and show me what you want." He shoved his own books back, made a place for her.

She sat around the corner of the card table from him, opened her book. "I can learn formulae, but when it comes to applying them to something real, I can't," she said.

He began to explain, very clearly and coolly, what she was to do, then said, "Now you do it."

She began to work and suddenly she gave him a bright smile. "It works! You're wonderful, Hank. In your way," she added with a drop of enthusiasm.

He went on methodically, impersonally, till Julie's homework was done.

She shut the book, said, "We have that room at the back, looking toward the lake. No one's in it—mother says, 'Why don't we ask Hank to live up there? It would be so much more comfortable for the boy.' So you might as well. Be just like one of the family."

"And leave this snug little haven? No, thanks. This is my sanctuary; cool in summer and warm in winter, as mamma pig said—or was it the third pig said it? . . . I don't want to be part of the family. I've got a family."

"I know. Poor, proud people. But they ought to have brought you up politer. I suppose, slaving from dawn to dark, they didn't have time."

"They had time enough. If I wanted to write poetry, they wouldn't interrupt me. Very knowledgeable about some things, my parents. And if I had trig to do, they'd expect me to work it out for myself. They'd expect they'd given me that kind of persistence."

"Oh, as a matter of fact, I could have done it myself. Every so often I find I have to check up to see if you're really as incredibly rude and cruel as I thought you were. You always are."

"You're very pretty, Julie. But don't trade on it. Age comes on and makes lines. You need something solider then."

"You do think I'm pretty, then? Now don't say anything about my always getting back to the personal note. . . . If you think I'm pretty, why am I so obnoxious to you?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 230

As shown—Claremont Sleep-or-Lounge **$289.50**, matching chair **$99.50**. Prices vary according to fabric selected. Other Sleep-or-Lounge styles as low as **$169.50**. *Prices slightly higher in some areas.*

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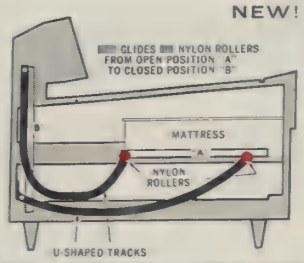


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 228

"Why, I don't think much about pretty and not pretty—I like my girls full of character. No, life was all I meant."

"I'm alive."

"Are you, honey? . . . Look, Julie, let's not quarrel—let's not be clever tonight. I don't feel up to it. You see, it happens to be true that I don't have time for games, for loving and all that. I'm here on the slimmest margin. I have to get through and get to work. But I have emotions—I'm not cold. You don't need to hate me."

"I don't hate you—much," Julie said. "I just want you to be human once in a while. You talk a lot about life—but do you live much yourself?"

"Yes, I live, in a way. You've always had enough—your folks aren't rich, but neither are they poor. There was never any question but what you would go to college if you wanted to. You don't even want college very much. Well, I wanted it and my folks wanted it for me and they do slave from dawn to dark to keep me here. My mother's very little, your size. It wouldn't seem important to you that I had to sit up almost all night after skating the other night to get my work done. But I did."

"You take time out for poetry," she said stubbornly.

"Yes. That I do. But I have to pay for it. You have to create something or *die*. Now, will you run along, Julie? I like you all right, but I haven't *time*."

She stood up. "Sometimes I paint a picture," she said anxiously. "Would that count?"

He rose, went to her, kissed her, said, "Was that what you wanted?"

She rubbed her mouth. "No," she said in a lost young voice. "That wasn't what I wanted, Hank. That wasn't it, at all." She went slowly toward the door.

Then there was a thaw and the skating was gone. Julie let a good many days go by without once going down to the back room. Then walking home from a class she met him.

"Hi," he said, no more.

"Hi," she answered.

He seemed to be going by, but suddenly he stopped and said, "You look wan. Are you taking your vitamins?"

"There aren't any vitamins for my deficiencies," she said.

"Well, for goodness' sake, take *something*. You weren't meant to be the ethereal type."

"I shall be whatever type I like. So long, Hank."

So he went on to class and she went home. On the hall table in the dean's house the mail lay in a small pile. Julie found a letter for Hank, from home. She knew his mother's writing very well now, a square, angry sort of writing. She didn't take it to him then. He wouldn't be home till five after eleven.

Julie went up to her room, got out her paints and began to paint, very badly, a view of the lake.

When it was six minutes past eleven, she took the letter and went down the steps to the little room at the back. Hank had just come in. He had dumped his books on the table and was just standing there.

"You got a letter," Julie said.

"Oh? Good." He reached out his hand for the letter and opened it without apology, began to read it. Something changed in his face as he read. Lines seemed to grow in an instant in his appealing face.

He read the letter clear to the end, then looked around the little room in the strangest way.

"What's the matter? Is it bad news?" Julie asked.

"My father's had a stroke," he said dully.

"Oh, *Hank!*"

"I have to go home," he said. "Now. As soon as I can get a train."

"Not leave college?"

"Yes, for now. Why didn't she wire me?"

"Hank, you can't go home, not for good," Julie said. "Somehow you can manage the money. You can't quit. . . . Father'd lend it to you ——"

"I'm not quitting. I'll be back one of these days. But with father not working, there's *nothing*." He had walked to the small closet, taken out two suitcases. He opened the drawers in the pine dresser, began to put things quickly, untidily, into the suitcases. "Call up about the train, will you?"

She ran out and up the stairs, came down soon. "Two-ten," she said.

"Could you manage to send my books express, if I get them packed?"

"Yes, I'll send them. Don't mess up your shirts that way!" She began to straighten the shirts, the socks, efficiently, silently.

"Buzz Gleason would be glad of the room. He's very good at hedges. Would you explain to your folks?"

In such a little time Hank's things were packed, his books were ready in a cardboard container, all wrapped and tied and addressed.

"You'll have to have some lunch," Julie said.

"There are two hamburgers left," he said.

She put the little frying pan on the gas plate. "Get some bread out," she said.

She made two sandwiches, got the milk and poured two glasses full.

"All right, eat," she said. "It's such a *waste*."

"No, it's not a waste. I'll be back."

There were no clever remarks, nothing, as they ate the sandwiches, drank the milk. Julie washed the dishes carefully, put them away.

"I'll drive you to the station," she said then.

"Would you? Thanks."

Then he turned to her, his nice face bereft, bewildered. He reached out and pulled her into his arms. "Oh, Julie! Darling Julie! There isn't any *time!*" he said, his face tight to hers, his hand on her hair. "Don't cry, darling—don't cry—I can't bear it."

"You will come back? You promise?"

"I promise. I'll come back. It might not be next fall—it might be the fall after that. But I'll come. Oh, Julie, *Julie!*"

"It's all right, Hank. I'll be here. Oh, Hank, I love you so! Not the fleeting way, Hank. I just *love* you."

"And I you. All the time I have, Julie. I thought there was more *time*."

Then he just held her and she clung to him and they were silent, loving, being loved.

"We have to go," she said. "I'll get the car."

They drove to the station. Trees were dripping in a melancholy way. They stood there on the platform in the wet. They had always talked so quickly, but they had no words now. Then the train was coming in, hot beside them. He looked at her, she looked at him. "All a . . . board!" came the cry.

They didn't even say good-by. "I'll be here," was all she said. He swung onto the train and then she saw his face at the window, looking at her without mockery, with love and sorrow. The train began to move.

"But I don't see why he couldn't at least have said good-by," the dean's wife said.

"He didn't have time," Julie said. "Buzz Gleason will be glad to have the room."

"But just to say good-by," her mother protested. "Surely he could have done that. . . . It's such a pity, when he's so brilliant and all. Couldn't he have managed somehow?"

"But he'll be back," Julie said. "He'll be back next year, or maybe the year after that. He just has to see his people through this trouble, that's all."

She went slowly up the stairs to her room, looked at her picture with some distaste. *With one foot on Snowdon and one on Tregaron. . . .* "I didn't even find the right mountain for him," she said. "He's the giant, not Dylan Thomas—only maybe they both are." She began to work on the picture. Tears ran down her face and she brushed them off impatiently, worked steadily, earnestly, trying to create *something* to fill in the chinks of time till he should be back.

END

D D D D D

Reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God.

EPICTETUS

D D D D D

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PARTY CHICKEN, CHINESE STYLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

broth and ■ quarter cup of soy sauce. Season with two and a half teaspoons salt, two teaspoons monosodium glutamate, a teaspoon of sugar and a teaspoon of pepper. Cover. Steam about five minutes. Blend two tablespoons cornstarch with a small amount of water. Add to chicken and cook just enough to make the broth thick and transparent. Sauté about a cup of walnut halves in a little butter until crisp and golden. Drain. Serve the chicken, sprinkled with walnuts, accompanied by cooked rice. Makes six servings.

As for our salad, we need "the cooling sanity of lettuce, and every other herbal green—whose touch is calm, whose heart is clean." Our variety of greens becomes a crisp cluster for the pineapple chunks—fresh (or frozen or canned), dusted lightly with paprika—and generous slices of smooth green avocado. French dressing, with a hint of rosemary and a suggestion of exotic curry, adds the final touch.

SALAD DRESSING

Mix together in a jar two thirds cup salad oil, one tablespoon each of vinegar, lemon juice and orange juice. Season with a half teaspoon of sugar, salt and pepper to taste, a dash of rosemary and just a *suggestion* of curry powder. Shake vigorously and toss with salad greens just before serving.

The fennel *croissants*, so subtly aromatic, light and tender, served hot, are irresistible even to the diet-conscious.

CROISSANTS WITH FENNEL

Soften a package of yeast, compressed or dry, in a quarter cup of lukewarm water. In a large bowl mix together five tablespoons sugar, a teaspoon of salt and a teaspoon of ground fennel seed. Then add a quarter cup of shortening and three quarters cup of hot milk. Stir till shortening is melted. Add one and one half cups flour to make a thick batter. Beat until smooth and allow to stand until lukewarm. Add softened yeast and two well-beaten eggs. Then stir in one and one half cups sifted flour. Place dough in a large greased bowl. The dough is quite soft. Cover and let rise in a warm place for about one and one half hours or until doubled in bulk. To tell when dough is doubled, press two fingers gently into the dough. If it holds the indentation and doesn't spring back, it's ready for shaping. Punch dough down and turn out on well-floured board. After punching down dough, you may place it in a bowl, cover and refrigerate overnight. Next day, punch dough down again and proceed as follows. Divide dough into three equal portions. Cover and let rest about ten minutes. Roll each piece of dough into a nine-inch circle. Mix one beaten egg and a little melted butter. Brush lightly on each circle. Cut into eight pie-shaped wedges. Roll each wedge tightly, beginning at wide end. Seal point firmly. Place on greased baking sheets. Brush with egg and butter and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Cover. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk, about fifteen to twenty minutes. Brush again with egg and butter. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., about fifteen minutes.

A sweet dessert after the pineapple salad and hearty casserole would be too much, so we wind up our dinner with a variety of good cheeses. We chose some Cheddar, Edam, Swiss, Bleu and Roquefort, and some spiced cheeses. The cracker counter of any store also offers many, many varieties and shapes. Pick a generous grouping of Melbas, saltines, flavored crackers and toasted wafers. A rule of cheese serving everyone should know: allow the cheeses to stand at room temperature for a while before serving. Flavors are mellowed, the cheeses are spreadable and irresistible. Have plenty of cheese knives handy.

FORTUNE COOKIES

Beat one egg slightly. Gradually add one third cup sugar, beating until mixture is very thick. Add two tablespoons water, a little at a time, beating until thick and light. With a spoon, fold in a half cup cake flour until just blended. Don't beat, treat it gently. Grease a baking sheet and dust lightly with flour. Slowly drop by teaspoons onto the sheet, spreading each cooky with a spatula until it is a three-inch circle. Since the spreading takes up much of the sheet, bake only two cookies at a time. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for ten minutes. Loosen from the baking sheet immediately. Pinch opposite sides together—knapsack style. If the cookies become too crisp to shape, put them back in the oven for a few minutes. They'll soften up perfectly. Before serving, slip in the fortunes (the more ridiculous, the more fun, we think) written on small pieces of paper. You'll have about twelve cookies.

Usually we save the hot beverage for the end of the meal. The Chinese, though, serve tea throughout. For an authentic twist, try serving clear piping-hot tea all during dinner. Your own teacups will be fine if the Chinese ones without handles are not available. In the Orient, sugar and cream are considered an insult to tea, but *you'd* better serve them, or at least have them on hand in case your guests want them. END



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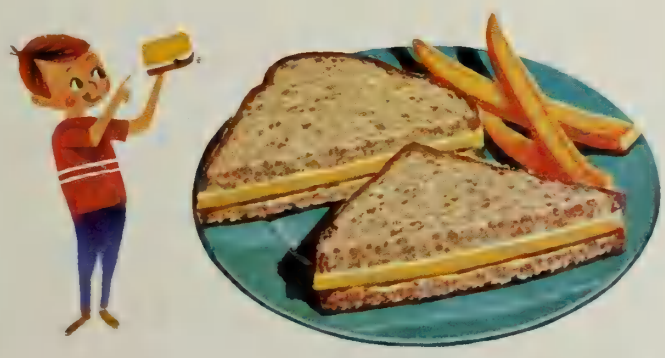
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JOURNAL

May
1957 ~ 35¢

The Magazine Women Believe In



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ARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY WOMEN'S MAGAZI E WORLD

Ladies' Home Journal

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MAY, 1957

JOURNALITIES



Mark Shaw

You may have noticed that the couple on our cover met on their way to church last November, skied together in January, and by March were looking pretty misty-eyed at each other under an umbrella. The man behind this series of story covers is Mark Shaw. A native New Yorker who started out in industrial design and then got fascinated by photography, Mr. Shaw has done numerous cover and fashion pages for magazines—with time off during the war to fly a fighter plane and execute several harrowing escapes from crashing and/or burning planes. He and his wife (who writes feature articles and mysteries under the name Geri Trotta) live in New York with a marshmallow-colored cat named Spooky—*and* a Cessna 310, which enables them to fly to Montreal for weekends, Cuba for vacations, and (occasionally) Boston for luncheon!



R. Prawer Jhabvala

It may surprise some readers of the lighthearted and thoroughly Indian novel, *A Prince for Nimmi*, to learn that R. Prawer Jhabvala (R for Ruth) was born in Germany and educated in England. In 1951 she married C. S. H. Jhabvala, a Parsi architect, and six years later she writes, "I cannot imagine myself ever living—or ever having lived—anywhere but Delhi." She explains that she can't tell us much about her life in India because "it seems to have been spent mostly in having babies and writing novels!" The first of these, *Amrita*, was published last year; the second we offer on p. 66; the third you will have to wait for—it is still being written.



Frank Farnham

When FRANK FARNHAM sold the JOURNAL his very first story (*Tiger in the Bedroom*, published September, 1956) he wrote us that, up to that time, his writing had resulted in only one major triumph—the saving of five lives. "Only the eldest of my three children clearly remembers running barefoot through the snow in a January gale, after my wife and I had got them down flaming stairs to safety. If, at two that morning, I had not been up writing and awake to give the alarm . . ." We're certainly glad Mr. Farnham *was* up writing that night, and although we regret the fire we are proud to publish the story based on it: *The Mountain That Fell at the Falls*, p. 68. Mr. Farnham, who lives with his wife and children on a farm in Belgrade, Maine, says he writes hard all winter long, because "when planting time comes, I have to stop writing." Dawn, Duane (or Tigger) and Lynn (or Piglet) evidently take their father's writing casually; when Lynn learned her father's story would be in the JOURNAL she said sadly, "There's one magazine you won't let me cut up!"

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Our READERS WRITE US

Drinking Question

Washington, D.C.

Dear Editors: Although I have stopped reading several other magazines, I have continued to buy the JOURNAL because you do *not* advertise alcoholic beverages. Now, I am surprised and angry to see, you have begun a new serial in which drinking is apparently the accepted thing to do. Is this necessary? Everyone knows that drinking is one of the worst evils today, and you are not helping us keep our children from going down the road to alcoholism and ruin.

I hope I will not see any more stories of this kind in your magazine.

Very truly yours,
MRS. JAMES S. FRANKLIN

▶ *In refusing liquor ads, the* JOURNAL *voluntarily gives up annually a potential million dollars in advertising revenue accepted by many reputable magazines. We do this because we think a family magazine for women should not solicit its readers, in advertisements, to drink either beer, wine or hard liquor. At the same time, however, we realize that many of our readers do enjoy drinking, and that lots of people drink. When our stories contain scenes of normal people drinking, it is because our stories are about life as it is lived in this country or abroad. ED.*

Who Dunnit!

Cleveland, Ohio

Sir: "Never underestimate the power of a woman." I discovered the truth of this statement at the library one day; for in the middle of a mystery novel I picked from the shelf, I found the following note:

Bill,
When you have read this far, please turn off the beef stew.
Love,
Helen

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH KEATS

How America Lives

La Junta, Colorado

Dear Sir: You really scraped the bottom of the barrel when you printed "Demonstrated Ability" in your February issue.

I feel I am a Christian, but if fostering this movement for integration and annihilating the white race is Christianity then I am beginning to have my doubts. In case the Negroes are not satisfied with the setup in this country why don't they return to their native land and live with their uncles, aunts and cousins who are head-hunters and savages? After all, this country was settled by white people. Left to themselves, the Negroes would revert back to savages.

I realize this is not the kind of letter you like to print in Our Readers Write Us, but there are still some people left who would like to see a letter like this printed.

Sincerely,
MRS. D. A. HOLLOWELL

▶ *In our How America Lives series, we show how a cross section of American families live. The James family was a fine example; and the majority of readers who wrote us about this story of an Air Force family agree. ED.*

New Friend for Blind Children of China

New York, New York

Dear Miss Brookman: One day soon the blind children of China will reach out and touch a new friend. Their tense little features will soften into smiles and they will chatter happily because, unlike the others, this one speaks Chinese as they do.

That's how it's going to be when Wai Chit Tam goes home. It's been eleven years since she left Hong Kong and her family. She has traveled more than 15,000 miles, has studied at London and Columbia Universities, and has decided irrevocably that her future will be devoted to the blind children of her homeland.

Miss Tam's childhood dream was to come to America; and in 1946, after graduating from Hong Kong University, she came to New York by way of Europe. In 1955, she had just enough money to return to Hong Kong, but she saw a brochure



Miss Tam and cowboy.

about blind children. She attended lectures on the problems of educating handicapped children, and came to The Lighthouse in New York to apply for a job. The children took to her at once, and Miss Tam says: "The emotional problems, of course, are greater and there are more accident risks. But the feeling that you're helping a blind boy or girl fit into society compensates for all the extra concern."

Those of us who have worked with Wai Chit Tam have seen her overcome the dark with patience and understanding. And there are thousands of Chinese children who will benefit from the knowledge she has attained here.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT COSTA
Public Information Assistant
The Lighthouse, The New York Association for the Blind

Camping Guide for Parents

Bradford Woods
Martinsville, Indiana

Dear Editor: "This camp has been approved for membership in the American Camping Association."

What does this mean to parents?

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Sincerely yours,
THEODORE CAVINS
President,
American Camping Association

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

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TO DEALER: For prompt redemption, mail this coupon to NuSOFT, Nielsen Coupon Clearing House, Clinton, Iowa, within 90 days after the September 30, 1957, expiration date. The Corn Products Sales Company has arranged for redemption at 15¢ plus 2¢ for handling provided you and the consumer have complied with the terms of the offer. Consumer must pay sales tax, if any... limit one coupon to a customer. This coupon is redeemable only by retail dealers handling NuSOFT. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock of NuSOFT to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown upon request. Coupon void if taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. Good only in U.S.A. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢.

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AMERICAN EDUCATION HAS MANY MERITS

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART



VILLE D' AVRAY: THE POND WITH A BOATMAN,
etching by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot
(French School, 1796–1875).
Size, 2⅞" x 4¾".

In the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL I have written frequently and critically of some aspects of American primary and high-school education. My complaints have largely been that it is too soft in discipline and too easy in subject matter; that it fails to give the child a thorough training in elementary skills; that our high schools conspicuously neglect mathematics, physics and the natural sciences; that for the gifted child or youth there is too little to attract his industry and develop to their fullest his innate talents; and—as I was, I think, the first to emphasize after a trip in 1956 to the Soviet Union—we are lagging behind the Russians in producing an adequate number of technicians and engineers.

Although I have not altered my opinion about these things, it is refreshing to record some of the great advantages of American education, as it appears in contrast to other forms of education in other countries, where education and the attitude toward its purpose have been modeled on the continental European.

For four months during the last winter—from mid-November to mid-March—I traveled through the countries of the Middle East. Although the primary purpose of my visit was to study the political situation of these countries in a much-disturbed area of the world, highlighted by the international crisis over Suez, I did manage to pay some attention to social and educational developments. And I found that in every single country there is also a "crisis in education," though of a very different kind from our own. One might say that in these new countries—old in history, but new in adapting themselves to this century—the problems of education arise not from too much experimentation along untried, or only briefly tried, paths, but from an ossification that fails to meet the demands—and, indeed, necessities—of an evolving society.

Everywhere, in the countries I visited (and quite regardless of their political troubles), Education (with a very big capital letter) is the concern of governments and peoples alike, down to the last illiterate villager living in a mud hut. In most of these countries even primary education is still at an early or middle stage. In very few of them is every child in elementary school. None of them can offer a secondary education to all who desire it. But in all of them the desire for education outweighs every other social striving. The last illiterate peasant wants his child to go to school, confident that *only* through education can his children and their children after them hope to lead a better, fuller life than he and all his ancestors before him could hope for, or have even dreamed of.

News of other countries, of lands where every child can learn to read and write and figure, has permeated places and peoples who a generation ago knew of nothing beyond a few miles around their villages. For although many can neither read nor write, they can hear, and although few own a private radio, there is always one in the village tavern or the market place, telling through an amplifier facts and views from all the world.

The efforts and sacrifices people will make to get their children to the only available school, however remote, is deeply moving. Children will walk for miles to and from school, as they did in America in pioneer (and even much later) days. Or they will be brought, or come alone, on horseback or camel.

But in the ministries of education, there is a universal realization that education, as it has been practiced in secondary schools and universities for generations back, falls far short of what their societies need.

In all these countries (with one exception) there has always been an educated class. The sons of rich landholders or merchants, the children of pashas and effendis, have been educated for generations, either at home, in the few schools existing, or by tutors, or abroad in Europe, almost always on the continent. One need only meet any delegate to the United Nations, or any attaché of an embassy in Washington, to realize that they are not lacking in a highly refined education.

But education has, with a few exceptions confined to the more advanced Middle Eastern nations, been available only to the relatively small upper echelons of society. Like their social, property and financial condition, it has been a badge of status, setting them apart from the people. It has helped them to maintain and enhance that status. The idea that it might be used to lift the status of everybody is a brand-new concept, not always well received by themselves or by national governments.

Nobody should be blamed for this. Long-ingrained habits and attitudes are very hard to change. It is rather remarkable to observe the extent to which they *are* changing.

Many factors contribute to this, the most important being, I think, industrialization. Modern industries cannot use illiterates, except for the most primitive and menial tasks. They require many grades of labor, from ditchdigger to the more skilled, the trained mechanic, the highly competent technician, right up to the managerial level—for all countries, now dependent to a great extent upon foreigners for managerial capacities, hope, and rightly so, to be able sooner or later to man and manage their own industries at every level.

The new look at agriculture as a science requires similar approaches and skills. The development of clinical medicine, public-health centers and preventive health programs, which one finds everywhere, makes the same demands. Every country needs not only more doctors but doctors with a different, more social outlook, trained to co-operate with other doctors. They need laboratory technicians, nurses, social workers, as well as mechanics, industrial CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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Maypole Cake. Try new Betty Crocker Peanut Delight Cake Mix! A perfect partner? Our Instant Peanut Creme Frosting Mix! Make a maypole with a candy stick. Attach colorful ribbons, tied together, to top of pole. Idea: tie party favors to ribbons.

"I guarantee a perfect* cake every time you bake

cake...after cake...after cake!"

-says Betty Crocker of General Mills

Entertaining ideas for May

by Betty Crocker



In the merry month of May—let's have a party! A May Day party for the Queen and all her court—with fresh-cut flowers and gaily colored streamers. Serve sparkling bowls of punch . . . and the keynote? A merry Maypole Cake, of course, like the one in our picture. Doesn't it just look like spring?

May 12 is Mother's Day. And our Confetti Party Loaf is one of the prettiest cakes we've seen to say, "I love you." Trouble? Not at all, with our Confetti Angel Food Mix. Those gay bits of candy are right in the mix — along with the whites of 13 farm-fresh eggs.

Your turn to entertain the club? At a busy time like this, what could be nicer than a cake 'n coffee break? Our Two-Tone Marble Cake is something a bit different. Your friends are sure to like it, and they'll never believe it's so easy!

Party cakes are fun year round—and when you use our guaranteed-perfect mixes, you know every cake you bake will be high and light and melt-in-your-mouth-tender. For we start with real home recipes and use the same ingredients you'd use yourself — Softasilk Cake Flour, high-quality shortening, the finest flavoring. Don't wait! Pick a cake this minute —and plan a party!

Betty Crocker

* PERFECT! Yes, all our Betty Crocker Mixes—Cake, Frosting, Brownie, Date Bar, Pie Crust, Answer Cake—are guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

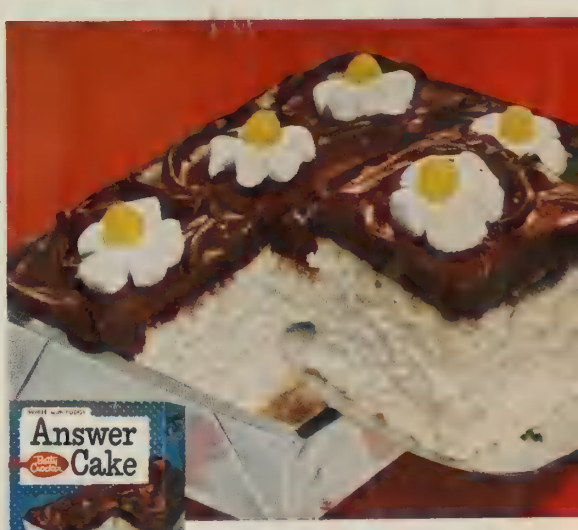


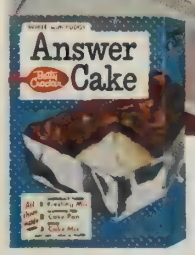


Banana Cream Gingerbread. Top squares of just-baked gingerbread with prepared vanilla pudding and sliced bananas. Ginger-good 'n easy! Just add water to our Betty Crocker Gingerbread Mix. Delicious!



Confetti Party Loaf. Bake Confetti Angel Food in two 9 x 5 x 2½" loaf pans 25 to 30 min. at 375° (350° for glass pans). Invert to cool. Cut wedge from top; fill with tinted whipped cream. Replace the wedge.





Betty Crocker Answer Cake. White Cake Mix, Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix, baking pan—all in 1 box! Snip marshmallow halves for daisies. Add gumdrop centers.



Cake Cones. Use cupcake recipe on Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix package, filling flat-bottomed cones a scant ½ full. Cool; frost with our Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting. Add candies.





Two-Tone Cake. Pour ½ Betty Crocker Marble Cake plain batter into pan. Blend marbling mix into rest of batter. Pour into 2nd pan. Cool; split layers. Frost with whipped cream. Such a nice party dessert!





New! Li'l Angel Cake Mix. Makes one loaf (directions on package). Brush slices with butter; brown both sides under broiler. Top with jam and whipped cream.





Available in choice of colors: white, pink, yellow and green, gas and electric models.

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Six 5-piece Place Settings as shown above complete with modern chest

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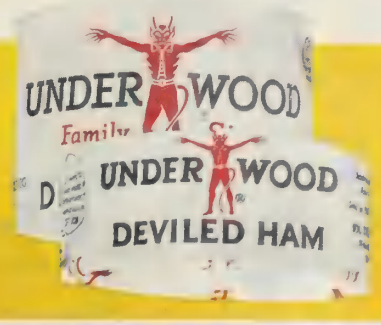
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Buttercup Biscuits for brunch in the spring—ready in minutes!

RECIPE for a new taste adventure: your own best biscuits, baked with pink and spicy Underwood Deviled Ham and Velveeta Cheese! Just bake biscuits according to directions on package. Cover generously with flavor-making Underwood Deviled Ham . . . one 4½ oz. can (or two 2¼ oz. cans) to 8 biscuits. Top with tiny, plump wedges of Velveeta Cheese. Return to oven 3 minutes. Can you wait to taste that whole-ham flavor? Serve piping hot . . . enjoy a new flavor that blooms in the spring!

HOW TO SERVE. Team Buttercup Biscuits with a green salad for lunch. Serve them with coffee for brunch or a snack . . . or at a buffet (no butter needed).



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Underwood is made from whole hams, chosen for quality, perfectly cured, and blended with a secret formula of spices. Result: all the goodness of whole hams . . . plus a delicious, can't-be-copied flavor.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

technicians and managers. The agricultural areas need personnel trained to do something of the work of our county agents and soil-conservation directors, not only those who sit in bureaus, making plans, but those who work with farmers at the dirt level.

The educational system that has produced in some countries thousands of university graduates who, in theory and book knowledge, can outshine many of our own has not produced many men for these tasks. They are an educational aristocracy, unwilling to dirty their hands, not dreaming of a world in which one can begin as a mechanic and work oneself up to a managerial or executive position.

Most of them are not rich, though they may come from well-known families. Their parents have made enormous sacrifices to get them through a national university or send them to Europe to study. But what is there for them to do, their education and outlook on life being what it is?

Although educated people are sorely needed in the provinces, they head for the national capital to wangle a job in one of the ministries, often through family connections, other pulls, and sometimes, I fear, through money. I am not "telling tales out of school," but reporting what I heard over and over again from responsible national leaders.

They become civil servants, concerned with paper work, often of the most boring kind, and are universally poorly paid. They know a lot theoretically but have little chance or even desire to apply their knowledge.

Abraham Lincoln was once asked to give his definition of diplomacy. "Well," he mused, "I guess you might say that it's the knack of letting the other fellow have your way."

"They can instruct, by book, because they have been instructed rather than educated," a minister of education explained. Said an American Point Four leader, "They can lecture to peasants about what they should do, but unlike our county agents they won't go out and work *with* a farmer, *do* what needs to be done, in front of his eyes. Nor can they talk to farmers on their own level."

"We can train the people of this country to do almost any level of work," said the manager of an oil company in another country. "It is amazing. Young men who have never seen a machine, or heard of a bathtub, learn in a phenomenally short time to be expert mechanics, master plumbers—anything you like."

"Don't you have *any* difficulties?" I asked.

"One," he replied with a rather exasperated laugh. "To get them to clean up after themselves! They think that is work for a coolie. We have some operations performed in a small space, where oil-soaked rags and rubbish constitute a fire hazard. We have to work and work on the simple idea that they should leave everything as immaculate as they found it."

"Have you made any headway?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "I've gone in and cleaned up, myself, in front of their eyes. They know I am in a top-level salary bracket. Maybe they think I'm crazy, but it impresses them."

Many students go abroad to study, on their families' means or on scholarships. Many more would come to this country if American education—and transportation to and from America—were not much more expensive than European.

"I wish many more of our students could study in America," the Shah of Iran told me. "Because in America they learn to work."

"I think our education is rather easier than the European," I demurred.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Great on meat or eggs or fish Sure improves 'most any dish!



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New BRILLO soap pads



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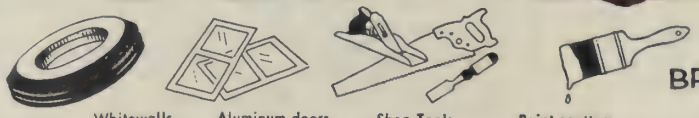
Jeweler's Polish in every pad!

Pans get twice the shine in half the time! New, stronger, tighter knit Brillo Soap Pads whisk away scorch, grease and stains like lightning! Nothing shines aluminum like new Brillo Soap Pads. *Only Brillo guarantees results!* You get a new utensil free if Brillo fails to clean!



Brillo Soap Pads (red box) Soap-filled metal fiber pads
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Brillo speeds up *your* clean-ups, too!



THRIFTIER! 5 and 12 pad boxes!
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now—and the rest of your life!

When you are young and your complexion is soft and dewy-fresh—as it ought to be—the male is drawn to it as irresistibly as you are to the velvet skin of a baby.

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Wishing won't help your skin—Cuticura will!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

"I don't mean their college work," he smiled. "I mean they learn to work with their *hands*. They learn about the lives of working people by working alongside them."

I followed that up. It was true. Middle Eastern students in America don't have enough money to enjoy the recreations they want. In America they find that as students they can actually earn money—in the college itself, and during vacations. Much more important, they learn that no social stigma attaches to it, but rather social approval.

One young man returned home from his American studies with several hundred dollars in his pocket. He explained to his astonished family that he had washed dishes on the campus, and on vacations worked in a mill and on ranches. His mother burst into tears. "Promise me you will never tell this to any of our friends," she moaned.

He tried to explain that one of his companions on the ranch was the son of a millionaire. "His pop thought it was swell that he wanted to work during the summer. You just don't *understand*. America is *really* a democracy."

But that young man is unhappy where he is. He wants to go back to America. (Too many do.)

But not all parents have the same attitude. The American Friends of the Middle East is doing much pre-embarkation work with students abroad, as it is helping them in our own country. Parents sometimes come to them now, begging for every help in getting their sons (and more and more their daughters) to American colleges. They say, "I want

All ambitions are lawful except those which climb upward on the miseries or credulities of mankind.

JOSEPH CONRAD

him to go to America because there he can learn to work—at anything worth doing for its own sake."

How about primary and secondary education?

I had a considerable discussion with a Turkish friend in Ankara, who is the director of a teachers' college and has spent much time in America.

"I am a hundred per cent for American education," she said. "You are right in many of your criticisms, but they are outweighed by other factors.

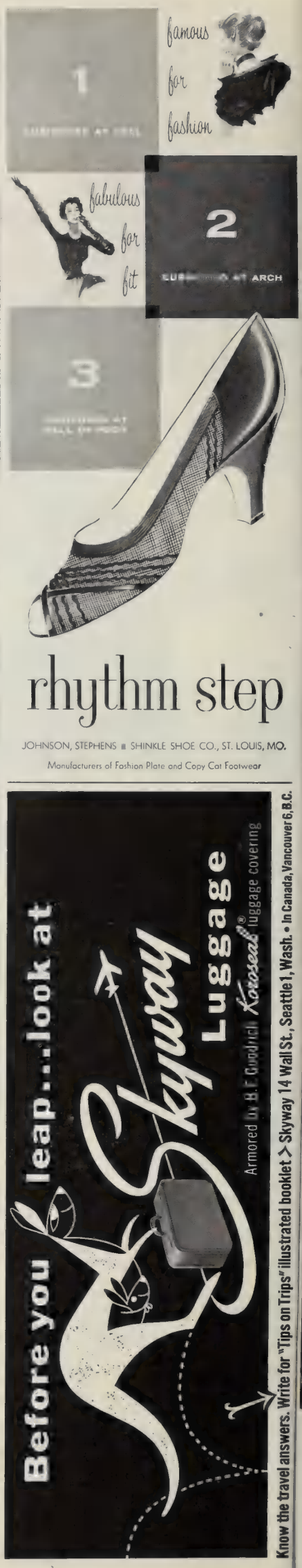
"Our traditional system gives a child from kindergarten through the tenth grade a great deal more knowledge than most of yours learn in college. It does, that is to say, for those who can take it. Ours is much like the Russian as I understand it. Since the days of the republic, we have, like the Russians, put an enormous emphasis on mathematics and science. But did the Russians tell you how many children really made the grade?"

I regretted that that was one matter on which I was unable to obtain any figures.

"Well, I will tell you about ours, and I don't think our children are, by nature, stupider than the Russian, or less industrious. We are a hard-working people who believe in work. But not more than fifty per cent of our children, despite exceptionally good discipline, can really assimilate what they are supposed to learn. We are also going in for mass education, according to our means, in Turkey. And America is the only country which has made even a halfway success of mass education. Our youth lack confidence in themselves. Their training instills timidity. Your youth are full of confidence, in themselves and in their country. And what they *have* to know, once they come up against it in real life, they learn quickly even if they never learned it in school."

So that's the other side of the American educational picture as I heard it in new, underdeveloped countries, beginning a new life.

Somewhere between this view and my own reservations probably lies the truth. END



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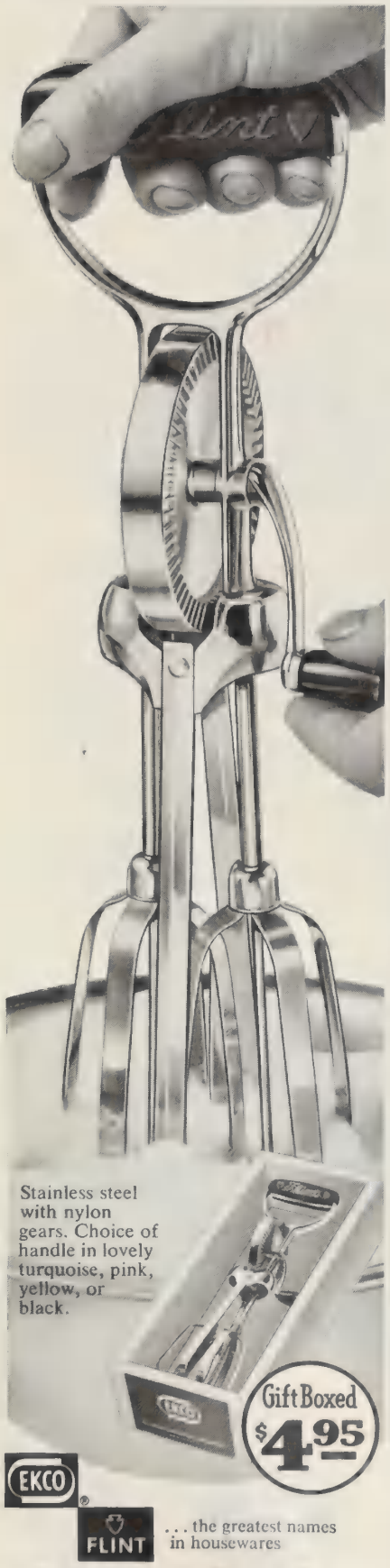
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UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You ought to be thankful I escaped unhurt."

Royal couples, in spite of the conspicuousness of thrones and the public's close attention, are still sometimes humanly irritable. Take Prince Albert, of all people. It was after one of Queen Victoria's endless dinner parties, and he was intent on a game of four-handed chess. When the Queen, who was sitting close by, decided it was time to retire, she leaned over and said "Albert!" in a soft sweet voice. But Albert wasn't hearing. The next time she said his name, her voice was louder. She had to call several times, and each time her tone rose. According to Mrs. Stevenson, one of the ladies present, Albert was obviously not going to let himself be managed.

The wife of the American Minister to England, 1836–41, Sally Stevenson was a great gossip and a voluminous letter writer. **VICTORIA, ALBERT AND MRS. STEVENSON,** *edited by* ***Edward Boykin*** *(Rinehart), is a collection of her chatty letters home. In it you'll get almost more than you can take.*

Victoria had all the qualifications and failings of the typical woman, said her Prime Minister, Melbourne, who adored her. She was ***instinctive, personal, unintellectual, partisan, interested in detail, viewing things in the concrete rather than the abstract,*** **and** ***with a profound natural reverence for the secure and the respectable.*** **(See MELBOURNE, by** ***Lord David Cecil,*** **one of the great biographies of all time, now available in paper-back edition of Grosset's Universal Library, $1.25.)**

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE, edited by his literary agent, ***Elizabeth Nowell*** (Scribner), brings back to life that giant personality, almost unique in American literature for its burning intensity. Like all his novels, these 700 letters are the outpourings of his tortured soul. "My life is a rude, rash gamble—a curse and a care . . ."

LETTERS OF JOYCE, *edited by* ***Stuart Gilbert*** *(Viking), is quite another matter. James Joyce was forever short of money, his books were unappreciated and usually thoroughly disliked, he had iritis and nearly went blind. But his complaints are usually ironic understatements. "Today is the feast of St. Justin Marty, patron of Trieste, and I shall perhaps eat a cheap small pudding somewhere in his honor . . ."*

"I get about fifty denunciations a week of my new work from all parts of the English-as-she-is-speaking world including Australia . . . now and then I have a little fun."

VIRGINIA WOOLF AND LYTTON STRACHEY: LETTERS, edited by ***James Strachey,*** **his brother, and** ***Leonard Woolf,*** ***her*** **husband (Harcourt Brace), is an exchange of literary condescensions about the Bloomsbury circle, 1906–31, that borders on the querulous and the disagreeable. Strachey once proposed to Virginia and was accepted. But when he divined that she wasn't in love he made what he calls a "fairly honorable retreat." "The very minute it was happening," he wrote his brother, "the whole thing was repulsive to me." (Incidentally, the Woolfs' publishing house, Hogarth Press, was one of the many firms that turned down Joyce's** ***Ulysses.*****)**

None of these letter writers would you want as your friend (except possibly Wolfe)! Nevertheless, here they stand, illumined from within. In their letters lie their true lives, and as such these four collections will be of greatest interest to the probing and curious among us. It is to these that they are here recommended.

•

Slowly and with complete absorption I have been reading **THE BIBLE AS HISTORY,** *by* ***Werner Keller*** *(Morrow):* **A Confirmation of the Book of Books,** *based on scientific discoveries. If you are not a Bible reader this book will make you one; and for informed Bible readers, it gives depth and added meaning.*

THE DAY CHRIST DIED (Harper) is an hour-by-hour account of that first Good Friday, by the author of *The Day Lincoln was Shot,* ***Jim Bishop.*** It starts at 6 P.M. on the eve of the Passover and lasts until 4 P.M. when He died.

Auto accidents in the U.S. (American Medical Association figures) were 100,000 totally disabled, 38,000 killed, in 1955. They are, of course, overwhelmingly beyond those of any other country. But here's a voice from Eire. "I'm tellin' ye now," said the old Irishwoman who had visited Dublin. "I was just steppin' aff o' the curb and a motor bike whizzed past me so close there wasn't the black of me nail between me and eternity, so there wasn't."

■

We have two good garden books: **TAYLOR'S GARDEN GUIDE,** ***by Norman Taylor, a basic guide covering herbs, fragrance, color, fruit; and*** **ROSES FOR PLEASURE,** ***by Richard Thomson and Helen Van Pelt Wilson, a complete book on a beautiful subject. (Both Van Nostrand.)***

•

As a layman who never caught a fish longer than ten inches, I found ALBACORA, by ***Eugenie Marron,*** **a surprisingly exciting book. Cold and wet, but amusing, this is the last word in fishing the big marlin and the fighting broadbill by a woman who seems to have broken all records for her sex—biggest fish on lightest tackle. Scene, the Humboldt Current, straight up from the Antarctic. (Random House.)**

REPRINTED FROM FISHING YEARBOOK NO. 3 FAWCETT PUBLICATION



"She uses a diaper pin!"

•

Last of all there's a knowing cookbook and an exciting whodunit. **COUNTRY FLAVOR COOKBOOK,** by Haydn Pearson (who wrote *That Darned Minister's Son*), is garnished with peppery New England comment and contains recipes that take one back to childhood. (Sunny Acres, Greenfield, N.H. $3.50.)

THREE FOR THE CHAIR, *by* ***Rex Stout*** *(Viking), is still another appearance of Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin, this time involved (or were they?) as witnesses to a murder.*

I love its real maple flavor!

I love Log Cabin on my waffles because I love real maple flavor, and Log Cabin has real maple sugar blended in. I know so many other delicious ways to use it, too. I pour it on ice cream, cereal, grapefruit. Yum!

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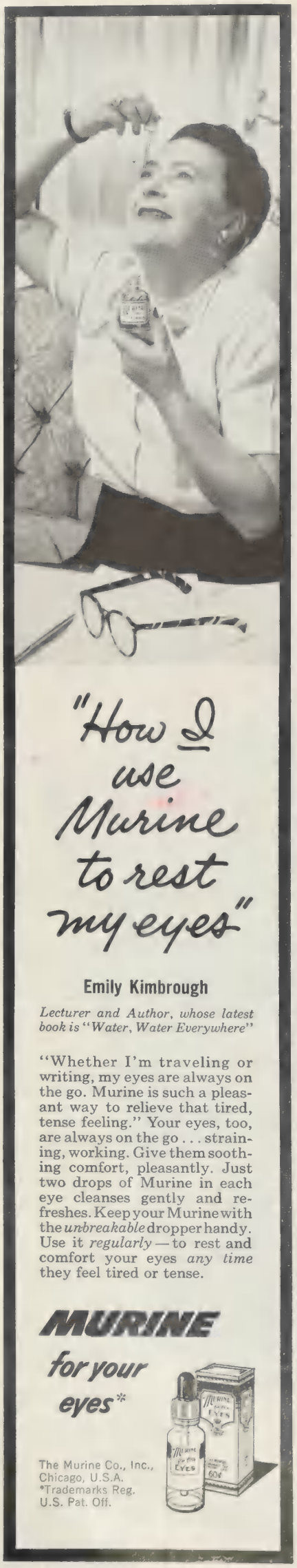
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Family triangle: mother and child—and grandmother



GUY GILLETTE

The first child is most likely to cause disagreement in the family.

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DR. SPOCK

"It requires extraordinary flexibility on the part of a grandmother to be able to accept the violent changes in child care in the past twenty years."

A recent letter from a West Coast mother says: "I gather, since you commented once that young mothers have a tendency to flaunt your book at grandmothers, that you feel that grandmothers are more put upon than offending, where conflict exists. Believe me, the grandmother is often the offender.

"The first seeds of resentment were sown in me during my pregnancy when my mother-in-law kept saying, 'I only hope the baby will have my son's features' or 'I hope he'll be smart like his daddy.'

"Since the baby's arrival I have been subjected to constant disapproval, especially in regard to toilet training (which my mother-in-law feels should be imposed early with a strong moral emphasis), in regard to my refusal to force feedings, and in regard to my easygoing caution which permits my child to explore by herself, even if it may result in a bump, a mistake or a mess. My mother-in-law assures me that because of her experience and age she inevitably knows best and that we are wrong not to accept her judgment. Frequently, I must confess, I reject a good suggestion because of the dictatorial manner in which it is made. She regards my refusal to accept some of her ideas as a personal rejection or an affront.

"She disapproves heartily of my outside interests (which do not interfere with my duties), calling them frivolous, and she makes us feel very guilty when we call on her two or three times a year for big occasions. Yet when I hint that I might get a baby sitter she is highly insulted.

"Occasionally I want to leave the baby with my mother. But my mother-in-law masks her selfishness in the guise of generosity and won't hear of it."

The faults of this grandmother are so apparent that perhaps you may not think it worth while to discuss them. But an exaggerated situation makes it easier to see factors that might not be obvious at all in a more ordinary situation. One thing that seems quite plain is that this grandmother is not just "selfish" and "dictatorial"—she's very jealous.

Before we go any further we should admit that we've heard only one side of this case. I continue to be amazed how different domestic conflict sounds after you hear the story from the party of the second part. In this particular case, though, I doubt whether the grandmother's story would make us change our minds very much. But if we could see the two women in action together I imagine we should see that the young mother is unwittingly playing some part in making this conflict possible. It takes two to make a quarrel, even when one is clearly the aggressor.

I don't want to pretend to know for sure what is going on between this mother and grandmother, because I, like you, have only the letter to go by. But I've worked with a number of young mothers whose main problem was their inability to stand up to an interfering grandmother, and most such cases have features in common. Perhaps you don't think it's fair for me to assume that the letter writer surrenders too easily. She implies that she does hold her ground in some respects—toilet training, feeding, avoiding overprotection—and that's all to the good. But she apparently gives in on the sitter situation. The most important evidence, to me, that the mother is surrendering too much is her tone of reproach and hurt feelings. Whether she wins or loses each argument, she seems to end up feeling the victim. This is not wholesome.

I think the basic problem is that a mother like this is afraid to hurt the feelings of the grandmother or afraid she will make her angry. There are several factors at work here. The mother is still young and inexperienced. The chances are good that when she's had another baby or two she won't be so timid. But this bashfulness of the beginner is only partly a matter of inexperience. We learn from psychiatric work that a girl in the adolescent period is apt to be quite rivalrous with her mother in her unconscious feelings. She feels that it's her own turn now to be the glamorous one, to lead the romantic life and to have the babies. She feels that it's time for her mother to take a back seat. (The boy's rivalry with his father is accentuated in adolescence too.) These rivalrous feelings may be expressed in a bold young person as open defiance—that's one reason why delinquency begins to be a common problem in adolescence. But the girl or young woman who has been brought up very strictly may react to her rivalry with her mother (or mother-in-law) in a guilty manner. Even when she knows she is technically in the right, she finds herself giving in, to a greater or lesser degree. Then, too, there is a special rivalry between daughter-in-law and mother-in-law. In the unconscious sense the daughter-in-law has succeeded in stealing the precious son of the mother-in-law. The self-assured young woman may enjoy this triumph. The overly considerate daughter-in-law is more apt to feel guilty about what she has got away with, especially if she is up against a possessive and disapproving mother-in-law.

The most obvious factor of all will be the character of the baby's grandmother—not only how opinionated and bossy and jealous she is, but how sharp she is in taking advantage of the young mother's sensitivity. This is what I meant by saying it takes two to make a quarrel. I didn't mean that the kind of mother who wrote the letter is quarrelsome in the aggressive sense. I meant that the mother who doesn't have enough confidence in her own convictions or who gets her feelings easily hurt or who is afraid of making the grandmother angry is the perfect victim for a grandmother who is overbearing and who knows how to make people feel guilty. There is a neat dovetailing between the two personalities. In fact, they are apt to accentuate progressively the defects in each other. Any tendency of the mother to submit to the grandmother's insistence encourages the grandmother to be still more dominating. And the mother's fear of hurting the grandmother's feelings makes the grandmother shrewdly threaten to have hurt feelings on every occasion. The grandmother in the letter "won't hear" of the mother's getting a sitter and she takes differences of opinion "as a personal affront." The angrier the mother becomes over the little insults and the domination, the more frightened she becomes that she will show it. She doesn't know how to get out of the painful situation. Like a car stuck in the sand, she digs in deeper and deeper. As the months go by she learns to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

do what all of us do when pain seems inevitable—we begin to get some perverse satisfaction out of it. One way is to feel sorry for ourselves, to dwell on the outrages we suffer and enjoy our own indignation. Another is to tell of our torture to others and enjoy their sympathy. These painful satisfactions tend to sap our determination to find a real solution. They become permanent substitutes for real happiness.

How can the young mother who has been submitting to a dominating grandmother extricate herself? It sounds as if she'd have to lift herself by her bootstraps. In a way she does have to, but it *can* be done gradually, with practice. In the first place, she can keep reminding herself that she *is* the mother now and that the baby is hers to take care of as she thinks best. She should make her own decisions and stick to them. She should be able to get support from the doctor or the public-health nurse when she has been made to doubt her own methods. She is surely entitled to the support of her husband, especially if it's his mother who is interfering. If he thinks that in a certain situation his mother is right, he should be able to say so to his wife. But at the same time he can show his mother that he stands with his wife against interference.

The most important step for such a mother is to realize clearly that it's her own guiltiness and fear of angering the grandmother which make her a target for bullying, to realize that she has nothing to be ashamed of or afraid of, and to develop gradually a thicker skin so

The man who understands one woman is qualified to understand pretty well everything.
JOHN BUTLER YEATS

that she can go her own way without feeling uneasy.

Does the mother have to blow up at the grandmother to gain her own independence? Perhaps she may have to, once or twice. Most people who get imposed upon too easily have trouble learning to take a firm stand unless and until they feel thoroughly outraged—only then can they let loose with justifiable anger. The trouble with this system is that a dominating grandmother senses that the mother's unnatural patience *and* her final explosion are *both* signs that she is too timid. Both these signs encourage the grandmother to resume her bossing and needling again. In the long run the mother will be able to hold her ground and keep the grandmother at bay when she has learned how to speak up for herself right away, in a matter-of-fact, confident tone, before she gets angry. ("Well, the doctor told me to feed her this way." . . . "You see, I like to keep her as cool as possible." . . . "I don't want her to cry for long.") The calm, assured tone is usually the most effective way to convince the grandmother that the mother has the courage of her convictions.

In regard to the specific problems that the mother writes about, I think she should use her own mother and a professional sitter as often as seems appropriate, without mentioning it to her mother-in-law. If her mother-in-law finds out about it and raises a fuss, the mother should try not to seem guilty or to get mad but act as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She should try to avoid as many discussions about child care as possible. When the grandmother insists on arguing, she should try to act only mildly interested, refuse to argue, and change the subject as soon as politeness will permit. When the grandmother expresses the hope that the next baby will be smart and handsome like her side of the family, the mother can kid her about it, if she can learn to do it without showing hurt feelings. What all these steps add up to are: refusing to be put on the defensive, refusing to let her feelings be hurt, refusing to get excited. After a mother has learned the fundamentals of

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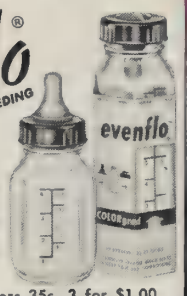
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Hints collected by
MRS. DAN GERBER
mother of five



How to Woo the Sandman

When it comes to sleeping habits, wee ones are certainly individualists. Some sleep lightly, others deeply. Some need more sleep than others. Some babies fight sleep, others welcome it. But over-all good sleeping habits can be cultivated with a bit of help from you. A few tricks that stand the strain of repetition well:

- *Reasonable firmness in sticking to regular bedtime hours accustoms baby to routine.*
- *A warm, dry, well-fed infant is apt to succumb to the sandman more quickly.*
- *A few minutes of pre-crib cuddling or lullabying helps make bedtime a happy event.*
- *A well-ventilated draft-free room is also a great sleep encourager. 60° is about the right temperature.*

4 Ways to Woo an Appetite



It's surprising how soon even tiny babies learn that a variety of flavors makes mealtime more interesting. When your doctor recommends cereal, you'll find Gerber Cereal Quads ideal for introducing cereal variety to baby. This handy, 4-in-1 package contains small-size boxes of Rice, Barley, Oatmeal and Cereal Food (a mixed cereal). By rotating all four, you'll soon learn which ones baby likes best. Once he indicates his favorites you can get these good-tasting Gerber Cereals in the regular large-size packages.

P.S. Gerber Cereal Quads make good traveling companions when you and baby go visiting.

Spooning Suggestions

First tries with cereal are apt to be more successful if you remember these basic hints:

Small spoon *for a tiny mouth. Demitasse, small measuring spoon or regulation baby spoon.*

Bird-size helpings *for a tiny mouth. If spoon is too full, more food will go outside than in baby.*

Feature of the Month (NEW JUICY STORY)

Gerber Strained Apple Juice

Gerber announces a new mild, refreshing juice for baby—Strained Apple Juice. Like Gerber Strained Orange Juice this pleasant tasting Apple Juice has a guaranteed high vitamin-C content . . . is carefully pasteurized for baby's protection. Gerber Strained Apple Juice can be alternated with Gerber Orange Juice for a delightful change of taste. Vitamin-C content is the same.



Rock-a-bye for Two

Lucky the mother who has an old-fashioned rocker, for the rocking chair has come into its own again. Seems that many doctors recommend rocking for both mother and baby. The gentle, soothing rhythm relieves tensions, lulls the happy twosome into sweet tranquility.

Variety Review



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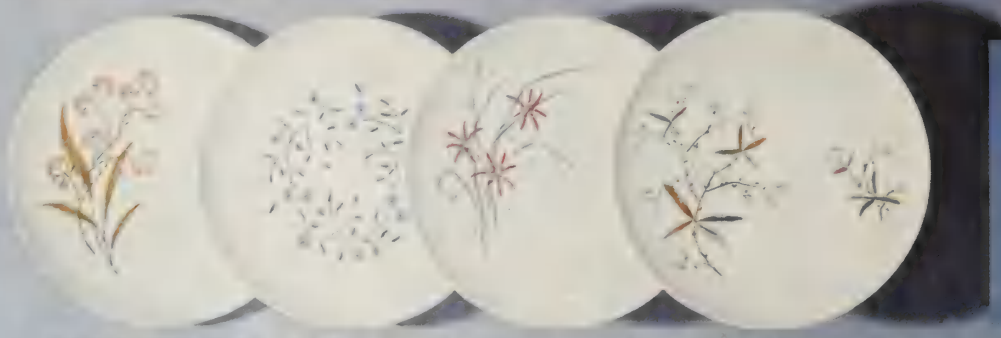
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The Eastern Venetian Blind Co.—Baltimore, Md.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

defending herself, she can go a step further by learning not to run away from the grandmother and not to be afraid to hear her out, because both these attitudes reveal, in a way, that she feels too weak to stand up to her.

I have been concentrating so far on the basic attitudes of the mother and grandmother and I have ignored the specific differences of opinion between the two women about such matters as the urging of food, the method and spirit of toilet training, the question of how much to try to protect a small child from minor accidents and how much to let her learn her own caution. Of course the first thing that can be said is that when there is a clash of personalities, the opportunities for differences of opinion are endless. In fact, two women who in actual practice would handle a child just about the same could still argue till kingdom come about theory, because there are two sides to any theory about child rearing—the only real question is where you decide to strike a balance. But when you are mad at somebody it's part of the fun to exaggerate the differences between your viewpoint and his and to battle on. If you detect an area of possible agreement, you shy away from it.

Now we ought to stop and admit that there have been violent changes in child-care teaching in the past twenty years. It requires extraordinary flexibility on the part of a grandmother to be able to accept them, to be able to stifle her anxiety about them. The grandmother was probably taught, when she was raising her children, that to feed a baby off schedule caused indigestion, diarrhea and spoiling, that regularity of the bowels

S S S S S S S

A person completely wrapped up in himself makes a small package.

S S S S S S S

was a cornerstone of health and that early rigorous toilet training would foster this. But now the grandmother is suddenly expected to believe that flexibility in feeding schedule is not only permissible but desirable, that there is no virtue in regularity of bowels, that toilet training should not be imposed against the child's will. It's hard to make these changes sound drastic to a young mother of today who is so familiar with them. To be able to sympathize with the alarm of a grandmother she would have to imagine some fantastic new advice such as to feed her newborn baby fried pork or to bathe him in cold water.

When a girl has been brought up with considerable disapproval—chafing against it and yearning to prove her competence—it's natural that as she first becomes a mother she will be touchy about advice from either grandmother, even if it is sensible, even if it is given tactfully. As a matter of fact, practically all new mothers are still close enough to adolescence and need so much to prove themselves that they show at least mild sensitivity about unsolicited advice. Most grandmothers, being sympathetic and tactful, realize this and try to keep their suggestions to a minimum.

But the young mother who, from her upbringing, has a bit of a chip on her shoulder is apt to carry the battle (about controversial methods) to the grandmother, without waiting for signs of disapproval from her. I've seen situations in which I was pretty sure that the mother was going to great lengths in self-demand scheduling or in delaying toilet training or in allowing the child to make a terrible mess at meals or in permitting him to be dramatically rude, not because she herself really believed in such extremes but because she sensed unconsciously how much the grandmother would be upset. Here was a chance for the mother to kill several birds with one stone. to tease the grandmother endlessly, to get back at her for all her past disapproval of the mother, to prove how old-fashioned and ignorant and wrong the grandmother was in her methods, to prove how enlightened the mother is. Of



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course most of us as parents and grandparents use arguments about modern or old-fashioned principles of child rearing as weapons in our family squabbles. Usually no great damage is done and there is even some enjoyment in it. The harm comes in carrying on a major war over a period of years because, after all, the children are used as ammunition.

Before ending this discussion I want to remind you that I took a letter about an unusually tense situation in order to bring out some of the underlying factors that make for tension. Such cases are few. At the opposite end of the scale are the fortunate families in which all is harmony between the generations. In a majority of families we have mild to moderate disagreements, particularly in regard to the first child. I think it is admirable that we can usually get along as well as we do, considering the recent changes in philosophy which act as a constant temptation to argument.

In some respects it's too bad that we have such a strong tradition in America that it's better for a young couple to set up housekeeping in a separate home, preferably removed at some distance from the grandparents, and that the grandmother should be very careful not to offer advice. Instead, the inexperienced mother gets her instruction from doctors and public-health nurses and other counselors. To be sure, there are lots of advantages in such a separation of

Labor and trouble one can always get through alone, but it takes two to be glad. IBSEN

households, especially during a period of transition.

But throughout the greater part of the world the young parents live with or near the grandparents, without ever stopping to think of this as a hardship. They take it for granted that the grandmother is the expert in child care and that she will devote a lot of time to teaching and helping the mother. This can be an enormous comfort to the inexperienced mother, especially at those times of stress such as the newborn period and during illnesses. The young mother then acquires knowledge and assurance and eventual independence by easy, natural steps.

In America, too, the mother who lives close to the grandmother and who gets along with her should be able to gain a great deal of help and support from her, even though there are doctor and nurse to advise on medical matters. There are literally hundreds of questions the first few weeks at home and every time there is a new development or a new illness. It's the mother who is most mature and most secure who can ask for advice with the greatest ease, because she has no fear of being dominated. If she decides that what she hears doesn't suit her or her baby, she can tactfully turn it down without making a fuss about it, since she doesn't have pent-up feelings of resentment or guilt. The grandmother, on her part, is pleased to be asked advice. She doesn't accumulate anxieties about how the baby is being managed because she knows she'll have a chance to express her opinion from time to time. Though she's careful not to do it too often, she isn't afraid to offer an unsolicited suggestion occasionally, since she knows that the mother will not be upset by this and will feel free to turn it down if it doesn't suit her.

Perhaps I make this sound too ideal for real life, but in general outline I think it is correct. Anyway, I want to make it clear that it's a sign of maturity and self-assurance to be able to ask for advice and help. I want to encourage mothers and grandmothers to find ways of getting along easily because of the profound benefit and enjoyment that not only both of them but the children, too, will receive from such a relationship.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—Ed.

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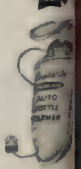




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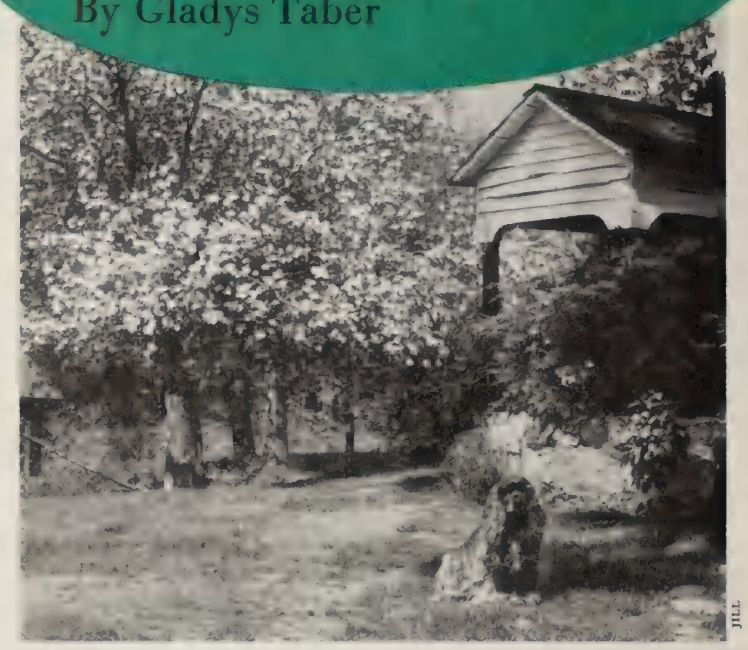


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DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



Newly mown grass, green and damp, is the headiest perfume of May.

The hyacinths I picked today smell sweet and cool. They look so tropical that I can hardly believe they are growing in New England. Every year they are a surprise. The white daffodils I can now, after a long time, accept, but the heavy spikes of purple and pink and white hyacinths amaze me as if I had seen them for the first time this morning.

There were flickers down by the pond, and a towhee on the feeder. The mourning doves cried their mournful song from the swamp, and I know it does not mean they are sad, for there is plenty of grain for them. We feed the birds year round, and if the population changes, whoever comes is hungry. In summer the goldfinches and rosy purple finches take over. If you live in the country, the wild shy people are always with you.

Andy was mowing the lawn as I went out to pick my bouquet. Somehow the first mowings are especially lovely, the grass smells better than any perfume and the clippings are so green and damp. Whenever I am dissatisfied with my lot, I reflect on grass. It would be so discouraging to be cut down every time you grew an inch!

When the air is filled with sun and the garden with spring flowers, I find it much easier to make lists of all I have to do than to start doing it. It is much simpler to write down WASH ALL WINDOWS than to get out the cleaner and the cloth and begin the job. And it is easier to plan to polish the silver the next rainy day than to begin it on a day when the sky is so blue and the sun so pure, and it is more fun to go to the edge of the woods and transplant a few more violets.

I believe most homemaking women have too much conscience. I have to work at it myself, for I was raised to take care of the house always before going outside. But some of the days I remember best are those when mamma suddenly said, "We'll just go for a ride and look at the apple trees in blossom."

I remember one such day when father was off on a business trip, and mamma and I left the washing unwashed and the mattresses unturned and just went off. We ate sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs by a stream and talked as we ate. We talked to each other as friends, not mother and daughter, and it is one of my best memories. Not all the house cleaning in the world would remain in my mind as that day when I could tell mamma my dreams and hopes and fears, and she told me some of hers. The house has long since been lived in by many others, sold and resold, so who cares whether it was properly cleaned that day?

I was reminded of this when a friend wrote that she really wanted a cocker, but would shedding be a problem? Living is a problem, I thought, trying to answer her. When the children were little, I often got tired and frustrated because as fast as I cleaned up, they cut paper dolls all over the front sofas or strewed toys so thickly that walking from room to room was a hazard. But an immaculate and lifeless house would not have been the same. And so when Holly brings in a milk carton she fished out of the trash and I have to get the broom, or Jonquil or Teddy digs a neat hole, wallows in it, and carries in a nice mud sheath, I stop to reflect. Yes, it makes trouble. No doubt about it. But the compensations cannot be measured.

But it is all in your point of view. I think the best way to keep a house spotless would be not to live in it at all, just come in and clean twice a week and then shut it all up. But there would be no laughter, no warmth and no fun. And when Holly, the Irish, dances in carrying a potato in her mouth as a special treasure, I call to Jill, "Have we any more potatoes?"

"Yes," she says, "but this was scrubbed. I'll wash more."

May is still so cool that company for supper is easy. For an easy buffet meal we like Vera Wilkins' veal casserole, a nice change from chicken.

Two cups diced roast veal begins it. Add 1 cup chopped celery and ½ cup chopped green onions, tops and all (right out of the garden if yours are that far along), ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 1 can cream of chicken soup with ½ can of milk added. One can chow mein noodles (save ¼ cup for topping), 1 four-ounce can button mushrooms, 1 teaspoon soy sauce and ½ teaspoon steak sauce, plus salt and pepper to taste (and where is the cook that does not taste? Half the fun of it).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

This is mixed together and put in a greased casserole, topped with the reserved noodles and baked at 350° F. until bubbly.

The crisp noodles are a nice change from rice or boiled noodles.

With this we serve a salad and hot rolls and dessert. A mixed compote of fruit is good, and cheese and crackers. So many people are dieting nowadays that if we have a rib-sticking main dish, we go light on dessert. I hate to see guests look wistful as a nice pie comes on.

I have read a good deal about entertaining in various publications, but my theory is that if you ask people you like, they will be happy.

Once we had a very odd assortment of dog folk and, of all things, interior decorators and bankers. They had a wonderful time. In fact, they talked so much and so long that I wondered whether we would ever get to bed before morning.

My theory is that unless people have personal feuds, they can always be happy talking their heads off if the dinner is hot and served reasonably well.

On May evenings, I keep wandering out to do some minor chore in the yard. It is so wonderful to go out without galoshes and a heavy jacket that I cannot resist it.

When we first came here, the swamp was piled high with refuse. We cleaned that out. But now I am not above lugging a pan of vegetable scraps and just heaving them into the muck. And I like to wander around the yard, smelling the good green smell of growing things.

When the cold air comes down, as it still does in May, we like to listen to music. I know that I am old-fashioned, for I cannot enjoy rock 'n' roll. It seems so noisy, and I never did like noise. Even when I was very little, I took a dim view of firecrackers. I always wanted pretty things that made stars in the air. But, we can listen to records of classical music or folk songs and I feel comfortable. I turn the television off the minute someone begins to screech.

Children are natural mimics—they act like their parents in spite of every attempt to teach them good manners. —ANON

It may well be that, living in the country, one's ears get more sensitive. For we hear the foxes bark up the hill, and we hear the squirrel leaping on the bird feeder to eat everything up. We hear the birds uttering delicate sounds as they come in from the woods to see what we have to offer them. We hear the sound of a saw on the upland road as someone cuts wood for the cookstove.

But we are not tuned to much noise; most of our life is very quiet, except for the barking of cockers and Irish when a stray car comes down our dead-end dirt road.

Most of the time, it is so still that I can walk out and hope to see my unicorn stepping softly down from the wild, untrod woods to crop my violets. The brook runs clear in the moonlight, the air smells of apple blossoms, and he bends his silver horn as he comes to drink. The unicorn is legendary, and immortal. In the golden age, proud ladies threaded silver needles and embroidered his picture. He pranced in tapestries, and his beauty was thought to be fatal.

But there is no reason to suppose he finds our Connecticut woods alien. And May is his time.

Often we drive along the country roads in the last light of day, just to look at spring. The little white farmhouses are set about with daffodils and tulips. Old apple trees fill the air with pink sweetness. The meadows look soft as silk. The hills are smoky blue.

When we turn toward our own home, stars begin to come out. The cats are sitting on the picket gate. The cockers wait on the terrace. The Irish sets up a clamor that is deafening.

"Whatever could you see half so wonderful as we are?" they wish to know. END

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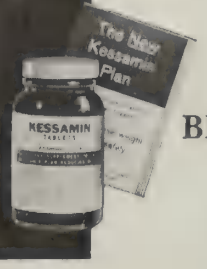
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Star of the Tucson, Arizona, cleanup campaign—the Litterbug himself, in person. "A hard case," workers decided as they followed his messy trail along streets, highways, into parks, "but his days are numbered."

COMMUNITIES DECLARE WAR ON THE LITTERBUG ... Arizona to Vermont

Litterbugs *Can* be Taught Better Manners

By MARGARET HICKEY

Education and law enforcement are the most effective weapons in defeating America's highway-litter problem, a recent survey proves. In eight of the forty-four states which have antilitter laws, "putting real teeth" in those laws brought a noticeable reduction of highway litter *and* the $15 to $50 a mile per year cost of cleaning it up.

In Idaho, where litter penalties are minor and seldom enforced, litter goes on increasing every year. On the other hand, Georgia's new antilitter law—$1000 fine or a year's imprisonment—has brought "plain to see" improvement. Through campaigns of public education and stricter law enforcement, Ohio reduced its cleanup costs from a 1953 high of $625,733 to last year's more encouraging $344,452.

"If you can make people see that they cost *themselves* money by throwing litter, they generally stop doing it," says Keep America Beautiful, Inc. With headquarters at 99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., this national public-service organization for the prevention of litter will provide cleanup blueprints to citizens' committees, schools and other groups interested in conducting antilitter campaigns in their communities. END

The blue convertible pulled out, flashed past the gray sedan and pulled back into the line of traffic. As it sped away, a hand reached out, carelessly tossing an object—an object that glittered in the afternoon sunlight. It came hurtling back toward the gray sedan.

Even as driver Kenneth Barrett's instinct made him spin the steering wheel frantically to avoid the flying object, his reason recognized it for what it was—a pop bottle. Reason also told him what that bottle might do if it hit his windshield. His wife and eight-month-old son were beside him.

The Barretts do not remember with any clarity the happenings of the next few seconds. They felt their car hit the soft shoulder at the side of the road, skid sickeningly, then lurch and bump to a stop in a field beyond, with Kenneth fighting both wheel and brake pedal to avoid overturning.

Cars stopped and people ran to help. The Barretts sat and stared at each other, unable to believe that they had escaped uninjured.

The Barretts were lucky—luckier than the 750 to 1000 people who are killed, the 100,000 who are seriously injured in car accidents each year as drivers hit or frantically try to avoid objects tossed to the highways by "litterbug" motorists.

A widespread, hard-to-control pest with the tenacity and destructiveness of the boll weevil, the litterbug is a luxury many Americans may not even know they are supporting. Last year it cost us $50,000,000 to gather up the discarded litter with which litterbugs trash-bordered the nation's highways.

There is no source for accurate totals in dollars of what it costs to clean up the litterbug blight from our national parks and forests (two other favorite litterbug haunts), but appropriations for the maintenance of these areas have had to be increased again this year.

Officials know that they must allot a disproportionate share of funds to cleanup work instead of spending it to expand and improve the national parks and forests so that more people can enjoy them. These officials do not feel kindly toward the litterbugs as they study blackened scars which once were forests, knowing these scars mark a picnic fire abandoned still burning, or a smoldering tossed-away cigarette. Money alone cannot obliterate this kind of litterbug blight—it takes time.

The litterbug's cash cost can sometimes be estimated. The toll he takes of America's beauty and national pride—"Well, all you can do about estimating that is to groan!" says one state highway official, eying a trail of pop bottles, beer cans, tissues, crumpled cigarette packages, gum and candy wrappers leading to—and from—his state's No. 1 tourist attraction.

The litterbug, alas, is peculiarly American. You do not often find his careless trail in other countries. Edna Ferber, the celebrated novelist, arriving home from a stay in Europe, ruffled a lot of prideful civic feelings with her statement, "New York is the most disgustingly filthy city in the world."

In indignant rebuttal statistics were quoted about the number of bathtubs, automatic washers, vacuum cleaners, and so on, owned by American families. And we were reminded that American germ-consciousness has resulted in everything from pasteurization of the milk we drink to double wrapping of most of the edible objects we buy.

A few did point out that all this wrapping and packaging creates a lot of litter. Most other countries CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

BILL SEARS



Keenest antilitter campaigners, the children. Reason: "It's a free country and in a free country you can do what you want—if *you don't hurt other people. Litterbugs* do *hurt other people.*" *Conclusion: "It's wrong to be a litterbug."*

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Special Offer!

Most Frigidaire Dealers are offering this $1.90 value Pink Quickube Ice Tray
FOR ONLY 95¢
during our Sheer Look Color Carnival of Values. Only one to a customer.

Free!

Amazing Kolorcoat Seeds. Each coated in rich plant food in color. Plant red, up comes red—blue, you get blue. Big 25¢ value pack—four varieties—at most Frigidaire Dealers' now.



It's never happened before, it may never happen again. But depend on your Frigidaire Dealer to do it—to bring you that new Sheer Look Kitchen—in sparkling glowing *color*—at a price you never dreamed possible!

Forget about costly re-modeling! Take the oldest Plain-Jane kitchen—add just a touch of the Sheer Look—and suddenly it becomes the kitchen of tomorrow!

Because here, for the first time, are appliances so stunningly sheer and straight and square, they fit snug with your present cabinets, make everything else in your kitchen look flatteringly new.

See this Sheer Look Magic at your Frigidaire Dealer's now—in all the newest colors like Charcoal Gray. See feature after feature in new refrigerators, electric ranges and laundry pairs that make it smart to *buy now*.

Yes, come to this Sheer Look Color Carnival of Values. It's a style show, it's a "must-see" show—it's the chance of a lifetime to save on the finest appliances that ever bore the great name Frigidaire.

GM

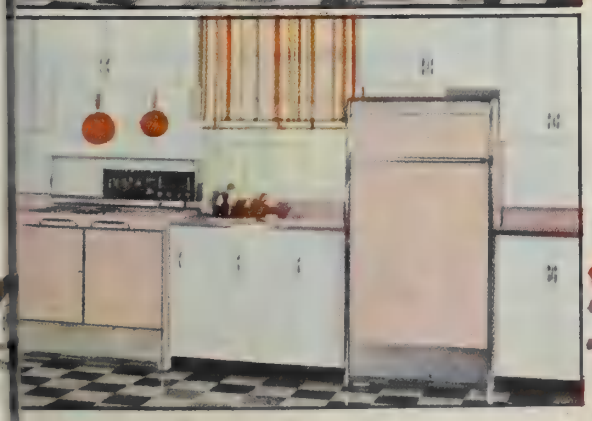
Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

'HE PRICE OF WHITE!

Make your old kitchen look new without remodeling

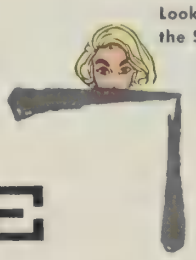






Shove Out the Old Look — Slip In the Sheer Look

Look what a difference the Frigidaire Sheer Look makes. Simply slipped into place like Junior's building blocks, these new appliances fit square with cabinets. A little paint and wallpaper can add to the miracle. Pictured here is Frigidaire Mayfair Pink. Or you may prefer Charcoal Gray, the smart new color that's versatile as white, complements, enhances every other color, or Stratford Yellow or Sherwood Green. All are yours to choose from. Ask your Frigidaire Dealer.



Now at all Frigidaire Dealers'

FRIGIDAIRE
Sheer Look Color
CARNIVAL OF VALUES

Featuring the Greatest Values in all Frigidaire History

Cooks 3 times faster!

Cleans 3 times easier!



Nothing else holds a candle to

your Presto® Cooker in Stainless Steel

Just for fun, we put a candle in the picture to show you how shiny and polished your Presto Cooker really is. (It'll stay that way, too). But *you* can have the most fun, using the cooker. You can make savory vegetable soup from fresh vegetables in 20 minutes, or turn out fork-tender Swiss Steak in 15 minutes. Custard takes only 3 minutes! That's because Presto cooks with heat inside, where none of it is wasted. It keeps air outside so flavors don't mix or fade, and vitamins and minerals stay *in* the food.

For a lifetime of beauty and good eating, get the Presto Cooker in Stainless Steel, today!



Foolproof cooking

Food cooks without attention, in a uniform cradle of heat. Perfect each time!



Complete meals

Fix meat, vegetables, potatoes, dessert in one cooker at one time. Save fuel!



Automatic air vent

Positive proof of pressure. Plunger up, Presto's cooking; plunger down, open it.

Presto Cookers are also available in stamped aluminum or cast aluminum in 3, 4, and 6-qt. sizes priced from $12.95*

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price. Prices slightly higher in Canada

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Presto® Cookers

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC., Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Makers of Presto Cookers, Canners and Control-Master Appliances

UL Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

do not package their goods so extravagantly. Containers have value and can be reused, wrappings are seldom indiscriminately discarded on streets or highways.

This fact was brought home to one American visiting in Scotland recently. Admiring the beauty of the Scottish countryside from a touring bus, he unwrapped a stick of gum, popped it into his mouth and absently tossed the wrapper out the window. Instantly the driver brought the bus to a halt. "We don't do that in Scotland," he said reproachfully. "You'll want to pick that paper up." Red-faced, the visitor obeyed. "I just didn't think," he said honestly.

"In days gone by," says another American deeply concerned with the problem of our littered country, "when people had wood stoves instead of gas or electric ranges and refuse was easily burnable, families more or less took care of their own refuse problems. Now, however, a great many containers are indestructible as far as the average consumer is concerned."

This is pointed up in a report issued by the U. S. Public Health Service and the American Public Works Association, of Chicago. The startling fact is that the majority of smaller cities and towns in the United States have no adequate system for collecting or disposing of refuse.

Whether it is because the people of other countries don't have as much litter-making material as we have, or because they do have tidier manners, no one contests that Americans wear the crown as world's champion litterbugs.

Whoever kindles the flames of intolerance in America is lighting a fire underneath his own home.

HAROLD E. STASSEN
Where I Stand (Copyright 1947 by Harold E. Stassen, reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc.)

What is a litterbug?

Only the newest editions of the dictionary define the word. Perhaps you'd find out more quickly by asking any school child in . . . well, in Tucson, Arizona, or Montpelier, Vermont. Both cities are among the more than 6000 communities where citizen-sparked antilitter campaigns are now attempting to educate heedless trash tossers to the fact that the world is not their wastebasket. Children have a prompt answer to your question:

"A litterbug is a messy, two-legged animal that travels around turning the country into a dump and spoiling it for other people."

The children's ideas on litterbug control range from a thoughtful sixth-grader's "Teach them not to be litterbugs" to the ominous "*Get* the litterbugs!" of a seven-year-old bow-and-arrow-bearing follower of TV's Robin Hood. (Fortunately for slow-to-learn litterbugs, his arrows are blunt-tipped.)

Rimmed by rugged mountains, Tucson, Arizona, is colorful and sunlighted under a clear blue desert sky. "You can see even one discarded tin or paper for miles in this wide-open country," a former mayor says ruefully. "And we had thousands!"

The antilitter campaign was planned by citizens who saw that in an area attracting many tourists (Arizona drew 12,000,000 last year), the problem of littered highways was more than just an affront to their own eyes.

"We think our part of the country is beautiful. We want others to see it that way too," says committee chairman Chris Reilly. "The antilitterbug idea caught the school children's imagination. They wanted to do something about it—and they did."

Brand-new Liberty School held dedication ceremonies in "the cleanest, most polished grounds you ever saw," result of a contest to see which class could carry away the most litter.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

LINIT®

STARCH

makes ironing easier, gives cottons that "like-new" look!



Spring's Sauciest Sauce

ADD 5 DROPS FOR THRILLING FLAVOR

Here's added zest for salads, tomato juice, meats, casserole dishes—almost any food.

Write for FREE booklet. Dept. J
The Frank Tea & Spice Co.
Cincinnati 2, Ohio



Frank's RED HOT SAUCE

Salad Secret

Bring out all the natural, delicate flavors with

POMPEIAN
Pure Virgin Imported
OLIVE OIL



2 oz. to 1 gal.

Insist on POMPEIAN . . . oil from choicest olives.
Free recipe book. Dept. L-5 Pompeian, Balto. 24, Md.

PERFECT CUPCAKES every time



You get better results with

Harvey

baking cups. No pan greasing, or cleaning. 2 sizes at grocery & variety stores.

Harvey DIVISION THE KVP COMPANY STURGIS, MICHIGAN

Now try this:

he whole kernel corn style for family cooking—family serving



Look for this new Del Monte Corn label—get eet fresh corn flavor... plus these advantages, too!

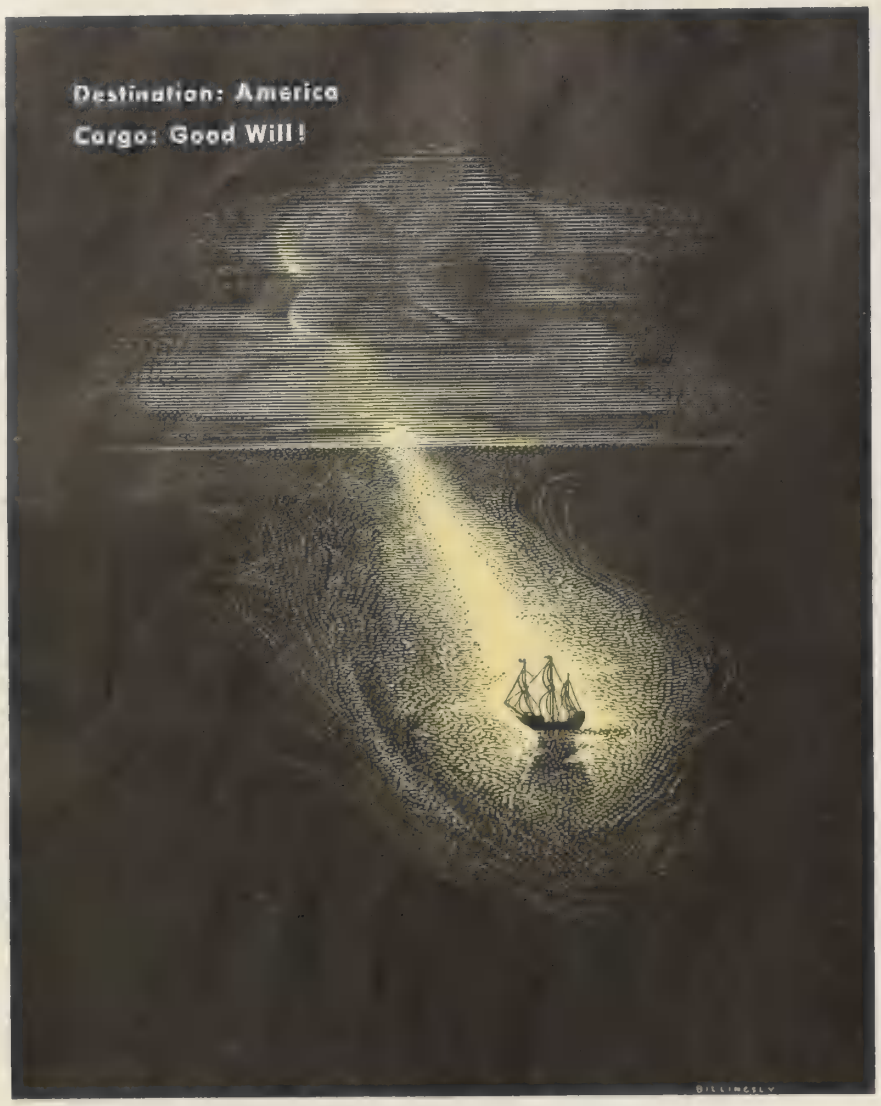
You needn't stand over this corn to heat it! Keep liquid on DEL MONTE *Family-Style* Corn, let it heat as label directs. No fear of scorching, even if the phone rings or children interrupt.

No stirring, no butter needed to keep from sticking to the pan! There's enough liquid so you can get this corn hot all through and keep it hot, without stirring. Then if you like, butter each serving freshly, like fresh corn.

Leftovers in liquid stay amazingly sweet, juicy and fresh-tasting! Dinner has to wait? Split-shift serving for children and grown-ups? This corn will wait.—turn off heat, leave corn in liquid, reheat later. Keep any left over in liquid in the refrigerator—it stays so attractive, you'll say it's as good the second day as the first.

Now—try DEL MONTE Family-Style Corn for carefree cooking and more family eating fun!

One of 3 styles of Del Monte Brand Corn: Whole Kernels in Liquid • Vacuum-Packed Whole Kernel • Cream Style



The Mayflower Sails Again!

She's on her way . . . an exact replica of the little ship that served as seedpod for a new nation!

She's a gift from the British people to the American people. In her hold are good-will offerings: oak chests containing articles representing the highest standards of modern British manufacture and craftsmanship, and specially-bound Bibles for the governors of our New England States.*

She'll be berthed permanently at Plimoth Plantation in Plymouth, Massachusetts. This is a 100-acre reconstruction of the original Pilgrim settlement, complete with Common Store House, Trading Post, Indian Village and Museum. It is now being built, and will become a national shrine after the Mayflower is handed over to it on Thanksgiving Day, 1957.

We hope you'll visit Plimoth Plantation, and come aboard the Mayflower. Bring the children, too. Can you think of a better way of bringing history to life?

* *Fittingly, these gifts will be delivered by Aero Mayflower. We of Mayflower are delighted to have even so small a part in this historic project.—Aero Mayflower Transit Company, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.*



AMERICA'S FINEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVING SERVICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Members of the Blenman School patrol arrived one morning to find a box of trash—papers, bottles, tins—tossed over the fence into their schoolyard. They picked it up, reporting indignantly to their teachers, "Our janitor shouldn't have to clean up some nasty litterbug's mess!" On their own, patrol members began arriving at school extra early to police up the yard before patrol duty.

Pulling into Wrightstown School one morning, the big yellow school bus echoed to teasing taunts of "Litterbug!" as a curly-haired first-grader dropped a wadded paper on the floor in her hurry to leave the bus. "I am *not!*" she protested furiously, retrieving the paper and trotting over to the trash can with it. "I *forgot!*"

And at the Davis School—oldest in the Tucson public-school system—diminutive teacher Vickie Lonsac's second-graders put together a three-dimension litterbug portrait using trash picked up in the schoolyard.

"We made a tissue bush too." Towheaded David displays a dried tumbleweed covered with white paper blossoms. "Just like the bushes along the highways!" he grins wickedly.

Miss Lonsac's pupils learned a lesson. "We live in a free country," small Mexican-American Richard stands up to explain. "In a free country you can do what you want"—he pauses for just the right words—"*if* you don't hurt other people. Litterbugs do hurt other people. Even in a free country it's wrong to be a litterbug."

I put the relation of a fine teacher to a student just below the relation of a mother to a son, and I don't think I could say more than this.

THOMAS WOLFE
(Unseen Harvests—A Treasury of Teaching—
Edited by Fuess and Basford—
The Macmillan Co.—1947)

"We need a permanent program," Chairman Reilly said thoughtfully. "Education, publicity to keep the public aware of the campaign, law enforcement."

"Police and highway departments have promised co-operation," Mrs. J. H. Weadock said. "Any litterbug who has to make a special trip to City Hall to pay a fine is going to think twice before tossing trash out his car window again."

Cautioned "Wendy" Parsons, of the campaign's community-action group, "We need a law suspending a litterbug's driver's license, as Massachusetts has."

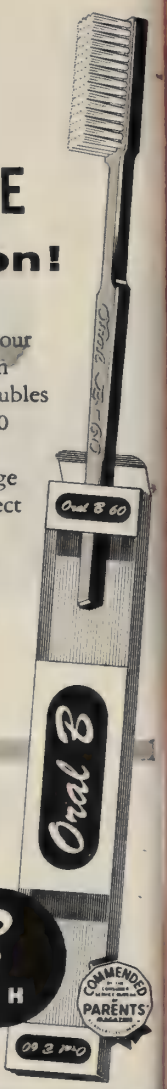
Tucson's businesses and organizations were active in this campaign—clubs like the Garden Club and Altrusa, P.T.A., Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, DeMolay and others. Newspapers published editorials, news and pictures. TV and radio stations helped tell the story. A major oil company provided colorful posters urging motorists to tidier travel habits. This same oil company once tried presenting litter bags to motorists with the plea that they put their en-route trash in the bags and dispose of them at their next service-station stop. "Motorists accepted the litter bags," a company official says. "They even filled them with trash. But then they threw them out car windows to litter highways more glaringly than ever—and with the name of our company stamped on every trash-filled bag!" This experience has not discouraged them, though. "People have to be educated to the seriousness of the litter problem. Then they'll respond."

Tucson housewife Mrs. E. H. Bayse contributed a costume for a five-foot-plus litterbug. Impersonated by a committee member ("My identity had better remain a secret!" this member said after a stricken look in a mirror), the Litterbug was eye-catching. He had the yellow-and-black-striped body of a wasp, a basketball-sized green head with a black patch over one eye ("to symbolize the blindness of litterbugs"). His wings sported multicolored markings. His manners—well,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

NOW... real GUM LINE protection!

Now you can clean your teeth *safely* at the gum line—where tooth troubles often start. Over 2500 softer, finer nylon bristles gently massage delicate tissues. Protect *both* teeth and gums with *one* brush... the specially designed Oral B. Get yours at the nearest drug counter



In 3 sizes for all the family

Oral B TOOTHBRUSH

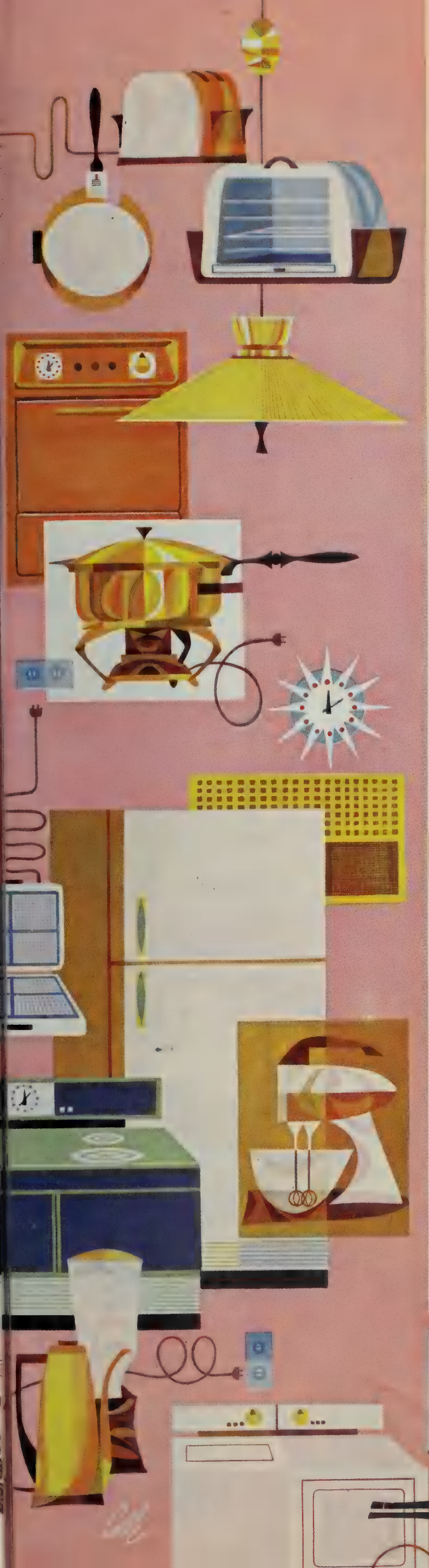
COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

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San Jose, California

You Get ALL-YEAR "MOTH INSURANCE"* ©
WITH APEX®
FOR LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY
*You can protect an 84 cu. ft. closet for a whole year with only 1 Apex Moth Vaporizer, refilled every 3 months with 1 lb. of Apex Moth Crystals or Nuggets. Use as directed on label.
APEX MOTH CAKE—2 sizes.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
NO MOTH HOLES... WHEN YOU USE APEX!

RITZ CLOTHS
A Ritz quality cloth for every household cleaning purpose at your local department or hardware store.
JOHN RITZENTHALER, 73 Franklin St., N.Y. 13
RITZ Since 1892

KILL ROACHES SILVERFISH WATERBUGS CRICKETS
Now! Keep your home free of these insects with this different insecticide. Bait in sanitary tube attracts insects. They eat it and die! Long-lasting—bait never loses killing power. Round-the-clock protection. Clean, easy to use; no mess, no odor. If your store has none send $1 for 9 Hives to DeSoto Chemical Co., Dept. 25, Arcadia, Florida.
Gator ROACH HIVES
GATOR ROACH HIVES
Money Back Guarantee!



How does your kitchen rate on the electrical living scale?

Is your kitchen really up-to-date? You may get some surprises, and some good ideas, too, when you check it on the Live Better Electrically "Kitchen Scale" below. There are so many wonderful new ways to put electricity to work in your kitchen today—tireless new electric servants that give you more time and energy for yourself and your family. Decide now which of these electrical work savers you need first. They're easier to buy than you may realize. See your local electrical dealer or utility for the pleasant details.

How many of these electric appliances do you own?	*Circle total here*
____ Dishwasher	24
____ Mixer	23
____ Electric Range	22
____ Juicer	21
____ Refrigerator-Freezer	20
____ Waste Disposer	19
____ Chafing Dish	18
____ Food Blender	17
____ Food Freezer	16
____ Skillet	15
____ Electric Clothes Dryer	14
____ Broiler-Rotisserie	13
____ Work-Surface Lighting	12
____ Air Conditioner	11
____ Toaster	10
____ Full HOUSEPOWER (Adequate Wiring)	9
____ Timer	8
____ Casserole	7
____ Automatic Washer	6
____ Counter-Top Cooking Unit	5
____ Food Slicer	4
____ Electric Water Heater	3
____ Deep-Fat Fryer	2
____ Electronic Oven	1
____ Bean Pot	
____ Enough Outlets	
____ Grill	
____ Roll Warmer	
____ Kettle	
____ Ventilating Fan	
____ Built-In Oven	
____ Coffee Maker	
____ Electric Pressure Cooker	

Here's how your kitchen rates!

Just wonderful!

You've arrived! Your kitchen works instead of you. Now you're really living better electrically!



Enjoyable!

You're in clover with electricity doing so much of the work. But look what you're still missing.



Bearable!

You're still tied to those kitchen apron strings; but with more electrical aids, living is so much easier!



Roughing it!

So few appliances to help you. No wonder you're so tired when day's done!





FREE IDEA BOOK
—hundreds of practical hints for making life pleasanter, easier. Ask for "Ideas to Help You Live Better . . . Electrically" at your local electric utility.

LIVE BETTER
...Electrically

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY



New deep moisturizing discovery

Stops Dry Skin Problems in these 5 "Danger Zones"

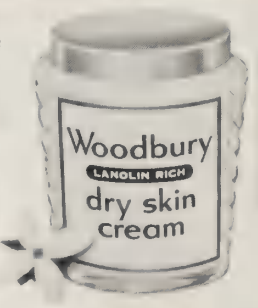


★ Frown lines!
★ Crow's feet!
★ Flaky patches!
★ Expression lines!
★ Crepey throat!

Now flood precious moisture *deeper* into your dry lined skin. Age-revealing "danger zones" become less apparent as your skin drinks in the rich benefits of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. Skin looks, feels smoother.

Woodbury's new *deeper* moisturizing and *deeper* softening ingredients help smooth and freshen skin where the look of age strikes! Its remarkable blend of skin softeners and rich, beauty-giving lanolin penetrates *deeper than ever before!*

Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is a *moisturizing* cleanser as well as a superb skin *softener*. Use it for seven days. See "danger zones" become "beauty zones" or your money back! 25¢ to $1.



WOODBURY LANOLIN RICH DRY SKIN CREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

"His manners were awful!" one eight-year-old stated bluntly after meeting the Litterbug on a busy downtown street. "He threw papers all over the sidewalk and laughed."

The Litterbug turned up at City Hall to publicize the mayor's proclamation of anti-litter week. He flitted startlingly through stores, offices, banks. At a Rotary Club luncheon, he dropped in to dump litter on the floor and emphasize his rudeness with a sign demanding, "Are you a Litterbug too?" He also visited schools.

"That," says the Litterbug's impersonator wryly, "was almost fatal. The kids had learned almost too well what to do about a litterbug—exterminate it! One athletic youngster was all set to do this with a baseball bat. I admired his direct approach, but I began to wish the wings on this costume really worked."

A two-day, concentrated cleanup drive began. Trash trailers and bins were set up at designated sites, schoolyards manned by volunteer workers as collection points. Trucks called at homes to pick up "difficult" trash too cumbersome to be removed without help or by the city's regular collectors.

Tucson school children held poster and verse contests. They watched a movie depicting the annual litterbug havoc in national parks and forests. They could see some



of this havoc in their own Coronado Forest. Most of them had enjoyed the summertime coolness of pine-shaded Mount Lemmon as a respite from the desert's summer heat, or loaded the family car with skis for a winter outing on the mountain's snowy slopes. They had picnicked under the towering walls of lovely Sabino Canyon, cooking their hamburgers at neat stone fireplaces and unloading picnic baskets at tables provided for the purpose. (The tables are cement now. Too many of the earlier wooden ones were chopped up for picnic firewood.)

The trail of the litterbug is all too clear in "Sabino." Rusty tins and broken bottles mar the once-sparkling stream at the bottom of the canyon. Paper plates, cartons and wrappings litter the picnic areas despite trash cans neatly installed underground.

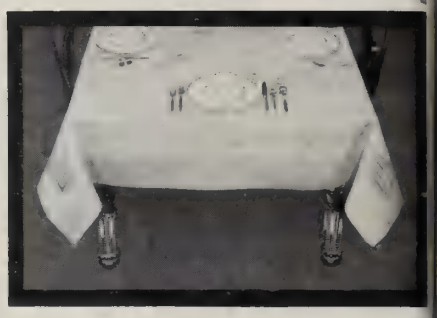
"All you have to do is step on this pedal," demonstrates Pierre Early, caretaker at Sabino Canyon, "and drop your trash inside. It's surprising how many people—people who keep their own homes and yards as neat as pins—won't bother to step on that pedal out here. We had 400,000 visitors in the canyon last year—all welcome. But you should see the place on a Monday morning after a nice sunny Sunday!"

Last year's cleanup bill for the recreation areas of the Coronado Forest came to more than $40,000. "There aren't that many weeks!" an awed third-grader gasped, using his own weekly allowance as a gauge.

Caretaker Early sees improvement since Tucson's antilitter campaign got under way. "Litter in the canyon is 30 per cent less since the campaign started. A Boy Scout work party came out and did a cleanup job for us. Fraternities at the university are replacing 'Hell Week' with '*Help Week*' cleanup projects."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

give your gift



a lift



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PURE IRISH LINEN

There's nothing like pure Irish Linen to add prestige and beauty to a gift. Show your good taste by giving Irish Linen for all occasions!

SHOWN TOP TO BOTTOM:

Damask Cloths and Napkins: There's nothing like the beauty of Irish Linen damask to set off handsome table appointments.

Face Towels: A luxurious note for the bathroom, a soft touch for the face in long wearing Irish Linen face towels.

Dish Towels: Thirsty, inexpensive, Irish Linen dish towels are wonderfully absorbent, entirely lint-free.

More Irish Linen gift ideas: Cocktail Napkins—Guest Towels—Luncheon Sets—Handkerchiefs—Sheets and Pillow Cases—Mat Sets

TRADE MARK
IRISH LINEN
LOVELY · LASTING · ECONOMICAL

THE IRISH LINEN GUILD
1270 Avenue of the Americas
New York 20, N.Y.

Bob Hope and his daughter Linda. "Linda was always the best table-setter and un-setter in our part of San Fernando Valley—I figured she deserved her own sterling," says her father. "I chose a perfectly heavenly pattern," says Linda. "A lovely new Heirloom* Sterling design—Flower Lane. Very simple but with such an *unusual* kind of charm."

BOB HOPE, NOW STARRING IN THE COMEDY-DRAMA **BEAU JAMES** IN TECHNICOLOR AND VISTAVISION



PRESENTING BOB HOPE'S GIFT TO HIS DAUGHTER LINDA

New Flower Lane in HEIRLOOM STERLING

CREATED IN THE DESIGN STUDIOS OF ONEIDA LTD. SILVERSMITHS

See new Flower Lane* *today*—it will be the talk of June Bride circles! 6-piece place settings are $34.75, Federal Tax included. Right now, your store has wonderful introductory "specials" in this beautiful new pattern. Be sure to see them!

rademarks. © 1957, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y.

Brush
Your Teeth
with Colgate's...
Brush
Bad Breath
Away!



And Colgate's with GARDOL
Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



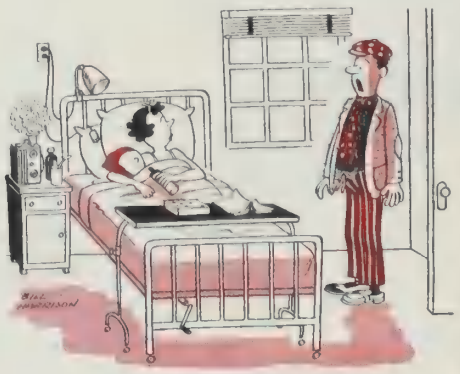
*THE THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



Colgate's with GARDOL
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"I'll be glad when you get home! I can't find *anything*!"

My wife cautions me never to tell a woman she looks tired, unless she's lying on a hospital stretcher or has just fainted from exhaustion. "Girls like to say they *are* tired," she explains, "but don't like to *look* tired!"

I celebrated my sister's birthday by arranging a four-way phone hookup, to connect me cross-country with all three of my sisters. It cost only $8 and was as much fun as a champagne dinner.

One of our son's letters from Japan was delivered at our front door within 48 hours after he wrote it; not even special delivery. It squeezed us closer together and made the sprawling world seem much cozier.

A few of our town's Yale-type intellectuals wear glasses with rims almost one half inch thick. They seem to be staring through magic casements on faery seas forlorn, and their glasses don't break when they drop 'em.

"Look at that!" exclaims Betty Comfort, shrugging toward a new $85,000 "ranch house" across the road. "Snobbery and envy cause as much trouble as greed and sex, and I'm as bad as anybody."

Our youngest lost his red-haired temper about teachers' salaries. "When I hear how much money some dumbbells make," he exclaimed, "I think teachers deserve a big fat raise right away!"

When I see one of Tennessee Williams' peculiar plays I invariably come out into the fresh air a bit baffled. He seems to make it seem abnormal to feel normal.

Although Doc Will Menninger didn't exactly say it when he spoke to our great state's legislators, I gathered he thinks we need more psychiatrists far more urgently than we need more aches-and-pains wizards (ordinary doctors).

One of our town's best dancers is a tweeds-and-cashmere man; his expression on the dance floor is ineffable. Recently his wife revealed that at home she has a problem: he has sixty pipes, from corncob to calabash, from meerschaum to ventilated chrome.

I reminded my Dream Girl recently that she was sitting in her azure convertible at the edge of the airfield when I flew my first solo. When I finally mustered enough courage to land, instead of kissing the turf I kissed her.

My serious-minded neighbor asks me why our state doesn't run advertisements in the magazines bragging about our two U. S. senators the way Arkansas brags about hers. "First thing you know," he mutters, "ours'll feel insecure."

At our club luncheon table we agreed that baseball, football and basketball might well try out a "penalty box" like hockey, in which penalized teams play one man short. Wouldn't the Yankees look silly playing an inning with only two outfielders!

If I forced my Princess of Sheer Delight to assume the cramped position she adopts to cultivate her garden (crouched like Yogi Berra), she'd accuse me of cruelty, mayhem and sadism. Yet she maintains it for hours, obviously happy.

That red-haired college girl down the block is a traitor to her generation. "My dad and mother told me my boy friend wasn't fit for me to marry," she says, "so I didn't, and I soon learned they were right." Is this a trend?

"A husband who admits to his wife that she snores is a cad," moralizes Peter Comfort, painting his garage doors yellow, "but he can wake her up and make her turn over on the pretext that she's talking in her sleep."

The arrival of Harlan Miller the Third inspired an argument: should he be 3rd or III? I'm neutral, predict he will be called Butch or Stinky.

Our town's lovingest couple owned up during a bridge game recently that they average better'n a quarrel a week. "She once hit me with a loaded picnic basket!" he brags.

Our little circle of serious thinkers is aghast at British critic John Osborne's opinion that America is a "sexual nut house." But they're inclined to blame American hushers and shushers who forget God devised sex.

I wish I could remember where I leave some of my gadgets to be repaired. Alas, it haunts me that dozens of things that have vanished from our house have long ago been "sold for charges," an act I regard as banditry.

Another reason why I prefer to lunch at 1 o'clock: between 12 and 1 Main Street is crowded with a fascinating blend of people, quintessence of 1000 generations of breeding. I like to take a walk and study their dead-pan faces.

Earlier in our marriage I tried to pretend that I was an all-round mechanic, ready and able to fix anything around the house that went wrong. Things are more complicated now, and my invariable response to my wife's moans is, "Better phone the man."

One of our town's cynics thinks that the influence of the public-school executive over the P.T.A. has grown stronger since so many more of our school principals are now suave, attractive males. What an unworthy thought!

Our young execs' wives are crusading for a zoo: a modern gem of a miniature zoo not much like the Bronx or the Brookfield. One group: a goose, a pelican and a swan in a small fountain, to let the children study resemblances among distant cousins.

Over a dish of ravioli at Vic Talerico's or a circle of pizza at Bisignano's, we often shudder to think what dining out in some American regions might be without a few Italian restaurants. (Or what American life might be without a few million Italians.)

If we're frugal and thrifty all year, maybe we can visit Japan while Junior is over there flying off the coast of Asia. I don't know anything else that'd inspire my Dream Girl to such heroic feats of self-denial.

Our country club's experts on the ladies are almost agreed that a baseball game is a severe test of a woman's charm and aplomb. If she can survive a sacrifice fly and a double play unruffled, she's born to reign over men.

. . . When my daughter offers me cents an hour to come and baby-sit,

. . . Or Junior enrolls in a Japanese language class at his faraway air base,

. . . And our youngest wins a 2-minus in physics and so decides to take chemistry,

. . . Or I overhear my Dream Girl bragging about me a few minutes after she pinned my ears back,

. . . Then my heart goes out to the lonely one third of humanity which never married.

Heavenly-blue softness and luxury . . . in the lovely silk chiffon negligee specially designed for Scott . . . in the luxurious matching Soft-Weve, Scott's superb "facial quality" 2-ply bath tissue. Choose from five exquisite Soft-Weve colors to complement your bath or powder room.

Probably the most noticed luxury in your home...

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Out of the blue . . . the whitest, brightest nylon ever!

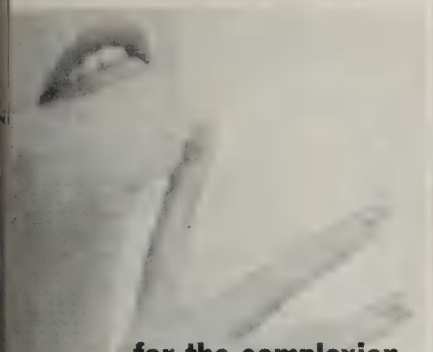
NEW LA FRANCE BLUING with its special nylon-brightener restores even the dingiest nylon in just five washings. And it won't turn fabric yellow as most bleaches will.

What's more, regular La France care actually *prevents* "graying" of new nylon. Try it tonight . . . La France is detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

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survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the mous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why nacin® gives you better *total* effect in relieving in than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

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- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces mental tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin *today*.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Disease of Weakness

New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear Sir: In "The Mysterious Disease of Weakness" (January JOURNAL), the author has chosen to perpetuate an historical error and omission.

The enigma of this supposedly incurable disease was broken by the report of Harriet Edgeworth on the remarkable effect obtained with ephedrine in myasthenia gravis. Her report appeared in the Journal of the American Medical Association in May, 1933, and to this day patients often do better on a combination of ephedrine and neostigmin. The cost of this treatment cannot be said to be prohibitive.

It might also have benefited some individuals in malarial territory to know that quinine aggravates myasthenic symptoms. Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. FASTING, M.D.

▶ *Dr. Harriet Edgeworth's discovery was an important advance, but it was Dr. Walker's discovery of physostigmine which led to the uncovering of the physiologic defect and modern treatment. Ephedrine can enhance the effect of other drugs in some patients. ED.*

All This and Good Food Too?

Sheepscott, Maine

Dear Editors: I have been laughing to myself up here in my Maine paradise, for I know a way to lose weight that is better than any.

Every day I walk down a beautiful country road for a wonderful, wonderful mile, and then I walk back again, savoring every single inch of all the delight on either side of my path. I walk in wind and rain and snow. I stop to trace the deer and weasel tracks, the marks the foxes make, and the rabbit's path as well. I look up at the sky and up at the trees, and I listen to the hundreds of small sounds. I heard an owl hoot the other night, and I always hear the crows and blue jays and the chickadees. In spring there will be wild geese, and in summer a multitude of songs from all kinds of feathered throats. I have lost twenty-five pounds in fourteen months. Could any other way to reduce be so pleasurable? Sincerely,

MARA E. MULLIGAN

Despite All Obstacles

Mt. Vernon, New York

Dear Editors: I am crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. My hands first became deformed when I was a little girl fifty years ago—and now, following a fall, one of my legs will not bend. At times, I have thought I would never walk again, but I am living in my own "home" all alone and liking it, despite all obstacles. I am telling my story not for sympathy—that won't help a bit—but to help others who are handicapped.

We should follow the Bible words, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do." We should knit, dust, cook—and whatever else we can force ourselves into. Many times I prefer to lie down, for my pains may disappear. But my ability to move about also begins to disappear, and I become very stiff. So I change my position frequently, and seldom sleep more than two hours at a time. I call it a matter of *do or die*, but dying isn't the alternative. Bed is—and painful sores again.

In my one-room apartment, a cupboard was lowered for me; bars were put up in different places for me to grasp. I have two lamps with switches on the base, which I can press with my canes. Wooden attachments are on the sink faucets so I can reach them. My bed looks like a studio couch with a fitted cover and quilt; and I swing myself up with a rope which is attached to a railing around the upper part. Other aids I have invented are two sticks with hooks and a "pick-up stick" like a large pair of scissors. (They are in different corners so I can get to them easily.) I also have a cane with a magnet that I use for retrieving a fallen spoon, needles and even my lipstick. Yes, I use one! I am as particular about my appearance as I am about my apartment; and even though my clothes must be slept in, fixing myself up makes me feel good.

The boy next door stops in twice a day to open or close my windows, pick up items

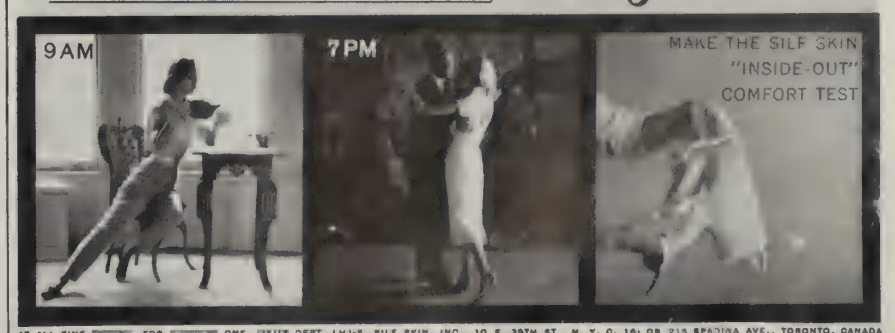


not a seam to cut you anywhere!

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ends dull, dry
"thirsty" hair–replaces
your natural
beauty oils so each
and every strand
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THE NEW **HAIRDRESSING** IN SPRAY FORM

Unlike ordinary hairdressings which "coat" your hair—make it oily, LANOLIN DISCOVERY Hairdressing is pure greaseless lanolin in a mist so fine it is absorbed by each strand of hair. LANOLIN DISCOVERY replaces your natural hair oils—makes dull, dry, "thirsty" hair disappear. In just seconds you get the same naturally beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.



Used and recommended by beauticians everywhere. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

that have fallen out of my reach, take out my garbage, put in a new light bulb. Although I cannot dress myself, a visiting nurse comes in five days a week to bathe me and change my clothes. She also opens cans and takes letters to be mailed. It was uncomfortable last summer when I had to wear damp clothes for 24 hours, but inconveniences are nothing if one makes up his mind to accept them as such!

I do my shopping by phone. Because my hands are deformed, preparing meals is difficult, but I work up an appetite doing it. I sew, also. When I put my needle into the material, I must push it on something hard to get it through, and I pull it out with my teeth. But I can shorten things and take tucks. I wash my clothes in the bathroom sink; and since I can't wring them out, they drip dry on the tub faucets. I also listen to the radio, watch TV, read and write letters.

It is a great satisfaction to be independent—and my days are made pleasant by the phone calls and visits of friends. I am fortunate, too, to have my hearing, sight and a real will to live. I even feel young. Recently my six-year-old granddaughter said, "Grandma, you are little, but not young, because you have wrinkles. Where do they come from?" I gave her the answer a famous actress once used: "I am proud of my wrinkles; they show where the smiles have been."

Sincerely,
RUTH K. HARRIS

Good Reading vs. Comics

Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Miss Brookman: May I commend the Public Affairs Department of your magazine for highlighting the reading-vigilance campaign of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and particularly that of the Junior Woman's Club of La-Platte, Nebraska. It is encouraging to read of nationwide alertness to children's reading habits since we all agree that horror comics are a serious threat.

However, some of us are truly concerned with even such a worth-while campaign as this when we see the headline "Mothers *Enforce* Clean-up of Comics." The National Council of Jewish Women believes that when citizen groups seek to enforce their views by pressure on newsdealers, their actions have serious censorship implications.

The Baltimore Section, N.C.J.W. rejected a local plan to put pressure on dealers to remove comics from their stands because we did not believe it necessary to run the risks of censorship in order to discourage children from reading horror comics. Instead, we worked out what we think is a more positive plan—one which places confidence in the children themselves. Our method is to substitute good reading for poor. This is what we did:

Two years ago, we established in cooperation with the Baltimore public schools a volunteer school-enrichment program, using the school library as the hub of activity. We chose school areas where the home environments were providing little or no stimulation in this direction. Where there were no school libraries, volunteers prepared them according to school specifications. Not only were book-lending services offered, but volunteers with artistic and musical aptitudes employed storytelling techniques to weave in painting and music in their programs.

The school library became fun; children look forward to the volunteer's day at school; and the teachers find that readiness for the regular curriculum is enhanced when fun reading precedes the assignments. The teacher-volunteer-child liaison is excellent.

We have never regretted our choice of enrichment work. We feel certain that what we are doing will sell more good books in years to come, and will always make the library a pleasurable place to be for the hundreds of children we have worked with.

For the long term, we hope these children will encourage their parents to cease reading the comics on the newsstands. We look to the day when parents and children together may be able to buy fine literature and worth-while magazines on the newsstands. This kind of long-range planning could very well put the horror comics out of business and create a greater demand for good literature. This kind of pressure for good reading will find the publishers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Real Walking Ease for Troubled FEET!

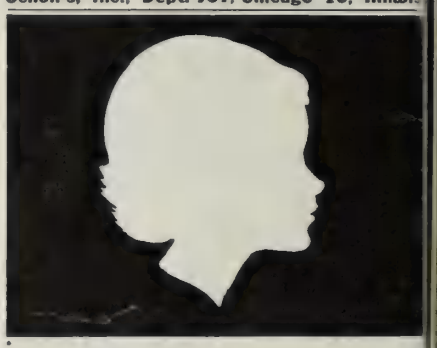


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mother...

should you tell your daughter
. . . when she's **9**
. . . or **11**
. . . or wait till she's **13**

If you have been wondering when to tell your daughter about menstruation, you will find the booklet "How Shall I Tell My Daughter?" of real help.

Beautifully illustrated, and written with a clear understanding of the mother-daughter relationship, this booklet has helped many mothers explain menstruation to their daughters.

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6-piece place setting $35.00

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

and distributors following the public's pulse. Sincerely,

MRS. MAURICE P. FREEDLANDER
President
Baltimore Section
National Council of Jewish Women, Inc.

More "Burns" on Care of Aged

I lost *my* temper years ago over this and I have talked and talked only to have people gently change the subject. Who wants to hear about others' troubles in our fine, rich country? Thank the Lord that someone who can speak from experience has written about these dreadful conditions.

D.A.P.
Duluth, Minnesota

My aunt's care, in a series of nursing homes for six months, cost nearly $3000 under conditions that would cause a stanch vivisectionist to recoil in horror. If these scandalous conditions are so evident to the layman, what of our doctors and medical societies? Why aren't they in the fore in the care of this festering sore, the treatment of our aged?

Name and address withheld

If church, school and organizational building committees would only stand as one and say "Let's keep everything sound but simple," just think of the money that would be saved toward the supporting of all who have outgrown their usefulness to society, especially those needing bedside care. In other words, clean beds and airy rooms in place of storied, elaborate places of worship or glorified school buildings—fresh clothes and linens in place of expensive interior decoration and unnecessarily artistic plumbing! MARIAN MADDISON
Lynnfield Centre, Massachusetts

In approximately three fourths of the thirty towns and cities in Nebraska which have local councils of United Church Women, visiting nursing homes is one of their projects. The mere fact that townspeople drop in frequently is, in itself, a help in improving conditions. We hope this may suggest similar service to other volunteer groups. MRS. M. C LEONARD
President
Nebraska Council of United Church Women
Lincoln, Nebraska

The descriptive examples of neglect in the care for the aged in nursing homes is illustrative of one of the depressing problems which are constantly being studied by the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging. The appeal for laws enforcing standards of care in these homes has been recently answered in New York. Chapter 598 of the Laws of 1956 is ideal legislation designed to define the persons and their responsibilities in the maintenance of private homes for the aged. LIONEL ALAN MARKS
Legal Counsel, 14th District
The Senate, State of New York

I think it is grossly unfair to condemn all of us who run these poorly paying places because someone has not lived up to the standards set by every state and county and has not treated her patients right. Our places in California are supervised by the Welfare Department and are regularly inspected. If anyone goes into this business not loving people, or for the sake of money, I say she is a fool. About all one gets out of it is the satisfaction of knowing she is doing for some of the most neglected people on earth, American parents.

IDA CLEMENS GUYETTE
Beaumont, California

Personally, I extend a vote of thanks to the many rest-home operators who work twelve to eighteen hours a day, 365 days a year, for less money than they could earn at an ordinary job. Many are dedicated men and women who deserve the best you can offer, not a slap in the face.

MARJORIE L. HAFEN
Salt Lake City, Utah

► *Miss Crosson did not intend to imply that all homes for the aged are like those she described. That far too many are, however, has been affirmed by many, many readers who have written us from all over the United States since "My Mother is in There!" appeared in the February* JOURNAL. *The problem, of course, is not one which concerns boarding-home operators alone, but all Americans. ED.*

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Dr Scholl's SUPER-FAST RELIEF!



So different from old-time methods. No other does so much!

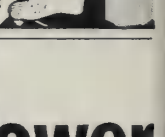
No waiting when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Just the pads *alone* on corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes, tender spots give fast *nerve-deep* relief . . . ease new or tight shoes and stop corns, callouses *before* they can develop! But that's not all Zino-pads do for you.

Used with the separate *Medications* included in every box, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads remove corns, callouses one of the fastest ways known to medical science! Get a box today. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores everywhere.



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring, odorous feet. Eases new or tight shoes. *Get a can today!*
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He's yours, and you *know* it. It's love, and you *show* it. What fabulous fun, being female, at a time like this! Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives away odor ...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

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One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!



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- *Foams new living color right into your hair!*
- *Washes right out with your next shampoo!*
- *Looks so natural it's your own exciting secret!*

There's *never* been hair color like DuBarry Color Glo! Not a rinse—not a color shampoo—but a whole new way to color your hair. This fabulous foam gives a new *color-lift* to every shade of hair under the sun!

Foam in Color Glo after your next shampoo, and rinse. That's all! No mixing, no fixing, no fussing. It's fun, fast . . . and fool-proof! Color Glo *stays* on evenly . . . *conditions* while it's on . . . shampoos out *completely*.

With Color Glo you can *accent* and *intensify* your own hair color . . . or you can have a dramatic *new* color this very night! With Color Glo, blonde isn't bland . . . it's brilliant! Black isn't flat . . . it's fiery! Red isn't raging . . . it's radiant! And gray is never, never drab . . . it's pure shimmering silver! After your next shampoo, *foam* fabulous color into *your* hair with new DuBarry Color Glo!



Choose from these newest, truest-to-life colors . . .

Golden Leopard *puts golden gleam in blonde hair, a twinkle in brown hair.*

Midnight Panther *deepens black hair to sparkling jet. Gives brown velvety depth.*

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Silver Mink *gives a fresh silver shimmer to faded white, gray or ash-blonde hair.*

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Cascade has an exclusive ingredient to change drops of water into cleansing, clear-rinsing "sheets." That's why General Electric puts Cascade in its "Mobile-Maid"!

These two glasses show why Cascade stops spotting as no other detergent can. Cascade's exclusive ingredient changes water *drops* into free-flowing *sheets*. And Cascade's unique formula cleans *cleaner* than any other dishwasher product... leaves everything so slippery-clean, rinse water slides right off. Result: no water drops to dry in ugly spots. Cascade gets even glasses spotless . . . *close-up clean*. Yet it's *safe* for delicate china patterns.

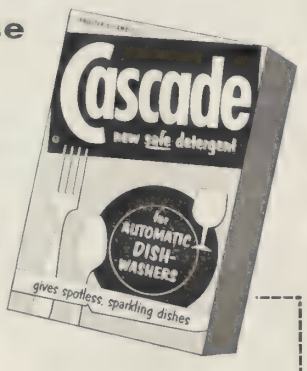


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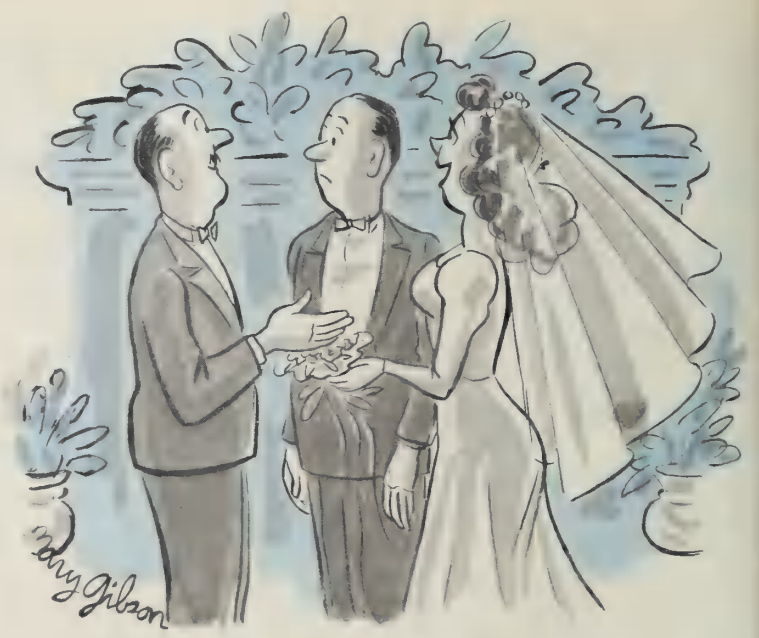
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(IN FACT, EVERY LEADING DISHWASHER MANUFACTURER RECOMMENDS IT.)



See General Electric's New 1957 "Mobile-Maid." This full-capacity portable dishwasher plugs in like a toaster . . . needs no installation. Automatic double pre-rinse, power wash and *triple* rinse. Now at your G-E dealer. This marvelous "Mobile-Maid" deserves a marvelous detergent. So, naturally, you'll find Cascade packed in the new "Mobile-Maid." Always use Cascade in your dishwasher for spotless, sparkling results.



"This is Harry, dear. He's the one mother favored."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WOMEN?

Science comes up with some surprising observations on a favorite subject

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Women may not be the most fascinating subject under the sun, but at least half the world's population seems to think so—and science appears to agree with them. Psychologists and sociologists have conducted countless surveys, tests and studies—all designed to penetrate the veil of mystery which has made women the enigmatic sex. Let's take a look at some of their most revealing findings.

QUESTION: Are women harder to get along with than men are?

ANSWER: They are. Studies show that 1—women are much harder to please than men are; 2—they are more critical of others' shortcomings; and 3—are more given to faultfinding in general. They tend to be more easily irritated and annoyed by people, situations, places and things than men.

Q: Do most women overrate themselves on their good looks and sex appeal?

A: Yes. Women tend to rate themselves higher on beauty and attractiveness than impartial judges do. This was found *particularly true* of women who made lower beauty scores than average. Good-looking women tended to be better adjusted than the less attractive—in that they had a better-developed sense of security, and stronger and more dominant personalities.

Q: Are women better judges of human nature than men are?

A: Though women have been found to be more *critical* of others than men are, they have also been found to be more *accurate* in their judgments of character. A woman can size up another person better—just by looking at him—than a man can. The women who proved to be the shrewdest judges were those over thirty. (Interesting to note, in this connection, that women's intuitive faculties have been found to function better than men's do.)

Q: Do good-looking girls tend to be more intelligent than the less attractive ones?

A: The brainy-intellectual type is commonly pictured as being mousy, bespectacled or otherwise unprepossessing; likewise girls of ravishing good looks (particularly blondes) are commonly conceived of as being "dumb." Science has completely exploded this popular notion. Girls who wer above average in intelligence were found t be above average in good looks.

Q: Are women harder to understan than men?

A: *Literally* speaking, they are. Wome speak less intelligibly than men do—thu adding weight to the oft-voiced male com plaint that it's difficult to make sense ou of what a woman is talking about. In phon conversations particularly, the jumble run-together words makes women very de initely the misunderstood sex.

Q: Are women more finicking abo their food than men are?

A: They very definitely are. Women ha a greater sensitivity of taste; if somethin doesn't taste quite right, a woman is f quicker than a man to detect it. Women a more partial to salty and sour foods.

Q: Are women more easily embarrasse

A: On the contrary, women can kee their composure under circumstances whi would cause a man's face to turn brick re Tests have shown that when a risqué sto is told in mixed company it is the *men* wh show the greatest tendency to blush.

Q: At what age do women have t greatest appeal to the opposite sex?

A: Where most men are concerned, woman reaches her peak of attractivene in her early twenties; "about twenty-fiv received the second greatest number votes. A man tends to be the most suscep ble to a woman's charms during two p riods in his life: 1—when he is betwe twenty and twenty-five; and 2—when is in his middle forties.

Q: Can women get along without men b ter than men can get along without wome

A: They can. Men who lose their wi are twice as likely to go "off the deep end mentally and physically, as are women w are bereft of their husbands. It was fou that the mortality rate for widowers w twice as great as for widows. Women p sess greater emotional resiliency, and are l likely than men to be driven to drink, depr sion or suicide by a broken love affair. Sp sters are far more capable of adjusting the single life than bachelors are.

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Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

Ravishing Nora Bayes starred in The Follies of 1907, the first Follies ever seen in America. In May, 1907, New York saw another "first": taximeter cabs, imported from Paris, with a driver up front in the open. Song hits included I Want a Gibson Man, and George M. Cohan's Harrigan, and every small girl dreamed of owning a white Teddy bear.

The May, 1907,* JOURNAL *gives Maude Adams' reactions to her visit to a sheik's harem on the desert, tells how Luther Burbank created the Shasta daisy from the common field variety, goes backstage with Julia Marlowe in Romeo and Juliet, and reveals that Mme. Melba (The Woman with the Voice of Gold) charges William Waldorf Astor $5000 for appearing at his private parties.

"What would be proper to order for a light supper after the theater?" a reader wants to know. "Raw oysters, followed by birds, hot or cold, or else sweetbreads, lobster or crabs à la Newburg, ice cream and coffee."

"Are white shoes essential for a white wedding gown? I should prefer to wear black," writes a bride-to-be. Comments the JOURNAL, "Black would be a mistake."

"Sewing pairs of stockings together before washing them will help the busy mother, and when they have been ironed it is a great help to find them mated."

How to lose weight: A girl who reduced from 165 to 135 pounds describes her favorite year-round dinner: "Vegetable soup, broiled steak, mashed potatoes, lettuce salad with four tablespoons olive oil, and figs, dates or nuts for dessert."

In this issue, the editors deplore America's country schoolhouse—"an ugly clapboard box, with a dirt yard and outhouse, with no grass or shrubs or trees"—and urge the beautifying of such schools with plantings.

"I wish to make a bathrobe for my husband from a single blanket. Can I obtain a JOURNAL pattern?" inquires a reader. "Yes, indeed," answers Mrs. Ralston. "A blanket is just the right size."

Speaks out the JOURNAL: "A young girl should not go alone with any man, not a relative, to a public restaurant, as she lays herself open to being classed with women of undesirable reputation."

"Keep a stack of paper napkins for polishing lamp chimneys and save them for kindling fires."



ABBOT MILLS

Queen Sue and Princess Faith demonstrate their sewing prowess for Nora O'Leary.

We welcome anything in the way of a rip just to have an excuse to stand in *Nora O'Leary's* department next door and watch *Flora Kerestedjian, Esther Wiberg* and *Doris Chandler* at their artistry, while one of these skillful *couturières* indulgently descends to the level of mending our jacket. That's how we happened to encounter *Carol Sue McGinnis*, 14, of University City, Mo., and *Faith Ascher*, 13, of Brooklyn, N.Y. The two girls had come in to demonstrate their prowess to Nora and her staff, having just won the huge national junior dressmaking contest held by a big sewing-machine company. Sue had on the costume that had crowned her queen in her division, won her $1000, and Faith was wearing hers, which had made her princess of the younger girls and $500 richer as well. The talk was way over our head: "the way you matched the plaid," "all those bound buttonholes," "cam stitching," "bight control." But what a pleasure to observe the mutual respect with which real experts regard each other, amateur and professional alike.

A caller the other day informed us that he had a reservation on the fully booked first jet passenger flight from New York to Los Angeles, which will make the run in five hours. "When do you leave?" we asked. "Noon Monday, June 15, 1959." 1959! . . . Anyhow, it reminded us to phone the Hayden Planetarium and see how many people had signed up for the trip to the moon we told you about here several years ago. "Please have pity on us and forget the whole thing!" the director pleaded. "More than fifty thousand people signed up. Why, one man even called us up in all seriousness and canceled his reservation."

*A letter the other day from our poetry editor, **Elizabeth McFarland**, in Paris with her husband Dan and small daughter Katie, tells of Katie's efforts to preserve in her parents, both of them poets, a childlike belief in elves. The purpose became apparent one evening when Dan was away overnight, and Katie said, "Mummy, I don't know whether you know it or not, but when daddy's home the elves usually leave me a little snack on the kitchen table."*

While out of town recently, we received the following night letter from our dutiful assistant: "Just came from Grand Ballroom of Sheraton-Astor. Big party for a baby-products manufacturer. Jammed with 3000 expectant mothers; 500 turned away. Most having first or second. Gave up seat to one expecting ninth time! Opera singer ***Mimi Benzell***, expecting, too, sang lullabies. ***Dr. Allen F. Guttmacher***, expert and author Pregnancy and Birth, said: Summer months big baby months but September biggest. 5 A.M. biggest hour. If your lipstick changes color blame body chemistry. Signed, Your Assistant. P. S. Just learned am having baby myself in October."

"After writing my litterbug piece," said *Betty Coe Spicer*, "I'm so litter-conscious that I get bigger and bigger handbags to accommodate all the things I'm afraid now to throw away—laundry lists, old theater stubs, tissues, parking-lot checks. What did I do with them before?"

*This reminded **Richard Pratt** of the civic-minded man in Texas who gives thousands of gay packets of flower seeds to tourists, which say, "If you must throw something, throw these."*

A soufflé should go to the table within five minutes after it comes from the oven or it will fall, as every woman knows. But getting everything assembled for a color picture of a soufflé sometimes takes longer. Editors wanted a photograph as hot and puffy as the soufflé will appear on your table, ready to eat—which accounts for one of the weirdest contrivances and performances we ever saw, up in the food kitchen recently. There was a vast white oxygen tent blazing with floodlights and enveloping the oven, a nearby table, ***Louella Shouer***, and ***Donald Stuart*** behind his big camera. An assistant chosen for her steady nerves was opening the oven door, reaching in like a cat approaching a mouse, removing the burgeoning soufflé, placing it on the table as though it were a bomb; and then Stuart began his time exposures. The suspense was painful, but the beautiful soufflé stayed right up, and the picture for our Collector's Items this month was made and then the soufflé was eaten.

Sitting on picture editor *Tina Fredericks'* desk, *Harry Belafonte* quietly sang the Caribbean folk ballad he'll sing in the movie of Island in the Sun he just made—from the book first published in LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. People gathered round. "Hey! Where did they come from?" Belafonte asks Tina Fredericks, surprised by the admiring Journalites at the door.

ABBOT MILLS



Harry Belafonte finds an appreciative audience at the Workshop.

Betty Coe Spicer on location in Old Tucson.

BILL SEARS



Lalaji's youngest daughter was his most prized possession—
and his most baffling problem.

by R. Prawer Jhabvala

A Prince for



Lalaji himself was the only one in the house still to sleep outdoors. He did not like his bedroom. Still, one had to keep up with one's money. A bedroom suite was a social necessity, so he had bought it. But he slept outdoors as long as he could; sometimes right up to early November.

Groaning, for he was still stiff with sleep, he heaved himself from his bed and went to sit indoors in what they called the sitting room. The sitting room had shiny English furniture, silk curtains and lamp shades, novelty cigar boxes, and colored photographs in silver frames. It was very different from what he had grown up with and got used to. However, he had very soon managed to adjust himself to his new and foreign opulence. His costly, shiny possessions did not disconcert him. Tomorrow, if he wanted to, he could throw them out and buy new ones, more expensive ones, if more expensive ones could be got.

This morning something was vaguely troubling him; he did not know what. Not the usual things—the ten-lac income-tax arrears which the government was demanding, the new deputy minister, the T—— bribery-and-corruption case, his lawyer's latest report, and the twenty-five lacs' worth of work which threatened to go to another contractor. This thing that was so surprisingly troubling him was something smaller and more personal. If only he could think what it was. . . .

A servant brought his soap and clean clothes, and he went out to wash. There were seven marble bathrooms in the house, but he preferred to wash by the garden tap and clean his teeth with a twig from the margosa tree. Afterward he prayed, very quickly and almost unconsciously. All the time this thing was nagging at him and when, back in the sitting room, the servant handed him his cup of tea, he knew what it was. It was that his wife was not there.

Drinking his tea, he thought of the small annoyances that were in store for him that day because his wife was not there. His food would not be cooked properly and he would be served by servants. But there was no help for it; he made up his mind to it and was at once reconciled. If his wife had died, he would have made up his mind to it just like that, and been reconciled. He was used to making compromises and could fashion a life for himself under any conditions. But she had not died; she had only gone to the nursing home to be with Shanta, who was expecting another child. Well, let it come; he would provide for it. As he provided for them all.

He read the newspaper to see if there was any mention of the T—— bribery-and-corruption case. There was not; only a report of a man who had been arrested for offering a five-rupee bribe to a municipal officer. He shook his head: five rupees—what did the man expect? Though there had been a time when that was all he himself could offer. From five rupees he had advanced to fifty, to five hundred, to five thousand. One had to know how to do these things.

Out of habit he looked at the marriage offers: "Wanted, for Punjabi boy, 21, wheat complexion, B.A., first-class family, a beautiful fair girl." He still had two to dispose of, Viddi and Nimmi, but there was no need for him to look at or insert advertisements. He needed only, in his own good time, to throw out a hint and all the richest men in Delhi would come eagerly forward with sons and daughters. But no hurry: the right time, the right opportunity would come. His children could have and would have the best. First he had to establish Viddi, bring him into the business, make a man of him. He frowned a little, thinking of Viddi. The boy had been talking and behaving strangely ever since he had left college. But there was nothing really to get worried about, nothing that he, as a father, did not know how to put right. And Nimmi. He did not have to frown when he thought of Nimmi. His treasure, his pride, his finest achievement. Would there ever be anyone good enough for her? *A prince*, he thought, *a prince I will get for her*. Though he did not mean it literally: he would not have liked a prince in his family.

He went to the bottom of the stairs and called, "Come down here, come down to your dada!" Om Prakash's children came tumbling down the stairs, shouting, "Dada, dada!"—two of them, a boy and a girl. He laughed out loud with pleasure.

Om could be heard grumbling in his room, then he appeared at the door, his eyes still half shut, squinting down with ill-humor at his father and his children on the stairs. Lalaji laughed and told the children, "Good, now you have got your father out of bed. All day he would sleep."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

CHARACTERS

Lala Narayan Dass Verma (Lalaji)
His wife
Phuphiji, *his sister*
Rani, *his eldest daughter*
Om Prakash, *his eldest son*
Chandra Prakash, *his second son*
Ved Prakash (Viddi), *his youngest son*
Usha, *his second daughter*
Nimmi, *his youngest daughter*
Shanta, *his daughter-in-law, wife of Om Prakash*
Kanta, *his daughter-in-law, wife of Chandra Prakash*
Dev Raj, *Shanta's father*
Shanta's mother
Lakshmi, *Shanta's cousin*
Rajen Mathur, *a friend of Nimmi's*
Pheroze Batliwala, *a friend of Nimmi's*
Tivari, *a journalist*
Zahir-ud-din, *a painter*
Bahwa, *a dramatist*
Kuku, *a fashionable young man*
Maee, *an old woman servant in Lalaji's house*

College!" Kuku said. "What use is that to you? You will learn nothing there."

Nimmi

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1956 by R. Prawer Jhabvala

A Prince for Nimmi
soon to be published in book form by
W. Norton & Co., Inc., under the title

the Mountain that Fell at the Falls

"Everything's going to be all right," she said. But they both knew she was lying.

By FRANK FARNHAM

I call Faye my Wilson Falls woman now; and the strange part is not that she is one, for she wanted to be all along, but the way she became one.

My wife laughs now when I call her that, but she wouldn't have always, for although it was built of such unlikely molehills as the blue house dress, the price we paid for margarine and the birthday that hadn't happened, the mountain that rose between us and the town was a very real mountain, and we could never have scaled it had not a spark and the chair Uncle Wilbur bought before I was born brought the mountain tumbling down.

To tell how it happened, and why, one must have a starting point, and that wintry afternoon at the Hayes General Store seems as good a place as any.

"I almost forgot," I told Bill Hayes that afternoon at the store, as I put a last check mark on the grocery list, "I need a couple of pounds of margarine."

"What kind you got in mind?"

"I'll take the Kilton's Special," I said firmly, and waited for the look to come, because Kilton's Special was ten cents a pound the cheapest.

Bill's face didn't change, that time, and he moved heavily away to the rear of the store, to the refrigerator, and I walked over to the bridge game which was going on by the big-bellied iron stove.

My next-door neighbor, John Logan, was kibitzing the game. John is florid and fortyish, and raises pheasants for the state, but right then he was telling of an experience with another kind of game bird, a partridge that flew right through his legs one time, and the players had stopped playing to listen.

It was funny, the way he told it, and everyone laughed. Then one by one they noticed me standing there, taking in my heavy red plaid woolen jacket, the green woolen pants that disappeared into the tops of the heavy gray woolen socks that, in turn, vanished from view within my tan sixteen-inch rubbers. It was childish, I knew, but I wanted them to see how much I now looked like a native, even though I couldn't say what I wanted to say: "Boys, I'm sorry about what happened last fall. It was thoughtless, not intentional. I want very much to be friends. Faye and I both do."

For in Wilson Falls, you don't wear your emotions out in the open. A man can smile if he wants to, laugh if it's really funny, but he must always keep something of himself in reserve, never giving all, never accepting all—especially never in a public place.

The eyes that appraised me were neither hostile nor kindly. Finally John said, "Hello, Mr. Lothrop."

Before it happened, he had sometimes called me Roger. "Hello, John—everyone," I said. "Cold day out."

John agreed that it was. The others nodded.

I tried again. "How's Rachel feeling?" Rachel was the same age as my Linda, and had been out of school for a week with a cold.

"She's better," John said, looking away, looking down at the board which served as the playing table.

The eight eyes of the four players were again studying the cards. None, I guessed, was as expert as I. None, I was sure, loved the game more. The eyes were shrewd eyes, country-shrewd, with crow's-feet sweeping back and away from them, etched in paler channels through darkly weathered faces.

"Let's see, your bid was three diamonds, Mort, so I'll say three spades," said Ken Wyman. In the summers, he ran the ninety-room Abenaki Hotel at the lake. Mort Hanna owned the sawmill.

"Four diamonds," said Alf Judkins. He was the broiler farmer.

"Doubled," said Manley Pierce, grinning slyly. Manley was section foreman on the Maine Central, having his weekly day off.

The big wood stove threw out great waves of heat, waves strong enough to be visible, but the snapping heat of good birch couldn't warm me, nor could any physical kind of fire. I went back to the counter, where Bill Hayes had my groceries stacked in a cereal carton.

"How much do I owe you?"

"It comes to ten thirty-two."

"Check be all right?"

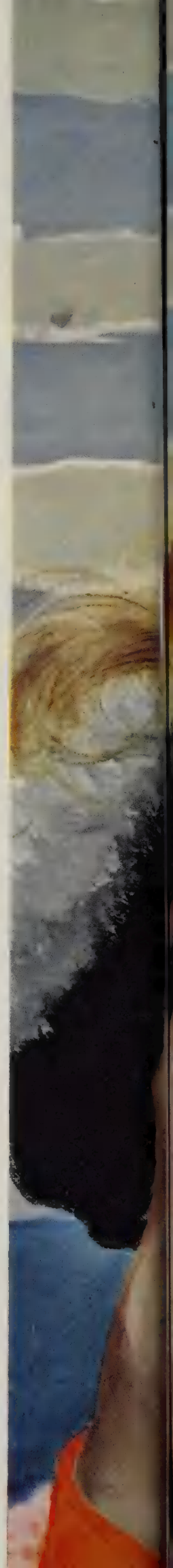
"Sure. Money's money. Pay in pennies, if you want to. Come to think of it, your Uncle Wilbur did one time."

I was writing the check out, signing my name, making the proper entry on the stub, noting the balance had just dipped below four hundred dollars.

"How many pennies?" I asked idly.

"I don't like to be pinned down, Mr. Lothrop," he said distantly. "It was more than two thousand, I remember that, and I remember what for too. It CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

"I can stand the cold weather," Faye said, "but not the cold people."



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS







The Boy in the Dream

In the daylight,
Alan could forget.
But at night,
the blurred face haunted him.
the small voice reproached him.

By LESLEY CONGER

In his dream the wind was blowing, first of all. The wind blew soundlessly and the leaves whirled on the wind-swept, rain-wept street where faces disappeared from the windows and doors like lights blown out, one by one. Then Alan could hear the little boy crying *Daddy, daddy!*, his voice turning on the unkind wind that snatched it from his mouth like a scrap of paper and bore it away, *Daddy, daddy!*, his voice searching like the harpy wind, crying *Daddy, daddy!* wearily and without hope. And Alan would start from his nothingness; he shivered into a terror of being, ran vainly with leaden legs, fought his strangling way through the enveloping, hell-hag wind, but could not catch the boy nor make him turn.

Then into a doorway, dark and hungerless as the open mouth of the dead, and the boy was lost and Alan was the boy, standing three decades back on the wooden platform, jostled by the children on either side, hearing Miss Falconer at the piano, seeing her bright, counterfeit smile as she mouthed to them, *Now, children*—and Alan, his little saccharine speech forgotten, stood there shuddering in hot shame and howling, *Daddy, daddy!* But in the dream no blushing, half-laughing father leaped from the front row to snatch him from the dark, warm puddle; he never dreamed that far into reality, but woke shivering, grasping with relief his present identity.

He had dreamed the dream first aboard ship a dozen years ago; he lay in a bunk that hummed with the ship's engines and dreamed the dream halfway across the Pacific. Waking, he thought, *If I could tell Jean, she would laugh at me. No, not laugh at me, but smile, anyway.* Then she would tell him to forget it; soberly, with the simple insistence of the kind of person she was, believing that if you had strength of character you could forget and remember at will. But for Alan the dream kept returning. And tonight, this night twelve years later when he awoke, he thought first, *I knew I would have the dream again. I knew it before I went to sleep.*

He moved cautiously, edging down into the bedding, conscious of Naomi asleep beside him. But she lay as always curled into her little fetal ball, her sturdy legs drawn up, knees to chest—as if it were perpetually icy winter in bed and she huddled to warm herself. Her hands made fists and her tawny hair tangled across her cheek. Even if he had cried out—as he thought he might have—she would only have stirred and slept on in that tightly locked sleep of a woman who does not listen for a child's cry in the night and has not learned to sleep lightly, half waking. But she would change. Tomorrow night would be the beginning of change, and she would soon lie cleverly, motherlike, at the very edge of sleep. Alan leaned on his elbow and looked down at her in her buried slumber. He felt bitterly alone in his dream-cast prescience of parenthood, wakening to a child's cry, even a ghost child.

A man was not supposed to feel like this. Other men joked of the brats they may have fathered; but, Alan thought, God knew what some few of them found in their hearts in a laughterless moment. As for Alan, he was haunted by his sleeping mind's picture of the responsibility he could not shoulder and the relationship he could not acknowledge. And now that they knew that Naomi could not have a child, now that they were ready to take into their home a child of unknown strangers, the dream had an acute and desperate poignancy.

The face of the boy in the dream was like one of those blurry snapshots of himself, standing self-consciously and squinting at the box camera which his father never seemed to be able to hold still enough. For Alan had never seen this son of his. He knew only that he existed, *was* somewhere, and was cell of his own cell, with what heritage he could give him. Perhaps the boy had his light hazel eyes and strong, stocky body, the thin, quirking mouth and the too-large nose; perhaps, even, a tendency to hay fever. Unless the other half of his parentage had worked some alchemy in combination, he was not likely to be a handsome boy—Alan himself was almost ugly.

Alan Seymour looked like a rough, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, bullish male, with no thought beyond his next drink or his next woman. He was, in fact, gentle and somewhat bookish—a joke, Jean had said, upon people who judged others by their faces. People like herself, she might have said—but she had taken the joke handsomely, with mild surprise.

Jean was a big, lusty, laughing girl, a kind and clean girl into whose arms Alan had gone in the weary war years, seeking nothing more complex than the warm comfort of love-making. Nearly five months after he had last seen her, she had written to him at Camp Pendleton in an almost illiterate scrawl and he had met her at Oceanside, in front of the beach hotel. It was cold; she wore a loose, gray coat and her hair was tied in a red wool kerchief. Her face was drawn and a little tired, but she still smiled, even if ruefully. They walked back and forth on the sand in the chill wind, talking.

"I wasn't going to tell you," Jean said, "but I can't work any more and I'm nearly flat broke. So, you being the kind of guy you are, I had to come to you. If I had a family, believe me, I'd just go home."

There was only one thing that came to Alan to say. He said CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

Weekend the C

Phoebe had arranged the right setting for Bryan to propose, but the wrong man came into it.

He looked at her hand.
"Are you engaged . . .
or something?"



By SUE KAUFMAN

The West Side Drive was filled with a solid slow-moving mass of cars, and it looked more like a Saturday morning in August than the second Saturday in October that it was. Phoebe, an impatient foot on the accelerator, began to accept the dismal fact that she would never make Stamford and the Moores' house by lunchtime. There would be two empty places at the table. She knew very well that out of sheer consideration she ought to have called Jeannie before leaving and told her that Bryan wouldn't be coming up at all, but she couldn't have endured Jeannie's remarks over the phone: "Oh, how *mean*—not again?" or "Phoebe, you just shouldn't let him break so many dates!"

The line of cars she was in moved a few feet, then stopped, so she looked out toward the Hudson River. In the next lane, two cars ahead, was a little red foreign car much like the black one Bryan had bought last month. When he'd first told her about buying it, she had been miserable. For weeks they had been going out for inexpensive "budget" evenings, and he'd incessantly talked about economies, the cost of living, how hard it was for young people to get married nowadays—always oblique talk with "you" and "me" carefully kept out of it—and then he'd gone and bought the car. It was only when she forced herself to see it that she realized that for Bryan such a car was an absolute necessity.

She knew it was strange of her to be so in love with a man that she'd lost nearly all her pride, yet at the same time to have acquired a detached, almost cruelly critical opinion of him. But a part of Bryan was his pose, and she saw it. His careful clothes, the little Italian car, his right-address apartment that he shared with the unpleasant boy in publishing, his very manner—all were little more than a set of symbols duplicated by so many other young men like him. Bryan was in advertising. And she'd be willing to bet that the man in the red car was in advertising too. It was funny, because the back of the driver even *looked* like Bryan: dark crew cut, sunburned neck, wide tweed-covered shoulders—just the likeness got her heart going. But even if she knew a part of Bryan was consciously phony, it got her nowhere. She still felt the same about him, and if last night he hadn't told her he had to go up to Old Lyme, to Blodgett's—his boss'—house, instead of coming to the Moores' with her as planned, she would not be so miserable. It was the third time in two weeks that he'd broken a date with her at the last moment—but she took it and would go on taking it. He'd even promised to call her at the Moores' tomorrow, perhaps drive down from Old Lyme for the afternoon. So that would have to be enough, wouldn't it? Yes, she agreed wearily, it would.

Her car had rolled with the line, and she was now directly next to the little red car. The profile of the driver was opposite her, and looking at it she almost laughed. How typical of an infatuated woman to see likeness to her man everywhere! Here was a longish nose instead of Bryan's pointed proud one, a big mouth instead of Bryan's well-cut lips. . . . To her embarrassment the profile suddenly turned, big brown eyes looked dead into hers and blinked.

Mortified, she turned away. "Phoebe? Isn't it Phoebe Markham?" she heard him say, but luckily at that moment there was a break in the traffic and she moved quickly away. She did not know him, or want to know him, and had no idea how he knew her name. She shrugged it off, convinced that it was all part of the morning's unpleasantness. When she hit the parkway the traffic really broke, and she raced the motor, eager to make up for the time she had lost and reach the Moores'.

An hour later she turned off the parkway, down a country road, finally entering the long rutted lane that led to the house of her best friend's family. The car moved into sunlight and the Moores' house loomed in front of her, large, sprawling, grown over with ivy, and windows open to the hot autumn day—and she felt suddenly happy and at peace, as though she had come home at last. As she climbed out of the car she heard the distant snip-snip of garden shears, meaning that Mr. Moore was at his favorite hobby again, and from somewhere inside a jazz tune groaned—Sammy, Jeannie's seventeen-year-old brother, was playing his phonograph. When she rang the doorbell there was a loud thumpety-thump from upstairs, Sammy shouted, "Hey, stupid, get the *door!* I'm not dressed!" and a moment later Jeannie appeared at the door in a tie-silk robe, a towel wound turban fashion about her pretty blond hair.

"Phoebe . . . oh, what a mess! I just washed my hair and it's all wet! Bryan will think I'm ——" She blinked at the empty air next to Phoebe. "Where *is* Bryan?"

Phoebe marched firmly past Jeannie into the house. "He couldn't come. He had to go up to his boss's in Old Lyme. It was unexpected and he really *had* to go." Her voice trailed off under Jeannie's all-knowing eyes.

"Oh, dear. Peter's arriving after lunch," Jeannie apologized. They had planned the weekend carefully: Jeannie had invited Peter Ackerson, a young architect, the all-important man in her life, and Phoebe had invited Bryan. Both of them had hoped for the romantic effects of a weekend in the country.

Phoebe smiled crookedly. "He said he might be able to drive down tomorrow afternoon. I'm sorry—I'm going to be an awful third wheel."

"Third *wheel!*" muttered Jeannie and, picking up Phoebe's bag, led the way upstairs to the large sun-filled room they always shared.

While Phoebe unpacked, washed up, combed her wind-blown short dark hair, and changed into gray flannel shorts, Jeannie sat on the bed brushing her blond hair dry, chattering about Peter. Although she and Phoebe both lived and worked in New York, they didn't have much chance to talk during the week, and it seemed that in the past week things had progressed for Jeannie and Peter. He wanted her to come down to Virginia to meet his mother and father. Phoebe was glad that things were at least working out for Jeannie; strangely enough, this beautiful girl had always had miserable luck with the men she'd loved.

"Phoebe . . . do you think he'll ask me when we're down there?"

She felt a tug of envy. "Yes, I think."

The door burst open and long-legged, skinny Sammy, his blond hair over one eye, said, "Hi, Feeb! . . . Listen, dolls, save the talk—lunch is on!"

Walking into the dining room with its wide windows looking out over smoky distance, its table set with flawless glass and china, Phoebe was pained. This was what she'd wanted Bryan to see. Graciousness—and her in its setting.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore were sitting at opposite ends of the long table. Mr. Moore, with his ruddy round face, jolly dark eyes behind horn rims, and his shock of bushy gray hair, looked the picture of a contented burgomaster. But the broad, deceptively placid brow fronted a mind which had made him one of the most celebrated criminal lawyers in the country. Mrs. Moore, a pretty, plump woman, with Jeannie's fair hair and a warm, witty face, had once been a lawyer herself, and knew as much

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER



Colonel Benjamin Holme, after whom the house is named, built the middle part in 1729. The differing wings were added right after the Revolution.

South Jersey

THE 1729 HOUSE CALLE

By RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal



You step down from the hallway of the high main section of the house into the dining room (in the middle wing) with its intimate-breakfast table in front of the great flat-arched fireplace. The corner staircase leads to the master bedroom above, while through the open door you get a glimpse of the beautifully traditional yet functionally modern kitchen with its remarkable collection of cooking molds.

OLMELAND, IN SALEM COUNTY

Through the antique Venetian blind the South Jersey sunlight filters into the parlor, whose Georgian stylishness has been restored with affectionate regard for the inherent charm of the old house by its present owners, Dr. and Mrs. A. Ralston Green, who have not let their knowledge and skill as collectors lead them away from an essential livableness.

From one of the two bedrooms, with its mellow pine-paneled wall, tall four-poster and colorful South Jersey quilt, you look across the hall and down into the master bedroom in the middle wing above the dining room.



The landscape of this county is ever so gently undulating where it lies back from the broad tidewaters of the Delaware, and in the neighborhood of Holmeland here, a region of rare old red-brick manor houses, you can generally spot one of them from far away across the fields, standing up like this one, tall, erect and rather urban Georgian in character, and somewhat like an English town house left out in this very American countryside. It was not at all difficult deciding on Holmeland to represent the region, for besides being one of the handsomest houses here, it had been restored and furnished not only as a treasure from the past but as a pleasure for the present. During the Revolution British raiders from the river ransacked it and set it on fire. Though the house itself was saved, all of its furnishings were removed, as was the custom, and never recovered. Even so, the house today looks better than it ever did before.





When you marry, you naturally try to pick out a partner who will meet your emotional needs. If you want your marriage to last, it is equally important to ask yourself, "Am I willing and able to meet his own emotional needs?" You are not likely to understand what his needs are, unless you know him (preferably also his family) pretty well before you become engaged. After marriage, husbands and wives should ask themselves at least once a month, "Am I sure that I know what he (or she) really wants out of marriage, and am I providing for these wants?" If you know what the wants are, and deliberately refuse to provide for them, you are guilty of emotional nonsupport, an offense almost as serious as financial nonsupport! Counselors at the American Institute of Family Relations often have to help people understand the needs of their partners. They may have even more difficulty getting people to take the necessary action to meet those needs. The counselor in this case was Samuel D. Gilbert.

PAUL POPENOE, *Sc.D., General Director*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: "Jack is a confirmed hypochondriac, gloomy, spiritless, and opposed to anything that's fun. I've tried not to be impatient with him, but it's awfully hard to be sympathetic. Our doctor says there is nothing wrong except that he is low in energy and drive."

HE: "Paula won't take care of herself when she's sick and she interprets any nervous ailment as a sign of weakness and lack of character. She has subjected me to almost intolerable pressures."

PAULA TELLS HER SIDE:

"Frankly, I didn't know my husband had enterprise enough to become interested in another woman," said thirty-eight-year-old Paula, whose jaw was firm; her honey-colored hair shone in the sunlight. "On a Saturday night three weeks ago I found out my mistake. Jack announced he wanted a divorce and then told me he was in love with somebody else. I was angry and hurt, but mostly I was surprised.

"The fact is I had just about decided to ask for a divorce myself, and I thought Jack would take considerable persuading. There wasn't any other man in my picture of the future. What I had in mind was striking out on my own with our twin daughters. I meant to leave the apartment and major furnishings for Jack, and I knew I could support myself without the help of alimony. Until a couple of years ago I worked regularly—except for the period when Janis and Betty were very small. I realized I might eventually get around to thinking about a second marriage, but I didn't plan to be in any hurry. I was too afraid I might pick a second husband like my first.

"Jack is gloomy, spiritless, and generally opposed to anything that's fun. He is also a confirmed hypochondriac, and this places a heavy burden on me. We got our apartment at a tremendous bargain because we promised to be responsible for the upkeep. I took the promise seriously. I keep the apartment papered and painted and I make all necessary repairs. The smell of paint upsets Jack's stomach, and if he picks up a hammer he invariably hits his thumb. Once his thumb got infected. Wallpapering also makes him sick—he says it's the smell of the paste. I guess I'm not allergic. I've done everything from laying the kitchen linoleum to screening the back porch.

"In the beginning I was as poor at handling tools as Jack. To get over my awkwardness I enrolled in night classes at a trade high school. I was the only woman in the course. After I learned simple carpentry, the instructor suggested that I take up fine cabinetwork. I was afraid of being injured by the power tools—I was downright terrified of both the lathe and the electric saw—but I was unwilling to admit it. Eventually I conquered my nervousness and became quite an expert. Last Christmas I made matching Honduran-mahogany desks for our daughters. The local newspaper published pictures of the twins at their desks.

"Jack didn't buy any Christmas presents at all. He meant to, but he wasn't able to face the shopping crowds. When he tried, he caught a cold and spent the entire holiday season flat on his back. I bought daddy's presents for Janis and Betty; the twins are twelve years old, just the age when Christmas counts. I set up the tree, decorated it, and had to run the Santa Claus show by myself.

"I've tried not to be impatient with Jack, but it's awfully hard to be sympathetic. Our family physician has put him through every conceivable test. There is nothing wrong, the doctor says, except that Jack is low in energy and drive. Jack swallows vitamins like jelly beans, but comes home from work so exhausted he can barely totter to the sofa. At dinnertime he usually revives and can bring himself to eat an adequate meal. If I suggest a movie after dinner, he promptly has a sinking spell. It's been months since we've been to the theater. What really drives me distracted is that he seems to *expect* illness instead of health. If we are invited to a dinner party a week in advance, he refuses because he doesn't know how he will be feeling a week ahead.

"One of the doctor's recommendations to Jack was that he develop outside interests. I've done my utmost to help. Several years ago he decided to take up flying. Because of the danger and the expense, I wasn't wildly enthusiastic about the idea, but I kept my objections to myself. I went further. To encourage Jack, I took flying lessons too. I still maintain my pilot's license and fly every month. Jack's interest in flying quickly petered out. He belonged to the Civil Air Patrol for a while, but dropped out some time ago.

"Outdoor exercise has been strongly recommended to Jack. He won't take walks, he won't swim; he thinks tennis is for sissy kids and golf is an old man's game. Six months ago when he informed me that he had joined the company baseball team I was delighted. Jack didn't join the team as a player. He was put in charge of arranging transportation, buying and keeping track of the equipment, seeing that the tickets were printed, and so on. None of it sounded like outdoor exercise to me, but I was pleased just the same.

"I don't recall exactly when I noticed that his baseball duties were taking an unusual amount of time. He was gone nearly every weekend. More than once I was tempted to ask questions, but I restrained myself. Jack doesn't like to be cross-examined—sometimes he broods for days while I wonder what on earth the matter is—and I dislike acting like a prosecuting attorney. Too much pride, I guess.

"But let's get back to that Saturday night. I won't deny that Jack's request was a blow to my vanity, although I managed not to show it. To my way of thinking, he hadn't done too badly in our CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

"If Jack picks up a hammer he invariably hits his thumb. I've done everything from laying the kitchen linoleum to screening the back porch."



DON ORNITZ

TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI



Mrs. John Weyland and Her Son John

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792)

Reynolds was the only important artist in history who believed that to become a great painter it is not necessary to have talent. Genius for him was a matter of hard work, following the rules and above all profiting from the examples set by the great painters of the past. As a young "face painter" he went to Italy and, ignoring his personal tastes, he made a careful study of those old masters who had appealed most consistently to the public over the years.

He copied details from their best-known works and compiled a kind of reference file illustrating the ways they posed their models, what features of the face should CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

Five years ago Vassar decided to find out, by scientific methods, what girls get out of four years at college. A research team composed of three psychologists and an anthropologist, headed by Dr. Nevitt Sanford, professor of psychology at the University of California, was given an absolutely free hand. Five freshman classes and four senior classes have been studied intensively. Today's students and graduates have been compared with those of twenty-five and fifty years ago.

IS COLLEGE EDUCATION

Many college girls don't want what a higher education is supposed to offer, survey revealed. Herewith some peppery comments from our readers.

By NEVITT SANFORD, Ph.D.

It is no news that there are and always have been women students who go through four years of college without being appreciably influenced by their academic work. Our research at Vassar has, I believe, thrown some new light on this problem. This research is, primarily, a study of how and why students change as they go through college. It has sought to find means by which college education might be made more effective. The difficulties, the problems, have come in for more attention than the successes and happy endings.

It is generally assumed in this country that the more education, the better. We have come to look on college in much the same way that we used to look on high school. Our kids will go if we can afford it and if they can get in. What else, indeed, are we to do with an 18-year-old girl who is not needed at home, and who is not yet ready for marriage? The inevitable result has been that thirst for knowledge does not rank very high among the motives that girls have for going to college.

They go, a great many of them, because it is "the thing to do"; because not to have gone will be a social handicap. They go to make friends, to "learn how to get along with others." They go to meet eligible young men. And, therefore, they are likely to choose the college that has the most social prestige.

I am not saying that girls ought not to have these benefits. I am asking whether they might be had in some way that is less expensive. Nor am I saying that higher education ought to be limited to an intellectual elite. I am calling attention to the fact that being among the intellectual elite, as far as ability is concerned, is no guaranty that a girl will have scholarly interests or get much out of college.

College teachers recall, or imagine, the "good old days" prior to the First World War; the days when girls who went to college were a pretty special group, out to change the world. They were out to show what women could do; at the least, to prepare themselves for careers that required special training. Figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics confirm our own observations that a smaller and smaller proportion of college girls today want to prepare themselves for professional work. The marriage age for college women moves steadily lower. In Vassar of 1904 the average age at the time of marriage was 29. This year's seniors, on the average, expect to be married by 23; the freshmen hope to be wives by 22.

Feminism is dead, and probably few will mourn its passing. But in the absence of the strong motives which it generated, and in a culture in which merely being intellectual does not cut much ice, it is difficult for girls to stick to high intellectual purposes.

Psychology and psychiatry have contributed their share to the notion that the best way for a girl to show that she is healthy, wholesome, mature, well adjusted and the like is to get married and have children. We should not be surprised if many girls have drawn the conclusion that the sooner this is accomplished, the better. Many neglect their self-development in favor of what they suppose the young men want. In the list of imagined qualities, being intellectual or "brainy" does not rank very high.

The college of today, then, has its work cut out for it. The residential college in particular selects students carefully, and regards flunking them out as a misfortune for all concerned. It takes considerable responsibility for the motivations and all-round well-being of the students, as well as for their intellectual diet. Thus it tries hard to interest students, to show them the satisfactions of learning, to instill a system of values in which the free use of one's mind looms large.

Here the greatest obstacle, according to our observations, is what might be called the student culture. This is a pattern of values, attitudes, ideas, ways of looking at things, rules of conduct and the like which prevails among the students at a college at any particular time. It is shaped to some extent by what students bring with them from their homes and communities and by what is the going thing in our society at large. But this student culture has an existence of its own and is passed on from one student generation to the next. The major concern of the entering freshman is with acceptance by her fellow students; her highroad to acceptance is by fitting in with the prevailing culture.

The student culture that we have observed at Vassar may have some unique features, but we have good reason to believe it is similar to what may be found in most leading women's colleges today. Some of the major features of this culture are the following:

Toward one another students are expected to be friendly, co-operative, pleasant. Toward the faculty, polite, dutiful, impersonal. The college work is to be taken seriously, but not too seriously. Frivolity is discouraged; but outstanding scholarly work, though tolerated, is not applauded. The emphasis is on moderation, keeping everyone on the same level of behavior and accomplishment. If a student thinks too much or talks too much, if she is either too indifferent or too ambitious, the student culture has effective means for bringing her into line.

"In the old days when capable helpers would live in the house, work long hours for $10 or $15 a week, women could be free for intellectual pursuits. Nowadays someone has to diaper the baby, watch the toddlers and prepare the food. The girls know it's going to be them, unless they can pay out often more than they net by working, often to inferior help. Planning a career — unless they refuse motherhood — just means frustration."
M. J. D.

"The idea that it doesn't take as much intelligence, education and all-round wisdom to raise a family successfully as to have a successful 'career' is just silly."
S. C. R.

"Let's face it, most females between 18 and 25 are out to get a chap."
F. M. P.

WASTED ON WOMEN?

"This raises the whole man-woman question. My son, a Yale senior, has only one 'must' qualification for a wife — she must never, but never, bore him."
L. F.

With respect to ideas and issues, the thing is to be pen-minded and noncontroversial, above all to avoid npleasantness. If an ethical decision has to be made, ıe proper course is to find out what others think.

The student culture largely determines for the enter- g freshman what her attitudes shall be toward dating ıd interest in young men, and these are contrary to hat one might think. For, though most of the girls press a desire to get married very soon after gradua- on and most of them do, the actual interest they take men as such is in reality fairly limited. To "fit in," om the student culture standpoint, calls for a certain nount of dating. But the code frowns on "too much" ıting or taking men too seriously.

Young men are valued not so much for themselves for the status they give a girl in the campus commu- ty. The aim is to be able to speak freely and confi- ntly of the dates one has had. What the man was like, hether or not the girl enjoyed his company, is not so ıportant. Sophomores and juniors have frequently ld us that they date less than they did as freshmen. t seemed to be expected then." Having proved their ›ility to date, the girls feel that now they can relax, ıd not accept invitations if they don't feel like doing so. terest in men is revived among seniors as graduation ıd an end to the security of the student days approach.

There are, of course, exceptions to the dating pat- rn. Here they fall generally into two types. One type nsists of girls who have come to college for the pur- se of making a good marriage, in the social and eco- mic sense; plus gaining the prestige of being known a Vassar girl. These girls usually find the college rk very hard and drop out during or at the end of e second year, having already gained what they wanted t of college.

The girls who make up the other type tend to be su- rior scholars. They are either engaged or deeply in e, but do not feel they must sacrifice their own indi- ualities or their aims for a career if they wish to marry. ith these girls we do not get the impression, as we with so many, that interest in men and in marriage a kind of defense against intellectual development. eir interest in some particular man is real. At the ne time, it does not interfere with their education. One of the main functions of the student culture is to ep the faculty at a respectful distance. It serves as a eld to prevent any deep involvements with courses or as, or any adult relationship with faculty members ıt might threaten the girls' satisfaction with them- ves as they are or with the views they already have.

At any given time, a majority of the girls are accept- ing the student culture and participating in it more or less fully. Only a small minority succeed in remaining entirely aloof. Those whose outlook is quite different from that of the majority tend to drop out of college in the first two years. This is not to say that academic work plays no part. Most students are interested, even enthusiastic, about at least some of their courses and academic achievements. Many freshmen worry a great deal about their ability to keep up, especially those who come directly from public high school. The stu- dent body in general are not indifferent to academic work or unaffected by it. But, except for a minority, the philosophy and aims of the college are not the major influences in the formation of values and habits of life.

For the greater number, the student culture is the prime educational force at work. They use it as a guide- post for getting along with fellow students; for their thinking about men, marriage, and the world in gen- eral; for dealing with the faculty in such a way as to withstand their influence, yet keep relations pleasant. It makes up the central core of values and attitudes to which the students' academic experiences are assimilated.

It will be clear, then, that the task of the faculty is a very difficult one. The materials they would mold are pretty resistant to begin with. The competing influ- ences, that would mold the materials in a different way, are formidable. Yet there is no doubt that by the time they have completed four years at Vassar, students in general have changed in ways that the college desires. Our tests show that seniors, as compared with fresh- men, have more knowledge of their cultural heritage and more highly cultivated tastes and interests. They have greater mental flexibility, greater capacity to sus- pend judgment until the facts are known, greater toler- ance and understanding toward others. They have more insight into themselves, more awareness of inner life. They are more independent and nonconforming, more self-confident, more realistic. And so on.

But nobody claims that the college's batting average is high enough. For that matter, no one knows for sure just how much these changes are due to the college and how much to natural growth. And the fact remains that differences among seniors are large: some have made enormous gains of the sort just described; in others—a great many—the gains have been slight.

But now comes the dilemma for the girl with whom college has "taken." We find that many seniors are thrown into a state of confusion and anxiety. They

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

"Do men really like their women to maintain the 'non-brainy' myth, or have the boys done a little growing up emotionally?"
C. E. D.

"A distinguished analyst says 'men are basically hostile to the intelligent woman,' and 'Men cannot stand competition from women.' Simone de Beauvoir points out that the real problem is to educate men. If we can't do that, then the whole move for women's emancipation and education should never have been made."
V. R. P.

THAT VERY SPECIAL TRIP

Cross-country or across the seven seas, clothes that are good travelers are the ones you bring home saying, "What would I have done without *that?*" Ask any experienced traveler and her first word will be "jersey" or "knitted wool." Even if not worn at the take-off, its warmth is needed in the Rockies or the Alps, on a cool day in London, Edinburgh or San Francisco. For hot-weather departures and destinations, the silk suit or jacket dress is vital and with changes becomes a "little wardrobe" in itself.

Slim sheathlike dresses take the least room in your suitcase, whisk out, hang up and can be slipped into most easily without petticoat complications. Flat pleated skirts and box jackets are easy packers too. The little black dress in silk crepe is back in fashion—unthinkable to go anywhere without it. Chiffon is at the height of its glory—makes you feel relaxed and feminine. Travel-light additions: cashmere sweaters, a crownless black leghorn hat, silk turbans and scarves, flower wreaths, sandals with ribbon-thin straps. Travel colors? Gray, beige, black and white—but don't deny yourself the fun of red, blue, pale yellow. They *do* co-ordinate. This wardrobe weighs in at 30 pounds.* You can add or subtract depending on your plans.

*Giving you ample allowance for lingerie, cosmetics, and so on.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Any hot summer day, you'll take off best in a silk suit. This is in Shantung, the shade of blue that does not soil easily, by Vincent Draddy. Crushable white straw hat, patent-leather bag.



This dress could be packed in an envelope! In caning-printed linen, cool and useful for treasure hunting in the shops, by Donal Brooks. Soft ribbon cloche by Suzy, bag by Arnold Garay.

taking off by air,

land or sea with a wardrobe

of exciting clothes...

right any time or place...



You never have to worry about a print. This non-spot blue silk by Suzanne has a reversible wool cape, is worn with a featherweight chiffon turban by Suzy.

Coat for any continent, or any means of travel. In red wool jersey with brass buttons by Morton Davis. The navy-blue knitted dress is a "twenty-four-hour wonder," for day or evening. Bag by R. Moscowitz.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

THAT VERY SPECIAL TRIP



International—the shirtwaist dress in silk or cotton.
This one by Mr. Nino. cummerbund by Helen Lynch.



The wonderful freshness of white Arnel sharkskin in a skirt and shirt by Ann Masie.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHM

Who would dream of traveling without a sweater and skirt? Blue cashmere, blue flannel. with a cotton Paisley blouse by Ted Fell that doubles with shorts.



A bathing suit that is a perfect wardrobe of bathing suits! Cotton knit by Mary Blair. Beach coat is warp-printed cotton.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT LA COQUILLE



iffon might have been invented for travel.
e yellow, with a sweater, by Morgan Fauth.



That inestimable little black silk crepe, by
Bill Blass. Crownless leghorn, John Frederics.



Brilliant—this red silk-damask dress can
be worn at more hours than almost any other.





No better evening dress could be
dreamed of. Long printed nylon chiffon with a
short basque bodice. light as air. by Nettie Rosenstein.

From the word "go"—a gray wool-jersey suit
looks right around the world. By Morton Davis. Travel
bag should be large, hat small. Polka-dot turban, Mr. John.

YOUR PRETTIEST DRESS IS COTTON

By RUTH MARY PACKARD



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Striped chambray in a young dress to be worn for daytime or dancing, by Liz Roth. We suggest yellow kidskin slippers by Ben Sommers, fresh flowers in pale yellow.



PRIGENT

Puff-sleeve fashion in the newest, prettiest shirtwaist dress of the season. Sheer lilac cotton, a two-piece style worn over a camisole for afternoons in the country or at a country club. By Vincent Draddy.



Left: Cotton print trimmed with velvet ribbon, by Estevez, made over a blue-and-green lining to give it grace and shapeliness.



PRIGENT

The most feminine print in sheer
hand-loomed Indian cotton in sweet-pea shades by
Clare Potter. John Frederics' lacy straw hat.



Puffed sleeves—a dress with tremendous gaiety for
a special weekend or any summer afternoon.
In checked gingham by Marie Ravel.





Above—Spring or summer nights in
a long cotton dress. This blue plaid with
a cotton-lace blouse is by Kenneth Tischler.

Matching printed cotton dress and slippers,
in blue and green, a fashion for many occasions
by Dan Keller. Pumps by Ben Sommers.

Vacationers' delight

This wardrobe was designed for vacationers on the go. It travels well—from the easy comfort of the designs to the easy care of the fabrics. The lovely blue Orlon-and-wool cape is a topper for everything. It combines with its matching skirt, to look like a suit. The blue-and-white polka-dot Arnel-jersey spectator dress comes out of a suitcase without a wrinkle and can be washed and drip-dried overnight. The pink-and-white Dacron and cotton is an enchanting afternoon dress; it, too, washes and needs only a touch-up of a travel iron. The yellow Arnel-sharkskin dress (lovely under the blue cape) has a crisp finish that resists dirt. The white sweater of nylon and wool is waist-length, has three-quarter sleeves. If you don't have time to knit it before your vacation, take the yarn and directions and make it en route. The wardrobe itself is complete enough for a stay of a week or a month. You will find the very same, or similar, fabrics in the fabric department of your favorite store.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



If you are looking for a fabric that really travels well, this is it! Arnel jersey in a pale blue-and-white dot not only is comfortable to wear but doesn't wrinkle and washes with great ease. The trim bodice has three-quarter sleeves and a tie neckline. You can make it for under $10.00. Vogue Design No. 9178.



LEOMBRUNO - BODI

The backbone of this wardrobe is this lovely blue Orlon-and-wool cape. It has comfortable arm slits in the seams and fastens with brass buttons. The matching back-wrap skirt is comfortable to sit in and also, although it looks slim, is wonderfully easy for walking. The white rayon-linen blouse is brass-buttoned. The white felt hat folds into your suitcase, the white straw-cloth bag wipes clean with a damp cloth. Cape, Vogue Design No. 9089; skirt, No. 9177; blouse, No. 8971.



This pale yellow Arnel-sharkskin dress has a fresh, immaculate look. The fabric resists dirt and holds its shape. The design has a pretty open neckline and stitched pleats on the bodice and unpressed pleats in the skirt. Vogue Design No. 9143.

WHITE FELT HAT BY ELIZABETH MARKS
WHITE BELT WITH BAMBOO BUCKLE BY BEN KING



Pale aqua nylon chiffon over nylon crepe makes this romantic evening dress—so pretty under the blue cape. The gathered skirt is four yards wide and the bodice is draped halter fashion. Vogue Design No. 9180.



No travel wardrobe would be complete without a completely washable, quick-drying nightgown and peignoir. This delightful pair in Dacron and cotton—the coat embroidered in roses and trimmed with a matching beading. Vogue Design No. 9179.



This pink-and-white-striped Dacron-and-cotton shirtwaist is accented with pink rickrack. The lovely full skirt has a wide border of horizontal stripes at the bottom. Add two bright pink roses at the waistline. Vogue Design No. 9181.



Slim purple slacks of acetate and rayon are topped with an easy shirt of pink Acrilan. Add a brilliant chartreuse cummerbund. The shirt can also be worn with the blue skirt. Slacks, Vogue Design No. 8908; shirt, No. 9139.

The same pink shirt worn with shorts of cherry-red ribbed Orlon and wool. The waist-length sweater is nylon and wool with a cable design. Shorts, Vogue Design No. 9165. Sweater, Journal Pattern No. 2901.*

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OTHER VIEWS AND PRICES ON PAGE 213. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5 cents additional for each pattern ordered.

*Order sweater pattern from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Price, 25 cents. Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.



THE DURABLE FIRE

By HOWARD SWIGGETT

Stephen Lowry understood every reason why he should not go to meet Jim Peale . . . but he knew the one reason he had to.

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II. After years of Government service abroad, Stephen Lowry returned to New York with his lovely Estonian wife, Rosalie, whom he had met during the war. He accepted a vice-presidency at Continental Industries Corporation, headed by Edward Rutledge, but at first was less interested in C.I.C. than in writing a book he and Rosalie called "Principal Errors." Soon, however, he became absorbed in big business and in the rivalry among his fellow officers—Peale, Evans, Hewett and Curtis—for the position Tom Johnson would vacate when Rutledge retired and Johnson became chairman in his stead. Lowry thought his old friend Jim Peale seemed much too anxious for the promotion, and much too attracted to Rosalie. He also worried about Peale's secretive behavior during C.I.C.'s negotiations to buy another company, Larus; Lowry suspected Peale had unethically "bought" information about the company from Dolly, Lowry's unscrupulous brother.

In Paris on business, Lowry enjoyed a reunion with Rosalie's brother, Armas Lainvee—the only Lainvee besides Rosalie who had escaped the horrible invasion of Tallin by Russian troops in 1940. Later, talking with Daran, a business associate from Caracas, Lowry learned facts that indicated Peale might have embezzled money from C.I.C. Shocked, he cabled Peale he was flying immediately to New York.

That day Rosalie, happy over a successful house-hunting venture, was startled by a visit from Peale. Pale and distraught, he revealed his infatuation for her, and his fear that Lowry was returning because Daran had repeated the vicious lie Peale had told him in Caracas: that Rosalie, during the invasion of Tallin, had been the willing mistress of the Russian commander.

III

On the plane Lowry was the prey of bitter depression. It was an article of his faith to scorn advice if he was going to do something, however generous or quixotic, *for* someone. But here he had to do something *to* someone and he would have welcomed the advice of anyone who could show him a way to avoid it. All the way west, he ransacked his mind to find some explanation of the transfer that was not a guilty one, or some way he could avoid being the agent of his friend's ruin. It was selfish, doubtless, to consider himself, but this ugly business, like a spreading blot on clean paper, would stain all the happiness of his life. A hostile occupying power would be in possession of Rosalie's and his life together for how long he did not know.

So, also, Rosalie felt as she caught a glimpse of him through the customs window at Idlewild. She ran to throw her arms around him and kiss him, and tired travelers smiled a little at the pleasant sight. He seemed to her half aloof and distrait even when he kissed her.

"You're alone?" was the first thing he asked.

"Yes."

They walked arm in arm to the car the company had sent her out in, and as he looked back for his porter she said, "Darling, I know there's some trouble about Jim and something he's done. Don't let it spoil your coming home to me."

"How do you know?"

"He came to the apartment. He was very upset. He didn't say what it was except it was something in Caracas that could be put right. Is that what it is?"

"Well, it's in Caracas. I hope it can be put right."

"It's nothing affecting you and me directly?"

"Of course not," he said, kissing her again.

Oh, she thought, *now the skies can fall and I will shoulder them.*

"But if it's what it looks like, it will be ghastly for all of us and ruin for Jim. Dear, it looks as though he had embezzled fifty thousand dollars from the company."

"Oh," she gasped, "I had no idea! Why, while he was there Mr. Johnson came and no one would have known anything was the matter."

"Let us hope I'm wrong. It's always possible: If I am not, I have the horrible duty of accusing and ruining him. It's almost more than I can stand to think of——"

"What will you do first?"

"Oh, see him at once and give him every chance."

His baggage was stowed in the trunk and they got into the car, Lowry pressing the release of the window which shut them off from the chauffeur.

"Our new house isn't far from here," Rosalie told him. "I wanted you to see it on the way in. I suppose now that's spoiled too. It's a precious place. What do you think?"

He shook his head bitterly. "I don't think I can. This is really so ghastly."

"It's all right. I understand. Tell me how the children sounded."

They tried to talk of the children, and Armas and their old haunts in Paris, and the new house, but it was an effort, the end of which led constantly back to Peale.

In the apartment they kissed for a moment, standing in the bedroom, and then he sat down to dial Peale's number.

"Sandwich? Some coffee?" she whispered.

"After I have a shower and a change of clothes," he said, and then, "Jim, I've just arrived. I'd like to come to see you, if it's ——" He stopped short of the word "agreeable" and fumbled for another.

"Come ahead."

"I'll be there in about half an hour."

"I'll still be here in an hour," Peale answered.

When Lowry was ready to go, Rosalie kissed him and said, "Darling, I know how terrible this may be for you. All my heart goes with you."

He held her to him a moment. "It worries me," he said, "that someone from the company may call you. I don't want anyone to know I've gone directly there until I'm sure there's no solution of it. Can you stand not answering the phone if it rings?"

"Yes, I won't answer."

Peale was alone in his apartment when Lowry reached there. He came to the door, tall and straight, gray flannel trousers well pressed, a fresh white shirt unbuttoned at the collar, street shoes polished. His thin, serious face had its spiritual look, and a lock of dark hair, usually smoothly brushed, fell across his forehead. He said, "I almost forgot and said I was glad to see you."

"I am glad to see you," Lowry replied with a pat on the shoulder. They walked into the living room full of beautiful things, with the painting of Evelyn and the children looking down from over the fireplace.

"Do you want a drink? There's still some unpaid-for liquor in the apartment. I've let the servants go."

"Of course not," Lowry said, drawing a long breath. "Look, can you tell me straight off that there's nothing wrong in this Morval thing and that I've made a great fool of myself? You must know how terribly I feel about it."

"If you feel so terribly, couldn't you have given me some chance to fix it? Did you have to cable, did you have to rush back here?"

"Then it is true?"

"It's true that I took the money. Are you going to Rutledge about it?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DE MERS

A WORLD



At the time of his seventh birthday, Ben was learning to read, but writing was impossible. "There seemed to be no way to teach him to hold a pencil."

By Lou Myrtis Vining

The day was July 24, 1951. The taxi driver whistled across Fifth Avenue. My husband, our seventeen-year-old son and I held our breath. "What's that address again?" the driver asked.

"Four hundred East Thirty-fourth Street," I answered. "The Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation."

The monumental granite structure came into sight. A spray of sound marked the river on our left. Sunlight fired the shaft of the Empire State Building. Three or four men, a basket of peaches and a green-tinged bottle outlined windows in the tenements that rounded the corner. But the institute was shining new.

My husband and I were quiet as we supported Ben, who could not walk. Would this building light new lamps for us, open new doors for our cerebrally palsied son?

"Won't you be seated?" The girl at the reception desk had a ramrod back. "We must confirm the appointment."

Nurses and patients hurried by. Memory traced statistics again—seven cerebrally palsied infants born each year in every 100,000 of population. I reached into my purse and drew out Dr. George Deaver's letter in answer to my inquiry about bringing Ben to the institute.

Certain sentences caught my attention: "There is no value in what a person has in his head—it is only what he can get out of the head which has a salable value. . . . If you can bring Ben to New York for a week, I will be glad to evaluate his physical, mental, social and vocational possibilities."

The receptionist said, "Take Ben to the third floor. Use the wheel chair to the left."

We moved slowly down the hall and entered the elevator. As it moved upward, I was remembering the world outside.

Episodes, sharp, clear, flashed in front of me—days, nights, towns, cities, railroad journeys in between. Suddenly I was seeing the sun on the Lost Mountains. Ben and his brothers laughing over their quiz game. The polished speed of the elevator seemed to intensify these pictures of our family life, the world we had tried to give our son.

I remembered Saturday, November 11, 1933. From the windows of the Nan Travis Hospital in Jacksonville, Texas, I watched the fog seep into the middle Texas hollows and recalled a line from W. B. Yeats: "And the mountain and woods have their day, have their day."

Fog was having its day, I thought, and the pains were growing almost unbearable. Yet the mind, always stubborn, was sending thoughts inappropriate to the pain. Instead of the baby about to be born, I thought suddenly of the yellow gourds and plum blossoms of a Texas spring and that now, in the fall, black haw was ripening deep on Blue Branch.

Screams from the next room pierced the air. "Oh, God!" The voice was strange, weird. "Oh, God, they've killed my baby!"

"What?" I jumped up in bed.

"Her son was just killed in an automobile accident," the nurse answered.

Her son was dead; and my son, Bennett Vining Pinckney, in that moment was born, before our family physician, Dr. J. M. Travis, reached the hospital room.

Ben's life, his battle for survival, became my life, my chance of survival too.

My husband, whose name signed the American Constitution, had not weathered the depression; nor had our marriage. Ben cannot remember his life for a month in the hospital incubator, the respirator, skilled hands doing all that could be done for a premature, three-pound infant. He cannot remember my tears upon the pillow as I begged the doctor over and over, "Please, doctor, please don't let my baby die."

The doctor worked on and Ben did not die. Finally Doctor Travis said, "You can take your baby home, but his life hangs on a thread. *Even if he lives, his chances are not good.*"

Ben cannot remember my mother's tall farmhouse, the patches of peaches and pine trees in Middle Texas. There was no understanding in his eyes when for six months mother and I stood beside his electrically wired clothesbasket to sing "Rockaby, baby"; or when Paul, his brother only fourteen months older, gilded the hour with cries of "Chicky Locky, Chicky Locky" from the clean sand of the side yard. But at leas Ben could not feel the cold of that bitter Texa winter.

Fireplaces heated the farmhouse, and ho ashes from the dying logs heated the bottle tha the doctor directed be given to Ben every hou of the day and night for six months.

Besides Ben, there were all the farm duties o a Texas spring and winter—possums to chas from the tomato-hotbed flues, droopy lantern to light my brother Minyard's way to the col frame.

My mother and I would stand by Ben' clothesbasket and hear my sister-in-law, Callie call, "Hurry up, Paul, and you can go to Sunda school with me"; or, "How would you like som good warm milk fresh from the cow?"

Paul, eyes big with wonder, took small notic of the improvised incubator or its small occu pant.

In June, when Ben was seven months old, approached my mother: "Nonie, there are doc tors somewhere who must see Ben. I can go bac to teaching if you will come along to take care o the boys."

Nonie smiled. "Where will you teach?"

"I'll answer an ad." We both laughed.

I answered a West Texas ad, and M. D. Lakey superintendent of Fabens, Texas, El Pas County schools, wired me to come for an inter view at the Baker Hotel in Dallas.

Two babies and three depression years ha depleted my wardrobe. The only costume left in tact and unworn was a pair of Russian-styl lounging pajamas. I also had an odd set of solid silver spoons, a wedding present, yet unboxed Armed with spoons and pajamas, I boarde the morning bus for Tyler. The spoons went fo a hat and an upswept permanent. On anothe side street I found a shop that would give me good basic dress for the Russian pajamas.

Teacher applicants swarmed the Baker Hote that day in Dallas—teachers taller, brighter

FOR MY SON

"Could we do it? Could we prove . . .

that a family with a cruelly handicapped child

could live a normal life . . . could be happy?"

more stylish than I. But Ben's need in my eyes, unmentioned, must have got me the job.

We rode the Texas Pacific's train to Fabens in August. I had been appointed English teacher in the high school.

Ben cannot remember the thousand-mile ride in a day coach when curious eyes peered at the still, small form on the pillow. Though there was no blemish of body, no curvature of bone, Ben could not turn in bed, sit, hold up his head or grasp an object.

Nonie, wheat plaits stolidly around her head, held Ben quietly, firmly. Nonie —— This day-coach trip gave me time to stop and think about my mother.

She has never owned a jewel or an evening gown. Her favorite book is Charles M. Sheldon's In His Steps, and her hymn, Jesus, Lover of My Soul. She'd "gone before the Board," as they called it in those days, in 1889, to earn a life teaching certificate by passing twenty-eight subjects. Then she had sailed in a steamer down Red River to teach her first school at Grappe's Bluff, Louisiana. Her schoolteaching dollars helped her father, Matthew Wills Martin, to pay off his debt on one thousand acres of East Texas land. "I owed it to him," she always explained briefly, "for my bringing up."

Paul, going on two, cried "Look" as the train entered the desert. Our world was suddenly the fringed soil of the Trans-Pecos, sandy, level, with plains of gama and buffalo grass crossed by several spires of the Rockies—Guadalupe Peak rising to nearly 9000 feet.

Then the train stopped. We were in Fabens, on the Rio Grande, with the Great American Desert as close as the next side street.

I approached a group of Mexicans. "Could you tell me ——"

"No spik Engles."

There were no taxis, no automobiles in sight. A row of salt cedars lined the irrigation ditches. The town was a cluster of adobe structures.

The station agent drove us to our furnished one-room-plus-kitchenette-and-bath adobe which we had rented by mail from Dennis Currie for $18 a month. The building was one of many converted Army barracks built around a common courtyard.

Mr. Myers drove away and I peered through a window. "Why—it's empty. There isn't a stick of furniture."

Nonie laughed and suddenly it was funny. "I'll sit on the floor and hold Ben," she said. "You see if you can find Mr. Currie."

Mr. Currie was smilingly apologetic. His wife had thought we would arrive tomorrow. Yes, he could bring a cot for Paul. He didn't know whether he could get a rocker for mother or not.

"And a hammer!" mother exclaimed, wheat plaits loosened, face tinged with red. "I have to have a rocking chair and a hammer!"

I cooked breakfast on Mrs. Currie's stove. And the next day we had neighbors, furniture—including a rocking chair and a hammer—a ranch dove fry for the teachers, and on Monday following the opening of school.

All that fall when I came home from school in the afternoon, I'd talk of my students, play with Paul and watch Ben for a small sign of improvement, for one look of intelligence in his eyes. I'd ask mother, "Did you try to sit him in anything today?"

"Yes, I tried a seat made out of an orange crate. The pasteboard box I cut for him yesterday gave way."

Beautiful boxes! How many shapes and sizes we used, leaving the sides for arms, cutting holes in the end for Ben's feet to come through. The boxes served where all types of chairs failed because the very narrowness of the box aided in holding his shoulders and spine.

Ben did not improve. There was no co-ordination of muscular movement. True, his body was growing, and looked perfect. Nonie and I massaged it every day in warm water.

With a little money saved, we began our search for help with Doctor C, children's specialist in El Paso.

Perhaps it's well that Ben cannot remember the many doctors' words in many cities. And parents should realize that doctors, out of great or small knowledge, may be mistaken.

"He has *congenital myatonia*, a rare muscular affliction," Doctor C told us. "There are only a few cases in medical history. Every muscle in his body, with the exception of the sphincters, is paralyzed. He'll probably die before the age of three or four. He'll never sit up or walk."

A German specialist, Doctor G, at the Children's Hospital in Denver called in three other specialists. Nonie and I sat quietly and watched the examination with rubber hammers, pinpricks and tape measures. When they had finished, Doctor G spoke:

"Your son undoubtedly had a cerebral hemorrhage at the time of his birth. There is no operation—there is nothing we can do. But if you will gauge his growth in terms of years instead of months, you will live to see him walk."

His voice was kind, measured as he continued, "He is normal mentally. Take these exercises. Follow them patiently and regularly."

Oh, to believe those four words! To believe them in the morning when we spooned the oatmeal, at noon as we fed the applesauce, and in the evening, watching Paul pull toy trains about the living room.

The superintendent in Fabens had outlined special courses for me to take at the University of Colorado, graduate courses in English and speech; speech to help me help Ben if words ever came, drama courses to help me coach the one-act plays in Fabens. Between classes I studied and helped Nonie give the exercises recommended by the doctor:

Leg Exercise 1: *Grasp the feet of the child so that the finger lies on the sole of the foot with the foot turned in, and alternately bend and straighten the legs. Begin slowly and increase in rapidity until a running movement is reached. Also exercise the legs with circular movements, but do not pull on the hip joints.*

The same exercises were directed for the CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE-
IN-ONE-ISSUE
CONDENSED
NON-FICTION BOOK



GEORGE R. GOLIA

A lake near Wilton, Maine

Before the crowd gathered–

America the Beautiful





ROY ATKESON

Mt. Hood and Lost Lake, Oregon



ROBERT MOREHOUSE

Sawmill River Parkway
near Tuckahoe, N.Y.

DEBIT · CREDIT **You — and all other Americans — have just paid a bill. A big bill — $50,000,000. That's what it cost us last year to clean up those "everybody does it" trash borders from America's primary highways alone.**

Last year's budget for operating the United Nations — for forging a world weapon for world peace — was $48,250,700.

Proud of the vastness and natural beauty of our country, Americans spend millions of dollars to maintain parks, national forests, gardened roadsides as highly cherished possessions of us all. If some malicious enemy wanted to hurt us deeply he could deal us no greater blow—short of utter destruction—than to blight the beauty and freshness of our woodlands, pollute our streams, ruin our parks, and leave us an unhappy people, haunted by the memory of the beauty which is lost.

If we had such an enemy, he need not lift a finger, for *we are doing the same thing ourselves*. Our forests are going up in flames started in trash *we* leave when we picnic, or by cigarettes *we* throw from cars. Our wild flowers are disappearing under a smothering mulch of beer cans, soft-drink bottles and cleansing tissues which *we* deposit upon them. Our streams are choked with *our* discarded refuse. Our roadsides and often our parks are littered with tons upon tons upon tons of garbage: tin cans, pasteboard cartons, newspapers, old shoes, junked cars—almost anything we have ever used *we* blithely throw away to become one more mark against our national conscience and one more blot on the landscape!

When America was growing up in a headlong rush, the land was beautiful and full of promise. And if it looked a little less beautiful where we had passed—well, what was one abandoned campfire, one broken discarded wheel, one cast horseshoe? There was so much country you could hardly see those small scattered things. Eventually the wind and the sun and the rain would take care of them. And besides, *it was a free country, wasn't it?* And freedom means the right to do as you choose—what else could it mean?

"I like to see a man
proud of the place in which he lives;
I like to see a man live in it
so his place will be proud of him."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



After the Ball

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22 (AP)—Glitter and litter, you might say, marked yesterday's inaugural parade. The Sanitation Department announced today that ninety tons of rubbish was collected along the parade route after the pageant had ended and the spectators had left.

er the crowd went away

A once-beautiful roadside in New England

s fast becoming a Public Dump Heap

Where the wagon trains led, railroads followed. Then highways and cars—and more cars. The big beautiful country seemed to get smaller. The wide-open spaces we used to sing about seemed to shrink as the towns grew closer together, strung out along the highways like knots on a ribbon. And the country wasn't all beautiful any longer. The roads wore ragged borders of old papers, rusty cans, broken glass. The town dump was often the first thing you saw as the road entered a settlement. Sometimes the last thing you saw as you left the same town was its rusting auto graveyard.

And you began to wonder. Now and then as somebody rolled down the window to toss out another piece of trash, you might say uneasily, "Maybe you'd better not do that. We don't flutter our *houses* that way." Somebody would shrug and say, "It's a free country, isn't it?"

Of course it is. And throwing litter is such a small thing. Everybody does it. Of course it's a free country. And it's our country, and what we do with it is our own responsibility. The old question about freedom has a deeper meaning than we first thought. Freedom isn't just "the right to do as you choose." In small matters as in large, the answer comes out the same.

FREEDOM IS RESPONSIBILITY

None of us is a vandal at heart. Not one of us means deliberately to befoul the land we live in, and most will be shocked at the accusation. Yet there are millions of us, and if each of us does only a little, then the resulting total damage is tremendous If you have ever discarded carelessly so much as a chewing-gum wrapper or a cigarette butt, if you've ever tossed away an advertising leaflet, or emptied a car ash tray along the roadside, then you, too, have contributed to the overpowering mess of garbage that is engulfing the country. *We are all guilty.* And no matter how we deplore the "litterbug" or how many millions we spend trying to erase his loathsome trail, we will make little headway at controlling the problem until we realize that this is a matter of individual, personal responsibility; until each one of us makes up his or her mind *never* again to discard anything at all—not even a used match—except in proper receptacles.

It's as simple as that.



WIDE WORLD

Litter started this brush fire along a western highway



DON OLLIS

Careless picnickers leave a California beach park

GILBERT PRENTISS



"People used to say, 'Feature by feature, Joanne is a pretty girl'—but as a fatty, the features were sometimes hard to find. I was 'only' 200 pounds when this was taken. The other 23 pounds were on their way."



"The only place I had the nerve to wear shorts was in our own back yard. I've taken 7" off my waist since this was taken."



"In this picture there are 70 pounds *less* of me. I weigh 153 pounds. My doctor considers 145 ideal for my height of 5'10". I'm so glad I lost my weight before entering college last fall. Imagine a 200-pound-plus girl in a strapless lace formal!"

"I'm on the right—all 223 pounds of me. Joann, a high-school classmate, looks small enough—and young enough—to be my daughter!"



FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

JOANNE'S BEFORE-AND-AFTER MEASUREMENTS

BEFORE		AFTER
5'10"	HEIGHT	5'10"
223 pounds	WEIGHT	153 pounds
43"	BUST	38"
34"	WAIST	27"
44"	HIPS	39"
40	DRESS SIZE	16

MONDAY

BREAKFAST	
Sliced orange	
Oatmeal (¾ cup, ½ cup nonfat milk)	1
Coffee, black	
CALORIES	2
LUNCH	
Broiled chopped-steak patty	1
Broccoli (½ cup), lemon juice	
Tomato stuffed with cottage cheese and chives	
Rye wafers (2)	
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	
CALORIES	4
DINNER	
Beef bouillon	
My own "chef's salad" (mixed vegetables with one slice luncheon meat cut into thin strips), lemon juice	2
Protein toast, lightly buttered	1
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	
CALORIES	4
Total calories for day	10

Joanne is in the kitchen Counting out her Calories

Nineteen-year-old amateur pastry chef Joanne Magorien, of Mission Hill, South Dakota, weighed 223 pounds before she realized she was beginning to look like one of her own cream puffs. Here, in an interview, Joanne gives her recipe for reducing 70 pounds in six months.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

JOANNE (*sitting facing the window with sunlight streaming in on her peaches-and-cream complexion and putting high lights in her wheat-colored hair*): Baking is my hobby! (*Blue eyes brighten at the thought of all the goodies she has popped into the oven and into the mouths of appreciative brothers, sisters and friends.*) I could have fun baking twenty-five pies in one morning. In fact, I did recently for a church luncheon.

MRS. MAGORIEN (*beaming with pride for her pretty, talented daughter*): Our farmhouse smells as good as a pastry shop. Joanne's cherry-pie recipe won second prize in the 4-H Club state contest last year.

JOANNE: It's my gingerbread men I love. I put sugar buttons on their coats and frost their faces and then ——

DAWN NORMAN (*starving, just before lunchtime*): Stop! I can't stand it! Besides, we're here to talk about your diet.

DOTTIE ROBINSON: It's easy to see how you ate your way up to 223 pounds, Joanne, but how did it feel to be up there?

JOANNE (*face clouding at the memory*): Miserable! I felt just as hopeless as I looked. At our high-school Christmas concert the other girls arrived in clouds of fluffy tulle and organdy. I waddled to the affair in a somber crepe dinner dress with a prim v neck in a size 40. It looked old enough for mother.

MRS. MAGORIEN: It was too matronly for me—something *my* mother might have worn. And I had to shop all day, going all the way to Sioux City to find it. Shops nearer us simply didn't carry dresses large enough to fit Joanne. That's why I had to make most of her clothes. I felt so sorry for her that evening I could have cried. She was only fourteen, but she looked old enough to be one of the chaperons.

JOANNE: Mother and daddy pleaded with me to diet. They even took my allowance away so I wouldn't be able to buy fatty foods. But it didn't stop me from eating. I'd just go out in the kitchen and whip up my own favorites.

DOTTIE: What were they?

JOANNE: For breakfast I used to eat pancakes smothered in butter and maple sirup—as many as I could hold—a fried egg, three strips of bacon, two glasses of milk, chocolate layer cake (left over). Before lunch, I'd put away three or four doughnuts or candy CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

MONDAY

BREAKFAST	
Orange juice (4 oz.)	
Poached egg on whole-wheat toast (1 slice, lightly buttered)	1
Crisp bacon (2 slices)	
Coffee, black	
CALORIES	3
LUNCH	
Tuna casserole	3
Tomato-and-lettuce salad	
Fresh pear	
Vanilla wafers (2)	
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	
CALORIES	5
DINNER	
Chopped-steak patties (2)	3
Peas with mushrooms (½ cup)	
Tossed salad (carrot, tomato, onion, lettuce), lemon juice	
Fresh fruit gelatin	1
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	
CALORIES	5
Total calories for day	13

She reduced!

Reducing diet week

Approximately 1000 calories a day

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Grapefruit juice (4 oz.) 50 Poached egg on whole-wheat toast (1 slice, lightly buttered) 170 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 220	Fresh peach 50 Ready-to-eat cereal (¾ cup, ½ cup nonfat milk, 1 tsp. sugar) 145 Nonfat milk (4 oz.) 45 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 240	Orange juice (4 oz.) 65 Crisp bacon (2 slices) 65 Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, lightly buttered) 100 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 230	Grape juice (4 oz.) 90 Boiled egg 70 Whole-grain toast (1 slice, lightly buttered) 100 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 260	Grapefruit juice (4 oz.) 50 Hot whole-grain cereal (¾ cup, ¼ cup nonfat milk, no sugar) 135 Crisp bacon (2 slices) 65 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 250	(I splurged on Sundays!) Orange juice (4 oz.) 65 Pancakes (2) with sirup (3 tbsp.) 250 Sausage 60 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 375
Broiled steak (4 oz.) 250 Julienne string beans (½ cup) 30 Cherry gelatin 100 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 465	Half grapefruit (small) 75 Broiled pork chop (fat trimmed) 200 Spinach, lemon juice 20 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 380	Baked meat loaf (1 large slice) 150 Peas with sliced mushrooms 65 Shredded-carrot-and-cabbage salad 30 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 330	Broiled whitefish 100 Asparagus (6 stalks) 15 Broiled tomato 30 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 230	Broiled chopped-steak patty 150 Broiled tomato 30 Steamed carrots 30 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 295	Broiled chicken (½ broiler) 100 Broccoli, lemon juice 20 Half baked potato (1 small pat butter) 75 Sliced-tomato salad 30 Apple pie (small slice) 150 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 460
Baked beans (½ cup) and frankfurter (1) casserole 215 Mixed green salad, lemon juice 30 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 330 Total calories for day 1015	Scrambled eggs (2 eggs, 1 tsp. butter) 165 Stewed tomatoes (½ cup) 25 Tossed green salad, lemon juice 30 Whole-grain toast (1 slice, lightly buttered) 100 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 405 Total calories for day 1025	Hamburg-tomato-and-macaroni casserole (seasoned with onion and spices), small serving 275 Fresh fruit salad (¼ grapefruit, ½ orange, ¼ banana) 130 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 490 Total calories for day 1050	Tuna casserole 300 Carrot-string-bean-and-cabbage salad 30 Fruit-flavored gelatin 100 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 515 Total calories for day 1005	Chicken salad (chicken mixed with 1 tbsp. of mayonnaise, chopped celery and pickle) 270 Asparagus (6 stalks) 15 Fruit-flavored gelatin 100 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 470 Total calories for day 1015	Beef bouillon 20 Cold broiled chicken (¼ broiler) 50 Tossed green salad, lemon juice 30 Deviled egg 100 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 285 Total calories for day 1120

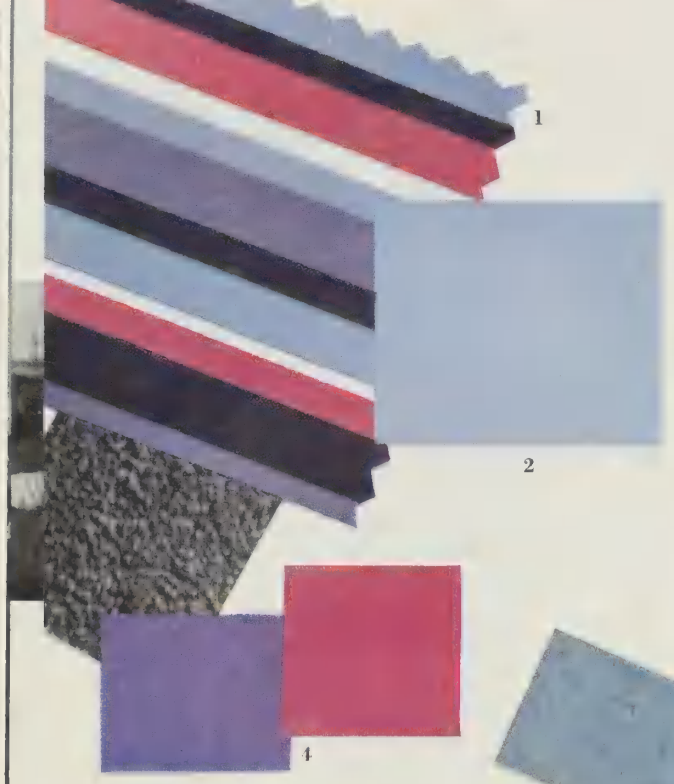
She stays reduced!

Maintenance diet week

Approximately 1400 calories a day

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Half grapefruit 100 Ready-to-eat cereal (¾ cup, ½ cup nonfat milk, 1 tsp. sugar) 145 Boiled egg 70 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 315	Sliced orange 80 Boiled egg 70 Whole-grain toast (1 slice, lightly buttered) 100 Sausage 60 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 395	Grapefruit juice (4 oz.) 50 Scrambled eggs (2) with 1 tsp. butter 165 Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, lightly buttered) 100 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 315	Orange juice (4 oz.) 65 Oatmeal (¾ cup, ¼ cup nonfat milk) 120 Boiled egg 70 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 255	Grapefruit sections (½ cup) 50 Scrambled egg (1 tsp. butter) 95 Crisp bacon (2 slices) 65 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 210	Grapefruit juice (4 oz.) 50 Pancakes (2) with sirup (3 tbsp.) 250 Sausage 60 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 360
Roast pork (1 medium slice) 100 Spinach (½ cup) lemon juice 20 Applesauce (½ cup) 135 Large mixed green salad, 1 tbsp. Roquefort dressing 85 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 425	Baked beans (½ cup) and frankfurter (2) casserole 315 Sliced-tomato salad, 1 tbsp. French dressing 100 Toasted roll (1 small pat butter) 125 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 625	Roast beef (2 medium slices) 200 Broccoli (½ cup) 20 Kidney-bean salad with ½ chopped egg, chopped celery and onion 150 Rye wafers (2) 60 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 515	Broiled whitefish (1 medium slice) 100 Steamed corn (½ cup) 100 Vegetable salad (large) with 1 tbsp. French dressing 170 Whole-wheat toast (1 slice, lightly buttered) 100 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 555	Vegetable soup (bowl) 170 Roast-beef-and-lettuce sandwich (1 large piece of roast beef) 300 Fresh peach 50 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 605	Broiled chicken (½ broiler) 100 Julienne string beans (½ cup) 30 Mashed potatoes (½ cup) 100 Mixed green salad, 1 tbsp. Roquefort dressing 85 Apple pie (If I've stuck to my diet all week) 230 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 630
Broiled steak 250 French string beans (½ cup) 30 Baked potato (medium with 1 pat butter) 150 Angel-food cake (small slice) 100 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 615 Total calories for day 1355	Baked ham (2 medium slices) 200 Asparagus (6 stalks) 15 Tossed salad (cucumber, radish, onion, tomato, lettuce), lemon juice 30 Orange sherbet (½ cup) 100 Coffee, black 0 CALORIES 345 Total calories for day 1365	Vegetable soup (¾ cup) 85 Peach (2 halves) and cottage-cheese salad (4 tbsp.) with 1 tbsp. French dressing 205 Toasted roll, 1 small pat butter 125 Vanilla wafers (2) 40 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 540 Total calories for day 1370	Tomato consommé (¾ cup 80 Tuna-salad sandwich 275 Fresh fruit gelatin 110 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 550 Total calories for day 1360	Broiled steak (small) 200 Steamed carrots (½ cup) 30 Tossed salad (tomato, cucumber, radishes, lettuce), 1 tbsp. French dressing 100 Boiled vanilla custard (½ cup) 130 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 545 Total calories for day 1360	Tomato consommé 80 Fresh fruit salad (½ orange, ½ banana, 1 pear, ¼ slice pineapple) 170 Angel-food cake (small piece) 100 Nonfat milk (8 oz.) 85 CALORIES 435 Total calories for day 1425

Foolproof Color Schemes



Left: *Alternate Scheme. For lighter woods, a more modern air, the swatches at left are suggested. Inexpensive and handsome, these could be combined in many different ways. For blue walls they will look best in the following proportions:*

1 Draperies:
A random-striped cotton, beautifully inspiring for our whole color scheme.

2 Walls:
Clear, light blue—a color that is gay, restful and young in feeling.

3 Carpet:
Tufted rayon in an unusual, very smart shade of charcoal gray.

4 Accents:
Small amounts of violet cotton and cerise corduroy.

5 Sofa:
Antique cotton satin in a blue that blends with walls and draperies.

Traditional room in red, white and blue has a comfortable country atmosphere. A few pieces of formal furniture enhance its charm, informal fabrics lend a timeless quality.

For our traditional setting, we have picked the well-loved combination of red, white and blue. A simple, cheerful scheme, it is in itself practically sure-fire and eminently variable. We have used it here with lots of white, but depending on the use of the room (a den, for instance, could take less white, more red), you can combine these three colors in many proportions. Our blue paint is ready-mixed, rubber-based, available throughout the country in most paint stores. This is washable, easy to apply and, being a darkish color, would probably cover most surfaces with one coat. The blue-and-white toile printed cotton covers chair and sofa. It is such a fresh, pleasing pattern, you could use it for draperies too. The draperies shown are white cotton hung by rings on a wooden rod. This is a simple, rather casual window treatment. For a more formal feeling, you might try swags of the blue-and-white print combined with plain white or blue draperies. The rosy red in our color scheme appears as an accent in the hearth rug (inexpensive cotton) and in a delightful peppermint-stripe chintz. If your preference and budget permit a large carpet, red would still be an excellent choice; blue would also be effective.

At the top of the page we have suggested other fabrics in this same color plan, for a more contemporary room. A bold and beautiful stripe is the dominant note, and we imagine it used boldly—for draperies, repeated in an ottoman, throw pillows. A sofa and large club chair might be covered in a blue harmonizing with wall color. Accents of violet and cerise are used sparingly. A charcoal carpet (swatch is shown above) would look supremely elegant; or a small white hearth rug could point up a grouping around the fireplace. White ceiling, chimney, woodwork will make these clear singing colors even lovelier.

BLUE is the background for our "sure-fire" rooms this month, a color easy to live with, lovely in traditional or contemporary plans.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

The modern living room in our photograph has a clean, uncluttered look about it. Set against blue walls again, the brilliance of this color scheme, blue, white and yellow, glows warmly. Day or night this room is never cold or unfriendly. Its simplicity is not deceptive, for it is as practical and versatile as it appears. A black-spattered white vinyl floor takes happily to hard wear, is reluctant to show scuff marks and soil. This is an ideal light floor in every way—easy to keep looking elegant, it could fit in with practically any color scheme. We have added to the carefree nature of our cotton fabrics by choosing preshrunk materials and treating them for soil resistance. In the long run this pays off in fewer cleanings or launderings, longer wear and maintaining the original fresh appearance of your room—especially if you pick light colors for slip covers.

For window treatment here, plain white draperies would tie in best or, if you are fortunate enough to have a very light, sunny living room, use a blue the color of the walls. Shutters, too, are always effective. They have an intrinsic design, are wonderfully suited to light control.

An alternate scheme appropriate for a less modern house is shown in swatches. Blue chintz flowered in yellow, white and pale turquoise has all the ingredients needed to make a pretty pastel setting for dark woods, traditional furniture. Against blue walls, a sofa and armchairs in this print look gay, yet blend in with the background. Choose accents of yellow and turquoise, draperies of solid white, blue carpet. If you like yellow, by all means use more of it—for instance, on pull-up chairs or in accessories, lamps, pictures.



HAANEL CASSIDY

Bright yellow, striking striped cotton (we like this stripe so much we have shown it in two color combinations) used with large areas of blue and white make a warm and inviting modern living room. 5

Fabrics and colors for a traditional blue, white and yellow scheme appear at right. Numbers correspond to the uses explained as follows: Right: Alternate Scheme.



1 Sofa and Armchairs:
Chintz freely spattered with spring flowers is cotton, washable.

2 Pull-up Chairs:
Bright yellow cotton, slightly textured, sturdy.

3 Walls:
Soft, slightly gray blue is same as chintz background color, creates a relaxed atmosphere.

4 Draperies:
White cotton faille makes up beautifully, lined or unlined.

5 Rug:
Looped cotton in high-and-low textured effect in a powdery shade of blue.

6 Accents:
Bright, light turquoise, plus same yellow as No. 2.



Taste of Spring

In a superb spring dinner
of succulent lamb,
tiny potatoes,
and a green sheaf of asparagus,
queen of May's garden vegetables.

May is the month when all life's promises prove worth the waiting for. The branch breaks into foaming blossom. Swallows return from the South. For such a lovely month, here is a lovely dinner: tender young lamb, asparagus just gathered from its dewy bed, and potatoes so new that their very jackets are a delicacy. We have prefaced these with artichoke hearts, anchovies and red cherry peppers. Peach Devonshire pie is the dessert.

The delectable artichoke heart is now easily accessible in that frost-rimed treasure chest known to your grocer as the freezer. Marinated in a pungent sauce, festooned with bright cherry peppers, anchovies and slices of hard-cooked egg, artichoke hearts maintain on the modern table their Roman reputation as the most valuable of vegetables.

ARTICHOKE ANTIPASTO

Make your favorite French dressing. Or, if you don't feel like playing favorites, here are proportions: Use ½ cup salad oil, ⅓ cup wine vinegar, ¼ cup water, 1 package French salad-dressing mix and 1 clove garlic, crushed. Then add to the dressing 2 tablespoons juice from a jar of whole hot red or green cherry peppers. (The peppers themselves will make their entrance presently.) Shake well, and pour over 2 packages cooked frozen artichoke hearts cut in half—they're of generous proportions. Cool. Marinate in the refrigerator for two to three hours. Serve in a lettuce cup with slices of hard-cooked egg, a cherry pepper and a border scroll of anchovies. Sprinkle a little of the marinade over each portion, and add a final flourish of chopped chives. Buttered sesame waferettes, hot from the heart of the oven, are the boon companions of this first-prize first course.

Rosemary—that's for remembrance. And lamb cooked with rosemary is indeed a roast to remember, especially if it's spring lamb, and garlicked to boot. We disagree with the adage that there's no such thing as a *little* garlic. Indeed there is, and it blends superbly with our chosen herb to enhance the melting tenderness of this most justly prized meat.

SAVORY ROAST LAMB

Wipe the leg of lamb with a damp cloth, and with a trusty blade cut small CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

Menu

Artichoke Antipasto
Toasted Sesame-Seed Waferettes
Savory Roast Lamb
Caper Sauce
New Potatoes Asparagus
Peach Devonshire Pie
Coffee
(PLANNED FOR SIX)

Pert glass sparrows
chatter about a pedestal bouquet
flanked by flowering china.

STUART-FOWLER

Soufflé COLLECTOR'S ITEMS from the Journal Kitchen



Small border flowers—the ingénues of the garden—can be theater, too, if simply arranged in a container.



STUART

Cheese soufflé at the peak of its puffy splendor.

There's been a lot of foolish talk about soufflés. Perhaps you've hesitated to try making this simple delicacy because you've heard soufflés are capricious. It takes less skill to make a perfect soufflé than to make a perfect cherry pie. Knowing cooks prevent soufflé deflation by: (1) baking the soufflé slowly and thoroughly; and (2) urging family and friends to devour it hot from the oven. More good news: A soufflé is agreeably inexpensive and it is an excellent way to use leftovers.

Let's start with a cheese soufflé, the fairest and fluffiest of all.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ. You will need a soufflé dish, but not necessarily the imported porcelain kind. An eight-inch ovenproof-glass mixing bowl will serve admirably. Though a soufflé climbs high if the dish has straight sides. And you will need a vessel big enough to hold the soufflé bowl and some hot water as well.

Separate 3 eggs. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in a heavy saucepan over low heat. When the butter is golden and bubbling, stir in 3 tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup cold milk and 1 teaspoon salt. Stir constantly until the mixture is thick. Remove the sauce from the heat while you add the unbeaten egg yolks, one at a time, stirring them briskly into the sauce. Mix in 1 cup grated sharp-flavored Cheddar cheese and 1 teaspoon grated onion. Stir until the cheese melts, returning the sauce to the heat for a few minutes if necessary.

Now beat the egg whites until they stand in beautiful glossy peaks.

What about buttering the soufflé dish? Don't! Let your soufflé cling to the sides of the dish for support as it rises.

Spoon a few blobs of the golden sauce over the snowy egg foam; then continue pouring and folding until the sauce and egg whites are barely blended. Cradle the soufflé dish in a pan of hot water and set it in a moderate oven—350° F. No peeking. And no hurrying. After the soufflé has baked a full 50 minutes, open the oven door and behold your work of art, a fragrant miracle of savory goodness.

Soufflé tastes best served hot at the peak of its puffy splendor, so it's prudent to call your family to the table before you open the oven door. Crisp bacon, buttered asparagus, hot sesame rolls and a tomato salad with tart French dressing are good company for a cheese soufflé. The recipe above makes 3 large or 4 moderate servings. If you are counting calories, you will be happy to know a moderate serving of cheese soufflé contains about 280 calories—fewer than a small 3-ounce beef patty.

Soufflés are so delicious your family will ask for encores, so next time try a variation. Tomato soufflé is a new favorite. You might serve it for lunch with hot garlic bread and a hearty green salad containing slivers of chicken, ham and cheese. Perhaps complete the meal with warm apple pie and coffee.

TOMATO SOUFFLÉ. Cook 2 tablespoons chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Add ½ cup consommé or chicken broth (or 1 teaspoon chicken-stock base and ½ cup water). Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat. When the sauce has cooled slightly, drop in 2 egg yolks and stir them in quickly. Add ½ cup tomato paste. (No substitutes here. You need tomato paste to give your soufflé a rich tomato flavor!) Season the tomato paste with a generous pinch of *orégano*, ¾ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice.

Measure the unbeaten egg whites for this soufflé. Make sure you have at least ½ cup. (You will need the whites of 3 large or 4 medium eggs.) Beat the whites stiff and fold in the tomato mixture. Spoon the tomato fluff gently into individual 5″ glass baking dishes; set the dishes in a pan of hot water. Bake the soufflés 40 minutes in a moderate oven—350° F. This recipe makes 3 medium-sized soufflés.

Do your children like spinach? They'll love it when it comes to the table as a heavenly green-flecked soufflé.

SPINACH SOUFFLÉ. Make a cream sauce (as you did for the cheese soufflé) of 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour and 1 cup milk. When the sauce is thick, cool it slightly and mix in the egg yolks, 3 of them this time. Add 1 cup finely chopped well-drained cooked spinach (fresh or frozen), ¼ cup minced onion and 1 teaspoon salt, a little pepper, a pinch of rosemary and a more generous pinch of nutmeg. Fold the spinach mixture carefully into the stiffly beaten whites of 3 large eggs. Pour into a 10″ soufflé bowl. Bake the soufflé in a moderate oven—350° F.—for 50 minutes, nestled in a pan of hot water. Makes 6 servings.

Spinach soufflé is delicious served with crisp fried chicken, baked stuffed tomatoes.

HAM SOUFFLÉ. Make a cream sauce of 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour and 1 cup milk. When the sauce is thick, cool it slightly and stir in 3 egg yolks, 1 at a time. Add ½ cup ground, cooked ham. Season with 1¼ teaspoons dry mustard, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix well. Fold the ham mixture carefully into the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Pour into a 10″ soufflé bowl. Set in a pan of hot water. Bake the soufflé in a moderate oven—350° F.—for 50 minutes.

Of all the sweet soufflés, chocolate is the richest and the most delectable. Serve it with sweetened whipped cream and a dusting of cinnamon.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ. Early in the day prepare the chocolate-sauce mixture. Melt 1½ tablespoons butter in a heavy saucepan; stir in 2 tablespoons flour. Add ½ cup milk, ¾ cup sugar, a dash of salt and 2 squares unsweetened chocolate cut into small pieces. Stir the mixture over low heat until it thickens and the chocolate is thoroughly blended. Cool slightly and beat in 3 egg yolks. Then cover the sauce and refrigerate it. An hour before you intend to serve the soufflé, remove the sauce from the refrigerator and stir in 1 tablespoon cold water and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Measure out ½ cup unbeaten egg whites (whites of 3 large eggs) and beat them stiff. Fold the chocolate mixture into the egg whites. Pour the soufflé into individual glass custard cups, filling them ⅔ full. Set the cups in a pan of hot water and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven—350° F. This recipe makes 6 or 8 individual soufflés.

The clean tang of apricots blends with brown sugar to give this soufflé its luscious flavor. Try it for a perfect ending to a family supper. Keep the rest of the meal simple.

APRICOT SOUFFLÉ. Simmer ¼ pound dried apricots in sufficient water to cover until they are soft (about 15 minutes). Drain the apricots thoroughly, and force them through a sieve. Or reduce them to a purée in an electric blender. You should have about ½ cup thick apricot purée. In a heavy saucepan, melt 2 tablespoons butter. Add 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk and a dash of salt. Cook until thick; stir in 6 tablespoons light brown sugar and cool slightly. Add 2 egg yolks, beating them in quickly. Then add ½ cup apricot purée and 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind.

Measure the egg whites to make sure you have at least ½ cup. Beat them stiff; fold in the apricot mixture. Bake the soufflés in individual custard cups set in a pan of hot water for 40 minutes in a moderate oven—350° F. Makes 6 individual soufflés.

Soufflé variations are as unlimited as your imagination. Use only well-drained fruits or vegetables which have been finely chopped or puréed, and do not add too many. If you use no more than 1½ cups sauce, vegetable or fruit mixture to ½ cup unbeaten egg whites, you should have soufflés to make you proud.

Make new soups from favorite soups!



If your favorite's **Tomato Soup . . .**

- Start with a can of Tomato Soup—mix it with Cream of Mushroom Soup and 1½ soup cans of milk or water for a *new* favorite soup!
- Or mix it with Clam Chowder and 1½ soup cans of milk or water for a *new* favorite chowder!



Make a new soup with **Chicken Noodle Soup . . .**

- Mix it with Cream of Celery Soup and 1½ soup cans milk or water for a something-special cream soup!
- Or mix it with Cream of Chicken for an *extra*-chickeny noodle favorite!

Try a variation on **Vegetable Soup . . .**

- Blend it with Green Pea Soup, 1½ soup cans water and a dash of curry for Vegetable Soup. That's souper-dooper!
- Or mix it with Scotch Broth and 1½ soup cans water for a *new* favorite big-appetite soup!

(Hot idea: bring your soup right to the table in pretty new cook-and-serve ware.)

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOU



How to win "the battle of the bulge"...

WHEN EXTRA INCHES begin showing up around your waistline, it is time to start "the battle of the bulge." For extra inches and pounds are health hazards . . . and they are signals to start reducing *now*. Remember, in 98 percent of the cases, *overweight* is due to *overeating*.

This does not mean that you have to go on a "starvation diet" . . . or give up all the foods you enjoy most. It does mean a change in your eating habits to avoid taking in more calories than your body needs. Those extra calories make the bulging waistline.

Before you start dieting, it is wise to *consult your doctor*. Try to do exactly what he tells you, especially about eating the *protective foods* that supply proteins, vitamins and minerals.

Many combinations of foods provide these nutrients. Here is a list to follow while dieting and daily thereafter:

Milk . . . at least a pint daily—preferably skimmed or buttermilk—including that used in cooking, or in milk products like cheese.

Meat, fish, poultry, eggs or cheese . . . two to three servings daily. Have meats roasted, broiled or boiled. Use lean meats or cut off the fat.

Potatoes . . . one medium baked or boiled daily.

Cereal and bread . . . one slice of whole-grain or enriched bread at each meal.

Vegetables . . . eat at least three vegetables every day including one leafy green or yellow. Eat all the vegetable salad you want, but use only dressings made of lemon juice or vinegar.

Fruits . . . two servings daily, including citrus or other sources of vitamin C, such as tomatoes. Skip the syrup that comes with canned fruits.

Butter or margarine . . . three small pats daily, including that used in cooking.

If you plan your reducing diet around these foods and avoid rich desserts, fried foods, gravies, sauces, cocktail snacks and second helpings, those extra inches and pounds will vanish.

Your new eating habits may keep your weight down *permanently* and increase your chances for better health and a long, active life.

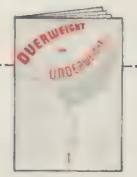
Some Penalties of Overweight

Statistics based on numerous studies of insurance, medical and hospital records show that:

1. At ages 20 and over, people who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate about 50 percent higher than those of normal weight.

2. High blood pressure occurs more than twice as often in overweight people as in thinner people.

3. About 85 percent of all adult diabetics were overweight at the onset of their disease.



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Please send me the free booklet, "*Overweight and Underweight*," 5-57-J.

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THE DURABLE FIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

"Jim, what alternative have I? If I don't, it can only make things worse in the long run."

"But there's only this one little thing. There's nothing else, except straight-out debts."

Lowry got up and walked over to the window, unable to look at Peale. "How much are you in the hole altogether?"

"I don't know—with this and debts—I just don't know; over a hundred thousand dollars. Nothing I couldn't pay back in a few years by strict economy. Evelyn's gone her own way."

"She knows about it?"

"No, there were other reasons. How did Daran happen to bring it up?"

"He asked me to find out from you what he was to tell the auditors when they arrived. He said he had written you several times."

"So you were suspicious?"

"He showed me the voucher and the draft. Maduro told him just as he was leaving about the transfer to you. I asked you for an explanation."

"Couldn't it have awaited your return?"

Lowry managed to control his impatience and weariness. "I don't want to hurt you," he said quietly, "but you must realize I was sure the whole thing would be cleared up in a brief cable to me."

"So now Daran knows."

"He doesn't know. He's a very remarkable little fellow about not prying."

"So everyone's behaving splendidly but me? What are you going to do next?"

"Jim, unless you have a reasonable alternative, I must tell Rutledge."

"I knew this would happen," Peale said almost in a tone of grievance, "when it was sprung on me at Larus that you were going to Venezuela. I telephoned two men I knew in New York that night and tried to raise the money. It would have meant nothing to them. One was away and the other insisted on details of why I needed it. I did everything I could. I went to Washington to see Granville. He refused."

"Why didn't you tell me then?" Lowry asked. "Instead of—but never mind. I don't want you to feel worse."

"No, but what would you have done if I had?" Peale asked quickly.

"I can't say definitely except that I would have done everything in my power to help you raise the money and put it back."

"Then, Stephen, what is the difference in doing it today? Fifty thousand dollars is no huge sum. Rutledge would have paid an outsider that and more for a tip-off on Larus any time. Why do you feel ——"

"Jim, surely it's clear that now it's gone too far. You must see that."

"When the men I appealed to before you left turned me down, I was surprised, I was hurt, yes, but I told Rosalie I couldn't believe you were coming back to do this to me. I can't quite believe it now," Peale said.

Lowry could see that his surprise and the tears in his eyes were real. "I hope you have some idea how I feel," he said.

"But what's to become of me, what am I to do? You'll send me to prison. I better end it out a window at the Yale Club."

In spite of his provoking pretense that he was somehow the injured one, and under the theatrical threat of suicide, Lowry realized how truly frightened and lonely he must feel. He told him he was confident prosecution or prison would be avoided by his going at once to Rutledge. Peale's answer was an incoherent outburst about the hundreds of thousands of dollars he had made for C. I. C. and the respect Rutledge had for him. Finally Lowry asked if he preferred to go to Rutledge alone.

Peale, head in his hands, said, "Oh, no. Please go, please do your best for me."

"Of course I will, and Rutledge is no avenger. But this will shatter him as it has me. We'll all do what we can." He reached out to put a hand on Peale's arm. "You have cash to get along, I take it."

Peale nodded. "I am sorry to have involved you," he said.

"You never know," Lowry replied, "where comfort will come from. I'd like to repeat what a man said to me once during the war about someone in a far worse situation than yours. I don't know whether it's true and I don't know whether I believe it. But I think I do and I think it's true. He looked at the man and he said, 'You know he doesn't realize it, but God's still got a plan for him.'"

The two hours he had been gone had been bad ones for Rosalie. The telephone had rung several times and once she had almost answered it. She felt a terrible anxiety that, whether Daran had told the story or not, Peale, breaking down in full confession, might have told it and there might have been a fight between him and Stephen.

The skies had lowered under rain clouds and there was a sense of tender pathos in the evening light, with the blossoms of the tulip trees falling in the park, an hour for lovers alone together. She heard Stephen's key in the door and hurried to meet him.

"It's as I feared," he said. "Now I have to tell Rutledge." He sank down on the sofa, sitting a long time in silence, his hand over hers. "He says he tried to raise the money as soon as he heard in Larus that I was going to Venezuela. If he had told me then, I might have been able to do something. I don't see how I could have foreseen anything like this, but it doesn't make it any easier."

"Darling, I don't think anyone could have done anything for a very long time. Come and rest awhile."

"I'd like to call Rutledge ——"

"Call him later."

"I don't want him or Johnson to call me first. It could be very difficult."

"I'll answer and say you're asleep. Nothing is more natural after your trip. I'll start supper."

When she brought it into the living room he was calling Rutledge in Long Island.

"Well, Stephen, welcome home," Rutledge was saying. "The new house too much to wait for, or what brings you back? Haven't picked up a bug, I hope."

"No, something came up which I felt demanded consultation and I reluctantly came back. Would it be possible for me to see you at your house in the morning?"

"Of course it would. Come to lunch, bring your wife and we'll drive over to see the new estate and take my head gardener along. I'll have the car pick you up at . . . what about quarter to eleven?"

"I think I better come out alone by train."

"Nonsense, I'll send the car. But is anything the matter with Rosalie?"

"Oh, no, but—well, I should like to talk to you alone."

There was a silence at Rutledge's end and then he said, "I know you wouldn't go through this unless you felt it necessary, so come along. If I don't sleep tonight it's your fault."

"I would have waited until morning to call you, but I felt I had to be sure you'd be free."

"I'll be free, but I still can't understand why Rosalie can't lunch with us. However, you're the boss."

The butler took Lowry's hat and led him through the sweet-smelling country house, dim and cool under its awnings, to where Rutledge was waiting in the warm sun on the flowery terrace from which shallow steps went down to the "wild garden." Beyond it Lowry could see some young children playing around their nurse. It seemed almost impossible that he could break his grim news amid such peace and beauty.

Rutledge put down the news section of the Sunday Times and came forward with his hand out.

"Well, you look fine. What's all this about?" he asked, pulling a wicker chair forward. "Will you have some coffee?"

Lowry declined. He still had no idea how or where to begin, whether to "prepare" Rutledge or tell him the worst forthwith. He felt in double-duty bound—to make it as easy as possible for Rutledge and to put it to Peale's least disadvantage.

This is extremely difficult for me," he said wly. "I judge it's best to tell you straight . It was my misfortune to discover in is that Jim has embezzled something like y thousand dollars of company funds. been over it with him and it is a fact. I e come to you only after satisfying myself re is no way we can put it right."

Jim? Jim Peale?"

Yes."

You're absolutely sure?"

Yes."

Who knows this?"

You and I and Daran. I hope I've done the it thing in coming to you."

You've done exactly right. What a hore experience for you. What's his exnation?"

e hasn't any, really. Pressure, was all he l. Expected to pay it back."

Part of the guilt's mine. I knew, though denied it, that he was spending too much ney. Is there more to it?"

No. I should have said he asked me to see alone. I suggested that he come out and you."

He's not going to add suicide to our trou-, is he?"

I don't think so. He mentioned it, and for it it's worth promised to do nothing perate. I emphasized he must pull himself ether if anyone was to help him."

utledge rubbed his face with his hand. ere's always more to some piece of mad- like this than the mere fact of stealing ney. Go back now and tell me how you e on it."

owry gave him the de- of his talk with Daran.

You didn't tell your ther-in-law?" Rutledge ed.

Yes, I did. I asked his ice."

Well, you've been living it. What are we to do?"

It's hard to say. In 's present state he ts everybody told—directors, stockholdthe whole organization and the newsers. It's the only atonement he can think —"

utledge interrupted him. "It just doesn't n possible he can have done this and gone is usual way with all of us and now he ts to unload it on us."

It seems to me what Jim wants, or says he s, is an indication of what we ought not lo. In other words, the knowledge of it uld be limited to as few people as pos—yourself, Tom and Charley Curtis."

You don't mean with Jim staying on?"

Oh, no; he'll have to resign, of course."

Well, we can't take a fifty-thousand-dollar and not tell people what it's for."

'm not suggesting that. I can put up some, ten per cent of it, in cash. I'll put up more ou'll loan it to me or assist me to borrow ou may feel you want part. I don't offer o this in any excess of generosity."

But what's going to become of him? Have any idea of how much he owes?"

He says about a hundred thousand dol- but I don't think he knows. The trouble hasn't anything."

utledge sank in his chair. "All of it comes to *me*. I've made myself responsible for men we have. I thought I was doing ything humanly possible to prevent the test temptation to such a thing as this. k of it! New Year's Eve there we all were ther like a family —— You had absolutely nkling of anything wrong? He said noth- o you at all? I remember his greeting to alie ——"

had none at all. The only change I've since then is that he has been less fun to ith."

Has he given any indication of what he ks we'll do about this?"

told you he would like the worst to en."

es, no doubt he would today. He'll get that, of course. Do you know whether 's in town?"

No, I don't. Do you want me to see him all him for you?"

"No, you've had enough. This mustn't spoil Rosalie's pleasure in the new house. I shouldn't tell her if I were you. No need for her to know."

"When you asked who knew it I didn't mean to leave her out. She knows it. Peale hinted there was something wrong just before Tom came to the apartment when she found the house."

"Why did he have to tell her?" Rutledge demanded angrily. "To have her intercede with you? Tom told me about his being there. Do you mean to say Rosalie already knew it when Tom talked to her?"

"Only that there was something."

"But you say Evelyn doesn't know? Why should he tell Rosalie and not his own wife?"

"I suppose that to confess first to Evelyn was more than he could bear. And he told me she was away."

Rutledge sat a moment staring out where his grandchildren were playing. "I'll go in and call Tom, and if he's in town I'll drive in with you. Will you be at home this afternoon if I need you?"

"Certainly. I did tell Jim ——"

"—— that you'd let him know how I took it?"

Lowry nodded.

"It's a marvel how quickly men want someone else to take the consequences of their mistakes. Tell him I listened, but you can't tell him what I'm going to do because I don't know."

There is no room in the universe for the least contempt or pride; but only for a gentle and reverent heart. JAMES MARTINEAU

Late in the warm afternoon, Thomas Johnson telephoned. He spoke in his usual calm voice and said that after a long talk with him and Charles Curtis, Rutledge had gone back to Locust Valley. Both Rutledge and he felt there was no useful purpose in their seeing Peale, though if he made an issue of it they would do so.

"If you feel too badly, Stephen, about having discovered this, why don't. From what Charley tells me, it would have been discovered in a matter of weeks anyhow. If you can, try to get Jim's resignation tonight and bring it in in the morning—simplest possible form, just 'I hereby resign,' and so on, will do."

"What about the money?"

"Curtis already has a check for it."

"I told Edward I'd ——"

"No, no, forget it, nothing to do with you. We're sorry you've had to have all this. Oh, one last thing—we feel it essential that Evelyn be told at once, and if Jim won't, we want to ask you to tell her. Try to get him to. She's at her aunt's in Southampton. Get a car to drive you down in the morning."

"All right. That all?"

"No, one thing more. Daran should also be told at once. Is he likely to inform all Latin America?"

"Oh, no. There's little doubt he already suspects the truth, and having it confirmed will make him feel very badly. He had a great deal of regard for Jim. I'm sure no one will ever hear about it from him."

"Edward says you talked to your brother-in-law about it."

"Yes."

"Is it asking too much for you to telephone him, requesting that he tell Daran? We don't want to shift the responsibility, but ——"

"I'll be glad to telephone him."

Johnson gave a sigh of relief. "It would be the greatest help. Please make clear how much we appreciate it. That *is* all for the moment then. Good night."

Peale's attitude through Lowry's whole visit that night was that of a man condemned and sacrificed by those he had thought were his friends. He had apparently not expected his verdict would come so swiftly and he signed the resignation almost as though it were his pardon of them.

Lowry said, "They have done it this way because they thought it would be easiest for you. I myself have asked as few questions as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

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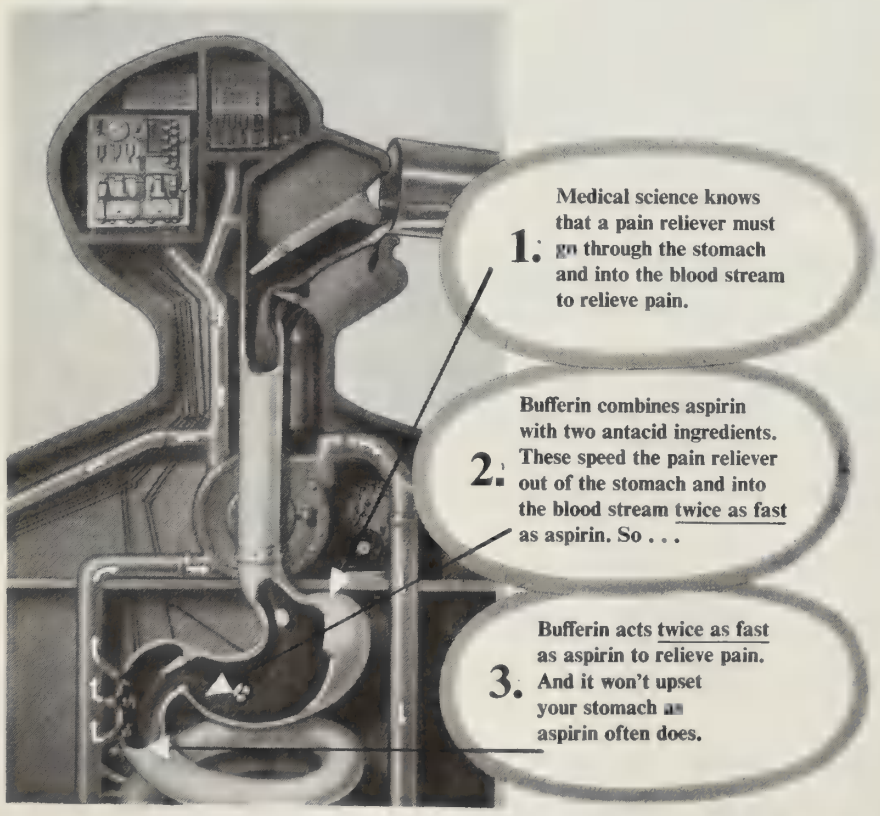


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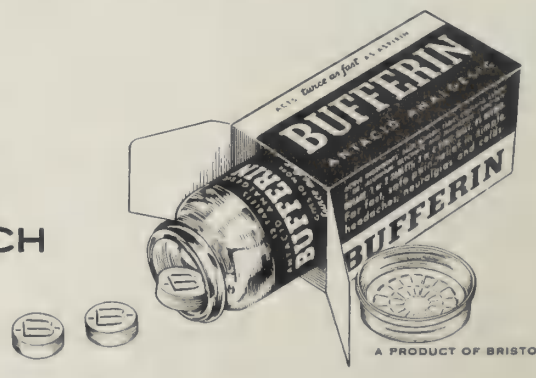
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

ssible for the same reason, but if you want talk about it or why it happened, please do."

'It isn't that so much," he replied. "It's terrible way that, almost without a word, n I thought believed in me have cut me off. t only cut me off from C. I. C., but apparly right out of their lives. I'm like a man on lesert island, put there and left by his shiptes. I don't know what I'm expected to do. I to speak to people? Am I to call people and say I'm an embezzler? What are the es?"

'I don't think there are any rules. It sounds e, but time, each day, will help, I think."

'Time's a great healer, is it? It's more likely reat destroyer."

Lowry paused. "There's the practical matof how your affairs stand. Evelyn has to be d. Are you willing to see her?"

'No, definitely not. I'll not see her."

'Then I'll have to. Is there anything you nt me to say?"

'No; just tell her that the bad she so easily in me is now apparent to all. Tell her her gment is confirmed by Edward Rutledge."

Peale talked on in the same fashion for aner hour. Lowry finally left, saying that he uld see him as soon as he was back from thampton and extracting a vague promise 'do nothing extreme" before then.

He telephoned Evn early Monday rning to make an ointment. She said would see him, ugh it was useless hink he could perde her to return. reached Southampat eleven o'clock, ing a hired car, asked her to guide to where they ld talk in seclu. There he told her t had happened. he said unemotionshe was not sured. She had exted something from letters coming to house from Venela. Since she felt attachment of any for him, she felt obligation to stand by him in any way. aunt was glad to have her and the chiln with her. Peale could do what he liked n the contents of the apartment. There nothing in it she wanted to see again.

I hope this isn't too disillusioning for you," said. "The only person I'm sorry for in his is you, Stephen. It was sweet of you to e all this distance to tell me. Oh, I'll give whatever jewelry he's given me that I have and he can sell it—there's some in the deposit also. I'm afraid I've rather ked you."

Well, it's not for me to judge," Lowry , "though I suppose ——" He paused.

I know what you're thinking," Evelyn , "but of course you don't realize that disliked him for a long time. To start I was very much in love with him. I did gs to please him I didn't want to do. Do mind if I don't talk about it any more?"

wry thought for a moment. "You'll want get a divorce sometime, I assume, and nwhile there are bound to be questions ut household details. Is there any lawyer can act for you?"

Yes, I suppose my aunt's lawyers would illing. I'll speak to them. Stephen, I don't to worry you like this—please don't be y—but there's nothing between Rosalie him, is there? He's been mad about her New Year's Eve."

Well, not on her part certainly," Lowry "What do you think he should do—or t I should try to do for him?"

shouldn't try to do too much. Jim is still escent—I think that's the word."

ecounting the interview to Rosalie that t, Lowry asked if she felt the same sense lock about it that he had.

"I don't think I do. I understand her feelings," she told him. "Living as man and wife without love must be emotionally the most destructive thing in the world."

A week later Peale walked into his new club, found a bench, and settled himself to read the want ads in the Times. He had resigned from the Hounds, the University, the Yale, a yacht club, a lunch club and a shooting club in Georgia to join the one that required no proposer or second—Bryant Park, with its floating, changing membership of white-collar unemployed.

He had a room in a cheap apartment on West End Avenue which held everything he had kept—his clothes. He had a new "special account" with a number in a branch of a bank that was not a member of the clearing-house.

To see himself stripped of possessions was agreeable to Peale. Lowry went with him to an attorney on the more complex business of deciding whom and what he could pay on his debts. Aside from the embezzlement, and after crediting some chattels that could be returned, including some jewelry, his debts and bills were over $50,000. The attorney and Lowry advised him to keep $1000 to live on until he had a job. The attorney drafted the letter he was to send certain creditors in the hope of avoiding legal action and consequent public bankruptcy. Of it all he said little to Lowry except that he now felt no bitterness toward him.

"Had you not discovered it, I see now I should have gone on to worse things. 'Murder leads to lying,' Oscar Wilde said. I didn't tell many lies. The thing I don't understand, Steve, is that nothing ever turned out right. I never had any luck. Other men have speculated —— Well, what's the use of talking about it? What do you think I should do?"

"For the moment, get any job you can that's respectable."

"I don't suppose there's anyone I can go to and ask for one."

"I don't like to say this, but I think it's inadvisable. A good job is bound to raise questions ——"

"I know. I did see Bill Le Grand of Chevelux. I've spent a small fortune cultivating him and the first thing he asked was, 'Jim, there's nothing funny about your leaving C. I. C., is there?'"

"If you can get a small job and give this time to blow over, something will come up where you can come back. It's hard, but I think it's what you have to do."

"What do you think I ought to do about people I know asking me to dinner or that sort of thing?"

"I don't want to give advice, Jim. I realize the loneliness you'll feel, but to see people socially—oh, well, I can't say it, but don't do it. Don't let people feel sorry for you that way."

"I never thought you believed in hair shirts."

"I don't. I believe in fun. It wouldn't be fun."

In spite of a drugstore breakfast in contrast to the frosty fresh orange juice, the eggs poached in milk, bright with paprika, with a dash of Tabasco, the broiled bacon, the trimmed, hot toast and delicious coffee of the past, Peale settled on a bench in Bryant Park feeling wonderfully free of care. He had lost or thrown away a number of things on none of which, at that moment, he put great value.

The realization on awakening that morning that he was no longer in love with Rosalie—was not tormented, as for months he had been—was an almost priceless relief. Suddenly

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Worry is a form of fear, and all forms of fear produce fatigue. A man who has learned not to fear will find the fatigue of daily life enormously diminished. Now fear, in its most harmful form, arises where there is some danger which we are unwilling to face. Every form of fear grows worse by not being looked at. . . . The proper course with every kind of fear is to think about it rationally and calmly, but with great concentration, until it has become completely familiar. In the end familiarity will blunt its terrors.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

had no further interest in the picture of salie still in his pocket and, getting up, crossed the park and went down 42nd eet to the post office where, without look- at the picture, he mailed it to Rosalie. It ve him an illusion of strength of mind and l, and he felt that in now desiring Rosalie more than he did Evelyn—which was to say t at all—he had conquered something.

Half an hour later he walked into the wded anteroom of one of the "better place- nt services—we handle only men of execu- e caliber." He had looked on the lobby ectory for the floor number and gone to the iting elevator. The operator looked at him d said, "Stairs right there."

"To what?" Peale asked.

"Placement Service. One flight up."

How the man knew where he was going he d no idea, but it was like a blow in the face. turned, pushed open the door and climbed stairs. There were said to be almost no employed in the country, but the anteroom s jammed with men filling out forms, wait- for their names to be called, getting up h a confident, jaunty air when it was, turn- away sorrowfully when it was only a ssage, "Nothing today. Mr. Peterson sug- ts you call around in about a week."

Men drifted to the corridor for a cigarette, ing to stay within earshot of the reception- s voice. Her manner was cordial and agree- e. *Well*, Peale thought, *they must get jobs some people or they couldn't pay the rent.* He went up to the receptionist.

What kind of position are you looking ?" she asked.

Executive, I guess."

What was your last sal- ?"

He hesitated and then l her the truth. She was ustomed to hyperbole handed him the forms n a smile. He walked vly over to the wall desk write the story of his Reading it back, he did see how he could hand it in. Why should a n with such a record need a job? The only rences he gave were the officers of C. I. C. walked over to the receptionist, who nced through the form without comment told him to be seated. It was an hour be- Mr. Peterson could see him.

Your last salary was five thousand?" erson asked, looking up from the applica- .

Fifty."

You better find me a job," Peterson said. ou have a remarkable record. I wouldn't k you'd need us. What happened, a ze-out?"

Something of the sort."

And your former competitors don't want ?"

prefer not to go to them."

Frankly, we don't have jobs at that level g begging around here, though of course ts do come to us in special cases. I placed an last week at twenty-five thousand. 't know just what to say about you, gh. I'll look around. What's your mum?"

Five, I suppose."

terson chewed his lip a moment. "No real experience —— Well, give me a call, say, rsday. Meantime if anything comes up, n reach you. Let's see. Yes, your tele- he's here. O.K."

You will do your best?" Peale asked him.

That's what we're here for."

ale went back to his club in the park. He d think of nowhere else to go, no one to hone to, no one to lunch with, no one to to, no one even to talk to.

rsday morning he went to the Place- Service without telephoning and, to his rise, the receptionist said Mr. Peterson ed to see him in about twenty minutes. king around the room, he felt he had dy moved up to some seniority.

terson got up and put out his hand. w we've got something I don't know u'll want or not, but I take it you don't to be hanging around. Am I right?"

"Absolutely."

"O.K. Excello Extrusion—it's a plastic out- fit, manufacturing, factory in the Bronx— want a high-class credit man. They do a nice business, owners built it up from a shoe- string and ride around in limousines. They make a point of wanting class. What do you say?"

"How much?"

"Start you off at seventy-five a week."

"At least the taxes on that aren't too much."

"I think you'll like these people if you'll take 'em as you find them. They're smart, a little on the rough-diamond side. Want to try it?"

"By all means. Any idea how to get there?" He started to say he had never been in the Bronx.

"Subway. Here's your card. Hope you land it."

The head of Excello Extrusion was P. J. Cronkhite, who had the business in the palm of his hand. He told Peale they worked long hours in this shop and they wanted a go-ahead two-fisted credit man with vision, a man who could turn a customer down for credit and still make him want to do business with Excello and nobody else. Candidly, did Peale consider himself that man?

Peale said he did.

"No objection to working nights?"

"No."

"I want somebody with class," Cronkhite told him. "This organization's got class. You look as though you had. Am I right? Peterson down there told me you had."

"Well, I think that's for you or him to say."

"Fine; like a fellow to be frank. Now if you like you can take off your coat and go to work now. Check your credits on your orders coming in, get your holdings out of the way and get me a report on everything overdue thirty days. Like to see the whole thing in the morning. Have your collection letters on 'em ready too."

"Whom do I dictate to?"

"Oh, you don't write your own letters?"

"No."

"Sorry to hear that. Well, you can use my girl some of the time."

With his training and experience Peale did not find his work difficult, except for the condition of the files and the fact that he was expected to do his own filing. By the normal closing time there was a good deal of order around his desk, and Cronkhite, with his partner, Ruthven Halperin, stopped "to look things over" on their way out.

"You'll be out of here by nine. I like the way you go at this, Peale. I'd like you in early. Want to talk to you about distributing the mail. You strike me as a doer and I want to see you go ahead fast. Want to get everything systematized."

Peale put in fourteen hours each on Friday and Saturday and spent most of Sunday alone at the office. Order had indeed replaced chaos. Monday morning he arrived in time to open the mail and have it on the desks of the people it concerned by nine o'clock. He was rather pleased with how quickly he had grasped the business.

He was busy at his own desk when Cronkhite came in at nine-thirty, and a few moments later Peale heard a roar from his office. Its door opened and Cronkhite bellowed across the room, "Peale, C. U.," the usual summons to the Presence.

He went in to find Cronkhite in a rage.

"What do you mean by distributing the mail before I saw it?"

"Look, Mr. Cronkhite, you told me you wanted people at work at nine. You said yourself the mail was late getting to them. Anything you need to see as president is on your desk. You shouldn't waste your time on every detail. Where your men are in doubt, they should come to you. I read every letter carefully. The way I've done it is the right way."

"Well," Cronkhite said, "I don't want to bawl you out for an honest mistake, but you see we're one big family here. If we don't, my top associates and I, see all the mail one of us may get the idea we're holding out on him; and by the way, never, but never, give Halperin a bank letter unless I say so. I want to think this over. I'll talk to you later."

Peale went back to his desk. The air apparently had cleared, but he was aware that the staff, sensing that he had been called down, were going in one by one to see Cronkhite with letters, orders and invoices. Shortly afterward Cronkhite went out and did not return until after three. A moment later Peale's phone rang and the office operator said, "Peale, P. J. C. U."

He went in again.

Cronkhite began, "Do you know that submission of a fraudulent balance sheet by mail is a Federal offense, if it's handed in it isn't?"

"Certainly."

"Wanted to be sure, that's all. How do you like it here?"

"Very much."

"Like to stay?"

"Yes, sir. I hope you're satisfied."

"Your work's all right," Cronkhite said, "routine stuff." He paused. "You're not very frank, are you, Peale?"

"I think so."

"I don't. Why did you leave your last job? What was this 'management disagreement'

The things that people give us may disappoint us, but the gifts we give never fail to bring us joy.

MOST REV. FULTON J. SHEEN



you put on your application? I want to warn you now I know more than you think I do, so be careful. What's the matter, are you afraid to answer?"

In the near-panic he felt, Peale realized several things: that only by a miracle had Peterson and Cronkhite not pressed the question before; and that Cronkhite had a right to a full answer. Yet even in the few days at Excello he had begun to feel some security.

He must not lose this job. If he did, he was done for good. He was ready to do anything—to lie his way out, to beg for a chance—to hold it. If a man like Cronkhite could fire him, he could never hold up his head.

"You know what I think? I think you had sticky fingers. You were a pretty big shot, you went to Yale, I know the type, honest little business like this not good enough for you in your Brooks Brothers clothes."

They're not Brooks, they're Pooles, Peale wanted to say. Otherwise his mind was a blank. He could find nothing to say.

"Got you on the raw, eh?" Cronkhite asked. "Well, now suppose I told you I had a plan for you? We'll see what my partner thinks." Cronkhite lifted the telephone. "Halperin, see me," he told the operator.

Halperin came in. Cronkhite drummed on the desk with his fingernails. "Ruthven," he began, "you and I have been partners for a good many years. We've never had any secrets from each other. I've known your problems. You've known mine. That's the way it's going to go right on being." He paused to frown at Peale. "Ruthven, Peale has taken some money. He's admitted it."

"From us?" Halperin asked.

"Before he came with us, from his old crowd. Now, Ruthven, don't get excited, don't say what I know you feel like saying, what I felt like. Now he had trouble getting this job and of course if he loses it, under these circumstances, he's going to have a time getting another. We can't, at least I hope you'll agree with me, turn him out like a dog. Instead of letting Peale go, I'm not only going to give him a chance, I'm going to show him we've got confidence in him. Do you agree with me so far, Ruthven?"

"Perfectly all right."

"How about you, Peale?"

Peale took a long breath and expressed his appreciation.

"This is what I'm going to do. Peale got this job without telling us the whole story. We're paying him at the rate of thirty-nine hundred dollars a year. That's on a week-to-week basis, of course, you understand that, Peale?"

"I do."

"Now you remember the qualifications we set. I think you'll agree that they haven't been measured up to by you. But I'm not going to take advantage of that—you can stay right on as credit man at thirty-six hundred, that is to say three hundred dollars a month, and I'll overlook what you didn't tell me. O.K.?

"That isn't all. I told you I was going to show you more confidence and I am. Miss Blake, who has been our cashier and head bookkeeper, is leaving us, Peale; you'll step right into her shoes. We won't replace her. We'll throw the whole thing together, cash, books of account, credit, and I figure you'll have plenty of time to handle the whole thing. May take a little night work, but you can do it. Now, Ruthven, will you go along with me in this, the way you always have?"

"Perfectly all right," Halperin said.

"There it is, Peale. It's strictly up to you, but remember this: I'll be living in our checkbook and our cashbox and don't you forget it for one little minute. That's all."

That afternoon the senior officers of C. I. C. were requested to meet with Thomas Johnson in the board room.

Since his return Lowry had been impressed by the decency and good manners of their not questioning him. Hewitt, with unexpected delicacy, had left a note for him, reading:

Dear Steve: It occurs to me Jim will have to have funds to go along on and I just want to say that I'll join you, and any others, with my share. Let me know. Probably best if you could act as banker.

He remembered the emotions with which he had said to himself, to Rosalie and to Rutledge that Peale was his friend and he would stand by him. Was he doing so? he wondered.

As he thought of all the happy, golden times of their youth, of the confidences between them, the half-formed hopes and plans they had shared, it was difficult to leave Peale alone in the sorrow, humiliation and perhaps even terror he must feel.

Johnson came in after they were assembled. He did not look well and his manner was more formal than usual. "I felt it best," he said, "to get you together for an announcement that will distress you all. I shall want your advice on the best way to tell the organization.

"As a result of what has happened, Edward, against my protest and those of the other directors, has resigned from the board. He took the position that he had assumed sole responsibility for the selection of our higher personnel and that if, in some way, he had not been derelict, the tragic action of Jim Peale would not have occurred." Johnson paused. "I suppose I would have been less than human if I had not looked forward to the time when I would succeed him. But I assure you I thought of it as something in the future. Coming now, as it has, you will realize there is no pleasure in it. Two men for whom I felt respect and friendship have, as it were, gone down to make room for me. I am not at all sure I retain either the buoyancy, the optimism or the qualities of leadership necessary. I shall need far more help from each of you than Edward did.

"So much for that. How and what shall we tell the staff?"

"I am sure I speak for us all," Curtis began by right of seniority, "in pledging our support to you and in sharing the feelings you naturally have as to how it has come about." There was



a murmur of assent from around the table. "'Least said, soonest mended.' I suggest we prepare a brief announcement and have it on everyone's desk when they come in in the morning. I'll have Harold Titcomb in, after we've drafted it, and ask him to handle it personally."

Johnson nodded. "One of you go over it with Charley, will you? I think that I'll go now."

They all got up and shook hands with their new chairman.

"Tom," Curtis said, "I think you ought to tell Harold. It will be an awful blow to him. He was idolatrous about Edward."

"I know. I don't think I can tell him. One of you do it, or better yet, get him in here and let him sit down with you," Johnson said and then paused. "Titcomb has been here longer than any of us. I have the feeling that he's entitled to hear the whole story, if he's to be trusted with the announcement."

When Titcomb came in, Curtis pulled out a chair for him. He listened gravely, without a word, to what they told him about Peale. Then they told him about Mr. Rutledge and what they wanted him to do. His emotion, as his eyes filled with tears and his voice trembled, eased the tension they all felt.

"This is a terrible blow to me," he said. "It is to us all, but we realize you two have been associated longest. Tell us how you think we better phrase it in the announcement," Curtis said.

"Well, as simply as possible. I wouldn't say 'We regret to announce.' It'd be too much like a death notice. We'll have to pretend things'll be the same, but they won't."

"Try a form of words, Steve," Curtis said.

Lowry wrote it out in pencil and showed it to Titcomb, who took off his glasses to read it, nodded and handed it to Curtis. No changes were proposed and they went back to their desks. In a few moments Hewitt came to Lowry's office.

"I don't need to point out to you," he began, "that Tom said nothing about the presidency or the fact that there are only four of us left. What thought have you given to it?"

"None, I should say."

"Well, of course you've had a good deal on your mind, as we all have, but I've been doing some rather tall thinking. I can't tell you anything now, but something has happened that puts me in a position to take advantage of this and I wanted you to know, Steve, I'm also thinking of you. Tell me, by the way, does Rosalie know about Jim?"

"Well, yes, she does."

"I haven't told Paula anything except that he's out. Of course she's curious, pestering me with questions, but I think the fewer people who know, the better. Don't you agree?"

"Certainly as a general practice, yes," Lowry replied, in the dark as to where this was all leading.

"Charley hasn't said anything about how much of his stock Edward's holding on to, has he?"

"No."

"Well, we'll see what we shall see," Hewitt said and went out with an air of breezy mystery.

Profoundly affected as he still was by Peale's downfall and now by Rutledge's resignation, Hewitt's reference to taking advantage of it further depressed Lowry. He realized that in his personal life he must shake off his depression, if only for the sake of Rosalie and the home-coming children. But he was not in a mood to conspire or to battle for their places, with Hewitt as an ally.

He found Rosalie at the apartment, hot and voluble, after a day in Ridingtown with painters and carpenters. Paula Hewitt had driven out with her.

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon. JULIUS HARE

"Darling, she pestered me all day with questions about Jim. Calvin's told her nothing."

"So he told me today in evident disapproval of your knowing."

"Of course, they're not at all close as we are. Did he tell you about Paula?"

"No, what?"

"Did you ever hear of a Miss Samantha Suydam?"

"Died the other day at ninety-six; had one of those 'original Standard Oil fortunes.'"

"Brace yourself. Practically all of it goes to Paula. She was her great-aunt."

"She's enormously rich then, enormously. And now she's going to buy a great block of C. I. C. stock for Calvin—that's what Hewitt meant. Really, it's too much."

"What?"

"That fellow in Rutledge's place."

"Oh, no," she said. "I'm very sure she has no such plan. There have been too many Friday-night dinners. Master Calvin will have to watch his step. Oh, there's a letter from Dolly for you."

"Sit down a moment," Lowry said.

"What's the matter?"

"Mr. Rutledge has resigned." Then he told her what had happened that afternoon. "I feel very badly. We all did."

"Won't it be almost the same with Mr. Johnson? It could be so much worse if it were a stranger."

"Of course it could be. I suppose in a few days it will seem just the same." *How quickly,* he thought, *we all crave the comfortable assurance of familiar ways and people and surroundings and to avoid "new adjustments." How lost and lonely Jim Peale and all the uprooted of the world must feel.*

"Who will succeed Mr. Johnson?"

"Nothing was said about that. The offices might be combined for a while, but this Suydam money may change it all."

He took off his coat and tie and sat down in the bedroom to read Dolly's letter. As he took it out of its envelope, a check fell on the floor. The letter read:

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Dear Stephen: I was in New Haven last night and ran into Stu Winthrop in Mory's. He told me, and I regret to say some others, about Jim.

Although, as you have often so fraternally reminded me, I am a man without conscience, I am not without my own type of pride. Your acquisition of Larus, after I put Jim on to it, resulted in my receiving $5000. I had intended dissipating it in Europe. However, here is my check for it in Jim's favor. See that he gets it, and do not write me a brotherly letter. Yours,

D

Lowry sighed and put the check and letter on the bureau. He supposed it was legally Dolly's money to do with as he liked.

The days of that midweek passed without special incident at C. I. C. The staff responded to the announcement they had found on their desks Tuesday morning with round robins: to Mr. Rutledge of good wishes for a long, happy life in his well-earned retirement and to Johnson of a pledge of the same efforts and loyalty they had shown in the past to "your predecessor."

Without giving any reason, Lowry telephoned Peale to ask when he could see him, suggesting that they dine alone at the Plaza. Peale said that he would be working nights until Friday and they fixed on that night for their meeting.

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Johnson was not in the office Wednesday or Thursday. Late on Thursday afternoon Curtis went to the offices of Lowry and the other seniors. "I have some rather bad news," he said to Lowry, "and I don't want to tell you and the others here. Can you be at my apartment at five-thirty? Don't leave the office together. I don't want to start any talk."

The Curtis apartment was on Fifth Avenue, facing the park, and Lowry walked. He could not avoid the fear that they had found Peale's fraud was not limited to the Venezuela matter.

As he crossed 57th Street, Hewitt caught up with him. "What do you suppose this is all about?" he asked. "I swear Charley was so ominous I've been searching my own record. Have you?"

"Well, I'm ashamed to admit I have been saying to myself it can't be about me," Lowry said.

"I don't know whether you saw the will of Paula's great-aunt in the Times. At least I've got something to fall back on. I don't know why I should think of that, but Charley did give me the creeps."

Curtis was waiting for them in his study, standing with his back to the fireplace, where a great copper pitcher was ablaze with colored peonies. Evans and Hardwick were already there. There was a small bar with bottles and glasses in the corner of the room. Curtis made no gesture of invitation toward it, but closed the door after Lowry and Hewitt.

"You'll feel I brought you quite a ways for what can be told in a few words. But I didn't see what else to do. About two o'clock this morning Tom had a heart attack. He's at Presbyterian Hospital. They *think* he'll make it, but it's the end of his working days. Months of convalescence at the best. Well, that's all I can say."

Something between a whistle and a groan came from the listeners.

"I might say," Curtis continued, "it really has nothing to do with Jim's affair. It was of long standing—though I don't suppose that helped. I don't know how you fellows feel. I feel damn near like an orphan."

Lowry thought of his first talk with Rutledge, the 10–20 year plan, the fixed succession. All that had seemed so permanent had to do with mortal men.

"I don't want to seem heartless," Hewitt said, "it hits me very hard, but what's it going to mean? What will the directors do? It ought to be you to move up. We'd all be in back of you."

Curtis shook his head. "I suppose, I hope at least, it will be one of us. It won't be me. I'm too old."

"How's Mrs. Johnson?" Lowry asked.

"Brave but pretty broken up, a little bitter that he's been allowed to do so much," Curtis said, sighing between his teeth. "I hate to think of what people will say, three of us in a matter of weeks.

"Please have a drink if you feel like it," he added. "I don't."

No one moved.

Hewitt walked over to the window and looked out at the park, hands in his pockets. "If the directors are smart," he said, "they'll see the best answer to what people may say will be to fill Tom's place at once from the organization."

"They will see that, won't they?" Evans asked Curtis.

"I don't know. For so many years Edward not only dominated the board, but Tom and he represented us. I can't say, I don't think any of us can, that we *know* the directors. We're acquainted with them, yes, and that's about all. We'll just have to carry on. Sure you won't have a drink?"

"Thanks, no," they all said.

On the sidewalk, however, Hewitt said he needed one. "We ought to talk this over and make some plans. How about it?"

Evans agreed. Hardwick hesitated and looked at his watch.

"Steve?" Hewitt asked.

"I don't think I will, thanks. It needs more thought."

They called a cab, Hardwick saying he'd catch the East Side subway to Grand Central. In the cab Hewitt said, "The thing is this, Steve, it should be one of us. If we can agree among ourselves on the setup and put it up in determined fashion, the board will snap at it. I'm fortunately in a position to be of help to us all, as I want to be. Come on in and have a drink. Let's explore it."

Lowry again declined, his main reason being that he was not ready to be a triumvirate with Hewitt and Evans. It was foolish to suppose he himself had a chance for the succession and unlikely that they would support him if he did—and he did not feel that either of them was a choice he would support.

"Perhaps just as well he didn't come in," Hewitt said when their drinks were served. "I don't think he could contribute anything and he's got a mark against him now. Incidentally, you've probably heard about the Suydam money."

"I have indeed. It's staggering. I'm very happy for you," Evans said.

"Thanks. Of course it has its advantages. I didn't want to refer to it even indirectly with Charley just now, because I certainly am not going to be arbitrary in using it. But, Les, I want to ask you something. Tell me if I'm wrong. I find a certain coldness, an air of superiority about Steve. Maybe it's all this foreign service; but take today, wouldn't come in, didn't want to talk to you and me. Of course I may be doing him a big injustice. I sometimes get the feeling his heart's not in his job."

"Why do you say that?" Evans asked.

"He wants to write a book. He told Paula. Well, Les, I wanted you to know how my mind was running and I wanted you to know that if it comes to heavily increasing my holdings. I'm thinking of you. I'm only sorry that Steve feels he doesn't want to be with us, but maybe it's all for the best. Sometimes takes a long time to know a man."

At six-thirty Friday night Peale met Lowry at the Plaza. He appeared very tired and depressed, but his clothes looked well as always and his shoes were polished. They had a table by the window.

He declined a cocktail and a cigarette. He said, "I've given up smoking."

"How are things going?" Lowry asked. "You look better."

He smiled grimly. "I set myself to take whatever happened. I am trying to. I don't know that I can keep it up," and he outlined the blackmail Cronkhite had extorted as the price of the job. "The work is nothing. As a matter of fact, I'm invaluable to them, but the humiliation is relentless. I suppose I could go away somewhere, but if I'm a stranger there might be more questions. I must say I hope every night the mail will have something."

Lowry started to tell him about Johnson but stopped, feeling it was unnecessarily cruel. Every ordinary topic would seem a cruel re-

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It is not a question of size, or a cow could catch a rabbit.

It's a poor hide that is not worth one tanning.

You can look at a man's head, but not into it.

It's a poor sheep that can't carry its own wool.

A mistake is no haystack, or everybody'd have a cow.

He who has never done anything wrong has never done anything right.

Overly wise is half crazy.

Faith saves, but it won't starch grandmother's nightcap.

Think what you please—but not too loud.

The first wife through love, the second a gift from God, and the third from the devil.

minder to Peale of his apartness: domestic happiness, personal plans, business situations.

"What do you do with your evenings?" he asked.

"Work, most of them, or walk or look at the river from Riverside Drive. Only one person I knew has tried to see me. Are you in your new house?"

"We expect to be this weekend," Lowry replied, thinking how wounding everything he said must be.

Peale studied the menu and ordered fish. "The fish seems to be the most inexpensive. I mustn't indulge myself after a diet of spaghetti and meat sauce."

Lowry had the feeling that he should deprecate or even protest the renunciation and the martyrdom as excessive, even morbid, but he said nothing, not knowing what he would do in such circumstances and aware that the weak and frightened invent strange patterns for their comfort.

He ordered strawberries and cream for them both without consulting Peale and then over their coffee he handed Peale the envelope with Dolly's letter and check. Peale's face flushed as he read it.

"Before you say anything," Lowry told him, "I want to say that I see no reason why you should not accept it. Dolly's a grown man and a free agent."

"But he doesn't owe it to me."

"He has not been conspicuous in his life for generosity or kindness. Let him indulge in it for once."

"But I wouldn't know what to do with it. Give it to Rutledge, turn it over to the lawyer to prorate. After what I've been through, I don't want to be accused of preferring creditors."

"Well, you haven't gone through bankruptcy, so I don't think that arises. What would you like to do with it?"

Peale stared out the window. "I will have a cigarette, if I may," he said, took it and lit it without turning his head. "If it doesn't go for tax arrears, have I committed a felony?"

"I don't think so. I can find out."

Peale said, "Stephen, I implied to you, I guess I told you, that you had the whole story. I held something back."

"We all do that, don't feel too badly. Don't tell me now if you don't want to."

"I kept it back because ——"

"Listen, you kept it back because you couldn't stand any more at the time. Now time has passed. You've recovered a good deal and you can face it."

"Do you actually think I've recovered any?"

"Of course I do. You really do look better."

"It isn't much of a recovery to accept money from Dolly. Could we walk over to the park and find a bench? I'm more at ease on park benches."

Lowry paid the check and they crossed the street and walked until they found an empty place.

"This is harder to tell than it would have been that first Sunday. I'm ashamed of it now. Well, here it is briefly. In talks with Daran he brought up the bull market. He said that, besides the lottery, he was doing well, but he'd like a hedge in the U. S. I let him understand I was doing well in the market. He asked me to take five thousand dollars and invest it for him and let him know in a year how he stood. If it was lost, that was life. At the time I intended to invest it, or I think I did. Maybe I always intended to keep it. Actually, I paid somebody with it. Can I send Dolly's money to Daran?"

And that wonderful little man never mentioned it, Lowry thought to himself.

Peale was still talking: "I know it's no solution to anything but, Stephen, if I could just get one thing checked off."

"Go ahead," Lowry said, "check it off."

Peale sat in silence for a moment. Then he suddenly asked for another cigarette and Lowry wondered what was still to come. Peale took the cigarette and then handed it back.

"Big gesture," he said. "Thanks for dinner. I'll walk home through the park. They sometimes knock you on the head in the lonely paths. Good night."

Lowry gave him a pat on the shoulder and said good night.

Rosalie came back to Gramercy Park pleasantly tired and excited after Friday in the new house. She had engaged two maids and Stephen had ordered a new car and a secondhand station wagon from the Ridingtown dealer. By Tuesday, the eve of the children's arrival, Stephen and she would dine from their own china, with their own silver, and sleep in their own broad bed, like prosperous peasants attached to the land.

Stephen had gone directly from the office to meet Peale and, hearing his key in the door when he returned, Rosalie hurried as always to greet him and poured out half her happiness as he kissed her. Then she asked:

"What about Dolly's check? Would he take it?"

"I'll tell you all about it in a moment. First, though"—and he asked about utilities' being turned on, moving-van arrivals and final alterations at the house. Satisfied, he said, "He took the check. He's an extraordinary fellow. Even now I don't know whether he told me the whole story."

"About what?"

"Well, it seems that he told Daran —— What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Someone walked over my grave, I suppose."

"No, really, what's the matter?"

"Stephen, nothing. Go on."

"He told Daran about his profitable market operations and Daran gave him five thousand dollars to speculate with for his account. Jim just used the money to pay someone else. He's going to use Dolly's check to pay Daran."

"What else did he say?"

"That was all, but it did seem to me, just as we were separating, he wanted to say something else and couldn't. I didn't press him. I think he's really trying for rehabilitation—big word."

"So you think next time there'll be more?" Rosalie asked.

"I rather think so."

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"So do I," she said slowly, "and I know what it will be. I dreaded your hearing it. And now I am going to tell you."

"Why, darling, what is all this?"

"I'm going to tell you for the same reason he will—because you're stronger than we are and will know what to do. It's not about anything that's happened between him and me. Is that a relief?"

"Yes, though I didn't suppose it was."

"It's about Tallin that June."

"Oh."

"Jim told me that he had told Daran—this is so horrible—that he knew an Estonian girl, married to an important American, who had let her husband understand the opposite of what was true. That actually she had been the acquiescent mistress of the Russian commander. He told me two days before you came home. I was in terror that Daran had told it. I really never suffered as I did that first weekend you were back because I thought Daran had told it and that you might believe it, you were so aloof."

"Oh, you poor angel," he said, putting his arms around her.

"It's better that you know, isn't it? Now if Jim wants to confess, you won't have to listen. I was afraid if he told you, you might have a fight. Dreadful things were in my mind. You will forgive him and forget it, won't you?"

"I'm thinking of that wonderful little man, Daran. I can remember the moment at dinner with Armas when he must have decided not to tell it. You're all right?" he asked her gently.

"Yes, if you are, I am."

"Then let's forget it. It was far away and long ago. I am not one who can brood."

"My dearest, I hope I am with you, I suppose I will be, on the Day of Judgment."

"Why particularly?"

"To hear you politely advise the Omnipotent not to take it too seriously."

They were at breakfast the next morning when Mrs. Johnson telephoned to ask if he could come to see her at ten. She received hin looking haggard and drawn, but in noble com mand of herself. The terrible hush of tragedy filled the beautiful rooms of the apartment.

"Tom wishes that he might see you," she said, "there is so much he wants to tell you and a great favor he has to ask. I am to ask i for him. I hope you can grant it."

"Of course, whatever it is," Lowry said.

"You will understand that the foundation's future worries him terribly. He isn't worried about the company. There are all of you to look out for it, but the foundation needed more time, more money, more surety of which way it should go. What I am to ask you is, wil you take the post of treasurer at once and become one of the trustees? I'll still be one fo a little while. The others are Henry Dennison whom you know, and Benoni Bailey, profes sor of sociology at Yale. Tom had all but per suaded Walter Caithness, with all his money to come on. He's sure that you'll be able to."

"This is a very great honor," Lowry said "but there must be many better suited."

She gave him a wintry smile. "But you wil say yes. It's so essential—Henry Dennison i in his mid-sixties, Walter and Professor Bailey are sixty. We need you. May I tell Tom it' settled?"

"I only hesitate because I know so littl about it. There's also the question of my bein out of the country at times."

"We've thought of that. It won't matte There's a paid staff of three who are ver competent."

"Well," he said, "I'll do it and I'll do m best."

"Oh, thank you so much. I'm going at onc to the Medical Center to see Tom."

"It's Saturday, but do you suppose I coul go down to the foundation office and g through some files, so I can be thinking abou it over the weekend?"

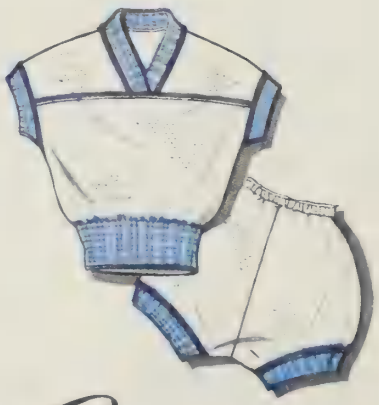
"Yes; call Mr. Draper, the administrator He lives just across the street from the offic

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

A little girl dreams . . .

She's the Sleeping Beauty

She loves a fairytale goodnight. And it's "let's pretend" from the moment she wakes! She's the age for princess-pretty sleepwear by Carter's—for Carter's knows the way to a little girl's dreams. This Pretty-Kitty Print shortie gown is cool, dimple-knit cotton. No-iron . . . machine-washable . . . like *all* Carter's soft cotton knit sleepwear and underwear. At fine stores everywhere.



ABOVE: KITTEN PRINT SHORTIE, matching panties. Nylon lace trim. Blue, pink or yellow print. 3-14 yrs. $3.00. **RIGHT: SLEEP & PLAY PAJAMA** in knit piqué. Blue or pink plaid cuffing. 3-14 yrs. $3.00. All are Carter-Set® so won't shrink out of fit.

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THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS

THIS IS A LITTERBUG



By MUNRO LEAF

You can see for yourself how mad, disgusted and disappointed the Watchbird is when he watches a Litterbug mess up our beautiful country. He hates these thoughtless, selfish Trash-Tossers so much that he is asking every boy and girl friend of his to be a Watchbird Helper. You can help so much if you will just remind yourself and your family and friends *to watch out* that none of you ever behaves like a Litterbug.

WERE YOU A LITTERBUG THIS MONTH?



On Baby: Plaid Creeper. Nevabind® sleeve. Blue, mint, yellow. 6 mos.-2 yrs. $3.00.

"Bottoms up!" went my creeper

It's a good thing my Carter's creeper looks good from *any* angle—because I seem to be spending most of my time with my plaid showing! Mother says it doesn't matter how many times I *land* on my plaid, either, because Carter's soft, no-iron cotton knits are so easy to pop into the washing machine. And the print on the waterproof pants never does a "bottoms up" and runs all over the shirt! In fact, *you* would turn somersaults, too, if someone nice gave you a present of Carter's cotton knit plaids!



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Plaid Play Pajama. Three-piece sleep-or-play set. Pink, blue. S-M-L. $3.00.

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THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

All are Carter-Set® so won't shrink out of fit.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

and he can meet you there." She smiled again. "Tom told me to put him on notice you might want to see him today."

Lowry telephoned to him and to Rosalie, telling her that he could not go to Ridingtown until after lunch.

"I'd better go out right away," she said. "You can phone me which train you'll take out and I'll meet you. Is it something bad?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I'll tell you later."

She was waiting on the almost-empty platform for the 3:37 and as he walked toward her she made in miniature the gesture of putting out her arms to him.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I feel so wonderfully American and suburban and housewifely. It's divine. Your classmate, Kenneth Hopkins, or his wife rather, called to ask us to cocktails—Beach and Country Club governors and school trustees to be there—and the whole classified directory wants our business. What about the business that kept you in town?"

He told her in detail. "I can't tell yet how much time it's going to take. Their confidence in me was very touching; I realize I haven't been conspicuous about public service."

"But you have."

"No, not in the sense of doing something for nothing for people I never heard of."

They were alone all Sunday unpacking and settling, hanging pictures, putting books away, moving furniture, one of the happiest days of their lives.

"I love you in shorts and shirt, you look so *be-e-g* and strong and brown," Rosalie said admiringly as Stephen, outdoing himself, broke up barrels and packing cases or carried them like a Sudanese bearer to the cellar for later firewood. "Stephen, I have a big money-making idea. We don't want to keep all these pictures. Why can't we make up nice selections and sell them to the less fortunate, who don't enjoy our extensive connections with European potentates? There's two of Charlie de Gaulle autographed, five of you with the Prefect of Lyons. Three views of you with the whole Turkish government looking at Ataturk's statue. Here's you outside a housing development at Padova. I can't seem to find Lollobrigida in the crowd, but we could say she's there. Who's this with you in Morocco, Allah Akbar in person?"

"Let me see. That is Bou Aziz. All his sheep had the mange. Keep that one. He was a very nice fellow. Wanted to come to America."

"Oh, here's the big money—the Balenciaga opening, reading from left to right, the Duchesse de St. Simon, Elsa Maxwell, Mrs. Stephen Lowry and other reigning beauties and notables, including that maharani. Dear, do we want this set of Mommsen? We could send it to the Alsop brothers."

"They have a set. I need it for reference."

"Then my little bookworm shall have it and his mummie will cut the pages for him. I'm having such fun."

By Monday morning the office knew of the grave illness of Mr. Johnson and speculation as to his successor was in the air.

Lowry, sure that he would not be chosen, thought it equally unlikely that any of his immediate colleagues would be. He talked to Curtis about the resumption of his trip.

"Well, I think you'd better not start off again until we're more settled. Part of Jim's work will fall on you—and anyhow, you ought to be here to make your own mark with the new president."

"Still no idea who it will be?"

"Not the slightest. Are you chafing to be off?"

"Far from it. Our children arrive Wednesday and I'd like to spend the summer in our new house."

"No reason why you shouldn't," Curtis said.

At nine Wednesday morning, the Lowry children, in dark blue jerseys and gray shorts or pleated skirt, were first down the gangway of the Queen, tumbling into their parents' arms; they had "almost seen" an iceberg; they had been on the bridge and steered; they had been polite; where and how was Smoky? Half the ship's company came to say good-by and they had to visit most of the alphabet to say good-by to their other friends.

"Dear, at least they're not sullen," Rosalie, slightly teary, said to their beaming father.

In the all but deep-country quiet of Ridingtown at night—with the children happy and healthy, wild with delight over new friends and scenes, advanced swimming lessons, tennis lessons, sailing lessons—the various fates of Rutledge and Johnson and Peale seemed far off. The sense of home-at-last was all-pervasive and with it the feeling that all the peace and happiness would last forever and that neither they nor the children would ever grow older.

Neither of them had heard the telephone ringing, when their elder son's voice called from the terrace, "Dad, it's for you. It's Colonel Channing. I've had a nice talk with him. Good night, mum, good night, dad. I'm pretty sleepy now. It's ten o'clock. Oh, boy!"

They hurried in together and Rosalie ran upstairs to see that all was well.

"Stephen," Colonel Channing said, "I have been out to dinner and found a note here to call my brother. I thought you'd want to hear right away what he had to say. There was a special directors' meeting of your people late this afternoon. D. P. Cramer was chosen to succeed Tom. My brother says they were all taken aback afterward at the speed with which they voted. It shows what one determined man can do. William Adams Delano got the id and rammed it down their throats. What you think of it?"

"Well, I hardly know," Lowry said, hims amazed. "He's all right, he's —— It does seem possible, though. I should have thoug he was ——"

"Oh, I know, to me he's a good accounta and beyond that a nobody. My brother thin Cramer proposed himself to Delano and th all the moral platitudes Delano gave out we supplied by Cramer."

"Had this been in the air?"

"I don't think so. How do you stand wi him—Cramer, that is?"

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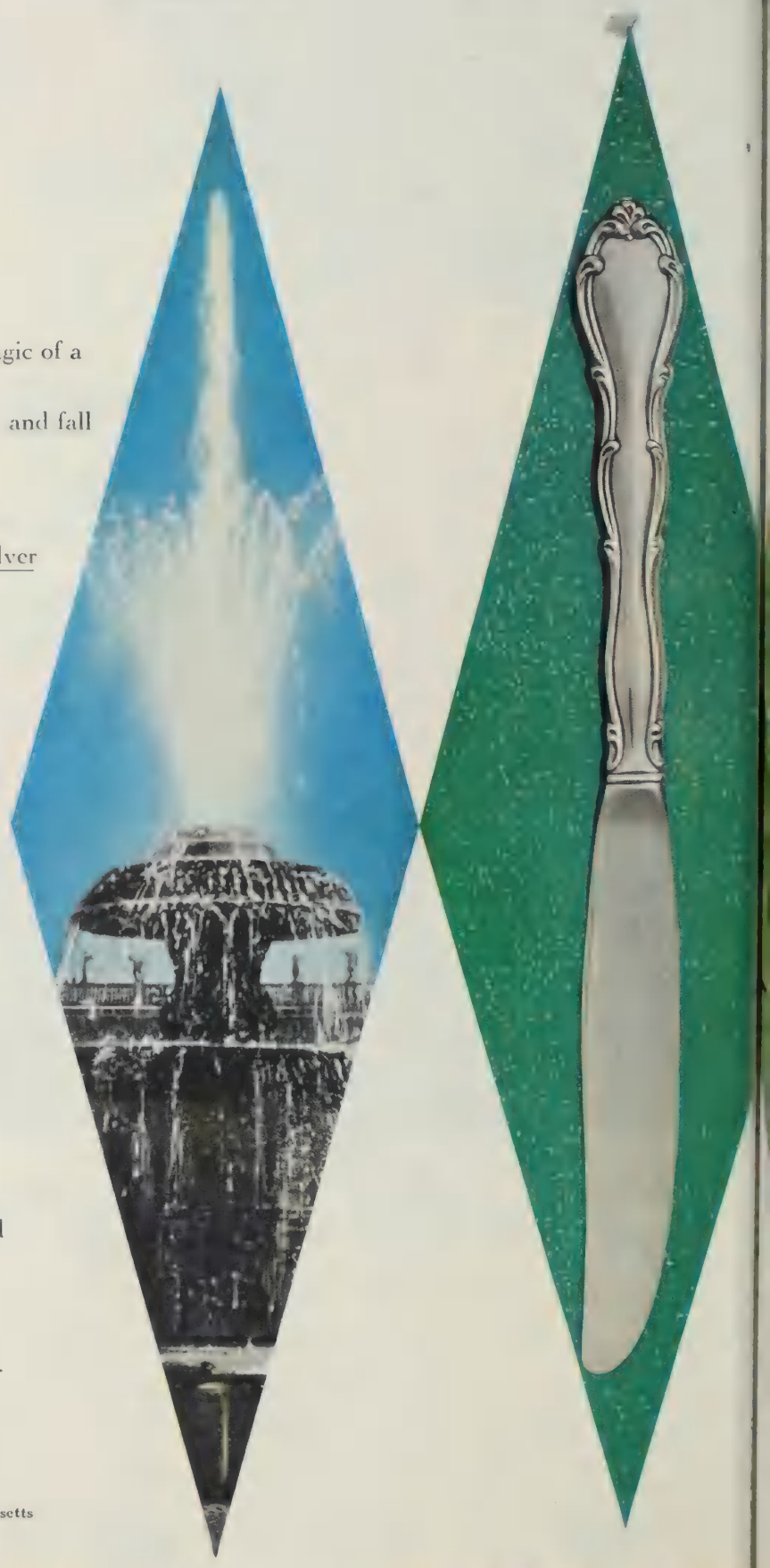
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"Well I think all right, though I've met him nly twice. Do the others know? Hewitt and vans, I mean."

"They'll probably hear. Charley Curtis, of urse, knows."

"Was Rutledge at the meeting?"

"Oh, no. Well, you've got the weekend to t adjusted."

"Yes, many thanks. Good night."

Monday morning Harold Titcomb arrived the office at eight o'clock as usual. The rly shift of his mail room was already at ork. As he entered, Lever, his assistant, oked up, and then came quickly toward him.

"What's up?" Titcomb asked.

"I got here at seven-thirty," Lever told him. "I heard voices in old man Rutledge's room and I looked in. Two guys and a dame I never seen are in there yak-yaking, furniture all changed."

"Who did they say they were?" Titcomb asked.

"I didn't stay. I beat it back here."

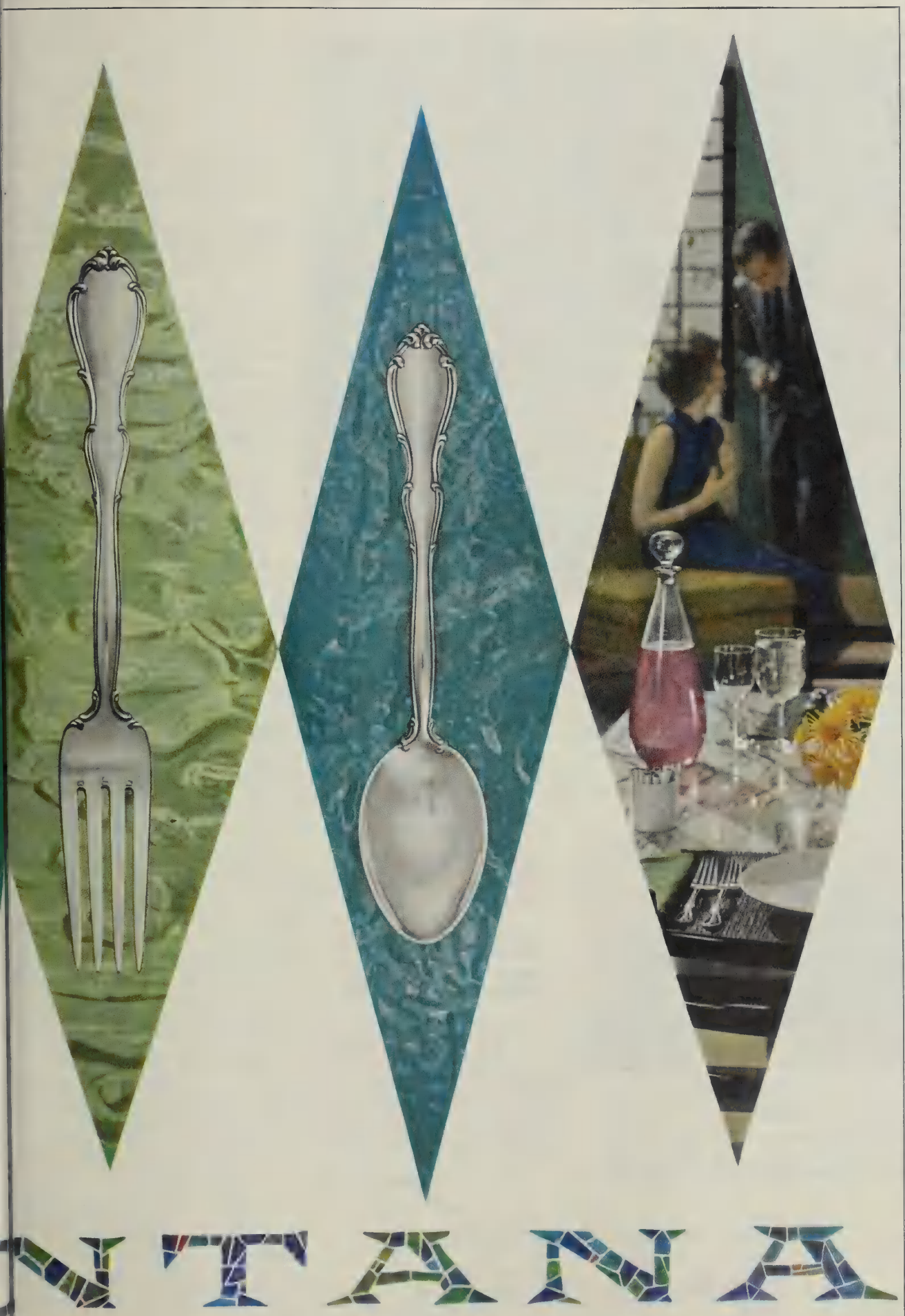
"Just go ahead with the work," Titcomb said and walked quietly to the open door of Mr. Rutledge's former office. What he saw appalled him.

He knew the night-wire desks as well as he knew his own street address, hurried to the most remote one and dialed Hewitt's number. A maid said he had been in the country for the weekend and would go straight to the office from there. . . . Mrs. Lowry said Mr. Lowry had already left for his train.

"He's making his usual eight-thirty-six, Mrs. Lowry?" he asked.

"No, he got the eight-one. He ought to be in the office a little before nine."

Titcomb went back to the mail room. Lever came over to the door and Titcomb said, "I recognize the older one. He's that D. P. Cramer—been in here a lot. I imagine he's just using the office for a few days. I'm going down for coffee."



"I never known you to take coffee at this hour," Lever said.

Titcomb tried to smile and make a joke, but he could think of none. He could only remember a line he had read in a book: "An era had ended"—and he didn't want to believe it was true.

For half an hour he did sentry duty by the elevators and at eight-fifty, to his infinite relief, Lowry turned the corner and saw him.

Titcomb drew him quickly aside. "I've been watching for you. The place has been torn apart. That Mr. Cramer who used to come in—he's in Mr. Rutledge's office with a secretary and somebody else. All his furniture was moved in over the weekend, the starter told me. The three of them were there all Saturday, Sunday. Mr. Lowry, what's happened? They could at least have told me. Mr. Rutledge or Mr. Johnson wouldn't do such a thing without letting me know."

"I got a phone call quite late Friday night that Mr. Cramer had been elected president and would be in today, but I had no idea of this weekend move. We better go up."

"Maybe I was wrong in getting so upset about this," Titcomb said in the elevator.

"Oh, well," Lowry said cheerily, "it doesn't make any difference. Mr. Cramer is a very nice man. You'll like him."

The staff had begun to reach their desks and to start the day's work. It seemed to Lowry as he passed them that they were all consciously trying not to look toward Rutledge's door. He paused there and Cramer called, "Oh, glad to see you, Mr. Lowry. Come right in. Both

If it was woman who put man out of Paradise, it is still woman, and woman only, who can lead him back. ELBERT HUBBARD

doors will always be open to the whole organization. You do know what's happened?"

"Oh, yes. I wish you all sorts of luck and ——"

"This is my secretary and Girl Friday, Jane Wilkins," Cramer said. A severe-looking woman of fifty said good morning. "You had a quick trip abroad, didn't you? I'll want to hear about it later. Oh—John, come in. Mr. Lowry, this is my son John, who's coming to act as my personal assistant. Just back from his two years in Korea, after college. John, just check again on whether that old fellow in the mail room's in while I talk to Mr. Lowry."

"Right, dad," young Cramer said, giving his hand to Lowry and taking it away in one movement.

"Titcomb's in," Lowry told Cramer. "He came up with me. He's always in at eight, and was this morning. I had asked him to do something for me."

"Leave it, John. That explains it satisfactorily."

"Right, dad."

The elder Cramer, smiling benignly, said he had only had in mind catching any slackness that the interregnum might have let creep in. "You can be sure, I'm here to learn from you all. Till yet I know very little of the whole picture. Any fear on the part of anyone in the organization that I'm here to interfere or make changes should be very and most definitely nipped in the bud. And I hope you'll spread that around. Now don't let me keep you."

"There was one thing you wanted to ask Mr. Lowry, dad," John Cramer said.

"And that was?" Cramer asked.

"You wanted to know how long the Venezuelan manager would be in Paris on personal business."

"Yes, you're right. Can you tell me, Mr. Lowry?"

"I should say he would return in a few days, probably this week," Lowry said. "Originally I had thought I'd be back in Paris in a few days."

"I see; and then this ugly business detained you?"

"Well, yes."

"You can give me the details later, but perhaps, John, you'll make a note to remind Mr.

Lowry to have Mr. Doran return via New York."

"I'll do so," Lowry said.

The father waved his son away with paternal pride. "Fine boy, isn't he, Mr. Lowry? He's got the sort of qualities I lack. He's Phi Beta Kappa, by the way, the honor society. I don't know how many Phi Betes, as they call them, we have in this office."

"There are several, Mr. Curtis and Evans both among them."

"You weren't so fortunate?"

"Yes, I happened to be," Lowry said.

"Oh, well, that's splendid. John and you will be working very closely. Feel absolutely free to call on John and use him whenever you want to. Don't let what he's doing for me interfere. Want to make a note to cable Doran?" He pushed a pad and his own pencil forward.

"I'll remember. His name is Daran, not Doran, by the way."

"Thank you," Cramer said.

Lowry left the office and, passing young Cramer's and Miss Wilkins' desks in the anteroom, was staggered by the amount of papers they had already managed to assemble. Correspondence folders were high on both desks and a drawing board with graph paper on Cramer's as well.

Hewitt, somewhat breathless, eyebrows lifted questioningly, met him outside the door.

"True?" he asked.

"Yep," Lowry said. "Have fun. I forgot to pledge my support to the new regime. Make a note to do it."

That day and the two following Cramer and his son and his secretary behaved very much like a close-knit family of three who had just moved into a large apartment house occupied by tenants of long standing. They spoke to their neighbors in a friendly way but kept very much to themselves. The feverish industry of young Cramer and Miss Wilkins continued, as files were returned and new ones taken away.

With Curtis, Hewitt, Evans and Lowry Cramer's attitude was of smiling, almost embarrassed, detachment and confidence. He questioned nothing, and showed no desire to interfere or even participate in the day's work.

"Of course you realize," Hewitt said to Lowry on the morning of the third day, "this won't last. This fellow will be into everything and that son of his will stop being so deferential. I wish Cramer would stop referring to himself as 'a worker in the vineyard.' Did he mention this dinner he's giving? Us and our wives?"

"Oh, no, not really?"

"Yep, tomorrow night. Command performance. I don't want to rub it in, Steve, but I think all this might have been prevented if you'd felt you could spend a little time to make some plans with me after we left Charley Curtis the other night. However, don't think I hold it against you or that I'm dropping them."

Later in the morning Cramer came to Lowry's office to tell him about dinner. Mrs. Cramer, he was sorry to say, had "not yet come on from the West," but he wanted to "get the family together" right away. He seemed as cheery about it as a Lord Bountiful. Dinner would be at six-thirty at his hotel. Just Miss Wilkins, his son, and the four of them and their wives—a simple dinner "that won't keep us late."

So indeed it turned out. A line on the bulletin board in the lobby of his hotel read, "Mr. Cramer's dinner, Room 1013, 6:30 P.M." They went up to find Miss Wilkins presiding over a tray of tomato juice. The son had a fine salve of canapés. It was all very folksy, husbands and wives next to each other on either side of the beaming Cramer. "Large coffee with" the three-course dinner and an abundance of hard-shelled rolls. Jellied tomato soup, roast beef with baked Idaho potato, broccoli and a fine blueberry pie for all. Fresh hot coffee with it.

"How do you, as a Frenchwoman, like American cooking, Mrs. Lowry?" Cramer asked.

"Exquisite," Rosalie said. "But I'm not French."

"Be that as it may. I don't think we'd use the word 'exquisite' about cooking. It's wholesome and substantial."

"Oh, very."

"For example, there's about eleven ounces of prime steer in each portion of that roast beef. I understand you eat a good many frogs' legs in France and of course they are abundant in this country too. The finest I've ever tasted were in Chattanooga. They were served with a side dish of creamed asparagus. Coleslaw went with it. And you, Mrs. Hewitt, are frogs' legs your favorite also?"

"No," Paula said judiciously with a sidelong leer at Rosalie. "I like ham and eggs with red-eye gravy."

"That must be good," Rosalie said.

"Yes, it's a dish that Arkansas is famous for and there's something that *is* practically exquisite, Mrs. Lowry, as you said."

Cramer asked Mrs. Curtis who her favorite columnist was. He said that his was David Lawrence. He felt there was vision there and Miss Wilkins was always good enough to clip it out and have it on his desk when he came in. He went on to say that he put a high value on members of the family getting together in an informal homelike atmosphere. This was the first of such dinners which would gradually be extended to all the staff heads.

His men guests listened to him mainly in silence so that Lowry could not help feeling a little sorry for him. He was plainly making an effort to impress them with something, but he was also trying to please. He told his women guests, looking from one to another, that his one goal was to be helpful. "I'm not a taskmaster in any sense of the word," he said.

Then, startling them all, he said in his low-confidential tone, "Tell me, we're all together here, what is your explanation of Mr. Peale's conduct? You all know him better than I. Mr. Lowry, you knew him best; you were very old friends, I'm told."

Nonplused by the question, Lowry finally shrugged.



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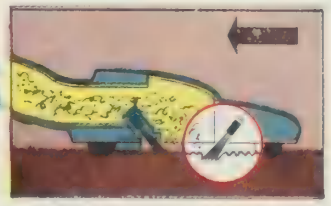
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Cramer turned to Curtis. "Looking back, end Curtis, do we now see anything which ould warn us in the future?"

"I don't believe anything like that will occur ain."

"Isn't it a fact that before it happened you ould have been just as sure this wouldn't ppen?"

Curtis' normally pale face reddened and he a cigarette without replying.

"The reason I mention it now," Cramer id, "is because I have great faith in woman's uition, and I want to ask you ladies if any you, and you all saw a good deal of him, d any intuitive warning. Mrs. Lowry, let me k you."

As she hesitated, Paula Hewitt said, "Let say this, Mr. Cramer: none of us had an uitive warning. Jim Peale is a friend. He was brilliant, complex individual. He still is. I n't think any of us want to talk about him. you mind terribly?"

Lowry felt ashamed that he had not said mething of the sort as Cramer replied, "Cernly not, Mrs. Hewitt. I merely sought idance."

Mrs. Curtis murmured something about the eness of the hour—it was all of eight-forty—d Cramer pushed back his chair, telling m what a good time they had had. They t in a body, leaving the hosts, so the latter imated, to settle down to a solid evening of rk after a duty well done.

"Nothing less than the Twenty-one after it," Paula said in the crowded elevator. What a dreadful person!"

The Curtises got in the cab with them and the other four waited, Evans said to Lowry, What can the directors be nking of? They must ow this fellow. What's explanation, Steve?"

"I don't know. I suppose has ability and that unrneath he's sincere."

"Oh, stop being cheer-," Rosalie said. "I can't nd it. When's his wife ming on from the West'?"

At 21 Hewitt said, as they settled back, "I'm t referring to his question about Jim, but the t that a man like that's been put in over us. n going to Delano in the morning and dend an explanation. I don't have to take it d I won't."

"What are you going to do, Stephen?" ula asked.

"I don't think it's any good doing anything til we see Cramer in action. We can't very ll go to Delano and say, 'This fellow gives u a commonplace meal when he has you to ner and asks questions in rather poor te,' which is about all specifically we have complain of."

"I think you're right," Curtis said. "We'll ow more when he stops sending for files."

"In his way," Lowry went on, "he even ms to be trying to make people like him. He y turn out to be quite effective."

"I don't question his being effective," Hewitt d. "It's the spectacle of our ineffectiveness talking about."

"Oh, let's give him a chance," Lowry said. "He needs a chance like a tiger needs claws," witt replied.

Curtis moodily agreed with Lowry, and his e, glancing at her wrist, rose, saying, "Heavs, it's long past nine o'clock! You must all me and have a nice baked potato with us ne night."

"I'm going to have another drink, Paula. down." But Paula also rose and picked up evening bag. "Well, do you mind if I don't lp my drink?" Hewitt asked surlily. "I think stop in the Hounds a minute. Delano ght just be there and I could bring it up sually."

"No indeed. Do try. Steve, where's your ? You can drop me," Paula said.

Curtis said he had ordered his car and they uld take her, since the Lowrys had to go all e way to Long Island. They left Hewitt to od briefly on the morrow before having a ephone brought to the table.

When the guests had left Cramer said he d a personal letter he must get off. Miss Wilkins sat down at the desk, pencil and dictation book ready.

"No," Cramer said, "thank you, Jane, but I am going to write it myself."

He seated himself at the desk and squared a sheet of hotel paper before him.

Dear Mildred: Well, the banquet hall's deserted. It's been a hard day and I don't know just what to tell you about it, because I'm not sure how I feel about the dinner I just gave my principal officers and their wives.

I went to a good deal of pains in selecting the dinner and in having everything nice, but either New Yorkers are "standoffish" or these particular ones aren't very whole-souled.

Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Evans seemed like nice women but Lowry's wife is French, I understand. Lowry himself had very little to say. Hewitt is more of a regular fellow but his wife "snapped my head off" at one point while we were all discussing Peale. Jane has heard that Lowry plans to bring Peale back in the company. Needless to say, I'll put the quietus on any such idea.

I freely admit I feel a little bothered and very lonesome for you tonight and wish you were here. Tomorrow I'm putting in new and stiff procedures. It's all a challenge and I know what I'm doing but I had counted on a little more friendliness. Fortunately I have Mr. Delano's absolute trust and confidence and I know I have yours, and those are all I need.

Your affectionate husband,

D. P. CRAMER.

He addressed and stamped the envelope and walked out to drop it in the chute.

Though he took the train a half hour before his usual one, Lowry arrived at the office to find his secretary was also in, and with the personal mail she gave him, with raised eyebrows, an office memorandum asking that a carbon of all letters go to the president's assistant. She said that Mr. Cramer would like to see him at nine-thirty. There were airmail letters from his brother-in-law and from Daran.

To profit from good advice requires more wisdom than to give it.

CHURTON COLLINS

Lainvee's said simply that he had seen Daran and given him the facts, and that Daran had accepted them with little comment but obvious sorrow.

Daran wrote:

Mr. Lainvee has told me the story which, you may be sure, will be held in the strictest confidence by me. It has made me profoundly sad that this could happen to a man of such broad culture. I cannot think of him as having done it but rather as it having *happened* to him, like being struck by lightning.

Your cable asking me to return to Venezuela by New York was received and I shall duly inform you when that will be.

I hope when I say I am wholly at your orders, you will understand it is only the truth.

As Lowry went through his outer office to see Cramer, his secretary hung up her telephone and stopped him. "That was Harold Titcomb," she said. "He's been let out. He wants to see you."

"Who did that?"

"'President's assistant,'" she answered, making a face.

"Tell him I'll see him when I come back," Lowry told her.

Since the day Jim Peale's personal things had been packed, the room next to what was now Cramer's had been used by out-of-town visitors for very small meetings. As Lowry passed it, he saw that John Cramer and a new secretary had been ensconced there.

Lowry went through the president's open door to find him all smiling affability.

"Well," he said, "I thought we had a very nice family time together last night."

"We did, indeed," Lowry replied. "It was very nice of you to have us."

Cramer made a deprecatory gesture. "No more than I should do. I wanted to talk to you and the others this morning about some organization matters. I shall of course be mainly concerned with the broad policies on reserves and dividends. The directors insist on that," he added with a shy smile after a brief pause. "That will mean I shall have to ration my time very carefully."

"Oh, I agree," Lowry said.

"Till yet I have always made it a point to give my own attention to details. One learns a great deal that way, but"—with another gesture evidently intended to illustrate the weight of his responsibilities—"that is no longer possible."

Lowry nodded.

"Therefore I would like everything to come to me through my assistant where it can be ——"

"But ——"

Cramer held up his hand with a father's indulgence. "I know what you're going to say, and you needn't say it. My door will still always be open to everyone. I'm sure, though, I'm going to have your wholehearted help in easing my burden."

"Naturally. I'm not sure, however, that I understand just what you intend to go to your son. Are the officers to have a daily meeting with him?"

"Oh no, they are simply asked to keep him advised and to come to me through him with any problems."

"Well, as to the first, such figures as cumulative sales and shipments, collections and so on by countries with comparison to last month and last year go to you now from our department. So with other departments—financial,



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subsidiaries, branches. You contemplate something more than this?"

Cramer put the ends of his fingers together and looked over his glasses at Lowry. "Let us assume for the moment I do. Have you any objection?"

"I don't object to your having any figures or information you want. I would object, if you don't mind my saying so, to what sounds like a form of direct supervision."

"Friend Lowry, have you ever heard it said that the man who resents supervision can never efficiently exercise it?"

"No, has it been said?"

"Is that levity?"

"Not in the least. Well, shall we see how it goes as to the day's work and if you don't get what you require, we can talk again. There are two other matters I'd like to mention."

"Certainly. I'm here to help."

"No doubt you have heard it said that in management, no one should be given information they can't use. I don't believe you or your assistant can use the information in every letter I write. I imagine my associates will feel the same way. I suggest to you withdrawing this notice about carbons of all letters and that you leave it to your officers' judgment to send you a copy of anything which you ought to know about."

"Now why should you resent a simple business request? Aren't you given copies of the letters your subordinates write? If you aren't, then I *am* concerned about the way our foreign business is being run. We'll leave that, however, for a later date."

"I have neither heard nor spoken a word about this copies-of-all-letters memo, but I am sure my associates will object as strongly as I do. Aside from all that, I doubt that your office has even considered the weight of papers they would receive or where they'd put it, let alone read it. This is rather a large office. I take it that like all major administrators you want your officers' advice. In this case mine is to withdraw the memo."

"You had two matters, you said. What is the other?"

"Yes. It may be I am misinformed. I heard as I came in that Harold Titcomb has been dismissed."

"That is very and most definitely the case."

"Well, like you, I'm rather a newcomer in the organization, but I understood very early that Titcomb, the oldest employee here and one of the most efficient, was to stay as long as he wanted to. If he is not leaving by mutual consent, I think it's a mistake and I believe it will be widely resented at all levels. Do you mind telling me what happened?"

"Is the mail room part of the Foreign Department?"

"No, but I'm a friend of the head of the mail room," Lowry said with a smile.

"Titcomb has been let go because he's overage, inefficient ——"

"No, he's not inefficient."

"Will you please not interrupt? He's been dismissed because I'm president of this organization and I hire and fire and I don't want him around any longer. I wonder if that is clear?" His voice remained at its utterly unemotional level.

"Clear, yes, but not, I think, the sort of good judgment you're noted for. Is that all?"

"Well, not quite, friend Lowry. You spoke just now of my being a newcomer like you. Of course that isn't so. My close relations with the company go back many years, but I do appreciate how you feel. Your friend, Peale, is gone, Mr. Rutledge, who found you, is gone, and now Mr. Johnson. You feel strange, not quite at home yet perhaps, your first trip turning out badly, uncertain, possibly resentful. Now don't have any such feeling. We're all sure you're going to do very well."

"I wasn't aware of such feelings at all," Lowry replied.

"Well," Cramer said comfortingly, "sometimes it takes us a long time to know ourselves."

Hewitt was not in yet, but Evans was waiting in Lowry's office with the carbon memo.

"What ——" he began.

"Mr. Lowry, you should be leaving for the Johnson Foundation meeting. I phoned you'd be a little late," Lowry's secretary said.

"Thanks. I'd forgotten."

"Before you go," Evans said, "I don't see why this memo isn't enough for Calvin to see Delano with. And today."

"Look, we can't go to see Delano on a detail like that. It would be absurd."

"Do you mean to say you didn't protest?"

"I advised him to withdraw it. I've got to go."

The rest of the morning with his fellow trustees, Henry Dennison and Walter Caithness, was a satisfactory one for Lowry. He was brought somewhat abruptly back to his own problems at the end of it when Caithness asked him how he liked the new boss. Dennison paused to listen to his reply.

"I'm interested, too," he said. "Cramer was very effective on rescue work for the bank some years ago."

"Well," Lowry said, "he has been there only a few days. He's been very nice, had us and our wives in to dinner. He"—he was trying furiously to think of something in Cramer's favor—"he goes about things differently from Mr. Rutledge or Tom, of course."

ARTISTIC APPRECIATION

By SUZANNE DOUGLASS

That yellow circle is the sun.
That oblong shape below,
With windows in it, is a house.
Those spots are flakes of snow.
That red thing is a chimney,
And that wavy line is smoke.
And that purple dot is nothing,
It's just where the crayon broke.
The black line is the sidewalk.
Those green streaks are the grass;
And it's hanging on the blackboard
In front of all the class!
My daughter's name is on it,
Artistically misspelt;
It's beautiful . . . and now I know
How Rembrandt's mother felt.

"Do you know Delano well?" Caithness asked.

"Hardly at all."

"Would you like me to get him to lunch someday?"

Lowry hesitated. "I'd like it very much," he said, "but I think I better not do it at this time."

"I know him very well, of course," Caithness said. "He's responsible for Cramer. Well, I can see your point. We'll leave it for the present, but don't hesitate to call me if you change your mind or need any help."

"That's very nice of you."

"I shouldn't say this in front of Henry, but I should think Cramer would drive you all crazy and I'll bet he does," Caithness said. "But I admit he's always got results."

On Lowry's return to the office his secretary said Mr. Evans and Mr. Hewitt would like to see him as soon as possible. He found them both in Hewitt's office looking angry but dejected.

"We both talked to him separately about this damn memo—and got exactly nowhere. Now what are we going to do?" Hewitt asked. "Are you going to send those carbons?"

"Well, if we do," Lowry said, "a few days should make it clear even to him that it's impractical. If we don't, we're starting a row with him on a detail. Any directors would back him up—a new president's entitled to familiarize himself with operations in whatever way he thinks best."

"So you're just going to take it lying down, Evans said.

"He can always say," Lowry continue "that it's simply a temporary expedient, an that he was quite amenable to suggestions

"I won't do it. I don't have to and I won't Hewitt said and walked out.

"My thought is that if we have to figh there'll be better grounds than this," Low said to Evans.

In his own office, his secretary told him th the president's assistant had been in and ask where he was and on being told wanted know how long he had been a Johnson trust and how often meetings were held.

"I thought you ought to know," she sai

He took a long breath. "I suppose I shoul But I don't want us to get in the frame mind where we think there's something impo tant or personal in everything that office sa or does ——"

"Then I shouldn't have told you?"

"It isn't that. I appreciate your telling n but don't let yourself get worked up about Things will settle down in a few days. N about the carbons"—he sighed—"send th in for the present."

About four-thirty Rosalie telephoned to her class was just over and when could leave.

"I'll be on the sidewalk here at ten at five," he said and looked up to see Crame his doorway. Involuntarily he hung up mid-sentence.

"Can I have a moment, friend Lowr Cramer asked.

"Certainly."

"Just two things in passing. I've got to g meet Mr. Delano at your Hounds Club. been thinking after talking to you and frie Evans and Hewitt that, since you all seem feel so strongly about those carbons, possi I was wrong. I've rescinded the procedure, I'd appreciate if you and the others wo make personally sure John gets carbons anything he should have."

"We certainly will," Lowry said. "And seemed balky this morning, I'm sorry."

"Not at all, not at all. I wanted to tell as soon as I decided, but you were out. I ha realized you were on the Johnson board u John told me. I want to say I'm very gla hear it. I want to be sure all our men feel to use company time or facilities on proj of civil or human betterment. Well, I mus keep Mr. Delano waiting." He blinked beamed on Lowry, backing to the door wh he paused. "Feeling better about things n friend Lowry? Your phone is ringing." An left with a smile.

It was Rosalie and Lowry said, "I'm so Cramer came in and I was —— What's matter?"

"Darling, I'm at the Relief building Thirty-fourth Street. Could you come t for me, please?"

"Yes. You're not ill? You sound as th you were crying. I've got to sign some m

"Just hurry. I'm all right," Rosalie told "I'll wait."

He signed his mail, approved two ca which Halleck, a department manager, bro in, and left. The sight and sound of the tr on Fifth Avenue told him a fast walk t Lexington Avenue subway was the quic route and he strode along among the ho going office workers.

He found Rosalie sitting in their car pa near the Relief building. The fine, new car Rosalie in her pretty clothes were a con to the run-down street and the tired-look shabby people passing. He went around t driver's side and, looking at her as he g he thought he had never seen her look so

"My darling, what is it?"

"I'm sorry to be a baby, but I didn't able to drive," she said and burst into tea don't know what to do. I suddenly feel a of everything, even of going home. Please care of me."

"But I will. Is it some definite pain?"

"Oh, definite—everything terrible isn't nite. I gave the lesson down here. It wasn til it was over that one of them spoke of day it is. Stephen, it's the anniversary of and I hadn't even remembered. I'd let n

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



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Because of thousands of requests for salon-type treatments at home, Mr. Stauffer's "magic couch" has now been introduced for use in the home. Known as the Posture-Rest, this unique "magic couch" is the heart of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, which already has enabled tens of thousands of women—and their husbands—to enjoy Stauffer treatments in their own homes.

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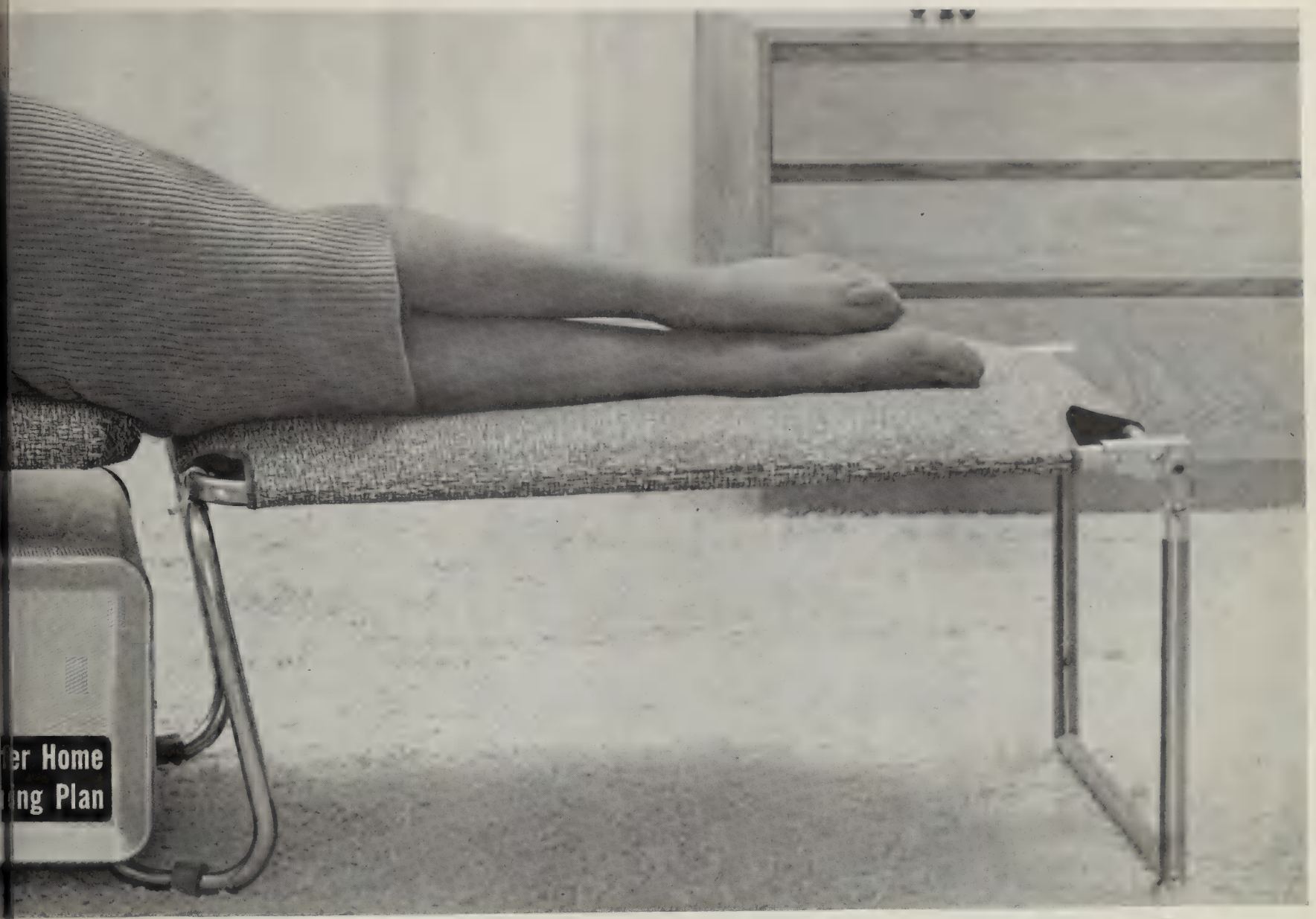
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It not only takes off excess weight, but also removes unwanted inches from les, thighs, hips and tummy.

It tones and firms sagging muscles, so that your skin fits smoothly and nly over your new silhouette.

It improves your posture and gives you a more graceful carriage befitting r new, lovelier figure.

It produces wonderful results for *all* the family—not only helps mother ake her figure, but also gives father the necessary daily exercise that so ny businessmen often find so difficult to get, and helps teen-agers lose "baby " and start their mature life with proper posture.

The remarkable Posture-Rest "magic couch" is portable, lightweight, folds e a card table. You can rent it by the month or buy it for pennies a day.

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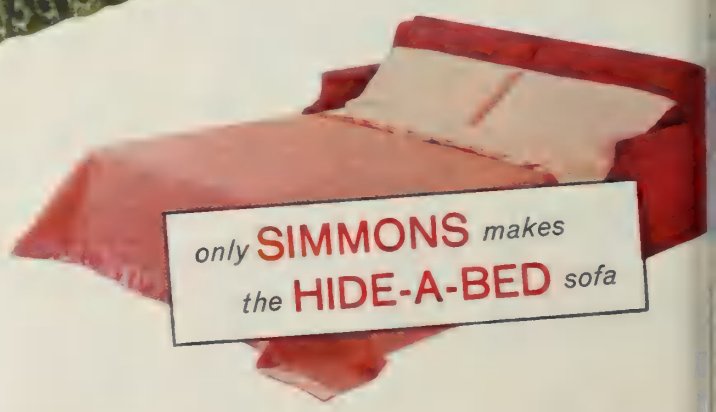
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

f get father and mother and Inge and I was
ppy and carefree."

"But dearie, there's been this anniversary
ry year and you've been right and wise not
dwell on it."

"No, I haven't. These other people, these
le people, remember it and mourn for it and
ave pretended it all happened to someone
. I feel like some rich horrible *émigré*. I
en't the right to the house and our kind of
——"

"Darling, this is very foolish!"

"But don't you see ——"

They were entering the brief approach to the
dtown Tunnel, passing the planting of trees,
and rickety-looking from the dust and
nes of the motor age. The exhaust and the
brakes of the bus ahead of them drowned
voice. "I can't hear you now," he said, and
y sat without speaking until they passed the
l gate on the Long Island side.

"Now what is it?" he asked, sure he was
ht that the past should be left done.

"It was a *crise de nerfs*, I suppose," she said.
ou're very comforting, but sometimes you're
ttle inhuman."

"What's the package?" he asked.

"A bathing suit like mine for Lainvee. She
nts us to be twins."

The flood of orders, foreign and domestic,
h which the next week opened was like
thing that had been seen since the outbreak
he Korean war. All the world's dammed-up
ying power seemed to be loose. It engulfed
president and the headquarters staff. In the
h which continued all week even Titcomb
yed at his post unnoticed by them.

When Wednesday's record-breaking total
s in, Curtis sent word to the three others
at Cramer was in his office and would they
me in for just a minute. Coats off, sleeves
led up, Hewitt's tie askew, they appeared.

"I'll only keep you a minute," Cramer said.
h the face of this, I've wired all our purchas-
agents to meet me in Chicago in the morn-
. I think it's where I can help most—to
ke sure just how our inventories will stand
to it. I propose staying right in the Chicago
ice ——"

"I think that's wonderful," Lowry said.

"Charley will be on the Teletype to me as
n as the mail and cables are cleared tomor-
w." Cramer paused and beamed at them all.
Vell, sell 'em, cowboy."

"What a relief," Hewitt said to Lowry as
y went back to their offices. "And if any-
dy knows Middle Western suppliers, he
es. And not a word about 'my son, John.'"

"You see," Lowry said. "Wait for the
aks."

"He's not such a bad little fellow," Hewitt
d him as though that was what he had been
ing right along.

All the rest of the week orders continued to
ur in. "The biggest five-day dollar volume
our history," Curtis said. They were all on
Teletype and telephone to Cramer several
nes a day. His calm, his resourcefulness, his
owledge of components were amazing.

he buying wave tapered off at the end of
next week, though with sales continuing
ghtly ahead of the same period the previous
ar.

On Wednesday Titcomb came to Lowry's
fice. In all the rush, his firing had been
gely forgotten.

"Mr. Lowry," he asked, "have you ever
ard of a fellow named John Dryden?"

"There was an English poet of that name."

"That's the fellow. You know two weeks
o when I was let out I went to see Mr. Rut-
lge. He was the way he always is, but he said
ere was nothing he could do. He was fin-
ed, he said, and would soon be forgotten
wn here. But then he said to me, 'Harold,
member this line by John Dryden and let it
your comfort.' He said it and then I got out
pencil and wrote it down. I'll read it to
u. 'But what has been, has been, and I have
d my hour.' Well, I have and I'm not going
spoil it rowing with someone like that
amer after the type of men I've been associ-
ed with. I'm leaving now. Do you know what
n going to do first?"

"No, what?"

"My wife's waiting for me. We're going to take a taxi all the way to Fulton Street, Brooklyn, and we're going to have dinner at Gage and Tollner's where I used to go years ago. They been there since before I was born. Not a change. Well, they got air conditioning, everything else the same, wonderful food, expensive—but I've got money saved. I've got my pension. You can think of me in about thirty minutes ordering two lobsters for my wife and me. There's one last thing I want to tell you. I said to you the morning that Cramer was first here, 'He's going to tear the place apart'—well, he still is and don't forget it."

Lowry shook his hand. His good sense and good cheer were touching, but as Titcomb went out to say more good-bys Lowry felt a little ashamed of his own relief at what had happened and that he would not have to wrangle with Cramer about it.

Cramer was back the next morning. He deprecated the congratulations with which he was greeted and said that all the credit belonged to them and the men in the field. He was proud of each and every one. There was only one thing to be feared—and he did not fear it—but there was always the chance of people getting complacent and coasting. That must be watched.

"Oh, one last thing," he said. "I'd like those in the clerical staff who've been working overtime to have a day added to their weekend on a staggered basis."

"You were certainly right in opposing our seeing Delano," Hewitt told Lowry as they left Cramer's office. "The fellow is really all right."

Just after lunch there was a cable from Trinidad confirming the sale of two pressure vessels on which they had bid the previous week. The components had been the subject of several calls to Cramer in Chicago and Lowry went in to tell him that everything had come out all right. Miss Wilkins said Mr. Cramer would not be back but could be reached at Mr. Delano's late in the afternoon.

"Well, if he calls you might tell him the pressure vessels came through."

"He already knows it, Mr. Lowry," she said, returning to her work.

"I don't think he could. The cable just came," Lowry said.

"Under the new procedure," the president's assistant, who had come in, said, "this office gets advance-action copies of all cables where more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is involved. We had ours at twelve-thirty-five."

"I see," Lowry said, steam from his control valve all but filling the room.

Here of course was intolerable interference on which he must fight. It was an issue on which anyone with any common sense would agree with him, but what was it going to avail to get one more procedure rescinded when Cramer's thinking—to dignify the mental process—could originate them to start with? For the moment he himself was too angry to feel disheartened.

"Did you know about these advance-action copies of our cables going to Cramer's office?" he asked his secretary.

"Yes, the cable room is buzzing with it," she told him.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't want 'stories and rumors' brought to you and you told me not to 'get worked up.'"

"Miss Marshall, you are an intelligent, attractive young woman, but you would try the patience of a saint. I am not a saint."

"I'm really very sorry. I know I should have told you, but everything is so changed and there's so much trouble being made and I feel so sorry for you."

"There, there, I'll weather it."

"But what are you going to do about this?"

"I can't do anything until 'that Cramer,' as Titcomb called him, comes in."

He was busy most of the afternoon with his department heads on the analytical report of the last two weeks' sales. The bugbear which hangs over all foreign departments had already raised its ugly head. What were they going to have left to sell? The foreign quotas of production had been filled, running over. Yet most markets had indicated that, though there would be a lull, demands had not been filled, particularly on forward deliveries. The outcome of the meeting, which went for typing, was the sort of thing Cramer ought to like and in which he could be helpful. It ought to ease the way Tuesday morning.

They all got up, grinned at one another, stretched and picked up their papers.

Halleck, the best of the department heads, a young man of thirty, hung back, motioning to Lowry that he wanted a moment alone.

"Can I say what's on my mind?" he asked.

"Sure."

"I'm wondering whether we oughtn't to have had John Cramer sit in on this."

"I can't see what possible use he would have been."

"He's talked to me several times and he wants to get in on such things and says his father wants him to. The Day's Work, he calls it. Well, it's just a suggestion."

Lowry thought a moment and then he said, "Tell me, between us, are you personally worried because I didn't get him in?"

Halleck neatened his papers again. "I'm absolutely loyal to you personally, Mr. Lowry, but yes, I think I am worried. I'm pretty sure he'll be over to ask me what we were doing in here."

"You wouldn't feel easy about telling him politely to go ask me, would you? I can see you wouldn't."

"It makes it awfully difficult," Halleck said. "If you should go to him now and tell him, he'd know I told you and he'd think —— Oh, I don't know. I suppose I'm scared about my job. We've just bought a house and we're expecting a second child in October. You know how it is."

"I do indeed," Lowry told him. "At the moment I can only make one promise that I'm sure I'll be able to keep. So tell him anything you like, say what you like about me for that matter, and you have my word I'll not hold it against you. I ought to be able to tell you your job and future are safe as long as I'm satisfied with you."

"You know," Halleck said, "I feel a lot better. You might have given me a lot of assurances and I might have relied on them. I'll take my chance with you."

"Thanks. Let's be practical. I ought to know more by eleven Tuesday morning. If I were you, I'd beat it now before the president's assistant catches you."

Lowry passed Cramer's office on the way from the conference room to his own. To say anything to young Cramer would certainly appear now to be at Halleck's suggestion. By Tuesday he ought to know whether trouble could be made for him or not. He strode past the open door. Halleck was just disappearing toward the elevator.

"What now?" Lowry asked Hewitt, who was pacing up and down his office. "Let's call it a day."

"Read this piece of insolence," Hewitt said, red with anger.

"Must I?" Lowry said wearily and, then he did read it. "Oh, I see."

"I'm going in and knock his teeth in right now. Do you want to come watch?"

The paper from John Cramer to Mr. Hewitt read:

The president regards it as important that no officer or member of his family keep any touch with Mr. Peale.

"Come on," Lowry said. "I'll leave with you. We don't want a row in here. Come on quick."

"I haven't seen or spoken to Jim since he left, but if I had who's business is it?" Hewitt asked. "I said before and I say now I'm fixed so I don't have to take this sort of thing. I'm going to knock this guy's teeth out as a public service."

In the end Lowry got him into an elevator and down to a bar without meeting Cramer, where they had a drink and wished each other a pleasant Fourth of July.

"I'm afraid," he told Rosalie when he came down after a shower for a drink on the terrace, "I'll have to unburden myself about the office. It's rather a mess. I think it's likely to get worse." He told her about the day. "You see, outside of aggression and apparent malice, it seems to have no real reason. Take the memo to Hewitt. What reason? We didn't each get one. Why is he capriciously picked out?"

"Darling, in this case there may have been a reason. Not a good one. It has to do with Paula. Calvin knows nothing about it, and she doesn't intend that he shall. She tracked Jim down and had him to lunch. Young Cramer saw them."

(To be Continued)

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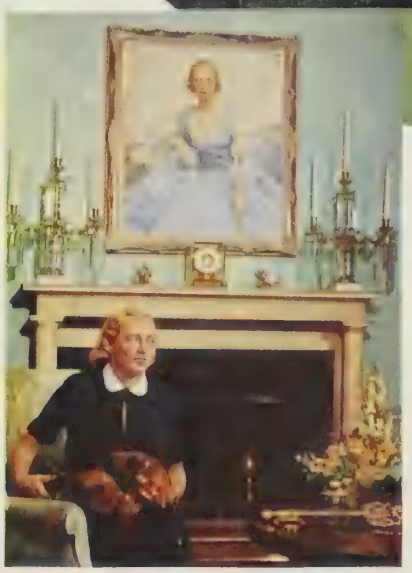
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STUART

Busy Manhattan buzzes arou it, but the mansion grounds are ru green, serene. Archibald Gracie, who ow a fleet of clipper ships, made his home here in 17 New York City purchased it in 18



DI PIETRO

Susan Wagner, official hostess of New York City, comes of a family of ten, brings homemaking talent to the mansion.



DI PIETRO

His Honor the Mayor, Robert F. Wagner, broils steaks at the fireplace on an informal evening with son Robert, Jr., 13. Duncan, 9, is currently at boarding school.

New Kitchen for Gracie Mansion

A graceful and historic home of the late 1700's, now official residen of the mayor of New York City and his family, has its kitchen re-equipped with waist-high ove sit-down sink, built-in freezer and all conveniences to aid its official and family lif

By MARGARET DAVIDSON *Homemaking Editor of the Journal*

On grassy banks rolling down to Manhattan's East River, the stately Mayor's Mansion stands serenely in a charmed circle amid skyscrapers. Here the mayor of New York, Robert F. Wagner, and his blond wife, Susan, give leisurely lawn parties, official lunches and dinners for world dignitaries.

When the mansion opened its doors, New York's population was 60,000. Today the city of 8,000,000 crowds around the hush of the majestic old house and grounds. The wide windows of the living room view boats moving downriver, and the low hoot of their whistles mingles with the nostalgic tock of a grandfather's clock in the high-ceilinged hall.

"It's a lovely house," says "Mrs. Mayor" Susan Wagner affectionately, "for raising a family and for entertaining. We use the lower floor for official functions—at least a hundred and twenty-five a year—and our sitting rooms and extra guest rooms are all on the second floor." Each gracious room has its original fireplace. A library of fine books in fragrant leather bindings, gold eagle motifs in wall decoration all add to the home's dignity as an "official residence," but the personal touches of Mrs. Wagner warm it with the talent of a hostess and homemaker. Her own lovely old fruit plates glow from an eighteenth-century breakfront, porcelain birds perch lightly on a marble mantel, a rare old Bible rests on a table among vases of flowers fresh from the garden. Many of the rooms, having grown dark, were lightened with reproductions of the early pastels. Among Sheraton, Hepple white and Adam heirlooms, thin old silver and commodio chests, the home has refreshed itself with new fabrics an conveniences added through the years.

The only neglected room had been the kitchen, until Mr Wagner decided, with JOURNAL help, to bring it up to nov A memo for historians: Susan Wagner installed its fir dishwasher. She decided, also, to replace its old woo cabinets, yearned for a freezer to save trips to the basemer locker, for a food warmer and an eye-level oven.

Now the kitchen shines in the soft pastels and clear foliag colors that were in vogue when Archibald Gracie built th mansion. But now the gleaming pink counters have a delicat crackle design, in laminated plastic, easy to maintain. Th soft potter's blue of cabinets is echoed on the walls. Abov the cabinets a panoramic mural brings back graceful mem ories of the 1800's. The rosy-pink floor with black insets i rubber, silent under the heaviest traffic of the day. Fo sometimes Susan Wagner hears over the phone from Cit Hall: "Can you have the wives and daughters of forty-eigh visiting governors in for tea?" She notes the date. "Of course At four o'clock? We'll be looking forward to them!"

And late at evening, with the mayor and their two sons Susan knows the family can gather for a late snack in th dining nook—for a touch of informality between dates witl guest books and history books.



STUART

Remodeled dining nook, sunny and airy, looks over lawns into heart of Manhattan. The space was once a porch, and outside walls are of wide clapboards. Spirited new curtains are cotton in pink-and-green floral print. Susan Wagner's touch provides fresh fruit and greenery. Around marble-topped table sit black iron chairs with rose-pink plastic pillows. "This room is one of the hardest used in our house—it's never empty."



DI PIETRO

In a typical week there are five or more large dinners on the calendar, and at busy seasons Mayor and Mrs. Wagner are engaged for lunch as well. At the start of a full day, Robert, Jr., breakfasts with his mother, to talk over mail and news. Both boys take an interest in government, and inside view of legislation at home helps their schoolwork.

STUART



In now modernized kitchen, soft blue of the steel cabinets is fired for durability. At left of new eye-level oven is an under-the-counter food warmer of stainless steel which keeps food appetizingly hot during parties when fresh supplies are frequently needed. Above it on counter are pull-down cooking units to supplement the big range (not shown). At far right is under-counter freezer. A mobile cart wheels up where needed (in foreground), holds utensils and bread and cake bins under its carving-board top.

For more views of equipment, see page 127.

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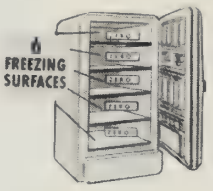
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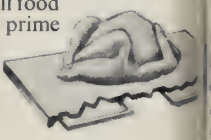
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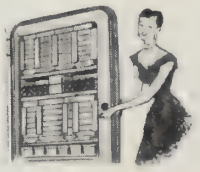
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WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

about law as her celebrated husband. For the seven years Phoebe had been Jeannie's friend, they had treated her like another daughter.

As Phoebe kissed them both on the cheek, Mrs. Moore said, "But Phoebe dear, where is your young man?"

"I forgot to tell you, mother," said Jeannie. "Her young man can't come."

As Phoebe stared at the place set for Bryan, Mrs. Moore patted her hand. "Ah, that's too bad, dear. *Do* sit down, children. Sammy, you sit over there. Jeannie, fetch me the bell so I can ring for Maggie to bring the soup."

Halfway through lunch Mrs. Moore turned to Phoebe with a complicit smile. "Is this the same young man you were stewing about all last spring?"

Phoebe blushed. "I'm afraid so."

Mrs. Moore laughed. "Well, Phoebe darling, we'll just have to plan a campaign for you. Now look at Jeannie. She's only known Peter for two and a half months, yet they've practically set the date!"

"*Mother!*" Jeannie was now blushing too. "You really can't go and *say* things like that. If Peter ever ——"

Phoebe skillfully interrupted: "I don't think any sort of campaign would do any good in this case. *Some* men just refuse to be coerced."

"True enough," said Mr. Moore, winking at his wife.

"Oh sure, sure," laughed Sammy. "You mean some men just don't have a *chance* when girls like you two get to work!"

There was the crunching sound of car wheels on the drive, a car door slammed. A moment later Peter Ackerson came into the room, a rangy, sandy-haired boy with a disarming smile that took in the whole room. "Hello, everybody." His gray eyes collided with Jeannie's. "Hello, you."

Mrs. Moore patted her pretty mouth with a napkin, beamed with Mr. Moore at their daughter's beau. "Pull up a chair, son," said Mr. Moore.

"We'll have some lunch for you in a moment," said Mrs. Moore, shaking the service bell.

"No lunch, thanks. I ate an hour ago." Shyly he kissed Jeannie's cheek.

"How did you get here so soon?" Jeannie's eyes were round, adoring.



STUART

Along window wall, pink plastic counter extends over dishwasher sprayed to match cabinets. Wooden cutting section, far right, near breakfast room, is also coffee-making center. Three-way sink extends from wall.

Extra Aids at Gracie Mansion

n the remodeled kitchen of the mayor of New York City, these helps are favorites. Other kitchen iews are on page 125. For a busy hostess, a big family or the remodeled kitchen anywhere, consider:

A three-way sink with swinging faucet

To keep work from bottlenecking, the sink above is a real blessing. One side, with shallow basin, has overhang that allows plenty of knee room to pull up a stool for sit-down work. Two basins on opposite side can be used for pan washing or dish rinsing. Faucet swings around. Two can work here simultaneously.



A food warmer with automatic settings →

Shown open at right, the under-counter warmer can be set at "moist hot" or "dry hot," can keep a dinner pipingly edible when a husband is late or can allow a homemaker to cook for guests hours ahead.



A frozen-food locker under the counter →

A freezer that opens like a drawer and can be built in under any work surface is a "second" freezer for the mansion (a big one is in the basement), is also the answer for a kitchen that can't spare wall area for a jumbo model. It holds 170 pounds of frozen food, and its pull-out design makes all five cubic feet of storage visible and also reachable.



"I took the twelve-fifty, then got a cab from the station."

"You really should have called us, Peter," said Mrs. Moore. "Sammy would have picked you up in the station wagon."

"Or I would have," said Jeannie. "We'd have saved you two dollars."

Peter reddened, shrugged. "It doesn't matter—especially about the two dollars." In the small awkward silence that followed, he greeted Phoebe and pulled up a chair. The kitchen door opened, and Maggie, despite his earlier refusal, set a cup of coffee and some of the chocolate soufflé in front of him. He sipped the coffee but ignored the soufflé.

Mrs. Moore leaned forward. "I thought of you last week, Peter, when I went to the Bragaard Gallery and saw that African-sculpture show." She began to talk intently. A few moments later Mr. Moore joined in and there was a spirited discussion of art.

Phoebe sat very still, watching, listening, her heart tight in her chest. This was the way things ought to be: you fell in love, you were loved back, he met your family and it was a wonderful family like this so, inevitably, he fell in love with all of them too. Your brilliant, charming mother and father who could talk about things your man was vitally interested in, at the same time making him feel a part of the family. And a kid brother like Sammy who became suddenly quiet and subdued, showing you that he wanted your Peter to think him a man, reassuring you in this most simple of ways about the soundness of your choice.

When she had received the invitation to bring Bryan along this weekend, her hopes had soared. At last, at last he would see her in a flattering and gracious setting . . . and perhaps forget his picture of the intense, hard-working girl who lived in a small neat apartment in an old brownstone house. In her mind she had heard Mr. Moore talking to Bryan about advertising, Mrs. Moore discussing music with him. She had seen herself arm in arm with him walking about the beautiful garden while Mrs. Moore dabbled in water colors on the terrace, Mr. Moore tended his beloved flowers, and Sammy wandered about in his sneakers. By borrowing some of this background she'd hoped that she might cause Bryan to see her in a new light, to forget the girl who'd made her own curtains, and rather pathetically kept the silver candlesticks out all the time—her sole inheritance of any home, given her by an aunt after her mother had died.

She sighed heavily, bringing her attention back to the table. "Met a fellow last week who's looking for a young architect," Mr. Moore was saying, polishing his glasses with a handkerchief. "He's going to build a weekend house and wants someone with fresh, new ideas." He put the glasses back on, beaming at Peter. "Naturally, I told him about you."

"But wouldn't he want someone with more experience than I've had, sir?"

"When I showed him pictures of the Colberson house you did, he thought *you'd* had enough experience."

"Who is this man, daddy?" Jeannie asked, putting her hand over Peter's.

"Old friend of mine named Blackman." He smiled. "Very well connected. Could do you a lot of good, Peter."

Peter was looking down into his cup of coffee. "Well, sir . . . I did just take a commission for a housing development up in Massachusetts. I imagine that's going to keep me tied up on into the spring."

"No rush about this. Blackman's a man of great patience."

Strangely silent until now, Sammy suddenly pushed back his chair with a clatter. Glancing at him, Mrs. Moore said, "I forgot to mention that you children were all invited over to the Fullertons' for a swim."

"A swim? In *October?*" Peter laughed.

"Darling, it's as hot as any day in August," said Jeannie. "And the Fullertons have a pool. Remember I told you about them?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter a shade dryly, "the tobacco Fullertons. Knew somebody who wanted an architect too." He paused. "Well . . . sure I'd like a swim."

"Count me out," said Sammy and started for the door.

"Now, Sammy," Mrs. Moore called after his back, "Sarah expressly told me to have *you* come. Grace is in for the weekend." As Sammy went out she turned back to the others. "If you *are* going for a swim, the suits are in the cedar closet upstairs. I put them away weeks ago, thinking that swimming time was over."

The Fullertons lived in a huge sprawling white house, on rolling acres of land. Phoebe, who had been there before, had wanted Bryan to see it because it was the sort of place he loved; he had often pointed out houses like it on drives they took in the country as what he hoped to own, himself, someday. As they pulled into the long driveway, several other cars were already parked there—a station wagon, a convertible and a small red foreign car. Jeannie and Peter climbed out first and walked arm in arm across the grass toward the terrace in back of the house. Phoebe followed with Sammy, the only one not in a bathing suit and robe, who listlessly dragged a tennis racket and whistled tunelessly between his teeth.

Four people were seated on the terrace overlooking the large kidney-shaped swimming pool: handsome Mac and Sarah Fullerton; Grace, their awkward fifteen-year-old daughter; and a dark-haired man seated with his back to the newcomers. Phoebe greeted the Fullertons and was amusedly watching Sammy force himself to talk to the adolescent Grace when a voice at her elbow said, "Since no one is going to introduce us, I'll do it myself."

She looked up into a long, thin, homely face, strangely familiar.

"Aren't you Phoebe Markham? I tried to ask you that on the West Side Drive this morning, but you obviously thought I was just being fresh. I'm Dave Pearson."

Suddenly Phoebe remembered the red car, the drive up that morning, and blushed. "I didn't know how you knew my name ——"

"I met you at a party last year."

Phoebe was only more embarrassed, confused.

"At Alan Bryer's."

She still did not remember. Alan Bryer, an editor on the newspaper where she worked, was one of the best friends of her boss, Sally Fritchett, editor of the women's page. Phoebe remembered going to the party with Sally, remembered meeting many people there. But not Dave Pearson. In desperation, she said, "Do you work on the paper too?"

"No, I work in television. I write material for the moron comedian on the Webman Show." His dark eyes were amused. "I talked to you for quite a while, and look—you don't even remember."

"I'm sorry." She thought, *He doesn't have to make such a point of it.*

"You even told me about your job: Sally's indispensable assistant."

She shook her head impatiently. The only thing that was familiar about him was, oddly enough, the faint resemblance to Bryan. For in spite of his homely face, his clothes, his build, his sun tan, his manner were like Bryan's. Even

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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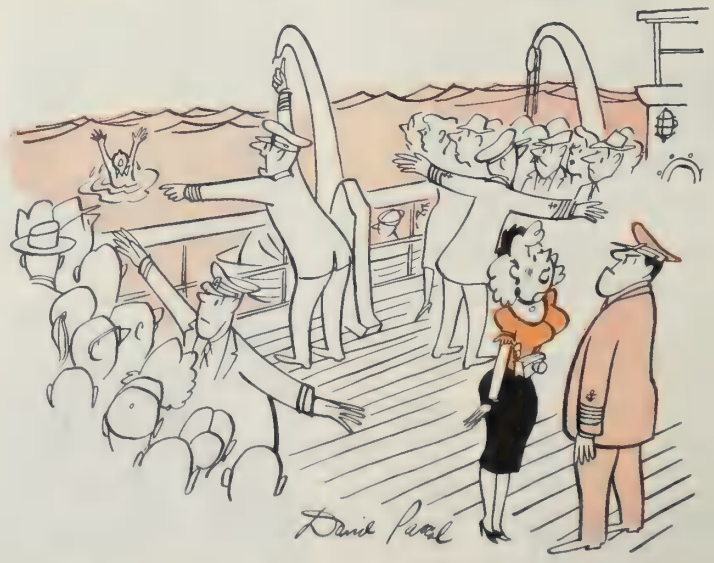
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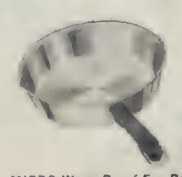
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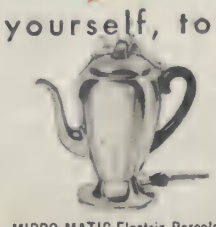
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

his being there at the rich Fullertons' fitted nto the picture. Thinking in this vein, she said, "I suppose the Fullertons are sponsors of ours."

He blinked. "Why, no. Not directly, anyway. They're old friends." He smiled. "But Mac's father *is* thinking of taking me on as writer of the Fullerton Tobacco Company's new show. He's coming up tomorrow—and Sarah and Mac are giving me all sorts of pointers on how to make the kill."

Yes, that was like Bryan. Bryan who at that very moment was up at Blodgett's, coolly, calmly moving in. "I hope you make it," she said abruptly, and turned to find Jeannie, Peter and Mac Fullerton already gone down to the pool, Sammy and Grace gone off to play tennis, only Sarah Fullerton remaining.

She smiled at Phoebe. "I see you two know each other. Why don't you sit down and make yourselves comfortable? I'm going inside and change into a suit."

Reluctantly Phoebe sat down on a pink wrought-iron chair, and Dave Pearson sat down near her. "I've got to be honest, Phoebe—I've had your name in my little black book for over a year, and I even went so far as to look up your address and phone number in the telephone book."

Phoebe had to smile. "Then why didn't you call?"

"Scared. Just plain scared. I hate calling up a girl cold and going into that you-probably-don't-remember-me routine. Besides . . . I was pretty sure we'd run into each other. I know a lot of the guys that work on your paper."

"Well, you see, we finally did."

"Yes." He dropped the bantering tone. "And I'm glad."

Flushing, she focused on the pool. "Do you know the Moores at all?"

"No. I never get up here much. I have a little place of my own—a little shack I share with another guy out on Long Island."

She couldn't resist it. Again it sounded like the worst part of Bryan. A little car. A little drink. A little account. A little something has come up. The glorious sophistication of understatement. "Just a little shack? Along the same lines as that little jalopy outside?"

"What? Oh, you mean the Mascerati! My dear Phoebe—that is not my car. It belongs to a very nice, very rich friend who loaned it to me for the weekend. Merely transportation."

Hating herself, she was silent.

"When I say shack, I mean shack," he told her. "Tod and I built it ourselves with our own hands. He's a painter and I'm a writer—it works out very well. We literally spend whole days in silence—only coming up for air and talk at meals."

Sarah Fullerton, beautiful in a red bathing suit, came out on the terrace as Phoebe asked, "Do you write anything else besides rags for that comic?"

"Dear girl, does he write other things?" Sarah Fullerton perched herself on the arm of Dave Pearson's chair and patted his dark head. "He's been working on a novel for three years, and has a play all finished, a perfectly marvelous play just begging to be produced." She smiled fondly down at him. "But take a look at our genius. We invite him up to meet Daddy Fullerton, and he goes and gets himself all fitted out like a corny movie version of a writer—tweedy, sportsy in Tod's wardrobe . . . oh, a *sketch!*" She tugged the short dark hair. "Darling, don't you know that Daddy Fullerton would like you just as well in your usual hoppy state?"

Dave Pearson reddened and turned to Phoebe. "*My* answer to your question is: yes, I write other things besides gags, Phoebe."

Phoebe smiled weakly. She was all wrong. About everything. Her unhappiness over Bryan was really making a monster of her. This poor fellow, insecure, self-conscious, went and borrowed clothes and a car to give him moral support. Bryan believed in the clothes and the car; and what's more, they were *his*.

"And what about you, Phoebe?" he said.

Sarah Fullerton stood up. "Think I'll let you two world-beaters sit here and discover each other—me, I'm going in for a swim."

"Don't mind her," said Dave Pearson when she'd gone. "Sometimes I think Mac's money has softened her brain."

"I don't. In fact, I like her very much."

He stared at her with large, earnest dark eyes. "But there's something you do mind, Phoebe. You've got some sort of chip on your shoulder which seems too heavy for such a pretty girl to bear."

Quickly she stood up, undoing the tie of her pink terry-cloth robe. "Let's join the others for a swim. Why don't you go upstairs and change into a suit?"

After swimming, everyone sat on the terrace. Phoebe was watching Jeannie and Peter, who seemed strangely subdued, as though they might have quarreled in the pool over something, when Dave Pearson said:

"You're not listening. Granted, they're a very attractive couple, but I was just saying that if you didn't have anything else to do tonight, maybe I could come over and the four of us could drive into town for a movie."

She looked into his grave, long face near hers. "I'm sorry," she lied. "There is something else to do."

"Then perhaps —— When are you going back to town?"

"Tomorrow night." Then before he could put himself out on a limb again, she said gently, "But I'll be busy tomorrow too."

He smiled. "Well . . . I still have your number back in town."

Phoebe wet her lips. How could you say to such a thoroughly nice person, *Look, don't bother. There's somebody else I'm waiting for. He sometimes doesn't call for days, and so I'm free, but not free at all. Because when he doesn't call I'm sitting by the phone, hoping, praying that he will.* "Yes, so you do," she said flatly, hoping he would get the idea.

He did. He looked at her hand. "Are you engaged . . . or something?"

"Something."

"Oh."

Phoebe felt unreasonably angry again. *She* couldn't help it if Bryan hadn't yet branded her, tagged her with a ring for all the world to see, to state in this oldest of ways: Look—this is *mine!*

"Feeb, are you coming?" called Sammy.

Phoebe rose. "Yes, I'm coming." Then politely, carefully avoiding Dave Pearson's eyes, she said her thanks and good-bys.

There was a real October nip to the air after dinner, and Mr. Moore lit a fire, the six of them settling down in the huge, oak-beamed living room. Sammy seemed unusually restless, and after pacing the room several times finally asked his father if he could have the keys to the car. When Mr. Moore asked where he was going, Sammy said just to a movie in town, smiling oddly. Mr. Moore looked over at his wife, who was frowning down at a magazine she held, and, shrugging, gave Sammy the keys. After he'd gone, Mr. Moore settled in a corner with Peter and began to talk architecture, while Jeannie put a stack of records on the player and came to sit on the floor in front of them, listening and watching the fire play on Peter's expressive face as he talked. Phoebe and Mrs. Moore played chess. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Moore's long delicate fingers pushed her white queen opposite Phoebe's black king. "Checkmate!" she said firmly, and stood up. Several minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Moore went upstairs, and Phoebe, knowing just how much Jeannie and Peter longed to be alone, selected a thick book from the study and said her good nights too.

As she shut the door to the bedroom, the phonograph downstairs began on some romantic French songs. She got into her pajamas and sat at the open window, staring into the dark with a loaded heart. Jeannie and Peter. All sewed up. The Moores were already treating Peter with the proprietary interest and generosity of in-laws, and even though Peter was not yet making nearly enough money to support Jeannie, they could and undoubtedly would get married soon. She'd overheard something Mr. Moore had said to Peter: clearly he was going to help them out until Peter could stand on his own.

It wasn't fair.

RELEASE

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

She followed her man
To a mountaintop,
And her heart was cold
As the day was hot.

He urged her on
Till the sky was bared;
She stood on the rim
Of the world and stared

At the cradle-shaped vale
Buried in sleep,
And her heart was still
As her grief was deep.

He took her hand:
"We'll start anew,"
And, "Sarah," he said—
"I care too."



Is your husband the same man you married?

Of course he is. But, does he *look* the same?

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How long had it been? Eight years. Eight hard, determined years of being on her own. With detached pity she thought of the seventeen-year-old who had set out from her uncle and aunt's home. Uncle Harry and Aunt Meg—the two people to bring her up after her parents had been killed in a train crash—two people who had been kind enough to her, but who had never really loved her. How could they, when they'd never had enough love for each other? The bickering, the lying, the shouting and cheating. She had seen it all between them. And so when they had told her at last that they were going to separate, she'd made clear to them that she no longer wanted to be a burden, a worry to them. She had worked her way through college, winning all possible scholarships, taking jobs every summer in the hot deserted city, while Jeannie and the rest of her friends from school went abroad or to some luxurious summer home.

The first time that she'd ever gone home with Jeannie she had known the meaning of real envy. Not for her money, but for the big rambling house, the easy camaraderie between mother, father, brother, sister. It was a house of love, understanding and intelligence. Who could help emerging well adjusted and happy when it was from such a family?

After college she'd fended for herself again, hunting for months until she got the first job as copy girl on the paper. She'd taken an apartment with Mary Jane because she was desperately lonely—and it was cheaper. For Jeannie it was different. With her father's influence she'd got a job immediately, in one of the largest publishing houses in New York, at excellent pay. Pay she didn't need for food or rent, since she lived with her family in their town house, surrounded by loving concern.

It wasn't fair. . . .

The first thing she thought as soon as she opened her eyes in the sun-filled room was, *Bryan is going to call.* Then she sat up in bed horrified at the idea that he might have called already, and that Maggie or one of the Moores would have told him she was sleeping, and simply taken the message.

As she climbed out of bed she glanced over at Jeannie, who was still asleep, her pretty face pushed childishly into the pillow, her fine light hair tangled on the pillow. She'd let her sleep.

After orange juice and coffee in the kitchen she went outside where Mr. Moore was already at work in the flower beds, Mrs. Moore was polishing her nails in a deck chair, and Sammy was knee-deep in Sunday papers. The said no, there hadn't been any calls that morning, so she said she was going down to the lower level of the terraced garden, would they please get her there when the call came? At the bottom of the garden she lay down on the grass with her hands pillowing her head. An end-of-the-season bumblebee soared over her head. Snippet-snippet-snip went Mr. Moore's shears in the flower beds. He had come down to the lower terrace to get some chrysanthemums and he tenderly clipped them, dropping them in a basket at his side. Finally he went back up to the main level of the garden, and she shut her eyes, luxuriating in the hot sun.

"Really working on that sun tan, aren't you?" said Peter's voice.

She sat up smiling. "Morning, Peter. Where's Jeannie?"

He frowned and pulled a mashed cigaret pack from his pocket. "I haven't the least idea. Sleeping, I imagine."

The way he said it made a chill go up Phoebe's spine. *And I don't care a bit* was the ugly undertone. Looking closely, she saw that he was pale, there were circles under his eyes, something terrible was wrong.

He looked down at her. "Getting beautiful for Potter's visit?"

She flushed. "At least trying."

"You think he will come?"

"Yes."

"Pretty serious about him, aren't you?"

Her face went hot. "Why? What does it matter, Peter?"

"I don't know. I just didn't think you were the type."

"What type?" Her voice rose sharply.

He blew out smoke, squinted at her through it. "The type that Potter usually messes around with."

"And how do *you* come to know so much about Bryan?"

"I know him. Not directly—friend of friends. I know about him."

She knew that anger was futile. Her heart beating faster in anticipation of something unpleasant, she said, "You don't make sense this morning. What's the *matter*, Peter?"

Smiling cynically, he sat down next to her. "This morning, my dear Phoebe, I make sense for the first time in a long time. Forgive me, but in my illumination, I see you clearly."

"All right, *talk*, riddles. But—what's that got to do with me?"

"Nothing except that I like you, and I figure that since you and Jeannie are such pals, you might as well get straightened out too."

Too. Phoebe waited.

"I thought that since you were sitting here waiting for your shining knight to pull himself away from Old Lyme, you might like to know that Samuel Blodgett is famous not only for his advertising agency—but also for his delicious, twenty-two-year-old daughter, Ariel Blodgett."

Cold clutching pain made her eyes shine hard. "Thank you, Peter. I'm ever so grateful. I'm surprised you didn't tell me sooner. In front of all the Moores."

"The *Moores*. You know . . . for a small girl, you're pretty naïve."

Her face was white now. "I'm beginning to see that the Moores have been much too nice to you, and it's turning your head."

"Yes, they *have* been nice to me—so sufficatingly nice they've crowded me out." He took a deep breath and furiously stubbed his cigarette into a patch of rich dark earth. "Guys like me can't help but get confused. About the girls we have to choose from. Either they're kept under wraps by their families and coddled until they expect the world to fall neatly in their laps, or else"—he turned gray eyes

Hold this page about arm's length from your face. Keeping your eyes on the blue dot between the steak and the grill, bring the page slowly to your nose. Hold it there a few seconds. . .presto! The steak goes on the fire. Try this with the Morton's and steak, too.



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When it rains it pours

–"they're out on the world on their own. ld-beaters with a lot of smart-aleck ideas. I-know-where-I'm-going girls . . . only t of the time they don't!" He was about to more when the far-off ringing of the phone ied clearly in the morning air. Breathless anger, Phoebe jumped up and began to across the grass. *Bryan* She ran up the tone steps away from Peter.

e almost collided with Mrs. Moore, com- out the terrace door. "Phoebe dear, have seen Peter? He's wanted on the telephone."

'm right here," said Peter's voice behind

hoebe turned blindly back to the garden. head suddenly hurt and the sun seemed bright and she had no idea of what to do herself. "Don't worry, he'll call!" said my's voice out of nowhere. Wheeling ut, she saw him sitting on the grass watch- her.

know he will!" she said more sharply she'd intended, but it suddenly seemed ir to her that so many people should be ding her affairs. She asked if Jeannie had e down yet.

She came down for coffee, but went right airs. Been crying."

hoebe was halfway up the stairs when nie came down. Her eyes were red and and she tried to get by without talking to be.

eannie," Phoebe begged, taking her by the "what's going on?"

ater," said Jeannie in a muffled voice and, ing past, went outside.

ompletely bewildered, Phoebe stood on the s and heard Peter on the phone in the den. e seemed no place to go, so she went up- s.

nch was a strained ordeal. Mr. and Mrs. re, sensing the tension in the air, tossed t remarks bravely back and forth be- n themselves, while Jeannie, Phoebe, and Sammy were ominously silent. At point Mr. Moore's talk about art reached sitively feverish pitch.

The phone finally rang for Phoebe at one-thirty when they'd all finished lunch and were sitting on the terrace. With a furiously pounding heart she went into the den to take it, shutting the door behind her.

"Hello, darling," said Bryan and she knew right away he would not be coming.

And he wasn't. Ah, Phoebe, he was sorry, very sorry, but then he'd said he wasn't sure he could make it from the beginning, hadn't he? There was a long elaborate explanation about Blodgett's having arranged a sailing party, and about his not being able to get away until four, which meant that he couldn't get down there until five at the earliest. Which made it silly, didn't it?

"Yes it does," she agreed, staring at the immobile white queen opposite the black king on the chessboard.

"But listen," he was saying, "I have an idea. I can leave here around four-thirty—you leave there about the same time. I could stop off and get some fixings and we could have dinner up at your place. And then ——"

And then. The receiver slid in her moist palm.

"What do you say?" he asked. "I could be at your apartment by seven."

"No." Her heart was hammering now. "I mean no, you'd better call me first. Call me at the apartment at six and then we can decide." Before he could protest she hung up and sat staring into space.

She was violently trembling. Why? Why had she taken this for almost a year, why had she waited, believing all the time that somehow, sometime he would tell her he loved her and ask her to marry him, when suddenly it was blindingly clear that he *never* would ask her to marry him? Oh, he would marry, and possibly soon—as long as it was the right girl, someone with money, position behind her. Blodgett's daughter. Or someone like her, A little tableau lit up in her mind and she saw Bryan in caricature, paying court to a girl like Amy Blodgett, being impeccable, polite, treating her with extravagant respect. Then Bryan in her own apartment, solely hers since Mary Jane had gone home to Des Moines, Bryan acting as though he lived there and taking everything for granted, stretched out on the couch after a dinner she'd cooked, criticizing the color of the rug, the way she'd framed a print, waiting until she'd done the dishes, then moving in, ardently, on her. *Marry* Phoebe? No. Why? When even though she tried oh, so hard—and she *did* try—she just didn't have it. Didn't have any of the things that were so important to him.

MAY 5–11, 1957

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Her face burning, Phoebe thought of this weekend and her pathetic wish to put on the Moores like a dazzling cloak. Impress Bryan with his beloved values. In a way she'd been worse than Bryan herself . . . for not only had she wanted to trot out all the superficial things she knew he would love but she had only wanted to *use* her friends to this end. Bryan's game. And as if it would have mattered. As if a shrewd calculator like Bryan would have been taken in by borrowed glory. For after all, wasn't she still Phoebe, immutable "career girl" Phoebe, who lived by herself, managed to pay all her bills and also managed a pleasant air of ease and graciousness about herself—though she had not been born to it?

A thin, painful, belated pride for herself and what she'd accomplished flooded through her. Then anger, self-hate, and this new bewildering feeling of "But I am *Phoebe* and that ought be enough for anyone!" all mixed and clashed inside her. She felt the walls of the den closing in on her, and throwing open the door, she started down the hall. Passing the open door of the library, she didn't see Sammy sitting in a chair by the window, a book open on his knees.

"Phoebe," he called, "come talk to me."

Since she felt that being alone with herself now would be disastrous, she went in and sat down.

Out of courtesy to her Sammy fumbled for the sneakers he'd kicked off and put them back on again. "Get your call?"

"Yes."

"And he's not coming this afternoon."

"No, he isn't. And if you don't mind, I'd like to skip it, Sammy boy." She looked at the open book. "You probably should be studying."

He slammed the book shut. "Probably. But I can't. I hate the stuff."

Phoebe smiled. "What is it—chemistry?"

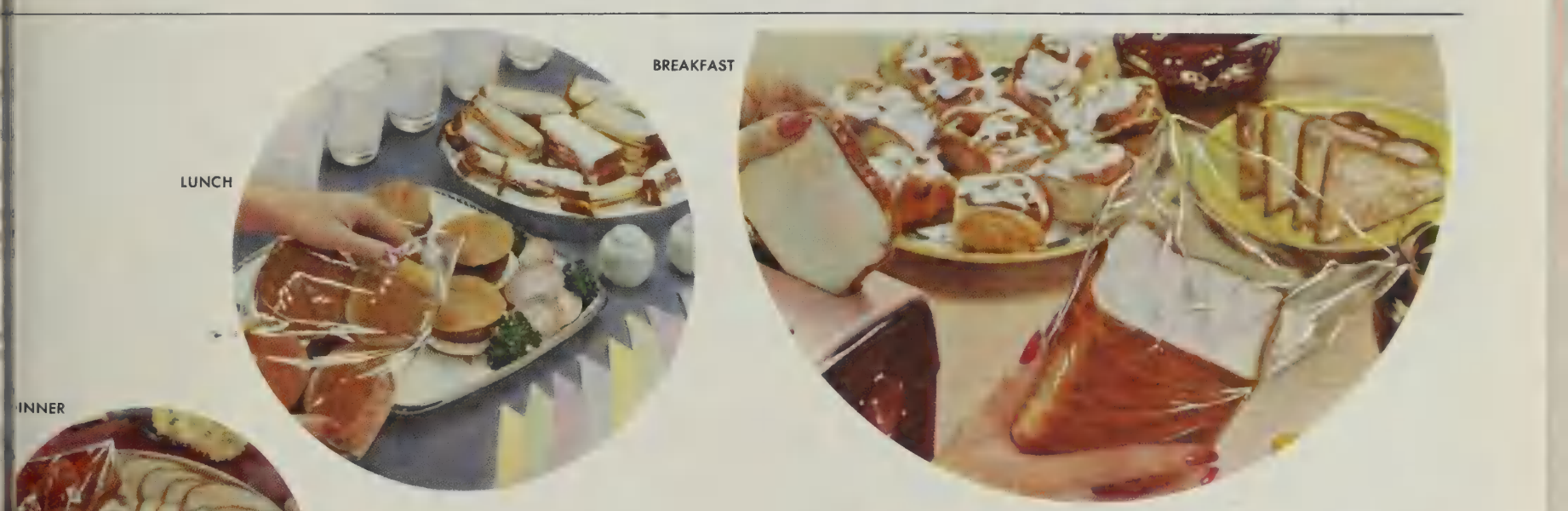
"No. It's not even my regular schoolwork. It's some book on law the old man gave me. He'll be quizzing me on it—so I've got to get through it."

Phoebe blinked. "Why would he quiz you on it?"

Sammy laughed, and it was a strangely cynical sound for a boy his age. "Because, old Feebles, he wants me to be a lawyer. He's even got things all set up for me to breeze into law school later."

"But Sammy—do you want to be a lawyer?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Does anyone ever know what he wants to be at seventeen? But—I don't have much choice, do I?"



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Chilled, she said, "But that's not fair to *you*."

"Guess it isn't." He smiled at her. "Poor Feeb . . . you're so gone on the whole routine, you don't see half of what goes on around here."

"*What* routine?"

"Oh, the Big Happy Family. You're so darned impressed by mother and dad you can't see anything wrong." He laughed the laugh again. "Know where I was last night? Out with a girl in Stamford I met last summer. She's the daughter of the man who owns a hardware store, and mother doesn't want me to have anything to do with her. So I have to *lie* about seeing her. Mother only wants me to hang around with rich morons like old Grace Fullerton."

"Sammy, dear, aren't you laying all this on a bit thick?" Actually, what Sammy said disturbed her deeply, and she remembered Peter's words in the garden that morning: "So suffocatingly nice they're crowding me out."

"I didn't think you'd understand," he told her. "Honestly, Phoebe . . . for a smart girl you certainly can be taken in. Like by this Bryan whosis ——"

He was interrupted by the sound of the front door slamming, and both of them stood up as they heard Jeannie's light step running upstairs. Looking out the window, they saw Peter walking down the drive, his shoulders sagging.

"You see," said Sammy, "that's more of it. They've been trying to take over old Pete and make a present of him to Jeannie. Honestly, Feeb . . . couldn't you *see* it yesterday at lunch? All those commissions and contracts. It made me *sick*."

"Yes," said Phoebe quietly. For suddenly she did see.

"I tried to talk to Jeannie about it later, but she wouldn't listen to me. Now she's upstairs crying again, and twenty to one she's lost Peter."

"No, she hasn't!" said Phoebe, and kissing Sammy's cheek, she ran out to follow Jeannie upstairs.

Jeannie was sitting on the bed. When Phoebe came in she turned and said flatly, "What did Bryan have to say?"

"He's not coming."

"Just as well. Peter's making a train in half an hour."

"Can't you tell me what's going on?"

"Nothing." Jeannie stared out at a golden-turned maple.

Phoebe planted herself in front of her friend, compelling her attention. "If you let him take that train you'll lose him."

Jeannie's brittle reserve finally broke. She turned wretched eyes on Phoebe. "I've already lost him."

"Don't be an idiot! What is it all about?"

"Money!" She spat out the word. "Horrible money. He doesn't want any of those commissions dad helped throw his way, doesn't want any of the money dad sort of hinted he would give us."

Why hadn't she seen? Of *course*. "He's right to refuse it," Phoebe heard herself say. "And if you want him you'll have to acknowledge it." She wet her lips. "Jeannie, listen—get away. Now. Be away from here with Peter . . . away from your family. He hates to feel that you can't face things with him the way they are, the way he could do it, that you couldn't live without the cushion of your father's money. That you'd always come running to mums and dad when things got too tough."

"You sound just like *him*!" cried Jeannie. "He said the same things last night." Suddenly hostile, she considered Phoebe. "You know . . . you're hardly the one to be giving advice! But what about Bryan? What about *your* mess? I suppose you've explained *that* to yourself?"

Phoebe turned white. "I have. You haven't a point."

"Oh, haven't I?" cried the overwrought Jeannie. "And I suppose *you're* not playing it safe in your own way? Safe in that you'd rather stake your chances on a cruel, conceited, selfish guy who's not going to marry you *ever*—and you *know* it—than"—she gulped some air—"than give a nice guy like that Dave Pearson you met yesterday a break. A guy who won't hurt you and would be crazy about you. In the last year I've seen you turn down five or six guys like Dave. All because he'd marry you, and that's what you're afraid of! You really don't want to get married at *all*! You're too afraid of the mess your uncle and aunt made—so you pick out Bryan, who can keep you dangling and you can feel sorry for yourself. Just what you want!"

Phoebe did not flinch. "Yes. I know." She went over and took Jeannie by the shoulders. "Listen, please *listen* to me. I know I've hardly been one to set examples, but sometimes it's hard to see what you have." The new pride came to her aid. "Jeannie . . . now that Mary Jane's gone, why don't you move in with me? If you strike out on your own—and show Peter you can —— Oh, we could really work things out. And it wouldn't be as hard, since I'd be there to help, to show you."

"*Oh*."

"Jeannie—don't *cry*!"

Her face streaming with tears, Jeannie turned away. "Oh, I'm sorry—so sorry for everything I just said. I just—you just ——"

"I know. I've just been an awful dope."

The station-wagon horn blasted impatiently in the driveway.

"What should I do? Tell me, Phoebe."

Phoebe went to her purse on the bureau, got out a key. "Here's an extra key to my place. Don't you *dare* take Peter to that train, but you *drive down* to New York with him and get this thing all straightened out. You can go to the apartment. There's some food in the icebox, play the phonograph . . . anything. Only be away from here and talk, talk, *talk* till it's all worked out. I'll be down myself later."

Jeannie took the key, looked at it. "What about mother and dad?"

"I'll tell them where you are. Leave it to me."

Another blast of the horn moved Jeannie to the door, where she stood still a moment, then said quietly, "I've always thought that you were one of the strongest persons I've ever



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nown." She turned and ran from the room, own to the waiting car.

From the upstairs window Phoebe watched em drive off. Then she sat down on the bed, er face in her hands. From outside she heard Ir. Moore calling out almost plaintively, Sammy . . . Jeannie . . . Peter? Where *is* ev-ybody?" This simple question was Phoebe's elease. The picture of Mr. Moore, standing olding his garden shears, calling his brood out him in vain, was too much. She cried uietly a long time. She cried for her illusions out the Moores, who were only human and ot perfect as humans never are, she cried for er pathetic illusory need of them. She cried r the strength she'd always had but never nown, and she cried for Bryan. And wasted ve.

When she stopped, she sat and thought out people, really strong, who thought they eeded props. Then she went down the hall to e upstairs phone.

Sarah Fullerton answered, sounding sur-ised, a little amused, but pleased. "He's own playing tennis, Phoebe—but hold on, I'll t him. I know he'll be furious if I don't."

Moments later Dave's breathless voice said, I was on set point, my serve—but I came. ow *are* you, Phoebe?"

She smiled into the phone. "Fine. I . . . seem be free, and I thought that maybe we could ke a walk ——"

"Dearest girl, you've called too late. Papa ullerton's here with some other people. I'll e tied up till pretty late."

"How is it going?" she asked. "Are you im-ressing him?"

"I think." He laughed. "But sheerly by my arm and magnetism." He paused. "Listen, hoebe, can I call you next week?"

She felt suddenly shy. "Yes."

"Then I will."

Back in the room she stretched out on the d, intending to frame a little story for the loores about where Jeannie had gone, but e fell asleep, and it was an hour and a half ter when knocking on the door woke her up. It was Sammy. "Feebles . . . can you come down? The folks are in a tizzy about where Jeannie and Pete are." He grinned, a conspirator. "Where *are* they?"

She gave him a shove. "Tell them I'll be right down."

Five minutes later she found them all seated in the living room, waiting for her. Mrs. Moore sat up instantly. "Phoebe . . . do you know where they are? It's way past five—and there's no sign of them!"

This will have to be very gentle, thought Phoebe. *I can't hurt them, they've meant too well.* She forced a gay smile. "Oh, it's all my fault. They told me where they were going, and I fell asleep. On a crazy impulse they decided they wanted to drive down to New York for dinner."

There was a blank silence, then Mrs. Moore said, "Jeannie's never done anything like this before. Why—where will she sleep? The house is closed up."

Looking at Sammy's delighted face, Phoebe got her courage. "She's going to stay at my place. My roommate's gone." Casually, she sat down on the couch next to Mr. Moore. "As a matter of fact, before she left . . . we got into a long talk, and it seemed to us that it might be a lot of fun if Jeannie really moved in with me."

"What's that?" Mr. Moore ogled her through his glasses.

"But her room was just redecorated!" said Mrs. Moore. "Besides, she has a home of her own. I've never heard of anything so ridiculous!"

Phoebe's smile was all ingenuousness. "But you see . . . she wants to learn how to keep house—wants some practice, that's all! Part of the agreement of moving in with me is she's to do half of the cooking and cleaning."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Moore looked relieved. "But if *that's* all she's moving for, why doesn't she speak to me?" the latter said. "Maggie can teach her how to cook, and ——" She stopped, reddening, seeing the impossible picture of Jeannie cooking and cleaning in their well-staffed town house. "Well, if that's the way she wants it, I suppose there's nothing we can say."

Mr. Moore shook his shaggy head at Phoebe. "I don't know. Sometimes I don't understand your generation at all."

"I think we'll consider ourselves lucky, and let it go at that, dear," said his wife, exchanging a suddenly wiser smile with him.

Phoebe was back in New York at ten-forty-five. When she opened the door to the apartment the first thing she saw was Jeannie's note propped on the hall table: "We thank you and love you—all is well. We're out having a late dinner ——"

Then the phone began to ring, and just from its insistence she knew it had been ringing like that all evening. She put down the note and sat down calmly at the telephone.

"*Phoebe!*" shouted Bryan. "Where have you been? It's almost eleven o'clock!"

"I'm sorry if you had to wait."

"*Wait?* I left Blodgett's at four-thirty—walked out on a big barbecue supper. Blodgett was pretty put out. I've been calling you since *six!*"

She offered no explanation.

"Well, I'm just a few blocks away. I'm coming right up."

"I'm sorry, Bryan, but I'm tired. I'm going to bed."

Silence. Then: "Don't be a silly girl. If you're mad about this afternoon, *don't* be—I'll explain the situation when I get there."

"Please. I don't want to see you, Bryan."

"You *are* sore. What do you mean? Sounds like you mean never again."

"That's just what I do mean."

She could hear his breathing. "I refuse to take that. You'll see me."

His assurance was the last straw. "No," she said softly and hung up.

She picked up Jeannie's note and went into the bedroom, shutting the door. Immediately the phone began to ring again and, gritting her teeth, she read the rest of the note: "—— and celebrating in a way. We have *news* for you when you return. P. S. Your phone rang all the time we were here, but we decided not to answer it." Smiling, she began to unpack and get ready for bed. After fifteen minutes she could stand it no longer and, picking the phone off the hook, said, "It's just no use. You've got to leave me alone!"

There was a pause on the other end of the line, then Dave Pearson's voice said, "Is that the way you always answer the phone?"

"Oh, *Dave*." She could not stop the sudden free burst of laughter that came from her mouth. "I'm sorry. I . . . just didn't know it would be you."

"I hope not." He laughed too. Then more seriously: "I don't want to keep you. I just . . . well, to be honest, I didn't feel like waiting the proper interval until Tuesday or Wednesday to call. Can you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

Phoebe felt all the tension go out of her. "Yes."

"Good." There was an eloquent silence all along the line, then after they'd made arrangements where to meet, they said good night and hung up.

The phone began to ring again right away. But this time she knew there would be no gritting of teeth, it was not going to be hard at all and, waiting until it temporarily stopped, she took the receiver off the hook. END

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Preachers' wives are good cooks

At home all over the world, these good-will American wives brought home the best of recipes in China, Mexico and the United States.

Almond pie, amber and allur
irresistible to the gu

By LORA LEE PARROTT

Preachers' wives today are among the best cooks on earth. I became convinced of this after accompanying my husband on a five-year stint of itinerant church work which took us into the parsonage kitchens and dining rooms of nearly every state, as well as Alaska, Hawaii and Canada.

My friend Mrs. Robbins, who presides over an enormous old-fashioned kitchen in a Presbyterian manse in Michigan, told me once, "I don't have fancy clothes, we can't afford a new car and we'll never own our own home, but I'll keep up with the best of them in the kitchen. Why, there won't be a crumb of my cake left at the church doings tonight ten minutes after grace is said!" And there wasn't.

For the most part, preachers' wives are good cooks because they practice to perfection on company dinners. Proof of the pudding is this selection of cherished recipes from the files of the world's most overworked hostesses; recipes they rely on when they get that "overwhelmed" feeling.

Colleen Townsend Evans was a Hollywood starlet before she married Louis Evans, Jr., the son of the pastor of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church. Her best-known role was the feminine lead in When Willie Comes Marching Home, directed by John Ford. Her favorite dessert is her family's recipe for almond pie, and it served her in good stead when she went as a bride to the staid city of Edinburgh, where her husband did graduate work in the New Testament. There her kitchen was the bare basement of an old Scottish home, where the washtubs served as sinks, refrigerator there was none, and a four-burner gas stove ministered to the needs of the entire family, including two babies. But she says she will always remember it with longing, as it was the most-used and best-loved room in the house.

AUNT LUCILLE'S ALMOND PIE

Scald 2 cups milk. Beat 3 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add to egg yolks 1 cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons cornstarch and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add the hot milk gradually. Place in the top of a double boiler. Add 4 tablespoons melted butter. Cook until thick, stirring almost constantly. Cool and pour into a baked 9″ pie shell. Spread with ½ cup toasted slivered almonds. Top with a meringue of the 3 egg whites and 6 tablespoons sugar. Sprinkle the meringue with a few slivered almonds. Brown in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 15 minutes.

Mrs. Billy Graham lived in China until she was eighteen, and her knowledge of Chinese cooking is authentic and extensive. The Grahams like her Chinese eggs in sweet-sour sauce served with rice and chopsticks, exotic though this will seem in the kitchen of their new home in Montreat, North Carolina. The house is built of old materials, hand-hewn logs and antique brick, and her kitchen is in the tradition of the old-timy "keeping room," with a fireplace she can cook in if the power fails, and a sofa where her four children can curl up from time to time. Mrs. Graham loves blue and white, though she uses other colors. Her kitchen window looks out over the foothills of the lovely Blue Ridge Mountains, and the room itself is furnished in early North Carolina antiques.

CHINESE EGGS IN SWEET-SOUR SAUCE

Slightly beat 6 eggs. Add ¾ cup very finely chopped onion. Season with 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon ginger, a pinch of salt, and 1 small clove garlic, crushed. Mix well. Heat about 1 teaspoon salad oil or shortening in a medium-sized skillet. Have skillet quite hot. Pour about ⅓ cup of the egg mixture into the skillet. Cook like a large thin pancake, but do not turn. When done, roll and cut into 2″ lengths. Repeat until all mixture is used. Then fry egg rolls in deep hot fat 350° F., for a few seconds until they puff. Serve immediately with sweet-sour sauce. Makes about 30 rolls.

Sauce: Combine 1 cup soy sauce, 1 cup water, 1 cup beef bouillon and ¼ cup vinegar. Add ½ cup sugar and ¼ cup cornstarch. Season with 1 very smal



STUART

love garlic, crushed, and ½ teaspoon nely chopped crystallized ginger. Cook ery slowly, stirring frequently, until hick and smooth. (Delicious with all ypes of Chinese food.)

Mrs. Ernest C. Manning is married to ne premier of the Western Canadian rovince of Alberta, an office comparable o governor in the United States. Her hus- and is also well known as the preacher who conducts the Sunday radio program nown as Canada's Back to the Bible Hour. The recipe for baked chicken puff vas given to Mrs. Manning by one of the nany friends who share the pleasures of er beautiful big kitchen at Westerlea arm, which lies in a secluded curve of the North Saskatchewan River. Her kitchen is lanned for maximum efficiency, and she lways says to anyone who is helping her, If in doubt where to find anything, look or it where you want to use it!" It doesn't lways work, but the average is high.

BAKED CHICKEN PUFF

Combine in a saucepan 2 cups cooked hicken, 1 can undiluted cream-of-mush- oom soup and ½ cup milk. Add one -ounce can sliced mushrooms, drained, cup cooked noodles, ½ cup chopped elery, ½ cup slivered toasted almonds, tablespoons diced pimiento, and ½ cup hopped onions sautéed in 1 tablespoon utter or margarine. Season with 1 tea- poon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon alt, ⅛ teaspoon thyme, ⅛ teaspoon mar- oram, 6 drops hot pepper sauce and a inch of pepper. Mix together well. Cook ery slowly for 30 minutes until hot and ubbly, so that flavors are well blended. Pour into a greased 2-quart casserole. Beat 4 egg yolks. Combine with ½ cup rated Cheddar cheese. Fold in the beaten whites of 4 eggs. Place on top of hot hicken mixture. Bake in a moderate ven, 350° F., for 30 minutes or until top- ing is puffy and brown. Serves 4.

Mrs. Charles Templeton was born in ower California, where she learned to love the exotic spices with which the shelves in her Peter Cooper Village apartment are loaded. Here, too, she has as many copper pots and pans as she dares to hang up "without tearing the walls down." All her friends, both clergy and laymen, are greeted with gales of garlic or onion odors as soon as they step off the elevator. Her *calabacitas con queso* is a favorite with everyone, served either as a vegetable or as a course in itself with thick slices of French bread. Mr. Templeton's official title is Secretary of Evangelism of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

CALABACITAS CON QUESO

Sauté 3 or 4 zucchini, which have been cut into ½" pieces, in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ½ cup diced onion and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Stir and cook for 10 minutes or until all are tender. Add 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, a pinch each of basil and *orégano*, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Let simmer for 15 minutes or until the sauce is cooked down and blended. It may be served at this point, or, if you prefer the flavor of cheese, grate ⅓ cup Cheddar cheese and sprinkle on top just before serving. Makes 4 servings.

Mrs. Peter Marshall is the author of A Man Called Peter, and her recipe for steak-and-kidney pie was mentioned in the book, although not by name—see page 91 of that volume:

"Several evenings I spent taking down Mother Janet's favorite recipes. They were, to say the least, unorthodox."

Unorthodox or not, this is a pie to remember. Mrs. Marshall lives in a small town house in Washington, D. C., in the Cathedral Park area near the National Cathedral. Her recently remodeled kitchen has white walls, blue formica counters and blue spattered linoleum.

STEAK-AND-KIDNEY PIE

Simmer 3 lamb kidneys in salted water for about 15 minutes. Have your butcher



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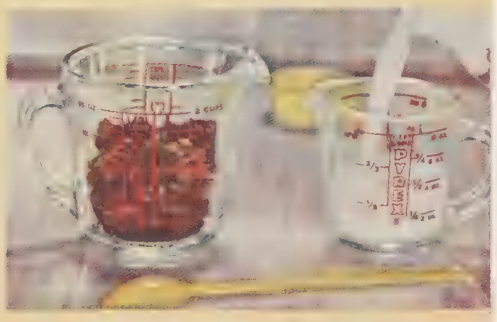
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cut 1½ pounds round steak into ½" cubes. Sauté ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until soft. Remove the kidneys from the broth and cut into slices. Save broth. Salt and pepper the steak pieces and dust with 1 tablespoon flour. Add the steak and kidneys to the butter and onions. Sauté until well browned. Cover with ½ cup kidney broth and ½ cup boiling water. Season with 1 bay leaf, crumbled, and 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer slowly for 1½ hours. Stir occasionally.

Pour into an unbaked 8" pie shell. Cover with top crust. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 25 to 30 minutes or until crust is nicely browned. Serves 4.

Mrs. H. C. Benner lives in a Dutch Colonial house on an elm-shaded street in Kansas City whose quiet is often broken by her family's musical activities, which precede and follow most meals. Doctor Benner, who is one of the five superintendents of the Church of the Nazarene, writes music, and their young son and daughter are also accomplished. Mrs. Benner spends most of her creative energies in her yellow-tiled kitchen, where she experiments along many lines—one being new, economical and easy ways to serve vegetables. Vegetable chop suey is one of her outstanding successes in this field of endeavor. She is also famous as an artist at the buffet table, and teaches a class in homemaking to young seminary wives.

VEGETABLE CHOP SUEY

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a large skillet. Add 3 cups coarsely shredded cabbage, 1 cup thinly sliced celery crescents, 1 cup sliced green pepper and ¼ cup thinly sliced onion. Cover and cook over low heat for 5 minutes. Uncover, and season with 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 tablespoon soy sauce. Continue cooking 1 minute, stirring gently. Makes 6 servings.

Mrs. Andrew W. Blackwood found herself a neighbor of Albert Einstein's when her husband was teaching in the theological seminary at Princeton University. One day when she took her favorite orange cakes to his house, she was rewarded by hearing the greatest of twentieth-century scientists exclaim that they were the best he ever tasted! The Blackwoods are now living in a suburban apartment near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where Mrs. Blackwood has a convenient kitchen whose keynote is—surprisingly—red! Her husband is now Professor of Bible and Preaching in the Temple University School of Theology in Philadelphia.

ORANGE CAKES

Cream together ½ cup sugar and ½ cup butter. Meanwhile grind ½ cup seedless raisins and the peel from 1 orange, using the coarse blade. Add to the butter and sugar and mix well. Add 1 egg and beat until light and fluffy. Sift, measure and then sift again 2 cups flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon baking soda and 1 teaspoon salt. Add alternately to the egg mixture with 1 cup sour milk. Fill your smallest cupcake pans, which have been well greased, ⅓ full with batter. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 10 to 12 minutes.

Combine the juice from ½ orange—about ¼ cup—with ⅓ cup sugar. Let stand while cakes are baking. This will make a simple sirup. When cakes are done, and before removing from pans, dribble ¼ teaspoon of this sirup over the top of each cake. Remove the cakes carefully from the pan and allow to cool. Makes about 5 dozen.

Mrs. H. J. Ockenga is the wife of the pastor of the famous Park Street Church on the edge of the Boston Common. The Ockengas have two homes—a winter one in Belmont, Massachusetts, and a summer one in New Hampshire. She writes, "In our summer home I have my dream kitchen. One side of the room has a large picture window going almost to the floor. Through that window can be seen the Presidential Range, including Mount Washington. In this setting, with the wood stove crackling away, the simple things about us, the polished copper pump, the old-fashioned house plants, the oil lamp, the pile of Bibles on the shelf for family devotions, all seem a balm to the soul and symbolic of a rich, unhurried, happy day." Her cooky recipe comes from a parishioner who made and sold them to Boston's finest stores in order to bring up her sons after their father had died, giving generously to Christian missions into the bargain. Cookies to conjure with, these.

MAPLE-NUT COOKIES

Cream ½ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 cup brown sugar and continue mixing until light and fluffy. Add 1 egg and mix well. Sift together 1¾ cups sifted flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅔ teaspoon baking soda. Add to the egg mixture. Then add 1 cup chopped dates and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Finally add ½ teaspoon imitation maple flavor. Chill thoroughly and shape into bars 1½" in diameter. Chill overnight or freeze. Then slice very thin and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 8 minutes. Allow them to sit on the pan a minute before removing to cooky racks to cool. Yield: 7 dozen thin cookies. END



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THE MOUNTAIN THAT FELL AT THE FALLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

was for a lawn mower that I'd talked him into buying, and he thought it would be funny to pay me in pennies so that I would have as much bother counting as he would have mowing. But it was quite a spell back. I can't name it to the penny."

"That sounds like Uncle Wilbur."

"He was a fine man."

"I know." He had willed me his farm, too, when he died last April. "Here's your check."

"A fine man," Bill Hayes repeated, nodding his head gravely. "I miss him. We all do."

"I know. You were boys together." I couldn't keep the bitterness out of my tone. I knew Uncle Wilbur was—had been—a fine man. But why throw it up at me?

Bill's old man's face told me nothing as I picked up my box and carried it out through the door.

I got in the car and drove home. In three months it would be green around town, the trees would be budded, and the birds would be back, and the daffodils out. In six months the town would be gay with the bright new out-of-state cars, and the gaudy new clothes of the tourists. Now it was bleak, beautiful but bleak. The snow along the state road was windrowed as tall as the car in banks darkened by age and compression and sand. Over the lips of the right bank, the biting north wind lashed a continual spray of fresh powdery snow of a clear brilliance. I knew it would be a wild night. Already the road was drifting.

I got home to find Faye in tears. You may have seen Faye in the late '40's. She was then an actress, a starlet in Hollywood. In the late '40's I was just getting started with the Macomber and Pratt Advertising Agency in Chicago. I was doing some local copy for one of the films she appeared in. It was called Days of Glory, and I thought, *How apt*, after I met her at the Chicago *première*. Days of Glory was her last picture, but she appeared in five in all, and you may remember the small, eager blonde with such a radiant look, the look of something wonderful going to happen in the next minute. That would have been Faye. Faye Fallon was the name she went by, until we were married in 1948, and she gave up the movies, and began having babies—Linda in 1949, and Jeff in 1952, and Melody in 1954.

Faye was crying because Jeff had cut his finger on a paring knife, and because the stove in the kitchen was smoking, and because the house was so cold and drafty, she was cold, she would never be warm again. Those were her excuses for crying, rather. The real reason was deeper.

I held her and kissed her and made her warm, and then Linda came home on the school bus, in her bright blue snow suit, with her bright blond curls peeking shyly out from the protection of the hood.

"Did you have a good day, darling?"

"No, mamma. I got a hundred in spelling, and a hundred in arithmetic, and—and ——" Linda's lip began to quiver, and her lovely eyes drowned soundlessly in sudden tears.

"And what, baby? Tell mamma."

Faye knelt beside her.

"And Rachel's going to have a birthday party Saturday, and I'm not going. She asked Cynthia and Rosalind and David and Bobby and almost everyone, and not me. She says we're stuck up. Oh, mamma!"

"There'll be lots of other parties, wonderful parties," Faye said, in a small, choked voice.

"But I wanted to go to this one."

I couldn't take it any more. I went out to the woodshed and began to split the night's wood.

Damn them, damn them all, I thought. And *No one can be so impossibly, unutterably cruel as a child.*

The ax rose and fell viciously. My hand set the sticks on the chopping block, and the ax rose up, *crash*, up, *crash*, and the sticks split and flew like shining yellow birds against the woodshed wall.

When the word came last April about Uncle Wilbur leaving us the farm—the house that my great-great-grandfather had built in 1829, the house where my father was born, and his father, and his father, and the big red barn, and the rolling fields, and the wood lot with half a million board feet of standing pine—we had been so thrilled.

I was making nine thousand a year with the agency, and another promotion had been promised. We had a fine apartment filled with fine things in Chicago. But all we could think about was the country, getting back to the fundamentals, to the place where your roots were, to Nature and the soil.

"What a wonderful place to bring up the kids!" Faye said then.

"Skiing, swimming, hikes, bird watching, having a garden and raising our own vegetables, having a cow, having flowers, Faye. You always loved flowers, and we could have acres of them there if we wanted."

"And, Roger, you could get to work on your book. You could do books in the country, and I'd join the Ladies' Aid, and the—what is it, the Grange?—and talk all the time on the party line."

We were both caught up in a contagion of longing. We were pioneers. Life was no good unless we had time to enjoy it, we said. And last August we did it. We burned our bridges. I gave up my job, and we cleaned out the apartment, and we rented a huge trailer to tow behind our car and piled it with the color TV set, and with silver and dishes and with the divan and overstuffed chairs, and with the big painting of Faye, and with my typewriter, and with the rugs, and with all our clothing, and we loaded in the kids, and we headed for Wilson Falls.

We were a couple of weeks getting settled, and you wouldn't have known the place. There was an Oriental rug in Uncle Wilbur's parlor and the life-size painting of Faye hung from the wall, and the neighbors around were nice to us to begin with, and so we decided to have the party.

We invited thirty-six people, and all of them came. "Don't dress," we said. "This is informal. We'll just talk and have fun."

And we didn't dress either. I wore a sports shirt and slacks. Faye wore one of her nicer dresses and looked cute as a bug. But everyone else came dressed in the finest they had. Some of the men's suits smelled of moth balls. Some of the women's gowns bulged, where the figures had grown since the owners had bought them.

And the wonderful party went wrong. Our guests milled about the house, ill at ease but observant, taking in the color TV, the fine rug, the chair that replaced Uncle Wilbur's, the mink coat in the hallway closet. They looked at Faye in the painting, oozing glamour, and then at Faye in the flesh, a flushed homebody. If we had dressed in our best to match their best, it might have come off. But our casual clothes seemed to them like the ultimate in snobbery. It was unforgivable that we had dressed down for them. Nobody said it. Everyone was very polite. But Faye and I could feel it.

The drinks were another mistake. Five of the men took Martinis. None took a second. Most drank Cokes as they nibbled at the hors d'oeuvres. Old Mrs. Schraft asked for water. The dooryard was full at eight, and by ten they had all gone home, so very polite in their farewells, so very final.

Since then, I had been the rich writer fellow with the actress wife and well, you know what they say about actresses. Maybe no one ever said that, but that was what we imagined.

I carried in three armfuls of wood, and Faye had all the kids in her arms in the rocking chair by the fire. She was reading them



[other West Wind, and the house shuddered
the real north wind blew in a rage of
olence.

We ate supper—at night you eat supper, not
nner, in Wilson Falls—and we got the kids
l to bed and tucked in, and then Faye said,
can't stand it any longer. I thought I could,
it I can't stand it any longer. I wouldn't stay
this place another day if I could help it.
'e'll sell it, or give it away, but we're going
ick to Chicago."

"Maybe things will change. Spring will
me, darling. It won't always be so cold."

"The cold," she wept. "I can stand the cold
eather, but not the cold people. So they think
e're stuck up. They wouldn't give us the time
day without security. It's something, it's
ally something, when your next-door neigh-
or won't let your little girl come to her little
rl's party. Isn't that something, Roger?
n't that really something?"

It was no use to tell her that our next-door
eighbor didn't know we were broke, or
most so, and that all
ir economizing had
een watched and
eighed, and put down
more snobbery.

I held her a long time,
id finally we had it all
ttled, and her way was
ir way. We were going
ck to Chicago.

"You taste like pop-
rn," I said, as we
aled the decision. "All
at salt on your
outh."

"You're nice." Faye
t at my nose. "I love
u, Roger."

"I love you too."

"I'm going to bed
w. It's warmer in bed.
on't stay up too late."

"I promise."

Faye went into the
llway and I heard her
t on the stairs. I put
ore wood in the stove,
d then I got out the
pewriter and my man-
cript. It was quarter
st ten.

There was the usual
ouble in getting
rted, but finally I
ped "page 233," and
der that, "Chapter
fteen," and I forgot
icago and Uncle Wil-
r's kitchen, and my
ind and my story went
f to war, to the war
had known a dozen
ars back. It got to be eleven o'clock, twelve,
d then one. I typed on. The fire burned
iskly, the windows rattled in the wind. At
e, it was seven below on the outside ther-
ometer, and a drafty sixty-two above on the
side thermometer, and I put on a jacket to
ep warm.

And the wind shrieked, and the fire sounded
rm even if it wasn't warm, such a pleasant
ackling, and finally I looked around and I
uldn't believe what I saw.

Because a fire is a lot like dying. You
agine it as happening to other people, never
you.

It was happening to us. Our home was on
e.

Behind the square of tin into which the
vepipe bored through the kitchen wall on
way to the massive chimney, the dusty in-
cessible heart of the house held the birth of a
owing nightmare.

For perhaps two seconds I sat paralyzed,
hile I waited for the thin circlet of flame I
w to be only imagination, but the flame was
real as the trembling in my hands, and the
und it made was as loud as my pounding
art.

I thought, *I must call the fire department.*

And I thought, *I must turn on the water*
ucet.

And I thought, *I must get Faye and the*
ls up.

The next minutes were very confused, but I remember running into the front hall, turning on the kitchen faucet as I dashed by. I remember shouting up the stairs, "Faye! Faye! Get the kids up. Get the kids up. We're on fire, and everything's going to go."

In the same instant, I was ringing the long ring for Central on the phone. While I waited, I could see flames boiling already in the back of the front-hall closet. When Central did answer, it was a young substitute operator, no one familiar.

I tried to be calm. "This is Roger Lothrop," I said. "I live on the Wilbur Lothrop place four miles from the Falls on Route Twenty-seven. I've got to have the fire department as soon as it can get here. My house is on fire."

"Gee, that's too bad. Who did you say you were? And exactly where is it?"

"The Lothrop place! The Lothrop place!" I was shouting. "Route Twenty-seven. Four miles out. Get someone here quick!"

"There's no need to shout," the substitute operator said. "I'll take care of it. I can sound the siren on the firehouse by just pushing a button, and you can listen."

Over the wires came the sound of the siren, and I knew its high keening would shatter sleep in that instant in Wilson Falls, and that men in another instant would leap from warm beds. Even so, it would take precious minutes for the volunteers to dress and run to the firehouse, another minute to warm up the fire-truck engine, and more minutes to drive the four bitter miles in an open truck over the drifting roads. Too many minutes.

I was sweating. I ripped off my jacket and flung it down.

"Operator, operator. Are you still there?"

"I'm taking care of it," she said soothingly. "The Lothrop place. Route Twenty-seven. Four miles. I've got it. I'll tell them."

The firehouse was next door to the telephone exchange.

"And would you please call my close neighbors? Tell them—tell them that I need them now."

"Yes, I will. I'll get Mrs. Wheaton up. She'll know who to call."

I hung up. I could hear the water pail under the faucet running over. I could hear Linda sobbing upstairs, "Mamma, I can't find my other slipper." I could hear Faye saying over and over, "It's all right, it's all right, it's all right. Everything's going to be all right."

I ran to get the water pail, and I ran back with it to the closet, splashing my legs at each step. I hurled the pailful into the closet, where our outdoor clothes were brightly flaming—Faye's Hollywood-era mink coat, her cloth coats, my overcoat and topcoat. The flames recoiled, hissing like angry cats, but they came on again. How they came on!

I dropped the pail with a clatter and ran despairingly up the stairs.

My wife had Melody in her arms, wrapped in a blanket. Melody was not frightened by the noise and confusion. Jeff sat on his bed unconcernedly, a solemn Buddha in a cocoon of blankets, sucking his thumb. Jeff was not frightened. Linda was frightened. Standing by Jeff's bed in an old brown coat of Faye's that trailed about her on the floor, my blond daughter was not pretty any more. She was older, much more aware.

I smiled at them all. I said, "Well, gang, we have to go now. Isn't this exciting?"

SONG OF A GIRL

By EDLYN CANTWELL

Tell me not that there is no purpose
In returning; I am vulnerably young
And cannot believe that now for us
The word is said, the song is done.
I love you well. You must remember
The swift days of blossoming green
On these hills, or the near of December
When sky as sharp and wind as keen
As this pain now, kept us in.
Do you, in harsh strong thoughts, expect
Me to forget all that has been?
I will not; for in this respect
I am unchanging—my heart lives and dies
In rhythm with the look of your young eyes.



74% more food energy than fresh whole milk
in every delicious serving!

Milk is Nature's best food—as every mother knows. It's needed for strong, sturdy bodies, for growth, for vitality. But a serving of ROYAL PUDDING gives you all the benefits of the milk you make it with *plus 74% more Food Energy*. Get *Regular* ROYAL for easy-to-cook, velvety-smooth Pudding and Pie Filling . . . no-cook *Instant* ROYAL for quick, melt-in-your-mouth desserts.

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Always Reach For Royal

"Everything's Better with Blue Bonnet on it"



Better for FLAVOR! NUTRITION! FOOD ENERGY!

TWO FINE PRODUCTS OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

Faye said, "Oh, Roger!" Her eyes were like a sleepwalker's.

"You go first, Faye," I ordered. "And Linda, you follow behind mamma—don't be scared, lamb. Jeff and I will be right behind you."

We had just edged down the stairs past the golden hot breath of the closet when every light in the house went out.

Faye screamed, "Roger!" All three of the children began to wail.

"We'll just keep going," I told them. "We're safe now."

But it had been so near. In another minute, we could never have got down the stairs.

There was light enough from the flames to light up the hallway, and we went on from there through the kitchen lit only by moonlight, and through the darker summer kitchen, and through the windowless back entry, and out into the night. As we went I could hear the phone ringing. I think perhaps it had been ringing all along. Ten rings, and then ten more—the Wilson Falls signal for fire, ringing out on our eight-party line.

We waded through new drifts to the car, and I got my family inside.

"I'll have to go back," I said.

"Oh, Roger, no."

"I want to save the manuscript."

"You haven't a flashlight," Faye moaned. "You can't see. Be careful. Be very careful."

"I will." I went back. I got as far as the summer kitchen, and there I was engulfed with a smother of smoke. That was what came from leaving all the doors open on our way out. Coughing, I turned back without the manuscript, and I stumbled into something. It was a chair. It was, in fact, Uncle Wilbur's favorite chair, that we had relegated to the summer kitchen because it was so shabby. I carried it out, and put it a safe distance away from the house in the snow.

"Where are you taking us?" Faye asked.

"I don't know. Somewhere warm." I started the car.

As I drove out of the yard, I took one long look at our home. It looked normal. Peaceful. Fronds of wind-borne snow were racing across the roof. A white curl of smoke came from the chimney, and was bent south by the wind. It was just a white house standing in white moonlight—a landmark that had stood there beyond the memory of any living man. It looked like a sleeping house—no lighted windows, as yet no flame showing. It did not look like a statistic, but that was what it was going to be.

Linda was sobbing in the back seat. "Did you get out my dolly, daddy? And her stroller? All our new toys?"

"There will be another dolly, darling," I told her, as I spun the wheel to the left.

"The Logans are up," Faye noticed with relief.

I looked, and they were. Beyond the Logans', there were lights at the Barbers', and still beyond, at the Clarks', and for as far as our eyes could see, lights were winking across the snow.

I drove to the Logans' and stopped. John Logan was out at his car, and so were his teen-age twins.

John called, "Take them right in, Roger. Martha's expecting you."

The drifts were deep in the Logan yard. It was a hard pull for Linda in her dragging coat, harder than we knew until we had reached the house, to have the door opened for us by Martha Logan, to have her wordlessly fold Faye and Melody together within her wide arms. Then we discovered, in front of the Logan fire, that Linda never had found her lost other slipper. That she hadn't herself realized it made it no easier to bear—that she should have had to run barefoot through the snow.

I left Linda and Faye and the others to go back to the fire, and there in the air I heard the glittering sound of the siren, more beautiful than bells. They were coming. The Logans had already got there, and the truck was on the way.

I had barely time to turn my car around, and the flashing red eye above the two white eyes came thundering out of the night, and I pulled out of the road to let it streak by, trailing cylindrical clouds of snow from each wheel, and trailed by the low-flying cars of a score of other drivers.

I will never know where they all came from, or how Grady Lum wheeled the big truck through the drifts from the Falls in under five minutes, only twelve from the time I had called.

Volunteers were chopping a hole in the roof when I got back, and the pumper put two hundred and fifty gallons of water down through the hole, and then they hooked it on to my cistern, and pumped until that went dry, and that ended the water, and ended my last faint hope.

Some woman brought me a jacket, and told me to put it on. I did not know the woman, though perhaps she may have known me. I could never find her later to give it back.

Bill Hayes came along. "Did you save anything, Roger?"

"Uncle Wilbur's chair. And our lives," I added.

"How about insurance?" he asked cautiously, wanting not to be seeming to pry into someone's business.

"There was some on our house—no enough. None on our things. We had to pu eating ahead of insurance."

None on our things, I thought. *None o Faye's portrait, none on her mink, none on ou furniture and appliances, none on the irreplace able personal mementos acquired over both ou lifetimes.* With money so tight, we hadn thought we could afford it.

"I want to see you at the store in the morn ing," said Bill Hayes, moving away.

Numbly, I watched men on the roof of th barn, stamping out sparks on the shingles Numbly, I heard the Logan twins shouting in side on the mows, watching for any spark that might be blown inside to ignite the hay But the house burned with a terrifying ferocity and radiance. Flames were laying the rafter bare on the roof, flames were crawling up al the exterior walls, and the tops of all the win dow casings blazed eerily with a strange blu fire, possibly caused by the metal flashings The heat had become intense, and under th rending discordancies sounding within th house was the nearer, underfoot sound of run ning water, caused by the melting snow.

When it became too difficult to watch the house, and the two beautiful maples before i flaming from every branch, I turned to watch the people, the silent onlookers, the firelit faces of my neighbors and of some who were not my neighbors. Many said a few words to me in the next hour, but there were no memorable words. I do not recall any single expression of sorrow, but the sorrow was there and its depth was not to be measured in words. In their undemonstrative way, they were grieving fo me, and I could read it in their faces.

Many times a day I realize how much my own life is built upon the labors of my fellow men, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Finally, Grady Lum came over. "Mr. Lothrop," the undertaker said kindly, "the boys and I can save the barn. We'll have the fire watched all night, and do everything that needs to be done. Why don't you go to your wife?"

"Yes," I told him. "I guess I'd better."

Faye and Martha Logan sat together by the fire in the Logan kitchen. Melody and Jeff slept side by side on the Logan couch. Linda, Faye said, had sobbed herself to sleep at last, and was now in bed with Rachel.

"The spare room's all ready for you two," Martha added. "I'll just set here and look after your kiddies if they should wake up."

"All right, Martha," Faye said, obediently rising. "Come, Roger."

"You're very kind," I said, "to take us in."

Martha said, "That's what neighbors are for, to help in the bad times."

"She's so nice," Faye said, after we were alone. "I know I won't sleep, and I'd rather stay up, but Martha wanted to do it, and we had to let her do it. You see that?"

"She would have been hurt if we hadn't," I agreed.

"I watched the fire from here," Faye said. "I didn't want to, but I had to, and I saw the roof fall in, and I felt as though part of my heart were burning in the house. It seems silly, when we were going to leave it anyway, but it was the only house of our own we ever had, and I loved that house."

"So did I."

In bed, Faye came softly over against me. "Roger, what are we going to do? We've got nothing to wear left, nothing to live with, no place to live. I don't know whether we've even got money enough left to get back to Chicago."

"We'll talk about it in the morning," I told her.

Faye was so soft. I loved her so. At quarter past four by my wrist watch, she went to sleep in my arms.

When I got up at seven, leaving Faye still asleep, the first thing I heard was Linda and Rachel laughing merrily in the next bedroom.

In the kitchen, Martha said, "They seem to like it here fine," nodding at Jeff and Melody. Melody was in a high chair drinking milk. Jeff had already begun on his oatmeal.

what does a salad wish for?



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They should," I said. "You've been wonful."

was breakfasting with the older Logans en the first box arrived. It was a big box, l it was packed with shoes and clothing, l a baby panda perched on the top of it. I not know the donor.

"Thank you," I said. "I don't know how to nk you."

Martha found something in the box for Jeff put on, and dressed him, and then she nd things for Melody and dressed her.

At half past seven that morning, the phone g, and it was Abner Williams, the big dairy mer.

"I've got a house on the place not doing thing," he told me. "It would oblige me ou and your family would move into it, p the fires and such. I've been doing it nt along, to save the plaster, and keep the es from freezing, but it's kind of a chore. all furnished, and until spring there won't any rent."

"But the wood, and the light bill?" I asked n.

"You can pay for the lights, if you want to. r as the wood goes, it didn't cost me much ept a little time, and I was using it up anyy, to keep the house het."

"I don't know how to thank you," I said

All that morning I—and Faye, when she got —didn't know how to thank anybody.

The boxes kept arriving, the Logan kitchen s piled high with them, and always it was the ne story. "Just a few old things we'd outwn," the donors would say diffidently. hought maybe you folks could get a little r out of them." The few old things came in sizes for everybody. I had lost two good olen jackets, and by noon that day I had , and I would have been willing to bet that least three had been purchased that morn. Faye had more than twenty suits and sses, and about half were in her size.

Before noon, I kept a date with the insure adjuster to inspect the ruins, and I wonred then what had become of Uncle Wil's chair, and looked in the barn for it with finding it, and then I remembered to visit Hayes and was given other ideas to think ut. He led me into the dry-goods section of store.

"I want to give new shoes and socks for ur kids," he explained. The new shoes and ks turned out to be complete head-to-toe tfits, plus a large assortment of Christmas s he "happened to have left over after ristmas."

"It's too much, Bill," I said. "I can't let you it."

"Look, you've had a little hard luck," he d me. "Right now, most everybody in Wil- Falls is better off than you are. We're all going to help. Someday you'll be getting a chance to even things up."

He helped me load my plunder into the car, and then said, "Almost forgot. Just a minute."

In just a minute, he came back with a hundred-pound keg of nails.

"Bill, what's that for?"

"For when you rebuild. It takes a lot of nails for a house."

"I'm sorry," I told him. "We don't have the money to rebuild. We're going back to Chicago."

Bill looked at me. "No," he said slowly. "I don't think you'll ever go back. You've already got the standing timber. Around here, we have a bee to cut it and yard it, and a bee to saw it into lumber at one of the mills, and bees to help you make it into a house. Don't be too hasty deciding. Lothrops have been on your place for a long, long time."

That afternoon, two pickup trucks carried our belongings to the rent-free house, which was a fine house, with four bedrooms and a bathroom, and with hardwood floors, and with an all-electric kitchen. The wives of the truck drivers helped Faye get settled. By then, there was more than clothing to unpack. There were over a hundred jars of canned goods, stuff that "was just going to spoil if it didn't get et up." There were dishes, cutlery, bath towels, even two clocks. There was a crib for Melody, and a playpen. There were toys, especially dollies. Linda's classmates had seen to that.

Our last caller that night was Mrs. Modica, who had nine children of her own, and came bringing a huge white stack of sheets and pillowcases.

"I should have been here earlier," she said shyly, "but Jim couldn't get the car started before. We burned out last winter, you know"—we hadn't known, we hadn't been here—"and these are some I had left over from those I was given then."

We didn't know how to thank her either.

That was before we knew about Uncle Wilbur's chair. Bill Hayes came bringing that back the following night. I had forgotten it again.

"You'll need it for your new home," he said. "It's a very valuable chair, rich in associations. And this goes with it."

The paper bag he held out was stuffed with checks and bills In two days, he had sold the chair ninety-six times for just under eleven hundred dollars, and it was still our chair. It had been sold to little Rachel Logan for fifty cents, and to Ken Wyman, the hotelman, for a hundred dollars, and to ninety-four others at figures within those extremes. We couldn't believe it.

After Bill had gone, I said, "Now we won't have to wait until we get the insurance money. We've got enough now to get us back to Chicago."

Faye looked at me as though I were a man from Mars, and then she saw I hadn't really meant it, and then she put on her something-wonderful-is-going-to-happen-in-the-next-minute look, and her eyes swam in happy tears as she grabbed me.

"You go right ahead if you want," said Faye, "but I've been asked to join the Ladies' Aid, and Linda has been asked to Rachel's birthday party, and we almost didn't find out how everyone was until it was too late, but we know now, and Wilson Falls is where I belong, and that's where I'm staying."

"But I have to stay where you stay," I told her.

"Do you?"

"Always."

I sat down in Uncle Wilbur's chair and pulled Faye into my lap. The chair felt as big as the house which we were going to build, and as warm as the hearts of its ninety-six purchasers.

We had had to find out that fire was a lot like dying before discovering that, when it counted, helping was a lot like people.

Especially Wilson Falls people. END



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MEMORIAL DAY 1900



TOM ALLEN

THROUGH ALL THE MEMORIAL DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD, MY FATHER'S SPEECHES RANG LIKE BUGLES—A SIMPLE ACT OF GRACE BROUGHT HIM GLORY.

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

When my father was born in 1861, he was named Edward Everett, after the "silver-tongued" orator of that time. The possession of this name may conceivably have turned his thoughts and ambitions toward the writing and delivering of public addresses; but I am inclined to think that even without its stimulus he would have cherished such desires. For he was by nature drawn toward the eloquent use of language, and it was his habit while dressing, or descending the stairs for breakfast, or doing his chores in the barn, to declaim lines from Thucydides or Macaulay, Cicero against Catiline, Patrick Henry or Abraham Lincoln. He could shout "Give me liberty or give me death!" so that one actually believed he was ready for instant extinction, which he most surely was not, being singularly and almost inordinately gifted with a love of life. He loved rolling periods, rhetorical questions, fervent imperatives, and intricate, often mixed metaphors. He would be sadly out of place today when eloquence in its old sense has become more than slightly ridiculous and "elocution" practically banned from both the language and its use.

My father was frequently in demand during my childhood as a public speaker for Memorial Day. Not only did the selectmen of Maine towns and villages in our own county, Hancock, occasionally invite him to deliver the annual Commemoration Address, but those of neighboring counties as well, Washington, Waldo and Penobscot. Whenever he received such an invitation, serious deliberations took place in our household, both between him and my mother and among us all, for a great deal was involved in an affirmative decision. The strain upon my father was bound to be considerable, for he could not take lightly the composition of his oration, its many rehearsals and its final delivery, and, since my mother was deeply concerned in all these activities, upon her as well. Moreover, his insistence that his entire family, except for the baby, accompany him upon these occasions meant a distracting upheaval of our usual uneventful routine. And finally, much as we children welcomed a rare excursion abroad, we were inwardly torn both by nervous dread lest my father should fail to do honor to himself and to us all and by an intense regret over missing the Memorial Day celebrations at home.

At that time, in the eighteen nineties and at the turn of the century, New England villages and small towns, and many outside New England as well, provided they were north of Mason and Dixon's line, observed this sacred holiday after a carefully prescribed manner; and ours was no exception to the rule. In the morning all graves in the village cemetery, which during the preceding week had been mown and clipped by our sexton, were decorated by the families concerned with potted plants and with jars and vases of flowers; and small American flags were set upright by our town authorities on those which marked the resting place of soldiers, whether of the Revolutionary or of the Civil War. At precisely two o'clock in the afternoon a long procession marched from our town hall on the green toward the cemetery one half mile distant above our small, quiet harbor.

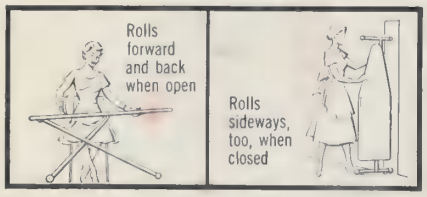
Our village band headed the line of march, erect and spruce in gold-laced green uniforms, which upon its original formation had been eagerly provided by local contributions. Its few members played their fifes, cornets, trumpets and drums with marked dignity, martial music being the order before the procession entered the cemetery, when muffled drumbeats superseded it. Directly behind the band rode our one cavalry officer, Capt. Augustus Stevens. He wore a broad-brimmed hat with a faded gold cord and in his free right hand held aloft a flashing sword. He was an imposing figure, who each year sent a chill down my back; and although his horse was hardly of the mettle of those which charged at Gettysburg, he, too, seemed to us magnificent as his hoofs sent up whirls of dust from the country road. Captain Stevens led our soldiers of the Civil War, those survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic, mostly elderly men or of late middle age, solemn in their worn blue uniforms with small, stiff-visored caps. Our two ministers, of the Congregational and Baptist churches, followed in somber black, and behind them marched the speaker of the day (sometimes my father himself) in top hat, Prince Albert and striped trousers, who would deliver his oration once the procession had returned, broken ranks and filed into the town hall. Children completed the line of march: scores of children; boys in tight knee pants and white blouses, girls in summer frocks of gingham or percale, all awe-struck and silent. Each child carried a bouquet of flowers—lilacs and apple blossoms if the spring was early enough, violets and wild cherry if it was slow in coming—to place upon the graves of our honored dead when once the procession with a final roll of drumbeats should halt in the cemetery and the signal should be given us.

To miss all this—the music, the sight of the soldiers with their mounted commander, the lines of people watching by the roadside, the intoxicating thought that one played a part in a tremendous drama, enacted but once a year—was deprivation indeed. There was also the chance, slender to be sure, but not impossible, that one might be mysteriously chosen to march beside the soldiers and to carry a pail of water with a dipper in case one of them should suddenly become faint or tired. A boy and a girl were selected each year for this stupendous honor and service. I never was numbered among the lucky ones, but I always hoped and dreamed that I might be. Still, as my mother made quite clear to us, if my father were honored by an invitation elsewhere and if he should decide to accept it, we must all do our utmost to uphold him in his decision and without the least show of disappointment.

Communities desiring an outside orator usually proffered their requests around Town Meeting Day, which was then, as now, the first Monday in March. On or about that date in the year 1900, when I was thirteen, my father was invited to give the Memorial Day address in the town of Castine, sixteen miles away. He took less time than usual in returning an affirmative decision, for Castine was a historic town with a most unusual past. Named for a French baron of the seventeenth century, who had built a fort there, it had later known occupation by both Dutch and English and in the War of the Revolution had been held in British possession. It was (and still is) a beautiful

CONTINUED ON PAGE 230





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COMMUNITIES DECLARE WAR ON THE LITTERBUG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Perhaps Americans as a whole aren't yet accustomed to the idea that our wide-open spaces can no longer be used indiscriminately as a dumping ground. But across the country awareness is growing. Forty-four states now have antilitter laws. "But," campaigners point out, "the problem is not solved by the mere passage of laws. The laws must be enforced."

Enforcement can be difficult. Many communities put their faith in a program of education first. "Americans aren't accustomed to strict regulation of their habits, good or bad. You get further with persuasion than you do with prohibition."

Like Tucson, the city of Montpelier, Vermont, is rimmed by mountains. Here they are gentler, greener mountains and they overlook sparkling streams and mirrorlike ponds reflecting evergreens, maples and silvery birch. Tiny crossroads towns have white-painted, steepled churches and names like Adamant and Maple Corners.

Vermonters are no less eager than Arizonans to have visitors see their state at its best. Its state parks and forests draw 500,000 people a year—campers and fishermen in summer, skiers in winter.

Fifty-one Vermonters gathered in the high-ceilinged Senate Chamber of the 100-year-old state capitol in answer to an appeal by Gov. Joseph Johnson, one of the first state governors to agree that an antilitter program was badly needed.

Governor Johnson announced that Vermonter George Adams Ellis had donated $10,000 to promote a Beautify Vermont program. With the help of this group, Johnson said, he proposed to get the program under way immediately. "We'll start with a statewide study of the highway litter problem. Vermont's beauty is its greatest asset. Let's keep it beautiful!"

"The response," one volunteer says, "was like touching a spark to a ready-laid fire. It was as if everyone wanted to do something about it and hadn't known just how to begin."

Governor Johnson's committee became a permanent organization—Keep Vermont Beautiful, Inc. Its objective—"Education of the public to the seriousness of the litter problem. Enforcement of antilitter laws. Enactment of new, tougher laws where needed."

Washington County (which includes Montpelier, Barre, eighteen towns) organized its Cleanup Week. Blueprints for other communities were based on Washington County's experience. The 200 volunteers who served on various committees represented not only state and county officials, but churches, schools, clubs and service organizations.

Representatives of the state's Board of Forest Parks and the highway department (which spends $275,000 a year on highway cleanups, $30,000 on tidying picnic areas) studied the highway litter survey and doubled their number of travel-trash receptacles. The receptacles were given a new paint job, a vivid orange.

"The first time I saw one," says Mrs. Curtis Smith, vice president of Keep Vermont Beautiful, "I was startled and indignant. 'Can't we go back to the nice dark green ones that weren't such a shock to the eye?' I asked. Our KVB program director, Ted Kane, explained that the trash receptacles were twice as effective just because they *were* so glaringly visible."

Oil companies distributed litter bags and placed converted oil drums labeled TRAVEL TRASH in service stations. As the campaign's kickoff day dawned, people on their way to work in Montpelier watched Governor Johnson—smiling broadly—deposit the first litter bag in the first Travel Trash can as a signal that Washington County Cleanup Week was officially under way. (Those same people dodged drying puddles here and there—the city's streets had been thoroughly washed at 7:30 that morning.) Posters, newspapers, radio and TV stations appealed to residents to clean up alleys and yards.

Everyone chuckled over a picture the papers carried that evening. Wearing wide grins, Peter Gregory, 8, and Francis and Michael Mier, 7 and 10, were pictured standing beside their day's haul—more than 1000 cans, bottles and cartons gathered along a single road. Above the mess they held a large homemade sign. Its letters were uneven, but its message was clear: "LITTERBUGS LEFT THIS—WE CLEANED IT."

"Want your picture in the paper?" campaign workers asked. "Paint your house during Cleanup Week." They added a financial appeal. ("We're said to be canny with a dollar here in Vermont.") "A good coat of paint can increase the value of your house by 12 per cent."

With that same canny eye, owners of local paint stores saw a good thing, both civic and business-wise. They announced sales of paint at bargain prices.

"You could smell paint from one end of town to the other," says Mrs. Joseph Lovell, president of the Woman's Club. "When a house on your block was painted you'd see neighbors turn to look at it thoughtfully. Next day you'd see *them* at work painting their houses too. It was as catching as measles."

"Surrounding towns caught it too," adds Elizabeth Kent Gay, KVB chairman for nearby Calais (Vermonters call it "Callus"). "When you drove through Adamant, a group of teen-agers waved at you cheerfully from their job of painting a shabby church. At Bliss Pond they cleared a beach and built a swimming raft. At Maple Corners ten grade-school children cleared seventy sacks of litter from the roadsides. Older youngsters helped rehabilitate the lovely old Grange hall we use as our community center."

Chairman Helen Pitkin, of Plainfield, says proudly, "Our high-school students took over Town Hall—mowed the lawn, cleared away all the weeds, planted flowers. Another group of teen-agers tore down a dilapidated old barn for years a neighborhood danger and eyesore.

All across the state, Vermont's antilitter volunteers went into action. With that well-known Yankee reticence, they'd far rather have visitors see what they've accomplished than do much talking about it themselves. But the national Keep America Beautiful organization in New York points to Vermont with astonishment and admiration. "The state reduced its highway litter by 50 per cent in three months!"

With almost the width of the country between them, Montpelier and Tucson drew the same conclusions from their antilitter campaigns.

"Making people aware of the litter problem, its magnitude and its cost, is your first biggest problem. After you do that, it's easier," says Vermont's Ivan Edwards. "There are a good many more profitable ways for Americans to spend $50,000,000 a year than paying it out to clean up the mess we make along our highways."

"Litter is caused by thoughtlessness," says Tucson's Chris Reilly. "Our job is to make people think."

And at Sabino Canyon the Forestry Service's Pierre Early (who states firmly, "You can't *talk* to kids, and if they feel you're right they'll listen") sums up with the air of a man who has done a lot of thinking on the subject: "I'd like to see our schools add another R to the three they already teach—make it readin', 'ritin' 'rithmetic and *responsibility*."

NEXT MONTH

HOW TO HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO RETIRE IN COMFORT FOR $10 A WEEK NOW

Robert Peterson tells you how a family man of forty with $6000 yearly can build a sound program of financial security after 65. And in "How America Lives" you'll meet three families and a widow living in Basking Ridge, New Jersey; Tucson, Arizona; Rutland, Vermont; and Coral Gables, Florida, who have met the problems of retirement, each in a different way, and find their days filled with activity, interests and pleasure.

"HE HAD NO TIES TO THE ISLAND. HE WOULD LEAVE NOTHING BEHIND—ONLY THE VERY CORE OF HIS HEART."

Tom Carruthers knew he couldn't burden Medora with the knowledge of his love; on the other hand, he couldn't stop seeing her. Medora was the wife of another man. And she was in peril, as were all the others on the island of Martinique. "Escape to the Mountain," the new novel by Thelma Strabel, tells the story. It's complete in this issue.

A VISIT WITH CYD CHARISSE AND TONY MARTIN IN HOLLYWOOD

They live in a beautiful hilltop house, overlooking the sea, with their two sons. ("Big T" is Miss Charisse's name for her husband. "Little T" is young Tony.) Cynthia Wheatland and Eileen Sharpe take you to meet the family and see their home in two pages of four-color photographs.

WHAT GOOD IS A HUSBAND WHO'S NEVER HOME?

Della says, "My husband's business is wrecking our marriage. The children and I practically never see him. I feel like a widow." Says Riley, her husband, "Della used to be full of fun and gaiety. Now she wallows in self-pity and cries over trifles." Read the marriage counselor's advice in "Can This Marriage be Saved?"

THE "SCOOP" IS THE NEW SHORT HAIRCUT

It's trim and easy to care for. But if your hair is longer and you like it that way, there are seven new ways to arrange it flatteringly. They will all stay put with a minimum of fuss between settings.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SWEATER!

Seven of the prettiest sweaters to make a summer dress twice as becoming and useful—and there's a JOURNAL pattern for each. In addition seven pages of summer fashion news and photographs in colors.

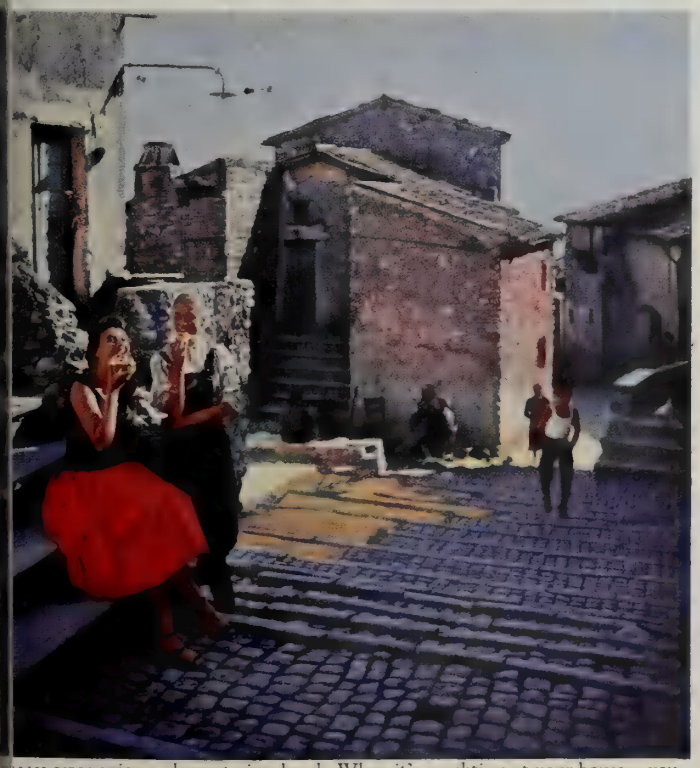
THE SALADS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

Coral-pink shrimp, prisms of chilled fruit and others as delicious are included in five pages of menus and recipes. These are meals to please the family, treat the budget kindly and even save work in the kitchen.

Also short stories by your favorite writers, Dr. Spock's page for mothers, a new prefabricated-house plan and many other features, all coming

IN THE JUNE JOURNAL

"Sizzling good Italian pizza—in minutes!"



IAN GIRLS enjoy a pleasant pizza break. When it's snacktime at your house—you enjoy the same treat so easily with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Pie Mix.



All the makings—including cheese



Shh! Just listen to it sizzle . . . sniff the warm, delicious fragrance of tomatoes and cheese . . . sink your fork into the crispy, golden brown crust . . .

Now . . . taste real Italian pizza—as they make it at a pizzeria in Naples . . . or *as you make it at home with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Pie Mix.*

Everything you need comes in one box: a package of *crust ingredients* . . . a can of ready-to-use *Pizza Sauce*, rich with tomatoes and cheese, spiced as only an Italian chef knows how . . . *and* a can of *luscious Italian-style cheese* to melt on top.

Let it bake about 15 minutes . . . serve bubbling hot. Chef Pizza makes wonderful munching at snacktime or suppertime—cut appetizer-size or in wedges.

Whenever you have it—it's pizza at its Italian best. Remember *Chef Boy-Ar-Dee* Pizza Pie Mix—*the one that includes cheese.*

real Italian-style

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®

Pizza Pie Mix



These are the hands of Mrs. Margaret Lane, Seattle, Wash. Only her *right* hand was treated with Jergens. This photo is *unretouched.*

Simple as 1 2 3 to stop "Detergent Hands

It's simple to have lovely hands. Over 450 women proved it in a scientific test.* They soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft, smooth Jergens stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn' "glove" hands with sticky film…it *penetrates* t help replace natural moisture lost to wind an weather, indoor and outdoor chores. It's th world's most popular hand care! Only 15¢ to $1

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Oh

THE BOY IN THE DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

it without any sense of sacrifice or duty; it was the thing he thought was right, and at that moment he even wanted it.

"Oh, don't make me laugh!" she cried, but her voice broke and she bent her head down, turning away from him. For a moment she could say nothing, and when she turned back to face him, the ocean wind blew a strand of dark hair across her face and it stuck to her tear-wet cheek. "Alan, you're kind—and you're good. Maybe you're the best person I've ever known." She touched his face and then let her hand drop; she shook her head. "But us get married, you and me? Alan, we haven't got anything to make a marriage out of, us two. Not for the sake of any child. It wouldn't stick, Alan. I'm pretty dumb, but I know that much. We don't like anything the same, down deep. It wouldn't stick at all."

"Then what do we do? What do you want to do?" He gripped her by the shoulders. "Oh, God, why did I get you into a mess like this?"

Jean reached up, pushing her hair back under the kerchief. "I'll be fine, Alan," she said. "Honest . . . if you—if you just see I get enough money to have—to have the baby—then he can be adopted, all proper like it ought to be ——" But she watched his face and saw, perhaps, some sad premonition of the dream pass over it. "People who adopt kids really want them, you know," she said gently. "It'll be better than anything we could do—after we got sick of each other and were wishing—wishing it never happened."

They clung together, and she kissed him once, warmly in the cold wind.

"Write me," he said.

Jean shook her head. "No."

He thought, bewildered, how much stronger she was than he, and he did what she asked, sent only a check each month, folded in blank paper inside the envelope. In no time at all, in a handful of months, his last check to her came back, neatly torn in half. She had scrawled a note: "Thanks, but I'm back at work and everything is fine. Jean." That was all, except that something had impelled her to add, hastily, "A boy.—J."

In the dream he knew the boy was his. *Daddy, daddy!* the boy called—but Alan, trying to answer, was voiceless and could only open his mouth and swallow the swallowing wind, could only limp with millstone legs and weep with frustration. Sometimes, when he awoke, the tears were almost there in reality, and he felt a fool. But after a while the dream had almost gone; and when he met Naomi and married her, he thought it would be gone forever.

This was nothing he could have foreseen: that they would be married three years and still be childless; that they could love each other so warmly and fully, that every part of their life together could be so richly satisfying—that they could be husband and wife so completely and never father and mother.

When they had walked out of the doctor's office that morning three months before, he had known the dream would come back. On the stairs, Naomi had reached for his hand and held it tight. "I can't help feeling I've failed you," she said in a low voice. "Failed myself, failed us."

"It could just as well have been me," he answered. "Is everyone a perfect specimen? Look at me—hay fever."

"But this is important," she said angrily, "this is different. It's not like hay fever. Hay fever doesn't have anything important to do with—with our marriage. But this does." She walked down the stairs and pushed the outer door open and stood there in the sunlight. "Oh, it isn't fair!" she cried. "Other people have children they don't even want, and we—we can't!"

Alan wanted to say something healing, something good and fine. Nothing came to him, only mute love caught in his throat like a stone. And it struck him that this was as if what had happened so long ago to him and the girl named Jean had suddenly been turned inside out, that this was the ironic obverse of the coin he had cast.

"We can adopt children," he said. "Other people do that too." It was the simplest thing he could say, and he said it harshly, as if he were shutting her up. "The doctor gave me the addresses of two agencies ——"

Naomi squinted in the sunlight, narrowing her great luminous eyes. "Right now, then," she said. "I want to find out about it now."

In medieval France no woman, regardless of her rank in society, had any legal rights. She was the liege subject of her husband, and from his dictates had no appeal. But even in the Dark Ages, women knew the value of tears! Having no other recourse, noblewomen offended by their husbands would retire to a cubbyhole and weep. The practice became so common that in wealthy homes a special room was reserved for this purpose. Men loftily referred to such a room as the "bouder," from the French word for sulking or pouting. When the great ladies of England began including their own private rooms in their homes, they appropriated the French term. Anglicized, it became "boudoir"—whose literal meaning is, therefore, "the room in which the lady goes to pout."

WEBB B. GARRISON

"A year?" Naomi cried. "I knew we couldn't expect a baby right away—but a whole *year?*"

The woman behind the desk laid down the sheaf of papers and smiled pleasantly. "Sometimes it's as much as two or three years, Mrs. Seymour," she said. "In the first place, we try to place infants with adoptive parents as close in appearance and background as possible. And there are so many people waiting for infants—of course, if you were ready to take on an older child ——"

"Oh, but it doesn't have to be just newborn," Naomi interrupted. "I—we said right there on the form that we'd be happy with a child one or two or three years old."

"I mean older than that."

"But why wouldn't . . . is there something wrong with a child when it isn't adopted before—not—not that a child has to be perfect ——"

"Well, Mrs. Seymour, there are cases like this, for example: a child whose parents were separated, the child living with the mother; the mother died, but when authorities contacted the father he refused to sign release papers although he didn't want the child. So all we could do was to keep the child institutionalized and try to place him in temporary foster homes; this went on until the father remarried, had children of his own, and was finally persuaded to sign a release. By that time the child was ten years old—and very unhappy."

"That happens often?" Naomi asked, shocked.

"Once is too often, as far as I'm concerned," the interviewer answered sharply. "But if you would consider an older child, I do have a little boy in mind who would fit into your family nicely—not the one I just mentioned, but a similar situation. I think you'd like him—as a matter of fact, he's got your coloring, Mr. Seymour, almost exactly."

Excitement rose so suddenly and thickly in Alan that he did not dare to look at Naomi. A little boy that looked like himself ——

"How old is he?" Naomi asked quickly, leaning forward.

"He's five. He's a bit shy, but he's not a psychiatric case by any means, I assure you."

Alan caught his breath and felt his racing blood abate. Five. It had been stupid of him to react that way; and his boy, his own boy, would be over twice that old by now.

"Alan?"

Naomi was looking at him, inquiringly. Her face was eager, anxious.

"Do you want to see him, Alan?"

"Yes," he said, feeling guiltily indifferent. "Yes, if you would."

"His name is Johnny," said the woman behind the desk.

They saw him through a one-way window, in a playroom where he was busy making something elaborate and unrecognizable out of building blocks.

Naomi clutched Alan's arm. "Why, he does look like you!" she whispered. "Alan, he's—he's just wonderful!"

But Alan felt withdrawn and aloof. It was a strange feeling; he looked at the boy and realized Naomi was right, and even as he looked and saw the boy's russet hair and the cut of his chin and the way he bit his lips together and dilated his nostrils as he worked, he wanted to say, "Wait, Naomi, there is another boy, somewhere, who is really mine!" But he could never tell her—not that another woman had so easily done what she had failed to do; not that all their loving love-making, strengthened with the deepest desire of their

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hearts, could never duplicate the thing that had merely happened.

"Oh, he's wonderful," Naomi was saying, and she wept unashamedly.

In the gray morning he lay sleepless beside his sleeping wife, trying to shake off the melancholy enchantment of the dream. For Naomi's sake he had gone through all the motions—the subsequent interviews, the home visits—and now everything was settled. Somehow it would have to work out; he would have to wait, and be patient with himself. Naomi stirred and turned toward him, still asleep. She smiled, thinking even in her sleep, perhaps, that this was the day they were going to get Johnny. But Alan felt suddenly cold as charity; and what would happen if it didn't work out, if he found he couldn't be a father to a stranger, if the little boy of the dream reproached him night on endless night?

Johnny had a new plaid flannel shirt, but he held a very old and disreputable Teddy bear and a small, battered, metal police car.

"Here's your new mommy and daddy," he was prompted gently.

"Hello," he said very politely. "Mommy. And daddy."

Alan thought, *If it doesn't work out, at least this is only the probationary period. The final papers don't go through for a long time yet.* And he felt rotten for thinking it.

Johnny sat between them on the front seat. It was queer, looking over his head at Naomi, feeling the boy against his side.

"Let's stop and have a treat or something," Naomi suggested. "We ought to do something special—don't you think so, Johnny?"

He didn't look up from his Teddy bear and his police car. "Yes," he said woodenly.

Naomi looked at Alan in agonized appeal. "Please, Alan, how about a soda? It might be . . . a good idea."

But Johnny drank a soda solemnly, not even burbling with the straw. Carefully he took the long-handled spoon and dipped out the last bits of froth and ice cream. Then, while Alan and Naomi finished their coffee, he moved restlessly on the seat and looked about him; but he said nothing. He swung his legs and hunched his shoulders up and down, nervously, but he did not permit himself even the phantom of a smile. When they were through he got up, gathered up his Teddy bear and police car, and waited by the jukebox while Alan paid the check and Naomi stood at the door. Then, when Alan turned to him and said, "O.K., Johnny, come on," it happened. Midway between the jukebox and the door he stood still, his sober face frozen in anguish.

"Daddy! Daddy!" he howled, and Alan lunged for him and scooped him up, toys and all, and bore him away to the back of the restaurant, through the door marked GENTS.

"It's all right," Alan kept saying, "it's all right, never mind. We've got lots of dry pants your size at home." And then, bending over, cramped in the little washroom, he tipped Johnny's face up and looked into the hazel eyes so astonishingly like his own. "I'll tell you a secret," he said. "It happened to me once in front of a whole roomful of people, more than a hundred people. It was pretty awful."

"Did it?" Johnny asked, hiccuping. "Did it really?"

"And I was older than you too."

"How old?"

"I was six."

He carried Johnny back to the car, grinning at the waitress who met him on her way back with a damp cloth and sighed at him, "Oh, *kids!*"

As they drove away, Naomi put her arm around Johnny's shoulders. There was a smell of warm, wet wool in the car, but Alan did not notice it. He was thinking that the boy in his dream who cried *Daddy, daddy!* had always been a small boy, a boy about five years old, and that *this* was the little boy in the dream—Johnny, his boy and Naomi's—that somewhere, somebody who loved and wanted a child had taken that other boy, and now he and Naomi had taken Johnny, and everything was going to be fine. END



NEW TEST "FINGERPRINTS" A RUTHLESS DISEASE OF CHILDHOOD

■ A bare 20 years ago cystic fibrosis—a hereditary, almost invariably fatal disease involving the respiratory and digestive organs—was striking at its child victims (an estimated one in every 600 children born) from the safe shadow of ignorance—*our* ignorance. We did not know that cystic fibrosis existed.

Its baffling symptoms often mistaken for those of pneumonia, chronic bronchitis, asthma, liver disease, malnutrition, cystic fibrosis too often led the bewildered parents of cystic children on a long, costly, heartbreaking search for an answer to the question "What's *wrong* with our child? He is sick, he must have help." The "new" disease was known to too few nonspecialist doctors. Even when its presence was suspected, cystic fibrosis was far from easy to diagnose with certainty. Tests were complex and wearing, and there were not enough hospitals where they could be carried out.

Doctors who did understand the disease worked desperately to see that it became more widely recognized. As yet they had no cure for it, true, but they *did* have treatment, and the right treatment often permitted a cystic child to live comfortably and happily in spite of the disease, prolonging his life while the search for a cure went on.

One vital step in that search—they must find a simple, inexpensive, easy-to-read diagnostic test for the presence of the disease, a quick test that could be made almost anywhere, a test that might save a child's life by getting him the proper treatment immediately.

That test is a reality now. Based on work done by Doctor Paul di Sant'Agnese, and further developed by Doctor Harry Shwachman, of the Children's Medical Center in Boston, Massachusetts, the test takes mere seconds, is almost 100 per cent accurate. A print is taken by touching the small patient's hand—or foot—to a chemically treated plate. If the patient has cystic fibrosis, the high salt content in his sweat (a symptom found consistently in the disease) causes a strong whitish-yellow imprint on the plate—a "fingerprint" to help unmask a ruthless foe.

In addition to the lives it may help to save or prolong, the new test makes it possible for the first time to compile accurate statistics on the true prevalence of cystic fibrosis. There are doctors who suspect that—when compiled—these figures may reveal cystic fibrosis as the most widespread of all the critical diseases of childhood. Whether or not it proves these suspicions to be true, the new test is a sturdy weapon in the fight to make life safer for our children.

THE NATIONAL CYSTIC FIBROSIS RESEARCH FOUNDATION,
2300 Westmoreland St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
will reply to queries.

new! **Scotties** in powderpuff pastels!



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Even with the new liquid face creams,
Scotties hold together throughout an entire creaming!

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Separates in Cotton $5.95 and Under!

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Summertime and cottons, Barbara J. feels, are synonymous. Both have a touch of brightness, a feeling of gaiety, and this is *exactly* what Barbara decides to add to her by now very well-established wardrobe! Shopping the stores on a Saturday morning, she finds two separates in an enchanting print; the price is so practical, the fabric so pretty she continues on her happy pursuit for others.

But don't let the prices fool you; just because they're definite budget figures doesn't mean they were bought without a thought or without a care in the world. With her customary determination and fashion figuring, Barbara comes up with five additions—to wear with costumes she has already, as well as a whole wardrobe unto themselves. But what truly amazed us this time was the price—five separates, and all for *under* $20.00. We'll let you figure out the total number of costumes it all adds up to; we stopped counting when we reached ten!

By BET HART



A shirt—very prosaic except for the fabric. Striped in fine lines of bright pink and strewn with rosebuds and roses. A pretty roll-up sleeve. Barbara can wear this with her black pleated skirt or with her white skirt bought way back in December—a perfect costume of chiffon and roses for a summer evening!

$3.95



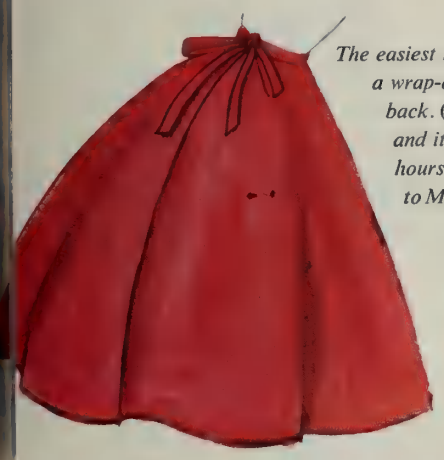
The skirt in the same enchanting fabric. Put them together for one of the loveliest shirt-dresses to wear all through the day or for an evening. The skirt has its own green cummerbund, a full skirt of tiny unpressed pleats. For a dressier look, Barbara can wear her scoop-neck white Orlon sweater with the skirt.

$5.95



A little blouse, but a great deal for the money. Made in white bird's-eye piqué and buttoned with pearls down the front. Barbara can wear this with any one of her skirts from preceding months, including her beige silk linen from March.

$3.50



The easiest skirt of all to make—a wrap-around that ties to the back. (Barbara timed herself and it took her exactly two hours.) Vogue, "Very Easy to Make" Design No. 9163. (Sizes 12–40, 60c.) Her fabric choice: cherry denim, a practical fabric, a gay color!

$2.55

© VOGUE



Shorts with a delicate air, soft pink, but in sturdy cotton twill. Two slit pockets are the only detail, and a pretty one too. Barbara wears these with her new print blouse or the lace-trimmed shirt from a season ago.

$3.95

$19.90 Total



SHARLAND

For a spring or summer evening, in the country or city, Barbara wears her white piqué blouse, the rose-print skirt tied together with a bright red scarf. On her feet? Her pretty red sandals from last month. For a cover-up on a cool evening, Barbara wears her white cardigan made last January.

A weekend in the country or shopping in town, Barbara wears her denim skirt, print shirt. Barbara added the pockets: 6" squares of the same fabric. And as if there weren't enough flowers already, she adds one large rose to the pocket!



DRAWINGS BY R Craver

A PRINCE FOR NIMMI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Om impatiently turned back into his room, growled, "Every morning this is done to me; is there no peace?"

Nimmi's door opened and she came out in a pink silk sleeping suit. "Pitaji, why do you make so much noise? I was having a good dream."

Lalaji laughed and said, "Come down; I will make your life better than any dream, my daughter."

The telephone rang, a servant answered, then shouted, "Babuji! Babuji! It's a girl!"

Lalaji ran down the stairs, snatched the telephone. "A girl? It is all well? We are coming!" He dropped the receiver shouting, "Om, a daughter has been given to you! Nimmi! Viddi! Usha! A girl!"

Lalaji sat downstairs in the sitting room with his legs supported on a chair. Usha was massaging them; she pressed them as hard as she could, kneeling on the floor. Nimmi, her plaits now piled up on her head, wearing a pale blue housecoat with a design of dark blue wisteria, read the cinema and restaurant advertisements in the newspaper while eating a banana.

"A girl," Lalaji said dreamily. "All the rich men in Delhi will run after her with their sons. The dowry I will give with her, no one will believe the figure."

Nimmi said, "Pitaji, you think you can buy everything with money."

"With what else will you buy it?" her father answered simply.

Om, eating a huge breakfast from a brass tray, took time off to laugh. His brother Viddi looked at him with loathing. "Money, money, money," he said. "That is all anyone thinks of in this house."

Viddi was scowling. This was his favorite expression nowadays: he felt very much misunderstood. If he had known that his scowl made him look even more like his eldest brother Om, he would have taken good care never to assume it. But even without it, there was an inescapable resemblance. Both sons took after the father, who in himself was the prototype of what they would become. "Massiveness" was the only word for Lalaji. He had spread out so far that he was flat rather than round, the stomach hanging in huge folds, chins overlapping, eyes swamped in cheeks. Yet there was nothing inert about him; vitality quivered in the masses of flesh; the eyes were bright and intelligent.

Nimmi tossed aside her newspaper and jumped lightly to her feet. "I am going to college now," she announced.

"And our new little daughter? You will not see our new little daughter?" her father protested, quite shocked.

"Today I have a class in English literature. We will learn about an English poet called Keats. None of you have heard about him, but he has written very beautiful poetry and that is why it is important for me to go." She looked very proud as she said this, her head tossed back and her lower lip pushed out.

"This college," said Om, "it is only a waste of time and of good money, and will perhaps even give her wrong ideas. Look at that one there," he said, thrusting his chin toward Usha, massaging her father's legs. "How much money was spent on her education, and what has it all led to now? A betrothal today, a marriage tomorrow, children the day after. Only with her we were lucky: she is too stupid to get any harm out of education."

Usha laughed. She had failed many times to pass her exams, and reference to this always moved her to good-humored laughter.

Nimmi, trembling with fury, picked up the newspaper again and pretended to read it. "Please do not think I am listening to you," she said in a strained voice.

Om pushed his breakfast tray aside and got up to yawn and stretch. "I would like to go straightway to the office," he said. "All my wife's relations will be at the hospital."

"When my children were born," Lalaji said, "not one minute could I rest till I had seen them."

"I will see her for the rest of my life," Om replied gloomily.

The nursing home was a very expensive and very modern one. Lalaji's wife thought it was a most unsuitable place for any baby to be born in. Her own confinements had been at home, which still seemed to her the best and only possible place. Of course times had been different then; they had not been so rich. But what was the use of so much wealth if all it did for you was to force you to abandon your own comfortable habits?

Shanta was asleep now; she lay on the bed with her hair straggled over the pillow and her face sagging with exhaustion. Her mother sat beside her, waving a hand fan in the sleeping face, though there was a perfectly good electric fan turning from the ceiling. Lalaji's wife—since the place of honor beside Shanta was taken—had to content herself with sitting beside the baby and looking at it and making out whom it resembled. Sometimes she thought its features were like her husband's—the nose—sometimes she thought it looked like Om—the hair—sometimes like Usha—the hands; but mostly she thought it looked like Nimmi (all the girls born in the family were made out to resemble Nimmi, though none so far did). She stole a look at her husband's sister Phuphiji, lying on a charpai, sternly asleep; no, it did not in any way resemble Phuphiji. Her eyes strayed to Shanta's mother, and she noticed with surprise, and some satisfaction, that she, too, was asleep, the hand with the fan resting on Shanta's pillow. Lalaji's wife thought proudly that she herself had never gone to sleep by a daughter's bed. No, not if she had had three sleepless nights.

Because she was lonely, with everyone asleep and no one to talk to, she called to



laee, the old woman servant. "Look at that ne there," Lalaji's wife said with a cruel igger, indicating Shanta's mother, whose ead nodded obliviously on her chins, "see ow well she is guarding her daughter."

"Oh, that one," Maee said contemptuously. Why does she come here? We have no need f her here."

"She thinks her right here is greater than urs," Lalaji's wife said.

Maee gave a mocking laugh. "And who is ," she demanded, "who feeds the daughter nd sees to her comfort and the comfort of her hildren every day of the year? Is it she who oes all this?"

There was the sound of many feet trying to tread softly in the corridor outside and then the door opened and Lalaji's broad head was thrust in. His wife laid her finger on her lips and beckoned him forward; Lalaji turned round with his finger on his lips and beckoned the others forward. They all tried to walk on tiptoe. Shanta's mother woke up with a start and at once began fanning Shanta's face again. She said, "Be very quiet, you will disturb my daughter." There was a gentle smile on Lalaji's face as he tiptoed to the baby's cot.

The others crowded round, all smiling, all tender. Nimmi forgot about being blasé; she clapped her hands and asked with subdued joy, "May I hold it, please?" Usha kissed its little finger and there were tears in her soft eyes as she did so. Om looked proud and possessive until his father transferred the baby to him and then he looked embarrassed. Lalaji slapped him on the back. Maee appeared in the door from the veranda, holding a teapot. Everyone was smiling.

Servants came in with high baskets of fruit and boxes of sweetmeats which they at once began to unpack. Soon the room was brimming with bananas, pineapples, oranges, apples, nuts, pomegranates and huge chunks of sweetmeats—green, white and pink, and covered with silver foil. Phuphiji woke, sat up on her charpai and looked round severely, and then called to Maee for tea. Lalaji took out two one-hundred-rupee notes and thrust one into each clenched fist of the sleeping baby. "All your life may you have two fistfuls like that," he wished. His wife looked triumphantly at Shanta's mother and was chagrined to find that she was not watching.

More footsteps could be heard in the corridor, the door opened and Shanta's relations came in. Behind them came servants with more sweetmeats and fruit. The room was very full now. Shanta's relations crowded round the baby's cot and thrust money into its hands. Everybody ate sweets.

Lalaji was very happy. He joked and laughed with the men, receiving and dealing out good-natured insults, which was his favorite form of humor. The women meanwhile sat huddled round the bed, discussing pregnancies and miscarriages and other matters of interest. But whereas with the men the harmony was unsimulated, with the women it was very much a thing of the surface. The men had two lives, the women only one. If the men had business rivalries, they could forget them in private life; they could bitterly resent one another outside, but at home, and on an occasion like this, be the best of friends. For the women there was only that private family life, where a grievance was a grievance forever. Yet they met frequently, visiting in one another's houses. They could not have lived without one another, if only because afterward, after they parted, there was always so much to talk about, so many veiled insults to be brought to light.

The men of the two families were aware of this strife, but took no notice. Anyway, nothing could ever disturb the good relations between Lalaji and Shanta's father, Dev Raj. Both were counted among the richest men in Delhi, and the wedding of Om and Shanta had been one of the costliest and most elaborate ever seen in the city. On a happy occasion like this, they reserved the choicest and most jovial insults for each other; they poked each other's vast proud bellies and shouted, "He is like a tub of ghee!" . . . "He looks like a pregnant woman in the last month!" Their mutual esteem was very great. Lalaji was a contractor, Dev Raj the owner of a fleet of buses and heavy lorries. Their business interests never clashed—on the contrary, they were often useful to each other, for both had extensive and valuable connections.

At the moment Lalaji was much troubled by the idea that the contract of the new building to be put up by the Happy Hindustan Trading Company, at a cost of twenty-five lacs of rupees, might go to a rival contractor. But having discovered that one of the directors of the company was uncle to Dev Raj's cousin's sister-in-law, he felt much reassured. Dev Raj would speak to his relative; all would be well—ah, but it was good to be connected with such a man.

These matters were lightly, very lightly, touched upon. "I hear," said Lalaji casually, "that the Happy Hindustan Trading Company are investing in a building." And Dev Raj registered this and knew what was wanted. No more was said; there was no need to say more.

Meanwhile Shanta's mother said to Lalaji's wife, "I have not seen your second son with his wife here this morning. Will they be coming soon?"

Lalaji's wife was put out, though she knew that the absence of Chandra Prakash and Kanta would not, could not be allowed to pass without comment. And indeed it was very strange, not to say unprecedented, that the second son should fail to come and pay his respects when a child was born into the family.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157

Humanitarianism consists in never sacrificing a human being to a purpose.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Philosophy of Civilization
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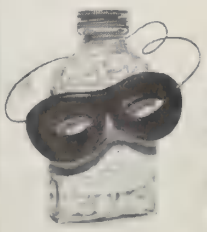


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155

had telephoned. She had said, "Please e at once." Kanta had replied somewhat lly, "Of course." And yet they had not e. She could not understand it. But then, as not often that she could understand her ghter-in-law, Kanta. The girl had very nge ways. "I think Chandra Prakash could get away from office," she said. "These etted government officers work very hard." huphiji disapproved very heartily of nta. But she said, "Just now she telephoned. oke with her myself and she told me that of the children has been taken sick. As n as the doctor has been there she will e, so she told me." She looked round erely, defying anyone to give her the lie.

Lalaji's eldest daughter, Rani, also did not Kanta. However, she, too, said, "Ah, yes, n children are sick it is difficult to leave, Kanta will come as soon as she can."

Nimmi was by this time rather bored with baby and was amusing herself by making itical survey of the women sitting round bed. *How fat they all are!* she thought h disdain; and if not fat, then thin and dry meager like Phuphiji. And how badly ssed they were. She looked at her eldest er. Rani wore expensive clothes, but she not have much taste; her sari and her use did not match, for one thing, and she wearing too much jewelry. She thought of nta: yes, she would be like Kanta, only of rse she would be more beautiful than nta, and lead an even more fashionable life; her husband would be better looking than ndra Prakash.

More people came in, friends and distant tions. The room was so crowded that they to open the doors and overflow into the sage and veranda.

A passage was cleared and the lady doctor e in, accompanied by two nurses. The lady tor said there were too many people and much noise; but as there were a number prospective patients in the room and the enses of the nursing home were heavy, she ld not say anything more. After she had gone, the men started to leave, having run out of jokes and insults and being anxious about business. Lalaji also went, with Om Prakash, for he had to see his lawyer and meet various people. The women stayed behind and spent the rest of the morning in agreeable, if pointed, conversation.

After leaving the nursing home, Viddi went straight to the Rendezvous. Tivari was already sitting at a table by himself, drinking whisky and staring in front of him in a melancholy fashion. He was not very pleased to see Viddi because he knew that Viddi could not stand him any drinks. Viddi was painfully aware of this and felt ashamed. He ordered coffee for himself, but to excuse himself for not taking a drink (which anyway he would not have wanted), he said, "What can I do? My father will not give me money."

Tivari laughed and turned sideways on his seat to look at him. "But he gives you enough to eat," he said, making a gesture with his hand to suggest Viddi's bulky outline.

Viddi looked down at his stomach and felt more miserable. "Sometimes I feel I will go mad," he said. "You do not know what it is like in my father's house. How can I live with people like that?" He wanted some response from the other, sympathy, agreement, comfort, suggestion, anything. He admired Tivari very much, for Tivari was a journalist and had been to England and smoked cigars. He had a well-paid government post, but most of the time he sat about in restaurants and let other people buy drinks for him.

"I would like to meet your father," Tivari said. "He must be a very interesting man."

"How you would hate him," Viddi said, his own hate brimming in his voice. "You do not know what he is like. He is so crude. He is quite uneducated; he can barely read or write, and he speaks very bad English."

"But what need has he," Tivari pointed out, "to read and write and speak English? He pays people like us to do it for him."

Zahir-ud-din joined them. He wore a pale green bush shirt and a signet ring and he walked languorously. He was an artist and very handsome. It was he who was responsible for the murals on the walls of the restaurant; he now sat looking at them with one eye critically closed. He said, "They have depth and vision." He opened his eye. "Who will buy me a drink today?" Tivari continued to stare, while Viddi looked down into his coffee and felt ashamed all over again. Zahir-ud-din philosophically ordered a coffee.

Several businessmen had come in, fat and prosperous, and sat talking to one another

Kindness consists in loving people more than they deserve.

JOSEPH JOUBERT
Pensées

and scribbling figures on the menu. Zahir-ud-din looked at them in fascination and said, "How rich they must be."

"They are busy bribing one another," Tivari said.

Zahir-ud-din laughed, showing many beautiful teeth. "You have been following the T—— bribery-and-corruption case? Oh, it is a wonderful case. Hundreds of people are involved. Is your father not involved too?" he asked Viddi.

"How should I know?" Viddi asked listlessly. He did not know that his father was fighting and bribing hard to keep out of the case: Lalaji did not believe in sharing his worries with his family.

Tivari said, "Why do you not introduce us to your father? We will persuade him what a good business proposition we are."

"Please," Viddi said, "do not talk to me about my father."

But Zahir-ud-din entered into the idea with enthusiasm. "Yes, we will make him richer, and not only richer but also great and famous. Does he not want to be a great patron of the arts? Only let him send me to Paris for two years. I will come back famous and everybody will say it was Lala Narayan Dass Verma who first set this man on the path of fame." He rapped his knuckles on his fine chest and smiled brilliantly.

"Or perhaps," Tivari said, "he would like to finance a magazine. I will edit it for him."

"What are you talking about?" Viddi said. "He does not even know what a picture is, and reads only business letters and advertisements in the newspaper."

"That does not matter," Tivari said. "Only tell him we are offering good investment and he will listen."

"He never listens to me. For months I have been begging him to send me to Europe, to let me study at an English university, but he does not hear me. Do you know what he wants me to do?" He paused for a second for effect. "He wants me," he said slowly and clearly and with a laugh that was half mocking and half tearful, "he wants me to go into his business."

Both Tivari and Zahir-ud-din became attentive. Zahir-ud-din laid his hand on Viddi's and said enthusiastically, "But what a wonderful idea. He will make you a partner, you will have all the money you want."

"I want to go abroad," Viddi said passionately. "I want to study, I want to learn things, I want to meet people. I want to get away from home, from my father and my eldest brother and all the women in our house."

"That will come later," Tivari said. "In your father's business you will become rich and then you will be independent and able to do what you like."

"Independent!" Viddi laughed bitterly. "When once he has got me into his business, the next thing will be he will find a wife for me, the cross-eyed stupid black daughter of some other rich contractor. She will bring me a great dowry and we will live in my father's house, like my brother Om Prakash and his wife. That is the life my father wishes for me."

The two others thought how it would be if they had millionaire fathers who offered to make them partners. They looked at Viddi,



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and Zahir-ud-din said wistfully, "At least think of us. Think of your friends."

Viddi was flattered that they regarded themselves as his friends, but he said, "If I went into business, you would not want to be my friends any more."

At this they gave him up. Zahir-ud-din said sadly, "At least, ask your father if he would not like his portrait painted. Tell him I will give him a beautiful picture of which he will be very proud."

Nimmi missed the lecture on Keats, but at lunchtime in the college canteen she copied out the notes her friends had made, which was just as good. In between nibbling biscuits she wrote, "John Keats was born in 1795 and died of consumption in Rome in 1821." Her friends were talking about one of the lecturers, and she listened as she wrote.

"She would not be bad-looking," Rajen was saying, "if she dressed better and did something with her hair." She fingered her own hair, cut short and set very fashionably. "Nimmi, will you come and play tennis at the club this evening?"

"I can't," Nimmi said sadly, though she would have loved to go. She adored going to the club; it was there, she felt, that the life she wanted was lived. Rajen's parents were members, and now that Rajen was eighteen they had allowed her to become a member independently, so that she could go whenever she liked and take her friends as guests.

"Oh, why not?" Rajen said. "We could have a swim after tennis and then sit on the lawn and drink pineapple juice. Please come."

Nimmi shook her head. "I have to go to the nursing home because of the new baby. Mummy would be very angry if I did not go." At home she never called her mother "mummy," but among her friends she did, because that was what they called their mothers. "But please go this evening, I want very much that you should go this evening."

"Why?" Rajen asked.

Nimmi threw a significant glance toward the others. "I will tell you later," and then ostentatiously busied herself with her notes.

Rajen was impatient to know why Nimmi so particularly wanted her to go to the club in the evening; and since the other girls gave no sign of moving, she suggested, "Nimmi, shall we go to the library?"

Nimmi agreed at once. They walked along the corridor, proud and graceful, their heads in the air. Nimmi wore a sari of pale blue chiffon and Rajen a white Kashmiri silk with a pattern of tiny green squares. Sometimes they nodded to a group of girls, but they kept themselves aloof, for they were very conscious of their position as the prettiest and most fashionable girls of their year. They walked up the stairs and stopped on the first landing.

Rajen said, "Why do you want me to go to the club this evening?"

"I think," said Nimmi, "Pheroze Batliwala will perhaps be there this evening."

Rajen at once became pleasantly excited. "You want to send a message to him?"

Nimmi shook her head vehemently. She had not yet reached the stage of sending messages to Pheroze Batliwala and the suggestion embarrassed her. "No," she said, "not a message."

"What, then?"

Nimmi laughed, and swung round. She took a pin out of her hair, adjusted the coil on top of her head. "I only want you to see if he is there and then tell me."

"I will tell him, 'Nimmi is dying of love for you.'"

Nimmi flung her arm round the other's neck and with a little giggle buried her face in Rajen's shoulder. Rajen also giggled.

"You want me to tell him so?"

"Please do not tease me," Nimmi said, squirming and laughing. Some girls coming down the stairs stared at her disapprovingly; but she did not care. She despised these girls, for their manners were not very refined and they spoke English badly. And she knew that they were jealous of her because she was friends with Rajen; they expected her to be friends with them, because they were of the same community.

Rajen stared after them disdainfully. "What horrible clothes they wear."

"Horrible," Nimmi said, wrinkling her nose, trying to forget that these were the things her own sisters liked to wear—gaudy saris sparkling with sequins, and little gold hoop earrings and even—oh, horrible—diamonds at the side of their noses.

"I do not think"—Rajen smiled—"that Pheroze Batliwala would be very interested in such girls." That reminded her to ask with great interest, "Last time we were at the club, you spoke with him a long time. What did you talk about?"

"Oh," Nimmi said, feeling superior, "we only made conversation."

"But what about?" Rajen pressed her. Naturally she was very interested; it had been at the club and in her company that Nimmi had first become acquainted with Pheroze. "What did he say to you?"

Nimmi thought back, but she could not remember anything very outstanding that he had said. "He said he liked the way I did my hair. Rajen, do you like my hair?"

"Ye-es. It is nice."

"I love the way you do yours. Oh, how I wish I could have my hair cut short, I would so much like to wear it like you do."

"I will take you to my hairdresser. You must have it cut and washed and set, and I will sit with you and keep you company."

Nimmi smiled in a self-conscious manner. "Daddy would be very angry," she said. She did not mention that not only her father but her whole family would be very angry. There would be an uproar—Rani would be summoned, Phuphiji would pray, Om Prakash remark upon the results of sending girls to college, and her mother would weep and wring her hands and think only of what Shanta's mother would say.

"What nonsense!" Rajen cried. "Why should he be angry? Everybody has their hair cut nowadays! I am sure Pheroze Batliwala would like you even more if you had your hair cut short. He is the type of man who likes women to be fashionable."

Nimmi walked up the stairs, one hand at her knee to lift the sari a little above the ground. "I do not care," she said, and looked proud, "what Pheroze Batliwala likes and what he does not like. It is a matter of great indifference to me."

UNSUBSTANTIAL GHOST

By ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

He was so anxious to please, so awkward at it;
Even his baby steps were tardy, slow.
Whistling a tune, he was almost sure to flat it;
He was the one who plowed the crooked row.
All of his love for us brimmed up and spilled
Not neatly, but with embarrassment and shame.
His heart was a hastily packed valise, half filled
With scraps of living, a remembered voice, a name.
How could he in his going strike us down
With the smile we thought the mask of a grimacing clown?

Lalaji sat in his New Delhi office. It was not much of an office, only a small square room with a high ceiling in which stood two old wooden tables, three chairs and several cane stools. Lalaji had another office in Old Delhi, in the heart of the city, more comfortable than this one, where he transacted all his private business. The New Delhi office was chiefly a place where people could come to see him and, being very central, it was ideally situated for this purpose. Its only drawback was that it was stifling hot all through the summer. Lalaji had been intending for a long time to install an air conditioner, but somehow he always forgot.

Om Prakash was sitting at one of the little tables, perspiring profusely. He asked, "When will you get the air conditioner, Pitaji?"

"It is a little hot," said one of the men sitting in the office. There were many people sitting in the office. Lalaji did not know who some of them were, though on their first entrance he had greeted them all very cordially. By and by they would tell him their business. Meanwhile he looked at his letters. Most of them were from distressed Punjabis who implored him for work, money, letters of recommendation, houses to live in.

He pushed aside the letters with his elbow and turned to one of the men sitting patiently waiting. "Please command me," he said, and they went through the preliminary formula of disinterested affection. The visitor declared that his sole purpose in coming was to regale his eyes on Lalaji; Lalaji said that it was too long a time since he had had the pleasure of seeing his visitor (though as far as he could remember he had never seen him before). The visitor solicitously inquired after Lalaji's health and after the health of his family; Lalaji inquired after that of his visitor and his visitor's family. They continued in this strain for some five minutes, both very cordial and both thinking of something else.

"This is the matter," said the visitor at last and Lalaji listened with more attention. All the other people in the room also listened. It appeared there was some small government work to be given out—some very small work, the visitor said, not worth the attention of such a man as Lalaji—some sweepers' hutments to be erected. He felt ashamed even to mention such a trifle. But he was a poor man, he had four daughters to be married, he had a son whom he wanted to send to college. Lalaji was so good, so religious and he had so much influence, one word from him and all would be settled ——

Lalaji listened and nodded and made encouraging noises. More courtesies were exchanged and then the visitor took his leave, joining his palms together and walking backward for a few steps. Lalaji knew that he would see him every day till the disposal of the work was settled. The man would come to the office and, the preliminary courtesies having been exchanged, would sit and patiently listen to whatever conversation was going on; after half an hour he would go away without saying another word. Lalaji himself in his beginnings had sat just so in great men's offices, meeting with much courtesy and very little help. Still, in the end it had been worth it.

He greeted another visitor whom he did not remember seeing before. This man was very long and thin and looked mournful; he touched Lalaji's feet and spoke in a whine. After the first few sentences, Lalaji no longer bothered to listen. He was thinking of that small job the contractor had mentioned. A row of sweepers' hutments: it was a very small job, but just now it might do for Viddi. A kind of token job for the boy to cut his teeth on, to introduce him into the business. He thought about it as he telephoned his lawyer; certainly the boy must be brought into the business, and quickly, too; he could not be allowed to drift about doing nothing but sit in restaurants and consort with undesirable people.

"I am not satisfied!" he shouted down the telephone; "I will change my lawyer! For months I have been paying out large sums and still nothing is settled!" The lawyer protested from the other end—"the deputy minister," came the remote worried voice—and Lalaji shouted, "Always the same! He is a man only! I give you four days, then I will change my lawyer!" and slammed down the receiver.

Lalaji really was angry; not with the lawyer, but with the deputy minister. Ever since this man had come into office there had been trouble. Before that everything had gone quite smoothly; he had tactfully passed on little gratifications to the officers and things got done. But now everyone was frightened of the new deputy minister who had launched a offensive against what he called bribery an corruption. It was he who had first instigate proceedings against T——. Lalaji himself ha already paid out enormous sums, patientl pursued prosecutors and witnesses, in order t avoid being caught up in the case; and still h was not sure whether he would in the end suc ceed in keeping out of it. And all because th new deputy minister had ideas about briber and corruption.

Bribery and corruption! These were foreig words, it seemed to him, and the ideas behin them were also foreign. Here in India, h thought, one did not know such words. Givin presents and gratuities to government officer was a custom, a tradition even, and henc should be respected; not tampered with b upstart deputy ministers who had been abroa and brought home unsuitable ideas.

That was the worst about sending sons ou to study in foreign countries: they invariabl came back with unorthodox ideas and tried t upset the old order at home. There was h son, Chandra Prakash, who had come bac entirely changed, had refused to come int the business, had married a girl outside h own community and against the wishes of h family. He was quite lost to them; he failed t understand his own people and they failed t understand him; that was what came of sen ing sons abroad.

Shanta was awake now, looking weak b complacent. All the women were groupe round her, massaging her legs, settling h pillows, wiping the perspiration from her fac Phuphiji sat cross-legged on a charpai. H lips were drawn in tight and her eyes, ve large and round above jutting cheekbone darted sharply round the room. She whisper fiercely to Rani, "Go telephone again. St they have not come. We will be shamed fo ever in the eyes of that family."

"But I have already telephoned three times, said Rani in despair.

"I knew such things would happen, Phuphiji accused. "I know very well wha happens when people marry outside their ow community. I have lived long enough in th world. But you were all too weak." Lalaji wife said nothing. She had heard this so ofte ever since Chandra Prakash had marrie Kanta, and she had never been able to find a adequate reply.

Lalaji's wife began to worry whether sh should stay the night in the nursing home o go home to her own house. "Shall I go hom tonight? I want to see to my house," she sai in self-defense.

Phuphiji said, "You can go. I will be her to see to everything."

But Lalaji's wife did not like that either; sh did not think it was right for only the aunt t stay and the mother-in-law to go hom "Shanta's mother will say bad things."

"As long as I am here she will say nothing

"But she will *think*."

"We also have our thoughts about her Rani said scornfully.

Nimmi, listening, wondered why her moth and her sister and her aunt should feel so b terly toward Shanta's family. For it was not if Shanta's relations were such bad people had done anything really outrageous. An almost every day they came to the house an everyone talked with them in a very friendl manner. Why should one do that—be friend with people and afterward, after they ha gone, abuse them? Nimmi frowned and mad another resolution: never to say anything ba about anybody with whom she was keeping u friendly relations. If she did not like peopl she would have nothing to do with them. Sh looked up and saw Shanta's cousin, Lakshm Yes, she would treat everyone she did not lik in the same way she treated Lakshmi: by turn ing her back, as she did now, unceremoniousl

Lakshmi came straight up to her and sai "Hallo, Nimmi." Lakshmi went to the sam college as she did and was one of the girls wh dressed in gaudy saris and spoke Englis badly. "I saw you today," Lakshmi sai "You were standing on the stairs."

Nimmi made no reply; but to her annoyan her mother came in with, "You two gir must know one another very well, you a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

both college girls." Shanta's mother also came over and said, "Lakshmi and Nimmi have much to talk about."

Lakshmi fostered the impression of intimacy by saying, "You were with Rajen Mathur."

Again Nimmi did not answer. She was not prepared to discuss a girl like Rajen Mathur with a girl like Lakshmi. But Lakshmi carried on obliviously: "I often see you with her and also that other girl, Indira Malik. I think you must be great friends."

"Yes, they are my friends." Nimmi replied coldly.

"You go to visit in their houses also?"

Such unashamed curiosity, coming from a girl like Lakshmi, was most distasteful, but Nimmi was too proud of her great friendships not to be able to answer, "Of course," in a haughty manner.

"What is it like there?" the shameless girl eagerly continued. "You have met their families? I think they are very rich people. Next time you go to their house, please take me with you. I would like to see it."

Nimmi was so indignant she could not speak. But just then Chandra Prakash and Kanta came in, and her attention was diverted.

All the women of Shanta's family noticed that Kanta did not touch her mother-in-law's feet, nor her elder sister-in-law's. They watched her with great attention, for they did not see her often and were much interested in her. She was quite bold and self-confident, walked straight up to the baby and looked at it appraisingly; Chandra Prakash followed her, very much less confidently. She placed a perfunctory kiss on Shanta's forehead and asked in a matter-of-fact tone, "How are you feeling?" Not a word of explanation, not a word of apology, for not having come earlier. Phuphiji's lips were drawn in tight and Lalaji's wife smiled uneasily.

Lalaji slapped Chandra Prakash on the back, saying, "Now it is your turn, son," and laughed cordially. But actually he was not quite at his ease; ever since his second son had come back from England, and especially since his marriage, he had not been quite at his ease with him. In his embarrassment he seized a bowl of sweetmeats and thrust it into Chandra's face. "Eat, son, eat," he urged. "Sweeten your mouth in honor of your eldest brother."

"Also it will give you strength to emulate him!" one of the other men put in, to another burst of laughter. Chandra, who hated sweets, took the smallest he could find. He would have liked to say something humorous in reply, but could not think of anything. He was fond of a joke and carried on banter with his colleagues very successfully, but theirs was a different, more refined kind of humor from that indulged in by his own family.

"How is your office, son?" his father asked him.

Chandra, embarrassed by the question, blinked three times very rapidly behind his spectacles and then answered, reluctantly, that it was all right.

"Ah, yes," said Dev Raj; "we are very fortunate to have a government officer in our family. Soon he will be head of his department and then there will be nothing we cannot get done."

Chandra felt more uneasy than ever. He did not like to have his office discussed in these circles; he felt it to be highly compromising. "It will save us a lot of money," said Lalaji, winking, and thinking of all the many subordinate officers who had to be gratified before one could begin to speak of presents to a head of department.

Om Prakash took no part in this conversation. He had not been on speaking terms with his brother Chandra Prakash for seven years. Besides, he was very tired and wanted to go home and sleep.

Lalaji continued to joke and laugh with the other men. But he was not happy; he never was when, at these family gatherings, he was brought face to face with the oddities of his three sons. There was Om, who would not speak with Chandra; there was Chandra, who did not know how to speak with anybody; there was Viddi, who sat apart and looked supercilious. Wistfully he glanced at the sons of Dev Raj, who took a hearty part in all the jokes, laughed uproariously, slapped one another on the back, supplemented one another's humor, and stood as a tower of strength behind their father. Why should he be so punished in his own sons?

In the afternoon, at teatime, the Rendezvous was more crowded than in the mornings. There was a band playing and there were coffee and cakes and a cozy cosmopolitan atmosphere. People came in from the embassies, and also radio artists and playwrights and freelance artists and journalists. Viddi usually squeezed in at any table where there was a spare chair; but today he was surprised to hear Tivari and Zahir-ud-din calling him over to their table the moment he came in.

"You know Bahwa?" Zahir-ud-din asked, lightly tapping that person on the chest with the back of his hand. Viddi knew him to be a playwright who produced his own plays and acted the chief role; he dealt only with profound social problems. Viddi had never before been thought worthy of being introduced to him. "We have been telling Bahwa what we were saying yesterday," said Zahir-ud-din "and he is interested."

"What we were saying?" Viddi innocently inquired.

"About you and your father financing us."

Before Viddi could disclaim anything, Bahwa had leaned across the table and explained himself forcefully. "I have in mind," he said, "that we form a professional company of actors to tour the country. That is the only way to establish ourselves."

Zahir-ud-din nodded earnestly at this and looked at Viddi, who felt uncomfortable. "We have all the talent for such an enterprise," Bahwa said. "I will write the plays and produce and act the dramatic parts. Zahir-ud-din will paint scenery and Tivari will be our publicity manager and press representative. You must have seen some of my plays?"

"Your plays are all nonsense," Tivari said. "Even you know it."



"Please do not be flippant," Bahwa said. am speaking seriously with Shri Ved akash."

Viddi turned appealing eyes on Zahir-ud-n. "But I told you ——"

Zahir-ud-din smiled brilliantly; he looked ery handsome when he smiled. "Listen, you e a cultured man and you care about art. e need men like you. We need patrons. But w can you be our patron if you have no oney? Listen, Ved Prakash, what is so bad out going into your father's business? If I d such a father, I would give up everything d at once go into his business so that I uld do good to my fellow artists."

Viddi was flattered. He had never before en appealed to in this manner by people he dmired, and he found it very pleasant. At e same time, he was uneasy because they ere assuming that he had a share in his ther's money.

"I wish very much to help you," he said. But I have told you, I am very poor. I have o money at all and my father will not listen one word I say."

"If you go into his business," Tivari said, e will listen and you will no longer be poor."

"But I have told you!" Viddi cried des-erately. "I want nothing to do with his usiness; it will kill me!"

"Do you not know," Tivari asked Viddi, hat all the big film magnates are really usinessmen who have made their money sewhere and then invested it in films? You n do the same: first you get money by enter-g into your father's business, then you spon-r our film company."

"No. I am not interested in making films. do not like films. I like literature and art."

"But our films will be full of literature and t!"

Viddi shook his head. "No, I want first to to Europe."

"What do you think you will be doing when u are sponsor of a film company?" said ivari. "You will be flying to Europe once a onth and to America to make all arrange-ents."

"You will be a great man, a patron of all the arts," Zahir-ud-din said. To which Bahwa added, "I will write such scenarios, our films will become internationally famous."

It all sounded very exciting, and Viddi wished it were real. But he could not help comparing it with reality, his existing poverty which would not allow him even to drink a chocolate milk shake, and his father at home wanting him to enter into the contractor's business.

Lalaji received his lawyer at home. He sat in an armchair with his feet up on a little stool. His eyes were half shut and his hands folded over his stomach; this was his usual attitude for listening intently.

The lawyer gingerly broached the subject of the deputy minister, glancing at his client sideways. But Lalaji did not stir, not even when the lawyer, growing bolder, told him how the deputy minister had been heard to declare his intention of ruining and ousting Lalaji and all men like him. Lalaji heaved a staccato but very round and rich laugh from the stomach. The lawyer nodded: he quite understood his client's contempt for the deputy minister and shared it. But he said, "There is only one thing."

"What?" Lalaji lazily asked.

"The letter."

Lalaji knew about this letter. Five years ago, when Om was still fairly new to the business and acted on his own initiative (he had learned better since), he had written this letter to T——. In itself the letter was innocent enough. It referred to one of Lalaji's many transactions with T——, but stated nothing directly; a bland, innocent, routine letter. But seen in connection with the evidence which the committee of inquiry had since accumulated, it could be wrested out of innocence, could be made incriminating. That the letter had been written—and, having been written, had been filed and preserved in government records—was one of those slips that could happen in the best organizations. Lalaji wasted no time in recrimination—he had not even mentioned the existence of the letter to Om—but took his usual attitude of what has been has been; now the only thing left was to take steps to eliminate the consequences. The committee of inquiry had not yet found out about the letter. But this, Lalaji knew, was only a matter of time.

"You must find it," Lalaji said, opening his eyes and unfolding his hands from his stomach. "I do not care how much it costs."

Afterward he sat thinking. He thought about the letter, long and hard, and tried to devise various complicated plans for recovering it. But after some time he gave it up. He switched his mind onto something else; and

They asked Lucman, "From whom did you learn manners?" He answered, "From the unmanneriy." SAADI

there were enough problems for him to ponder. There was, for instance, the problem of the new building of the Happy Hindustan Trading Company. This was becoming urgent, for rumors had begun to reach him that the directors were inclined to favor a rival firm of contractors. Yesterday in the nursing home he had met Dev Raj and had managed to remind him. It would do no harm to give him a ring in his office now, inquire after his health.

He put his hand on the telephone, but just then he was disturbed by a commotion outside. Something heavy was being carried indoors and servants shouted instructions at one another. Above this, giving conflicting instructions of their own, he heard the voices of his wife and his sister. *So they have come*, he thought. After a while he got up and went into the women's quarter. Out of habit he coughed before entering, and the women, hearing this male sound, automatically pulled their saris over their heads. "You have come home very quickly," Lalaji said.

"And what are we to do there," his wife replied with spirit, "when that woman will not let us come near our own children?"

Lalaji ignored this reference to Shanta's mother. He always did. He lowered himself onto a charpai and sat rubbing one knee.

"And what have you been doing—cutting grass?" Lalaji's wife turned on her daughter Usha. "Two grown-up daughters I have living in the house, and still I cannot leave here even one minute. When I was your age, I was married and had children, and my mother-in-law and elder sisters-in-law could sit at their ease all day in the courtyard because I was there to see to everything. What will you do when you are married in two or three months?" she demanded. "I pity your husband and also your poor mother-in-law."

Lalaji chuckled. "They will be content enough when they think of the dowry they have got with her."

"Dowry indeed!" his wife said contemptuously. "They will wish they had had half the dowry and twice the better girl."

Widely yawning and stretching his arms above his head, Lalaji got ready to leave. He never stayed long in the women's quarter. But they had not finished with him yet.

"Where are you going?" his wife demanded.

"To the office."

"What is the use of always going to the office?" Phuphiji asked. "It would be better for you to stay at home and think about settling your children. See to your Viddi and your Nimmi—if anything happens, please do not say we have not warned you!"

Lalaji stopped short. It was not the reference to Viddi that arrested him—he knew all about that—but Nimmi. That anything should be hinted against his Nimmi!

Phuphiji, seeing her advantage, continued quickly, "He is twenty-one and she is eighteen; what have you done about settling them?"

But Lalaji merely shrugged. "It does no harm. Let the child enjoy herself."

"Enjoy herself!" Phuphiji cried. "A girl of that age has no right to *enjoy* herself! She

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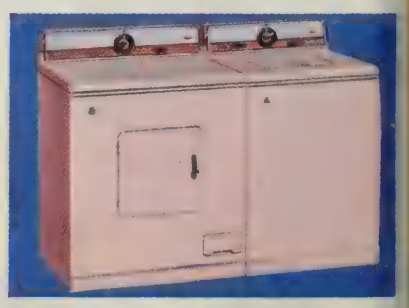
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should be managing a household and bearing children and looking after a husband."

"It will come to her soon enough," Lalaji said.

His wife, hearing this, looked up sharply to ask, "You are arranging for her? You have not told me."

"When the time comes I will tell you," Lalaji said.

"It has come!" Phuphiji cried. "It has come and more! She is eighteen years old. It is a disgrace to us that she does not even know how to cook."

"My daughter Nimmi," Lalaji proudly said, "will never need to know how to cook. She will have so many servants that she can wear her jewelry and drive about in a motorcar all day if she wants to."

Nimmi and Rajen played tennis on the club courts. They did not play well, but they looked nice. Long, slim brown legs stretched out from their brief pleated shorts, and they wore silk jerseys which were tight and revealing. Rajen was quite at home in her tennis costume, but Nimmi still felt a little self-conscious. It was so strange, showing bare legs in public. She felt uncomfortable every time she thought what her family would say if they could see her, so she did her best not to think about it. Her tennis costume was a great secret. She had bought it out of her own money—her father gave her a liberal allowance—and Rajen had ordered it for her from Bombay. Of course she never took it home, it always stayed in Rajen's locker at the club.

After they had completed the set, they walked off the courts and went to change in the dressing room. They took a long time over putting on their saris and doing their hair and applying lipstick. Then they walked through the lounge, marbled and pillared and empty, out onto the lawn where they sat at a little table in green-and-white wicker armchairs. A bearer in white with a huge red turban served pineapple juice to them from a silver tray. Rajen had to sign the bill, but Nimmi always paid her own share afterward, and sometimes also some of Rajen's.

"How lucky you are," said Rajen, "to have so much money of your own. Of course mummy and daddy would like to give me a bigger allowance, but they have so many expenses, now that Amita is studying in Cambridge."

Nimmi smiled but made no answer. She thought, *Well, even though Rajen's sister is at Cambridge, still it is to me Pheroze Batliwala likes to talk*. She said, "Do you think he will come this evening?" and Rajen said, "Who? Pheroze Batliwala? I think so; every evening he likes to play at least one game of tennis."

Nimmi was quite excited now, because she thought she might see him any minute. The tables out on the lawn were beginning to fill up. There were little groups of men in white tennis shorts, their rackets laid across their knees, and there were girls in fresh pastel saris, and ladies from the embassies in fashionable shoulder-free frocks. It was almost dark and shaded lamps had been lit on the lawn. Rajen pointed out her parents' acquaintances to Nimmi, and sometimes people came up to her and asked after her parents, or she went herself and was polite to middle-aged couples. If she had not been waiting so tensely for Pheroze, Nimmi might have felt her own anonymity more sharply.

At last he came. He seemed to be looking for someone and tapped his tennis racket against his legs as he stood and looked around. Nimmi kept her eyes intently lowered and then she saw his legs and neat white ankle socks, and she looked up as he said "Good evening" in his slow voice. Feeling herself grow hot, she smiled at him, successfully assuming an expression of casual politeness.

"May I sit down?" Pheroze Batliwala asked. With the same polite smile, Nimmi gave permission, thinking triumphantly, *So he was looking for me*. The thought gave her confidence.

Pheroze drummed his fingers on the table. "It is hot this evening."

"Yes," said Rajen, "but I think the cool weather will be coming soon."

"I love the really cold weather," Nimmi said. "December and January are my favorite months."

Pheroze continued to drum his fingers on the table. There was an awkward pause. Nimmi felt Rajen looking at her with a faint expression of amusement, and this annoyed her. She flung back her head and tried to look unconcerned.

"What will you drink?" Pheroze asked.

Rajen and Nimmi looked at each other, and Rajen said, "We have just drunk pineapple juice."

"Have a proper drink," said Pheroze.

On an impulse of daring Nimmi asked, "May I have a French sherry, please?" She hoped this was correct. Authoritatively gesturing the bearer, Pheroze asked, "Dry or sweet?" and Nimmi plunged again to say, "Sweet, please."

"Dry for me," said Rajen, fingering her short curls. Nimmi wondered whether this was more correct or whether Rajen was only trying to be different.

Pheroze cleared his throat, crossed and uncrossed his legs and drummed his fingers. Nimmi covertly studied him and admired his handsome appearance. He had a long, thin face with a big nose and a very pale yellow skin. It was his fair complexion that attracted her most. She watched him taking out a long silver cigarette case, flicking his silver lighter with a practiced gesture which she admired. He had such elegant, worldly ways. She thought, *Parsis are not allowed by their religion to smoke*, but of course Pheroze was England-returned and very modern and emancipated.

Rajen said, "This sherry is good; I like a dry sherry." Nimmi thought hers tasted like petrol, but she hoped she looked as if she liked it.

"It is a good lady's drink," said Pheroze, drinking whisky and soda. His large melancholy eyes were fixed on Nimmi over the rim of the glass. She wondered whether he was thinking she was pretty. She tried to imagine herself as he saw her, but could only visualize a dim slim shape.

"Please excuse me for one minute," said Rajen, and got up to speak to a well-dressed middle-aged lady. Nimmi's heart beat a little faster at being left alone with Pheroze; and she quickly tried to make casual conversation.

"Do you come here every evening?" she asked, but was sorry the moment she had done so because it might lead him to suspect that she was interested in him.

She need not have worried, for he did not take her up on it. Instead he said, "I have not seen you for several days. I have been looking for you. I wanted to ask you," he said, "will you have dinner with me one night?"

"Where?" Nimmi promptly asked.

"Here in the club, or anywhere you like. Please, will you meet me here next Sunday at seven-thirty?"

There was no time for thought, for here was Rajen back again, and Nimmi had to say quickly before the opportunity was lost, "All right."

Rajen made a face. "It is awful to have to be polite to so many old people only because they know your parents." But neither Nimmi nor Pheroze heard her.

In the morning Lalaji received a telephone call from his lawyer. The lawyer told him that he had located the letter to T——, that it was at that moment lying in a file on the desk of his son Chandra Prakash.

Afterward Lalaji sat unusually pensive. He had to admit it—he would have been happier if the file had been located in someone else's office. Because someone else could always be settled; past obligations, present cash or future promises could be conjured with. It was more difficult with Chandra; for what could he offer Chandra that he had not already given him or was paternally pledged to give him? It made him angry that he had even to consider offering his son anything; that he could not implicitly rely on the boy's loyalty.

It was early in the morning and his family were sitting round him, Om and Viddi and Nimmi and Usha and Om's children, while his wife and the servants were walking about seeing to everyone's needs. As usual, there was a lot of noise, the children playing, Nimmi and Viddi quarreling with Om, and his wife shrilly intervening. He frowned, annoyed not at the noise, which did not bother him, but at the lack of harmony in his family. Every day it was the same, every day there were these quarrels. It should not be so between brothers and sisters; it had not been so between him and his own brothers and sisters. He hit the flat of his hand on his thigh with great force and shouted, "Be quiet! Is there no peace in this house?" There was a sudden silence. They all looked at him in surprise, for Lalaji did not often shout at his children.

But now that he had started, he could not stop. All his grievance was loaded onto his tongue. He told his children, in a loud angry roar, that they were worthless and shiftless and lazy and ungrateful, they had neither heart nor brain, and he was sorry that he had ever begotten them. With a sound of disgust he heaved himself to his feet, threw the newspaper on the floor and stamped on it and then screamed at the servant, "Will you stand there forever! Go and have the car taken out!" In the doorway he turned and, shooting his finger out at Om, shouted, "I am going alone in the car. Today you can walk to office! Perhaps with a little exercise you will start to think of your father and what you owe to him!"

LOVE'S HARVEST

By JAMES STAFFORD

If I have loved you it is because
I've seen the sun make the corn to grow.
I've seen your little toes among the blue forget-me-nots,
And your fingers bind the sheaves
In fields of grain where at night
The hare hath lain, not without
Some fear. Have faith! I cannot help my heart.
My toil was but to see the light
Within your eyes. Love soon dies.

And now I know the plow that cut the earth
In spring is the scythe that let its blood in fall.
The mellow moon is steel when for you
The harvest has been gathered.

He swung out of the house, and threw his vast bulk into the back of the car, so that he bounced from the leather seat and the whole car shook. But just as the driver, ostentatiously efficient, turned the key and pressed the accelerator, Viddi appeared in a supplicating attitude with hands joined together and spoke to his father through the car window: "Pitaji, you are right, we are all worthless and do not know how to work. That is why I want you to send me abroad so that I can improve myself and become independent and no longer be as a burden on your back."

For a moment Lalaji only gaped at him. Viddi attempted a little smile, ingratiating, uncertain, but not unhopeful. Lalaji's face began to quiver, he opened his mouth and broke into a torrent of violent language. Viddi suffered a rather ridiculous change of face; the smile slipped off and he looked astonished. The driver stared straight in front of him with absent eyes. "Drive on!" Lalaji roared and Viddi was left standing in the driveway, his hands still foolishly joined together.

"Where to, please, Babuji?" the driver respectfully inquired. Lalaji did not know where he wanted to go. He only wanted to sit there and brood upon his anger. "To the old office," he ordered. It was a long way to the old office. He had plenty of time to sit back and think while the car threaded its way through dense shop-lined streets, hooting hopelessly to clear the way of stray bullocks and tongas and coolies and overloaded pushcarts. He thought about his sons; he thought about them with anger, and felt his anger to be righteous. But, as always, he could not keep steadily on the one thought. There were too many other things clamoring for his attention. Thinking of Chandra, he glided into thoughts of the T—— case; from there to the deputy minister; from there to various government officers whom he had to contact for various purposes; from there to the Happy Hindustan Trading Building, and to Dev Raj, whom he would have to telephone again today.

He walked up the stairs to his office. The house was old and narrow and crumbling; downstairs it was crammed with godowns, upstairs with the offices of film companies, astrologers and wholesalers. Lalaji's own office was on the first floor, a surprisingly spacious room with a very high ceiling. The clerk sat on the floor, for there was no furniture, only carpets and an earthenware water container and a telephone. Big dusty ledgers were piled against the wall. When Lalaji came in, the clerk got up and joined his hands and lowered his head over them with great respect. He was a frail old man and very clean in a white dhoti and a thin muslin shirt. He was known to be very religious; every day he said all the prescribed prayers and he lived only on vegetables and pulse. Lalaji respected him highly and paid him a salary of seventy-five rupees a month.

But today, as Lalaji looked at him, he felt uneasy—because the man was so meek, so peaceful, and had so very obviously cast anger out of his heart. Lalaji remembered his own anger, was ashamed. Abruptly he said, "Sohan Lal, I have a brother who is full of wrath; he curses even his own children." In a very weak but very clear voice, finely distilled, strained of all roughness and imperfection, the clerk replied, "In the Gita it is written that from anger arises delusion; by delusion, loss of memory is caused; by loss of memory, the discriminative faculty is ruined; and from the ruin of discrimination, he perishes." Lalaji listened to the words; he silently repeated them after the clerk, moving only his lips. Then he picked up the telephone to call Om in the New Delhi office.

"You have arrived in the office?" he rather foolishly asked; and Om replied in a resigned voice, "I came by taxi; it cost me one fourteen." Lalaji grunted and hung up. He would put one hundred—no, two hundred—rupees into Om's bank account; his son should not be sorry that he had had to spend one rupee fourteen annas on a taxi. There was also Viddi; something must be done for Viddi, something that would please him and make him think kindly of his father. He called the driver, "Go to all the restaurants in Connaught Place, find my son Ved Prakash and bring him to me."

But when Viddi arrived in the Old Delhi office, his father only stared at him and asked what he wanted.

"You sent the driver for me," Viddi replied with a hurt air.

Lalaji then remembered that he had wanted to do good to Viddi. But what a nuisance that he should have to do it now. "Listen, son," he told Viddi, and tried hard to sound kind and concerned. "Leave off talk of abroad and more studies. What will you gain by going abroad? Look at your elder brother Chandra Prakash: he is a government officer, he has to go to the office. When his superior officer calls him he must run and stand before him with lowered eyes. What sort of life is that for a man? It is not a life good enough for my son."

"I do not want to be government officer. I want to be art critic or write books."

His father was irritated. But he said in a patient voice, "Listen, son. You do not even know what money is. I want to teach you. When you feel it in your hand and know that it will always be in your hand so, then you will know what it is."

Viddi thought, *Money, money, money, it is all he knows. Beauty, art, poetry, all this means nothing to him.*

"I will do this," Lalaji said. "I will give you, to begin with, five hundred rupees a month. For this I will not ask you to do any work, it is only so that you may have some money in your hand." Let him have his five hundred rupees a month. After three months of it, he would start him on the sweepers' hutments

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and give him a salary of eight hundred rupees a month; and by that time he trusted Viddi would have learned the value of money—how much better eight hundred rupees is than five hundred, one thousand rupees than eight hundred, two thousand rupees than one thousand—and would adjust his ideas accordingly.

Viddi thought, *Five hundred rupees a month; he will give me five hundred rupees a month.* He accepted the idea quite calmly and began at once to think of all the things he could do with five hundred rupees a month: how many chocolate milk shakes and cigars and pastries he could stand treat for in the Rendezvous; what beautiful clothes he could buy for himself, suits and shirts and shoes and a gold wrist watch. And, of course, books and pictures and records of classical music.

"I will start today," Lalaji said. "When I come home, at once I will give you your first five hundred rupees."

Viddi thought, *Now life will start for me.*

Nimmi was nervous but very, very happy. This really was Life, was Society. She had never been to a night club before, and felt much impressed. The place was called The Sweet Spot and was extremely fashionable. Pheroze was in evening dress—black trousers, white coat, black bow tie—and it suited him well. She was very proud to be seen with him, and wondered whether he was also proud to be seen with her. She felt quite confident, for she knew herself to be looking her best. No wonder, since she had spent three and a half hours over getting ready; which had made her sister Usha repeatedly exclaim, "But where are you going? You are going to a wedding?" She had answered, "Today I have been invited to the house of my friend Rajen," and then had quickly fled to the sitting room, where she was safe from further questioning.

Pheroze held his knife and fork in a very refined manner and in between mouthfuls of food—he never spoke with his mouth full—he made conversation. He said, "This is quite a good place," and Nimmi replied, "Oh, yes, it is very nice." It was the third time they had said this—the first time had been when they had come in, the second time while they were waiting for their drinks. "Later there will be a cabaret," said Pheroze; this, too, he had said twice before, and as before Nimmi declared that she was looking forward to it.

She was so excited she could hardly eat. She kept looking round her with big brilliant eyes, and thought that it was even more fashionable than the club. There were many Europeans and everybody, Indian as well as European, wore evening dress. The European ladies wore strapless dresses, very flimsy and lacy, while the Indian ladies glittered in elaborate saris with heavy gold borders, and their necks and ears and arms sparkled with jewelry. Nimmi herself wore no jewelry at all, except for one bracelet; she wore fresh white jasmine in her hair and behind her ears. The jasmine gave off a very sweet and pungent smell.

They watched the dancers, Nimmi very intently because she wanted to learn all she could. She had not often danced before, and never with a man; all she knew she had learned from Rajen, who had learned from her sister, and they practiced in Rajen's house to a phonograph which played Waltzing in the Wind and Just One More. Nimmi was rather nervous. She was sure Pheroze was a very good dancer and he would expect her to be one too.

At last he said, "Shall we?" and escorted her solemnly to the dance floor. She managed to look at her ease as she arranged her sari over her left arm, though she was praying silently, *Please make me dance well.* Pheroze touched her gingerly and his body was held well away from her; only his head was thrust forward, so that the cheek nestled against her hair. And to Nimmi's delight and surprise she found herself dancing quite fluently. Pheroze did no very elaborate steps, but from time to time he swung her round and even then she followed him with ease and enjoyment. This was better than dancing with Rajen.

Nimmi's eyes shone with happiness. She could not see much of Pheroze's face because it was held over her shoulder, only a smooth cheek and ear and hair. He smelled of an expensive brilliantine and of talcum powder, and she could feel his breath on her ear. She thought, *I wonder if I am in love with him?* Certainly she was very happy and greatly aware of him, even though he held her so gingerly and did not speak at all. And all the time she was asking herself, *What would they say at home if they could see me dancing in the arms of a young man?*

When they got back to their table Pheroze said, "How about going for a drive in my car?" It was an exciting suggestion: to drive in the night with Pheroze, just the two of them side by side, like two lovers in a film. But she hesitated because it was late already and where would she tell her family she had been?

"We could take a spin down to Kutb Minar," he said. "It is a moonlight night, and the Kutb looks very nice by moonlight."

Kutb and moonlight and Pheroze—it was irresistible. And it was so late already, they would be angry anyway. If she were later still, they would probably be asleep and then they might not even notice what time she came home. The watchman could unlock the door for her and she would give him eight annas not to say anything.

After all the noise and lights of The Sweet Spot, the silence outside was very romantic. The road to Kutb was deserted and white in moonlight. Pheroze told her about his car; he said, "Last week I had to have the battery recharged, it was completely run down." From time to time a jackal darted across the road in front of their headlights and Nimmi would cry, "Oh, look!" and Pheroze would say gravely, "Jackals are to be found frequently in this area." He drove very fast—"Good little car, this," he said—and a pleasant wind rushed into their faces.

When they parked the car at Kutb, Nimmi looked round and tried to feel the right sensations. All this was so old, so historic, so ruined; and the moonlight so romantic—she tried to find a line of poetry to fit the occasion but all that came into her head was "I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all three," from the Selections from Browning which she was studying for her English exam. She did not want Pheroze to think her unfeeling, so she said, "It is so beautiful, it makes one think

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

NEXT MONTH

"You must get away from the island before it's too late!" she begged.

"No," Tom said. "I love you, and I'm not quitting St. Pierre until you've gone. I'm giving you responsibility for my life as well as your own."

"No, Tom. Oh, no." Medora flung out her hands against the heavy air. "I can't desert my husband when there's danger. As long as he insists on staying ——"

● Around them there should have been the questing call of the night birds, the great wood crickets. But there was nothing. No sound from the hedges, the trees, the fields. Only a vast silence in the moonlight and over them the menacing shadow of the volcano.

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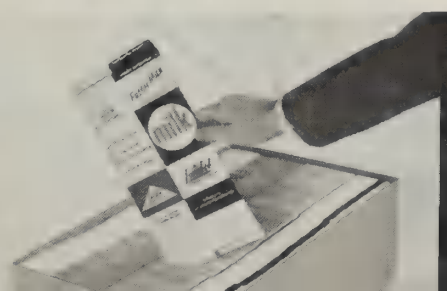
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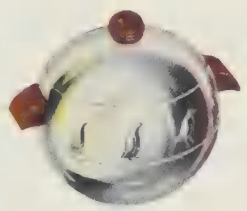
Electric Bean Pot. Gently simmers baked beans for that tantalizing, old fashioned flavor. Authentic early American stoneware, modernized with a chrome electric base. 2 qts.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

f all the old times and the Mogul emperors ke Akbar and Jehangir and Shahjehan."

Pheroze, elegant and fashionable in his well- ut white evening suit and black bow tie, said, The Kutb Minar was built in the thirteenth entury A.D. by Altamsh."

The sweet and heavy scent of night flowers oated over the warm air. They walked round illars and marble tombs, isolated amid green wns and trees and marble and moonlight, ke lovers in a miniature. Nimmi's silk sari ently rustled and the jasmine gleamed white n her hair. A bird stirred in a tree, and sud- enly Pheroze turned round and took her into is arms and kissed her. It was sudden and not ery successful. Ridiculous, but their two oses got in the way; so he tried again and this me brought his mouth firmly down on hers. he kept her eyes wide open and thought, *So is is how a man kisses;* and next, *What would ey say at home?* and next, *How excited Rajen ill be when she hears.*

Pheroze thought, *What would my mother y if she knew I was kissing a girl who is not a 'arsi?* He had kissed several girls in the course f his career, and this had always been his first ought. After a while he took his mouth away nd they walked on and Nimmi rearranged er sari. She wanted to laugh but bit her lip ecause she thought he might be hurt. The utb Minar loomed up before them, its layers f sculpture dim through a veil of moonlight. he said, "Shall we go up?"—not because she anted to, but only for something to say.

"It is locked now," he said. "They always ck it in the night because of the many people ho climb up to commit icide."

Nimmi thought of young irls like herself climbing p the steps of the Kutb, ght up to the topmost bal- ony, and then throwing emselves down because ey were in love. She won- ered if she would have the ourage to throw herself own for Pheroze's sake.

"The Kutb is only two hundred and thirty- ght feet high," Pheroze said. "This is not so ery tall. The Eiffel Tower in Paris, France, is ine hundred and eighty-four feet high. You an go up in a lift and on the top you can buy icture cards and curios."

They stood outside the mausoleum of Al- mish, and Nimmi traced her finger along the elicate latticework of the windows. Pheroze ood close beside her and she could hear him reathing rather heavily. She wondered if he as going to kiss her again, and before she ould stop herself she had let out a little gig- le. To cover this up, she took the jasmine out f her hair and said, "These flowers fade so uickly," and stood threading the wilting hite blossoms, soft as silk, over her fingers. he could feel him looking down at her and nsely waited. But all he said was, "Flowers emain fresh only if they are put in water." he twisted her flowers round her fingers, and e kicked pebble stones with his elegant shoe.

It was only on the way home, while he told er about the carburetor of his car, that she ot really excited about having been kissed.

alaji awaited Dev Raj's visit anxiously. hen at last he came, they greeted each other eartily and vigorously and went to the wom- n's quarter to admire Shanta's new baby. fterward deck chairs were put out for them n the lawn, where it was cool and pleasant, nd they sat and drank sherbet. Their voices roned soft and lazy in trivial conversation. rom time to time they yawned and shifted eir broad thighs. It would not have been pos- ible to guess that their conversation was, very efinitely and purposefully, drawing to a point.

When the proper moment was reached, Dev aj said, "I have spoken with my relative, the irector of the Happy Hindustan Trading ompany."

Lalaji only yawned and scratched his neck nd called to the servant for more sherbet.

"He is interested in your proposition," Dev aj said. Lalaji gave a vague indication of in- rest which, however, sounded indifferent nough to be almost another yawn. "His in- uence is great," Dev Raj said.

"Of course," said Lalaji. "Who has not heard his name?" though he had never heard it before he became interested in the Happy Hindustan Trading Company.

"He tells me," said Dev Raj casually, and smiling a little as if such an idea were rather ridiculous, "that Chunni Lal is interested in the work. But we all know what sort of a contractor Chunni Lal is."

Lalaji laughed, though not very easily. Chunni Lal was his greatest rival.

"But my relative is a man of great influence in his company," Dev Raj went on. "He can bring all our worries in this direction to an end." He helped himself to a betel leaf, wrapped in silver foil, which the servant offered him from a tray. "And, as I have said, he is interested in your proposition."

Lalaji waited. He knew that something more was coming.

Meanwhile Dev Raj said, "You have sufficient water to water your lawn? At my house there is this trouble, if the gardener turns on the tap, we cannot get water for a bath."

"This difficulty is everywhere in Delhi. But of course the grass needs water. It is pleasant to sit on a lawn in the summer evenings."

"My relative, the director of the Happy Hindustan Trading Company, has a beautiful garden; often I envy him, it is so large and spacious."

Lalaji nodded and continued to listen very intently, though he sat in an attitude of relaxation.

"His house also is very spacious. It belonged once to a maharaja; today its value is at least four lacs. He has had many offers."

"Property is the best investment," Lalaji said.

"He also owns another house, on Prithviraj Road. It is a little smaller, but also very valuable. He has let it to people of the American embassy at a rent of nine hundred and fifty rupees a month. These people, he tells me, will go back to America after six months, and then he is not quite sure what he will do."

"There will be others," Lalaji said. "Foreigners from the embassies pay high rent for good houses."

"I will tell you the truth," Dev Raj said. "My relative is not very anxious to rent it out again. What need has he of the money? Why should he let out his own house to foreigners?"

Lalaji knew they were drawing near the point. Soon he would hear what he was expected to do for Dev Raj's relative in return for his influence.

"No, he has no great need for nine hundred and fifty rupees a month. But perhaps he may need the house."

"He has relatives who wish to live there? Perhaps one of his daughters?"

"No, not his daughters. They are all three very well settled in good families."

"And he has no son?"

"He has one son," Dev Raj replied, and there was a short pause which convinced Lalaji that whatever he was expected to do was connected with the son. "Yes," said Dev Raj. "He has one son whom he desires now to settle. It is for him that he is thinking of the house in Prithviraj Road."

So that was it: Lalaji was to help in the settling of the son. Perhaps he was to initiate him into the contractors' business. "And what business does your relative wish to settle him in?" he said, to help the request along. But to his surprise the other only laughed; he made noises in his throat and his shoulders shook.

"No," said Dev Raj, laughing so, "there is no question of settling him in any business. That has been done already. Thank God, the boy is very well settled in his father's business, already he has been made a junior director in the Happy Hindustan Trading Company. All that a father can do for a son, my relative has done. Now only one thing remains." He allowed a short pause, to let Lalaji grasp his meaning. "Already there have been many very good offers," Dev Raj said.

For the first time Lalaji was sorry that he had betrothed his daughter Usha. Not that he

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would have sacrificed his daughter for a business deal, but there would have been no question of sacrifice—the family of Dev Raj's relative was unexceptionable and the son himself, by all accounts, a worthy, handsome young man. It was really a great pity. He was sorry about it, and hoped only that the relative of Dev Raj might be induced to ask for some other favor in return for the contract.

Dev Raj held the end of his *kurta* and lifted it away from his body, to which it had begun to stick with perspiration. "When we become older," he said, "the heat of the summer is hard to bear. It is easier for young people, for our sons and daughters."

"There is my daughter Nimmi," Lalaji said complacently, "like a flower, like a lotus she looks, so delicate; but in the worst days, when there were dust storms and hot winds, and in the rains with flies and mosquitoes, she always sat and studied and did not complain."

"She is a pearl," said Dev Raj. "I have heard many people speak in her praise. For instance, once she was seen at a wedding ceremony by the wife of my relative, the director of the Happy Hindustan, and she said to my wife, 'How beautiful is the youngest daughter of Lala Narayan Dass Verma, she is fair as a Kashmiri girl.'"

Usually Lalaji reveled in every word spoken in praise of his daughter Nimmi; it was the sweetest music he knew. But this time he was not pleased. Because it was impossible—impossible! He would not even think of it.

"She is how old now?"

"She is eighteen," Lalaji replied with reluctant truth. Eighteen was an advanced age. His wife and his sister told him so every day. Dev Raj would also think it was a good time for her to be settled. So Lalaji said, "I want her to have very good education; she must go to her college for several years and she will learn to play the *veena*. She is very musical and I will place her under some famous pandit." Nimmi was not musical, but he thought how beautiful she would look playing the *veena*.

Dev Raj stared out over the garden with melancholy eyes. Then he said, "What need is there for ceremony between relatives? If I wish to speak truth to Lala Narayan Dass Verma, I do not have to cloak it in formalities and lies and say only half my meaning."

Lalaji said, "Please speak quite freely. You are my brother," but reluctantly, for he could guess what was coming.

"I also have daughters. I know how a father's heart feels for a daughter and how he longs to do all he can to recompense her for having been born a girl. But I also know this," he said.

Lalaji did not have to listen; he also knew that a woman is a woman and her duties in life very different from the duties of a man. He had himself said it so often. How it is a woman's fate to leave the house of her father and go to a husband's house, to bear his children, to look to the comforts of his family.

Dev Raj came forcefully to his point. "What, then, is the use of allowing a woman to go outside the home? Studies, music, these things are very well for a girl as playthings, but after she is sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, what is the use of them?"

No use; Lalaji had to say so. But he was very sad. Night had come on quickly. The margosa tree was almost black and alive with birds settling down to sleep; inside the house they would be melting the ghee now and browning the onions, and the first pungent smells would be creeping through the house. It was his favorite hour, but he was sad.

Dev Raj was saying, "A daughter must be settled early in life. If we allow her to roam about too long, she will perhaps become discontented with her fate, and the sin of it will be on us."

Though this was only the echo of his own opinions, Lalaji refused to let himself be convinced that it applied in any way to the present case. It applied, he was very ready to admit, to his daughters Rani and Usha, to his daughter-in-law Shanta and to his daughter-in-law Kanta, to all the daughters of Dev Raj and all the daughters anyone had ever had; but no one had ever had a daughter like his Nimmi.

Kanta sat at her dressing table and brushed her hair one hundred times. She brushed it very fiercely and said, "How dare he suggest such a thing?"

Chandra paced up and down the bedroom. He looked worried and miserable and jangled his keys in his pocket. "He does not understand," he said.

"What is there to understand! It is only a question of right and wrong. Everyone can understand what is right and wrong. You are a gazetted government officer; you are in a position of trust; also you have a social position to keep up. How dare he ask you?"

"He has different morals. We do not understand him and he does not understand us. You do not know what it is like in business."

Kanta was applying lipstick, but at that she turned round from her mirror to ask, "And what do you know about it?"

He continued to stare at his toes, wagging the big one and watching the effect. "Only a little," he said. "Pitaji never talked much at home, but of course I know something of what goes on, if only from the papers. Look at the T—— case."

"The T—— case," Kanta said. "That is the greatest shame for our national character. A government officer to do such things, to mix with such people, to let himself be bribed by unscrupulous businessmen—do you know what I would do to T——?" She left a short pause for effect, her lipstick suspended in the air. "I would give him the death penalty, this is what I would do, because he, a high government officer, has betrayed his trust."

Chandra looked very uncomfortable. He said, "Sometimes there are circumstances. It is not always easy to judge."

Again she turned round from her mirror to say sharply, "What do you mean? How can there be any circumstances to excuse such acts as he has done?"

Chandra had begun to pace the room again. Kanta could see him in the mirror, while she bent forward and studied the fine lines on her face, persuading herself that they were not very clearly visible. "Why are you so nervous?" she said.

"Who would not be nervous!" he cried in a strained voice. "I did not know any such file was on my desk! How am I to know all the files that are brought to lie on my desk?"

"Of course not," Kanta said. "A busy man like you."

"People who do not work in government offices have no idea how much business we have to attend to. Always files are brought to us and they are all marked 'Urgent' and every ten minutes there is a new departmental note. Often I do not know where to start, there is so much to attend to."

No man has a right to all of his rights.
PHILLIPS BROOKS

His father had laughed at him because he had not known that the file was lying on his desk (a glance at the date on which it had been sent to him revealed that it had been there for three weeks). "You people lead a restful life," Lalaji had said. This rankled.

"It is well known in government offices," he told Kanta, "that it takes time before a file or a note can be seen to and passed on."

The file now lay thrust at the back of his wardrobe, beneath his undershirts. His father had not been able to persuade him to destroy the letter there and then, but he had judged it best himself to take the whole file out of the office and keep it, for the time being, at home.

"Darling," Kanta said, and put her hand over his, "attend to the file first thing tomorrow morning and pass it on to the next officer as quickly as possible. That is the only way. Then your father will not be able to come and worry you any more: you will simply tell him 'I am sorry, I have had to pass the file on; the routine of a government department cannot be upset.'"

"He does not even know it is dishonest," Chandra said. (Lalaji had talked about it so blandly: "You will take this one letter out," he had told him, "and destroy it; more I do not ask. It is a very simple matter.")

"He has no shame," Kanta replied with indignation. "It is terrible to be related to such a man. I wish we need have nothing to do with him." But this she knew was impossible. There were so many things they needed and which could not be managed on Chandra's salary. She especially looked forward to her holiday in the hills every summer. "However, he is your father, we owe him some respect."

"That is what he said," Chandra said miserably. "'I am your father, your father.'"

Bahwa cried, "No, no no!" and ran up onto the stage. "You must do like this." He strained his plump body onto tiptoe and, holding his hand daintily in the air, spoke in a trippin voice, "'Why must we two, innocent as we are be the victims of this moral evil? We are a two roses and the worm that eats our heart i the society we live in.'"

The chief actress, one Mrs. Iqbal Singh, lady who had always been interested in acting looked at him coldly and repeated the lines i the same way as she had said them before.

Bahwa returned to his friends who sa sleepily in the auditorium. "How do you lik my producing?" he asked.

Tivari only yawned and Zahir-ud-din said "I am so thirsty." But Viddi said, "It is mor fashionable to be restrained in acting."

"A play like mine," said Bahwa, "calls fo passionate acting and great feeling. Especiall at the end when the two lovers decide to kil themselves. This is a very moving scene Kamla says, 'I will put an end to my existence Not by one minute will I survive your mar riage,' and Ram Gopal throws himself at he feet, crying, 'Such a marriage will never be for when the wedding party assembles, the soul of the bridegroom will have abandoned the body it inhabited.'"

"Very nice," said Tivari. "But is there any moral to your play?"

"Is there any moral to my play!" Bahwa shouted. "All my dramas have serious themes. I do not believe in writing for one hour's entertainment only. Always I take some socia problem and make my drama out of that. This play will teach parents that happiness is more important than a big dowry. It is aimed against the whole dowry system, which is pernicious and makes our women like slaves for sale. I do not admire people who marry a girl only for the money they get with her from her father."

"I also do not admire them," said Tivari. "But I would like to be one of them." At which Viddi laughed heartily.

"You would open your eyes wide," he said, "if you heard how much dowry my father gives with my sisters."

"Is there a sister left for me?" Tivari inquired, but Viddi pretended not to hear. He admired his friend, but he would not have cared to see him married to Nimmi.

A slick German sports car came driving right into the auditorium of the open-air theater. At the wheel sat Capt. Iqbal Singh, pressing the horn. "He has come," said Mrs. Iqbal Singh. "Rehearsal finished for today."

"That is the trouble," Bahwa told his friends. "What is the use of writing good drama when the actors do not co-operate? They are lazy and careless, and most of them have no talent. They think more of going to clubs and parties than of rehearsal. Just think, the play is to start next week, posters are being printed and I have booked the theater and they do not even know their lines."

"How thirsty I am," said Zahir-ud-din.

"And not one sketch have you showed me for the sets you promised. How is it all to be finished in time?"

Zahir-ud-din stretched himself and said, "I will give you beautiful sets. They will be impressionistic. Realistic sets are very old-fashioned and quite inartistic. Ah," said Zahir-ud-din, "what beautiful sets I could make if only you would give me a good stage, instead of"—he waved his hand—"this." Indeed, the theater left much to be desired. The proscenium arch, which had once been painted blue, was flaking and blistered, planks were loose, the rafters sagged. "Why do you not tell your father to build us a nice theater?" he asked Viddi.

"First bring him to my play," said Bahwa. "Let him get taste of the work we do. Then I will come to your house and I will read to him all the other plays I have written, and also my novel which I want to have published."

"Or why do you not build a theater yourself," said Tivari, "now that you are going into the contracting business?"

"Please," said Viddi. "I have told you. I am not going into any business. I am going abroad, to study literature and art and perhaps also sociology." Unfortunately this month he would not be able to save anything because his expenses had been so high; but he would definitely start next month.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

Tivari said, "That was a nice party you gave for us yesterday. I like Chinese food."

"You must give parties like that more often," advised Zahir-ud-din. "It is good for people with artistic inclinations to meet together over food and drink and exchange ideas. This is how the artistic life of a city is stimulated. Only think of Paris in France: how rich it is in artistic life, all the world knows this. And why? Because it has very many restaurants where people can meet together and talk while they eat and drink."

"Perhaps also we can come to your house," Bahwa wistfully suggested. "You can have a party for us there, and then your father will sometimes come in and listen to our talk."

"No," Viddi said decisively, "you cannot come to my house. And I cannot give a party because then I will not be able to save sufficient money to go abroad and study literature and sociology."

"I will tell you," said Tivari. "I will let you give a party in my rooms. We will ask everybody to come and the party can go on as long as we like."

Zahir-ud-din struck his hands together and cried, "But what a beautiful idea!" His eyes shone and he looked like a handsome and very excited little boy. "We will invite Meenakshi and Leela Sinclair, and there is Mira who is learning to play the *veena* ——"

"Please," said Viddi, "going to England is costly, that is why I must save and cannot —— Please listen to me," he said, but nobody did.

Taking precedence in his mind over the new deputy minister, over the ten-lac income tax for which the government was suing him, over the T—— case, and even—though it was intimately connected with it—over the Happy Hindustan contract, was the problem of Nimmi. Lalaji was surprised that one small frail eighteen-year-old daughter of his could so seize upon his mind and heart as even to make him absent-minded over business affairs. At the most awkward times—he might be sitting in his office, checking bills, reading lawyers' reports, listening to supplicants—suddenly he would think of Dev Raj's proposition; and then he would forget everything before him in order vehemently to tell himself that it was impossible. *She is too young*, he told himself; though he knew she was not. *It is necessary for her to finish her education;* though he knew it was not. *The match is not suitable;* though it would have been hard to think of one more so. *She who is worthy of a king*, he would tell himself, *to be married only to the son of a director of a trading company* ——

He was not a man given to self-analysis. He performed actions because they seemed good to him, and did not probe into his own motives. But here, in his uncertainty, the question of motive did arise, and then he could not help asking himself whether, when he thought of sacrifice, he thought of it not so much in connection with his daughter as in connection with himself. That he should lose her, give her away to a husband's house, not hear any more her voice ringing through his home and see her curled up on the divan eating a banana like a queen, young and graceful, dainty and fresh and fragile; his Nimmi.

He did not see much of her. Except in his thoughts, his family did not play a great part in his daily life. But what home life he had was colored by her more than by any of the others. She filled his house and his thoughts like a fragrance. To come home, to think of home, and to find that fragrance missing, this was what was intolerable to him; this was where the sacrifice came in.

He would have liked to talk with someone about it all, and for a while he thought he would confide in Om Prakash. But he speedily rejected the idea. Om would not be able to understand why his father was not jumping at the offer. Even if the match had not been as advantageous as in fact it was, Om would still have jumped at it, because it would get them the Happy Hindustan contract.

Even less did he wish to consult with the women of his family. But Dev Raj was too shrewd for him; he knew from which side to soften a man's opinions. A hint of the negotiations was dropped to Dev Raj's wife, who could hardly wait to get to Lalaji's house.

The moment she came in they knew she had something special to impart, for she wore a festive blouse of blue satin. They were a little apprehensive because, whenever she came like this, she usually had something to their disadvantage to impart. However, it was not until she had been sitting there for some time, drinking sherbet and eating sweetmeats and fanning herself with a fan made of peacock feathers, talking of this and that very amicably, that at last she said, "And your Nimmi—where is she this evening?"

"I have sent her," Lalaji's wife lied defiantly, "to the house of my sister this evening, for always my sister asks, 'Why do you not send your children to visit in my house?'"

Shanta's mother nodded. "Of course, a sister's children are our own children," and then, to everyone's surprise, dropped the point. Only to say, almost roguishly from behind her fan, "And I hear that soon perhaps we are to be related even more closely."

They had no idea what she could mean, but took good care not to look surprised. Lalaji's wife replied noncommittally, "Ah, the ties between us are very fast," while they waited to hear what explanation they could pick up.

But Shanta, who saw no necessity to be as wary with her mother as the others, innocently cried, "What do you mean, Mataji?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



"Unless there is more than meets the eye, I can't understand what you see in each other!"

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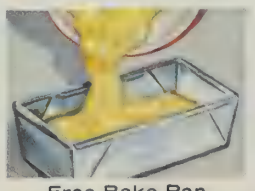
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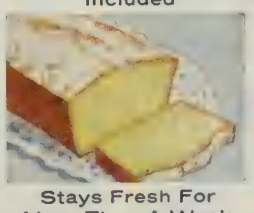
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How are our two families to be related even closer?" She did not realize that she had said anything wrong till she caught Phuphiji's eye.

Shanta's mother waited no longer. "You know your father's cousin-brother Madan Mohan? He is married to Rampyari, and the brother of Rampyari, Ram Prasad, is married to Romeshlata, and the mother of Romeshlata has an elder brother whose name is Amar Nath. Amar Nath has three daughters and one son; all three daughters are married and for the son he has just made an offer for Nimmi."

It was not until she had gone that they could express their feelings. And even then there was so much to express that they did not know where to start. Eventually they started on Lalaji; for this was the worst, that he should not have breathed a word to them about this admirable proposition. "How we were shamed before that woman," said his wife. "I could read it in her eyes. She knew he had not told us, and she thought, 'The women of this household have no power in their family at all. Even over the disposal of the daughters they are not consulted.' And now she will go tell it to all her relations; how an offer was made for Nimmi, and the mother and the aunt and the elder sister were not told. Such shame he brings on us with his obstinate ways."

Phuphiji agreed in very strong language.

Even Rani, who was usually milder in judging her father, had to say, "Why did Pitaji not tell us? Such an excellent match."

"Because he has forgotten what is the duty of a brother and a father and a husband," was Phuphiji's grim explanation.

They could think of none other. It was inconceivable that he could have any doubts about accepting the proposal.

"Send for him," Phuphiji commanded. "At once let him come here to speak with us."

His wife was more realistic: she knew he was not the man to be summarily sent for and made to discuss a subject which he had no desire to discuss. "What is the use?" she said. "You know too well how obstinate he is in his mind. His wife, his sister, his eldest daughter—he will listen to none of us."

"He *must* listen," said Phuphiji. "He must be made to act quickly. Such an offer we cannot afford to neglect."

Lalaji's wife sadly shook her head. "It will make him more obstinate," she said, wise by the bitterness of her experience.

Here Shanta, who had hitherto been quietly crooning to her baby, unexpectedly asked why did they not send for Om. Perhaps he could tell them something. She was not entirely disinterested in this suggestion: she wanted to see

Love is blind; friendship tries not to notice. BISMARCK

her husband, who had not come to the women's quarter for several days.

This was thought a good idea, so Phuphiji at once made it her own. "Let the eldest son be sent for. When the father is neglectful of his duty, the burdens of the family fall on the eldest son."

A servant sent to the sitting room soon returned with an Om who was very cross and whose first words were, "What do you want with me? All day I work in the office, and even in the evening I cannot sit and rest for one moment."

Shanta rocked her baby in her arms rather ostentatiously and sang to it, "Just see who has come. Your *pappaji* has come."

"What do you want?" Om asked his mother.

"Son," she said, "has your father spoken with you about the proposal that has been made for your youngest sister?"

"For Nimmi?" asked Om.

"A very rich family of our community. One hundred years you can look and not find a better, and then also there is a contract ——"

"What contract?"

"For a building," said Phuphiji. "It is worth twenty-five lacs of rupees."

"The Happy Hindustan?" Om asked. The women nodded, and he looked impressed. "It is good news," he said. "Is it certain?"

"Who knows what is certain? With your father, who can tell? If the Lord Krishna himself came and asked for his daughter in marriage, one cannot be certain if he would say yes, he is so obstinate and self-willed and without proper regard for his family."

"He has wanted this contract for a long time," Om said. "We have both worked hard to get it. He will not throw it away when it has dropped into his hands."

"With the other one, with Usha, he waited till she was twenty, though there were many good offers. It is only because we begged of him and begged that at last he has made a marriage for her."

"What is it," Phuphiji cried, "but a disgrace that a girl eighteen years old should run out and show herself to all the world? At this very moment we do not know where Nimmi is and three nights ago she came home so late that no one knows how late it was, though she says she was in her bed at ten o'clock."

"I was awake till ten o'clock," said Lalaji's wife, "and she never showed herself to me then. What can we do, what can we say to her, when always there is her father to say let her alone, let her do what she wishes, let her go to a college, let her go out into the world?"

"You must speak with your father," said Phuphiji. "This marriage must be arranged as soon as possible."

"Do not worry," said Om. "Pitaji has been in business long enough to know the value of a twenty-five lac contract."

It was strange, Nimmi thought, but when she was away from Pheroze she was more excited about him than when she was with him. The kiss was a case in point: for when he had actually been there, kissing her, her sole reaction had been one of amusement. But afterward she could not keep her thoughts away from it, and then it became romantic and thrilling. Perhaps it only became real, fully experienced with all the correct accompanying emotions, in the telling of it.

Rajen was properly impressed. "He really ——" she cried. "You are not teasing, he really ——" and Nimmi nodded and burst into fresh giggles. Arm in arm they walked down the corridor and Nimmi told it all over again, thinking that although Rajen had very fashionable parents, a sister in England and was herself a member of the club, she had never been kissed by a young man.

Going to the club was more exciting than ever. Hitherto, Nimmi had had a slight feeling of inferiority, because she was not really a member of the club, because her parents were not fashionable and had no friends in fashionable circles, because she was young and inexperienced and unknown. But after she had been out with Pheroze all that was changed. She felt she had a right to be there, for she, too, was now experienced and fashionable. And her self-confidence increased even further when she discovered that she had another admirer.

Nimmi knew at once that while they played tennis one young man watched them with more than ordinary interest. Next evening he was there again and he stayed all the time they were playing. Afterward he came up and said, "You know, you could play quite well if you had a little training," but as several other young men had already said that to her—Pheroze had been the first—she was not so excited as she might otherwise have been. Anyway, she in no way encouraged him; because she was in love with Pheroze and had no time for anyone else, even though this young man was also, in his way, quite nice-looking. He was not very tall and he was rather thin; but he dressed well, even though it was only in white shirt and white flannels, and he wore a pink scarf with white stripes on it tucked very rakishly into the open collar of his shirt. And he always looked so gay; this was the first thing that struck her about him. He laughed a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172

lot, and when he walked from one place to the other he did not seem to be walking so much as skipping. Nimmi thought that he would probably be very amusing to talk to.

On the third evening that he presented himself, even Rajen noticed him. Afterward, while they were sitting on the lawn, drinking their customary pineapple juice, she said, "Did you see the young man with the pink scarf? I think he likes you. He is always watching you."

"Oh, that one!" Nimmi said and gaily laughed. "He is only a boy." He might have been about twenty-one or twenty-two, whereas Pheroze was twenty-six and therefore much more experienced and exciting.

"He looks quite nice," said Rajen; which pleased Nimmi so much that she rejoined, "But I think his friend, the tall one with spectacles, is interested in you."

After a while Nimmi said, "My family would be very angry if they knew I went out with Pheroze." Lately she had become a little more outspoken about her family. She felt that Rajen had now accepted her as an equal and that her position in the social world had become, by her own efforts, secure enough for her to relax some of her self-imposed censorship on her family background. It was more comfortable that way, too; she could talk almost freely with Rajen instead of having to be on her guard all the time.

"What nonsense," said Rajen.

"My eldest sister," Nimmi said, "was married when she was seventeen, and she never knew any young man before that."

"That is what makes daddy so angry," Rajen said. "He says it is a primitive custom to marry girls young, without giving them any education, even if you can afford it, or without letting them see anything of the world. He says this is what retards our progress."

"My other sister," Nimmi continued, "is also to be married soon. She is twenty now."

"She likes the young man she is to marry?" Rajen asked.

Nimmi shrugged her shoulders. "Like?" she said. "How can you like someone you do not know? Could I like even Pheroze if I did not know him?"

"Your poor sister! How unhappy she must be. Thank heaven that mummy and daddy do not believe in arranged marriages!"

"No," Nimmi said slowly, "I do not think she is unhappy." She had never given the matter any thought before. Like everybody else in the family, she just accepted the fact that Usha was to be married. And Usha never talked to anyone of her feelings.

"Nimmi," Rajen said, "if your parents arrange for your sisters, will they not also arrange for you?"

"Oh," said Nimmi and laughed. "Oh, I will never marry!" And just then she became aware of the young man in the pink scarf, who had settled himself with a group of friends at a nearby table. She lowered her head and said with a very faint smile—the last vestige of a vast amusement which she struggled to suppress—"Look, Rajen. Here is your friend with the spectacles come to sit near you."

After this it was impossible to carry on conversation as before, though they tried hard to look unconcerned. Nimmi was greatly aware of the young man with the pink scarf and Rajen of the one with the spectacles. The young man with the pink scarf sat in an easy attitude, his arm resting on the back of his tilted chair, his legs crossed and one foot swinging. He laughed a lot, Nimmi noticed, and made the others laugh a lot. He was drinking orange squash.

"Is he looking at me?" asked Rajen in a low voice.

Nimmi darted a look at the other table. All she saw was her own admirer, gazing at her intently. She quickly looked away again. "Oh, yes," she said; "he is looking at you so hard his spectacles are nearly bursting."

Rajen giggled and said, "How you tell lies."

Nimmi was almost surprised when Pheroze joined them. Not that she was not expecting him; she was always expecting him. But at that moment she was not thinking about him.

"Please sit down, Pheroze," she said with dignity, and as if she owned him. As really she did: he was her boy friend.

"It is rather hot this evening," said Pheroze. Both girls hastened to agree to this and to add their own comments. Rajen also was on her best behavior, for she had a very great respect for Pheroze now. "In Bombay," said Pheroze, "the air is more pleasant, especially by the seaside." Nimmi could still hear the voice of the young man in the pink scarf and he was still laughing. "Do you not feel the heat very much on your head" Pheroze asked her, "with so much hair?"

Her hand went up to those heavy coils and Rajen's also went, a little complacently, to her short curls.

"Yes," said Rajen, "it must be very hot. Why do you not have it cut? You would look so nice and it would be more comfortable. Do you not think so, Mr. Batliwala?"

He considered the question. Nimmi wondered whether he knew the name of the young man in the pink scarf and whether she would dare ask him. "Yes"—Pheroze at last delivered his opinion—"I think it would suit you very well. And it is more fashionable."

"There," said Rajen, "I always tell her so. But she says her parents will not allow her to have it cut."

Nimmi was annoyed. There was no need for Pheroze to know that her parents were not fashionable people. Why could Rajen not keep her mouth shut? Was she being spiteful or just stupid? "No," she said, frowning, "I like to wear it like this. I think it suits me better. We were thinking," she told Pheroze, "that perhaps one evening we could go out, you and I and Rajen and her boy friend." Rajen looked embarrassed so Nimmi noticed her embarrassment and thought defiantly, *Well, she should not have said that about my parents.*

"Yes," said Pheroze, not very enthusiastically, as she had known he would. Of course he would prefer to be alone with her. How could he kiss her if there were two other people present?

It was a very large party. A cocktail party, it was called, and Viddi was immensely proud to be host at a cocktail party. But he would have been happier if it had been made clear that he *was* the host, at any rate that he was paying the bill, though all the guests had been invited by Tivari and the party took place on the lawn of the house in which he lodged. Tivari took no pains to enlighten people that really it was Viddi who was giving the party. He did not even introduce Viddi properly, but would just break off—rather impatiently—in the middle of amusing conversation to wave his hand and mutter a few names which Viddi failed to catch. Zahir-ud-din was even more preoccupied, dancing round a number of attractive young ladies. As for Bahwa, he seemed to know as few people as Viddi. In fact, Bahwa, Viddi noticed at once, did not belong at all. It was a pity he had been invited, for he lowered the tone of the party. Not only was he shabbily dressed, but he also made himself a nuisance by trying to sell tickets for his play to people who stared at him coldly.

Otherwise the tone of the party was very high. Viddi was impressed. He had not known that there were so many fashionable and advanced people in Delhi. Most of the girls behaved as freely as he thought European girls behaved, and some of them even smoked cigarettes. It was a warm, languid night, the garden full of tall stiff flowers, the lawn smoothly mown, and lights had been fixed in the foliage of the trees so that the undersides of leaves glimmered a faint golden green. There was a buffet, a long table covered with a white cloth bearing glasses and bottles and plates full of potato chips and sandwiches. Viddi felt a little uncomfortable when he thought of what it was all going to cost.

"Ved Prakash Verma," Tivari muttered, waving his hand, as Viddi insistently appeared by his side; and this time he added, "He is the son of Lala Narayan Dass Verma."

Viddi was much annoyed at that, but noticed that people seemed to look at him with more interest.

One man said, "So you are the son of Lala Narayan Dass Verma."

Since this was the only opening he had, Viddi had to brush away his feeling of annoyance. "You know my father?"

"Everybody knows your father," the young man answered, and laughed, though not offensively. He was just a young man who liked to laugh. "I have also seen your sister," he said; "she comes to our club and plays tennis."

"Oh, do I know her?" cried a girl with a cigarette. "Who is she, Kuku?"

"I think you mean my sister-in-law Kanta," Viddi said. "She goes to club and I think she plays tennis."

"No," said Kuku. "I mean your sister. Her name is Nimmi."

"Nimmi?" said the girl. "Who is Nimmi?"

"My youngest sister," said Viddi. But Kuku had already turned away to join another group, and when he walked he did not seem to be so much walking as skipping. The girl followed him, and because there was no one else who seemed inclined to talk to him, Viddi trailed behind them. The group they joined included Zahir-ud-din who, though Viddi stared at him very hard, made no attempt to introduce him.

Kuku took Viddi's arm and said to the others, "Please meet my friend, the son of Lala Narayan Dass Verma.'

"Ah, yes," cried Zahir-ud-din, "his father is a very great man. I shall paint his portrait—you have fixed it up for me?"

"Do not listen to him," said Kuku. "For months he has been trying to come and paint my father's portrait too."

"But who is this Nimmi?" cried the girl with the cigarette.

"She is his sister," said Kuku, and Zahir-ud-din asked, "She is pretty? Shall I come and paint her?"

Viddi did not answer because he did not like Zahir-ud-din to talk so easily of his sister. Kuku also did not seem to like it. "No, you will not paint her," he said with such decision that Viddi wondered just how well he knew Nimmi.

"I think you people are not very interested in art," Zahir-ud-din replied. "You are too materialistic."

"I am not materialistic," Viddi answered, for he did not wish to appear in a bad light before his new acquaintances. "I like art very much."

"Of course," said the girl with the cigarette impatiently, "we all like art."

"And dancing," said Kuku, "and parties and drinks and tennis." He hummed a tune and threw his arm round the girl with the cigarette who shook him off with a great show of indignation.

Viddi looked at him and was much impressed. *He is no older than I am*, he thought, *but he knows how to live.*

"Kuku is wiser than you are," Zahir-ud-din told him. "You see, he knows how fortunate he is in his birth and he has gone into his father's business and has a lot of money."

"I am going to Europe to study. Literature and art and sociology," Viddi said.

"Your father is sending you?" Kuku asked.

"I am saving out of my allowance, which is five hundred rupees a month"; and this reminded him that he was—at any rate financially—the host of this party and he said, "Why do you not have one more cocktail?" He wished that he could state his importance at this gathering more directly.

"They are not very nice cocktails," said the girl with the cigarette, wrinkling her nose at the glass in her hand.

"This is not a very nice party," said Kuku. "It is very dull. All the people are dull."

The girl with the cigarette said, "They are people who are never asked to really nice parties, so they come here." Viddi ceased to devise plans by which he could explain himself as the host.

"Come on," said Kuku, "we will go somewhere else. We have been here long enough." Viddi wondered whether he was also included in the general invitation to go somewhere else. Certainly he no longer wanted to stay, he had no interest in a party at which only people who were not invited anywhere else were present. As he stood hesitating, Kuku called over his shoulder, "You also come with us, son of Lala Narayan Dass Verma," and Viddi

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Just about the only thing that can be said *against* attics is that they encourage the hoarding of love letters.

Dieting: short cut to frame and fortune.

For an epitaph, one woman says "*I'd be content to have them utter, 'She was one who never scrimped on butter.'*"

Pride in a parent's heart probably blooms before love, but the latter blossoms fast—somewhere between the changing of the first diaper and the hundredth.

Hypochondriac: a person with an infinite capacity for faking pains.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth is the dull edge of a tool . . . just returned from a neighbor.

By the time a couple can afford to go out evenings, they can't leave the grandchildren alone.

Advice to girls seeking husbands: The way to hold a man is to let him spend some money on you; the way to lose him is to let him spend a lot of money on you.

Why is it that the person who needs no introduction usually gets the longest one?

Spring comes to every man when, with a sudden swirling gush, the ice of worry and lost dreams breaks in his heart and love of life flows again through his veins.

A cat, lying before a hearth, introduces as much peace into a room as a clergyman sitting in a chair.

Any father who pays for a daughter's wedding should have the exclusive privilege of giving her away.

Many women are weighed and found not wanting.

The granddaughter of a couple married over sixty-five years says that even though granddad could not exist long without grandmom, he is likely, every now and then, to explode with the ultimatum, "I can't live with that woman another day!"

Just as a scientist, with only one bone, can classify the animal from which it came, so a woman, from another's hat, can catalogue her exactly.

A woman acquaintance says, "I look at pictures parents proudly show me of their children and I'm not as much impressed by prettiness as whether or not there's that little spark in the eye showing the snap hasn't been taken out."

said to the girl with the cigarette, who did not hear him, "Yes, I think I will go too. This is a very dull party."

They piled into their cars, and Viddi was fortunate enough to get into Kuku's car, though it was already very full. Nobody said anything about where they were going and Viddi was quite content to let himself be taken wherever they chose. They stopped at a restaurant and the doorman swung the portals open for them. There was a cabaret in progress; an Indonesian girl in a tight skirt and a brassière walked up and down, jerking one hip and clacking castanets. They ordered drinks and kebabs and some of them danced. Viddi, unfortunately, did not know how to dance, but he liked watching, sitting there with a whisky glass in one hand and a kebab in the other. He thought, *Yes, this is what I want; this is life.*

Kuku leaned over to him and said in a low voice, "There is your sister over there." Indeed, there was Nimmi, sedately eating dinner at a table for two with a young Parsi in evening dress. Viddi drew in his feet and sat up. He was surprised, and his first thought was what the family would say if they saw Nimmi sitting in a place like this, alone with a young man who was a Parsi. But it was a thought he checked immediately; of which he was even ashamed, because it was right for his sister to be here, to be emancipated. It raised his own status in the fashionable world to have such a sister.

Kuku said, "You see, she is only a student, but she knows the right places."

"I will introduce you if you like," Viddi replied. But Kuku laughed and said, "That will not be necessary now," and then the girl with the cigarette took him off to dance.

None of them felt at ease, not even Lalaji, who did not usually suffer from embarrassment. Nor would he have done so now, if it had not been for the children. But the children made him unhappy. They were his grandchildren, he wanted to love them, he *did* love them, but when he gathered them into his arms and drew them close, they squirmed away from him and then stood staring at him from a distance.

"They are a little shy," said Kanta. "They do not usually kiss other people."

"And is the grandfather also other people?" Lalaji asked.

Chandra fidgeted and looked reproachfully at Kanta. They could not afford to annoy his father. But Kanta assumed an expression of defiance; she did not care, she was not going to be more polite than necessary. She had not asked him to come, and the sooner he went away again the better. "All right," she said to the children, "you can go off now to play." They walked to the door slowly but without protest, and looked back over their shoulders at their grandfather.

"Why do you not bring my grandchildren to our house?" Lalaji asked his son.

"They are very busy at school," Kanta replied; "and then they go to dancing classes twice a week."

Lalaji made no comment, though many occurred to him. He did not wish to speak harshly to Kanta. She was his son's wife, she had borne his son's children, and even though she came from a different community and her ways were not their ways, he had always tried to love her as a daughter.

"We want them to have a good education," Chandra said almost apologetically.

"They must have a good grounding," Kanta said. "In a few years' time they will be sent to boarding school in the hills. These are still the best schools in India; they are run on English lines and the children are taught good manners and also good English."

"You will send them away to the hills?" Lalaji asked his son. "They will not be at home with you?"

"They will come home only for holidays," Kanta told Lalaji. "It is best for children to be away from their parents. It is the English system."

Lalaji was scandalized. He looked at Chandra, who did not dare to meet his eye. "Best for children to be away from parents!" Lalaji repeated in a dazed manner. What did this mean? He did not understand how such a thing could be said. How could parents live without children, or children without parents? For it was only the children—running from the women's quarter to the men's, into the kitchen, into the neighboring houses—it was only they who united a family, united a neighborhood, brought life to a society. "But such an education," he said, subtly changing the theme, "will bring great expense."

Nervously twitching his nose and looking away from his father, Chandra said, "Yes, we will have to think of the expense."

"As long as I am here," Lalaji answered smoothly, "there will be no worry."

Kanta was irritated. There was no need for him to mention the fact that he sometimes had to help them out. He was Chandra's father and it was only natural that he should do so; it was his duty.

"I am your father," said Lalaji. "It is my duty to help you." But though this was a voicing of her own thoughts, Kanta was not pleased. *Certainly it is your duty*, she answered him with silent indignation, and she felt that their demands on him were really far too modest.

"I do not want to fail in my duty toward my son," said Lalaji.

Chandra twisted his fingers. He knew that what Lalaji was really saying was not, "I am your father; I must not fail in my duty toward you," but "You are my son; you must not fail in your duty toward me." And Chandra's thoughts crept reluctantly to the one spot from which he had urgently tried to keep them: to the back of his wardrobe, to the file, to the letter.

"I do not say you have not shown yourself worthy of what has been done for you," Lalaji told his son. "No, you are a good son to me. I know you are a good son."

Chandra paced up and down. His nerves felt taut and strained. He could not bear it. He was a man who needed peace and quiet, and peace and quiet for him depended on certainty. He had to be certain what he was dealing with, have it all clearly defined before him in the shape of minutes or a report with correctly headed sections; he could not deal with things indirectly.

Suddenly he stopped short in his pacing and, looking toward his father with unhappy eyes, he blurted it out: "Pitaji, I have the file with me, it is lying here at the back of the wardrobe. It is quite safe with me; you need not worry. For some time I can keep it with me."

"Son," Lalaji said quietly, "why do you not give me the letter?"

"But that is impossible!" Kanta cried. "Chandra cannot remove a letter from a government file!"

"It is so simple," Lalaji told his son. "You will take the letter out and return the file. That is only right. The letter belongs to me, it came from my office."

"It does not belong to you!" Kanta cried. She was really furious; not only because of what her father-in-law was saying, but also because he so completely ignored her. "It belongs to the government, and Chandra, who is a government officer, is responsible for it."

"It is a private letter," Lalaji said to Chandra. "It was written to T —— privately, as a friend, and it was only by mistake that it was put in a file. Such mistakes must be put right. Government files are very important things; you cannot put your own private letters into them. It looks very bad."

"The file came to my office," Chandra said desperately. "I had to give my signature to it and when it leaves my office I will also have to give my signature. How can I sign if I take the letter out? Without this letter the file will no longer be the same file, it will be a different file. I cannot pass a different file on."

"Listen, son," Lalaji said. "If someone eats a mango in your office and then throws the stone which he has sucked on the floor, can you not tell the sweeper to pick it up, can you not say to him, 'Take this dirty thing out of my office at once,' because if he takes it out it will no longer be the same office?"

"A letter in a government file," Kanta said, "is not a dirty mango stone on the floor."

"Son," Lalaji said, and he spoke very calmly, "I have told you this letter is a private letter, a letter like you might write to a friend any day or perhaps to your wife when she has gone for the summer to the hills. It is just such a letter, a private letter which concerns only two people."

"Then what harm is there," Kanta asked, "if it stays in the file? Let it stay there. Why do you concern yourself?"

"I do not say," Lalaji told Chandra, "that the people who make public inquiries are bad people. On the contrary, they care very much about their duty, which is a good thing in any profession or business. They care so much that they will spare no pains and sometimes they will even do something that is not moral in order simply to make out a case. For instance, if they find a letter written by one friend to another they will read it from here to there and backward and forward and upside down till they have succeeded in thinking something into it which will help their case. It is only their case they think of. The innocent

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JEREMY TAYLOR

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whom they will call for witness and whose
e will be printed in the newspaper and
se business perhaps will suffer, of him they
not think. They do not think of him,"
ji said, shaking his head. "Neither of him
of his family. Just think, such a man may
relatives who are in responsible positions,
aps they may even be working for gov-
ment—how will it be for them when the
e of their relative is printed in all the news-
rs and spoken in all the bazaars? Will
not suffer too?" With which he slowly
ered himself together, drew out his feet on
h he had been sitting and, with great dig-
assumed his shoes. "Your house is so
," he said. "It is pleasant to sit here."

immi, looking defiantly casual, came
tering into the sitting room. Only her
r was sitting there. He was laughing
nt-mindedly into the telephone and at the
time checking some bills. But even when
ad put down the receiver he still did not
e her.
Hallo, Pitaji," she said, studying her nails.
ooked up for a moment, grunted and re-
ed at once to his bills. *He does not even*
e, she thought. She had hoped to go to the
ien's quarter with his approval; or, if not
oval, at least with his resigned consent.
he would have given her that, she knew,
ly he had noticed. He was not the man to
e a fuss over something that was finished
done. Her hair was gone—very well; after
nitial shock that was what he would have
—very well. Not so her mother and her
: no consideration of the inevitable would
ain them. She hoped at least that Rani
there, for Rani knew that short hair was
ionable and she might be able to point this
with some effect to the others.
ani was not there. Only her mother and
ohiji and Shanta. And they noticed at
. Their reaction could have been pre-
d. Even Shanta let out a gasp and looked
immi with horror. Maee, hearing the up-
, came running into the courtyard, and
n she saw the cause at once joined in:
r beauty is gone! How will we find a hus-
l now?"
Go tell him!" Phuphiji screamed. "Go
im what his daughter has done!"
Pitaji has seen me," Nimmi said sulkily.
He has seen?" cried her mother.
And he says nothing?" cried Phuphiji.
two women looked at each other, Phu-
with bitter triumph, Lalaji's wife in great
ess. "Now we know what sort of a father
s," Phuphiji said. "He is careless and
ectful, but we will see to it that a husband
und for you, now, at once, quickly! You
be married and the first who will take you
have you!"

nmi put her hands over her ears and ran
ght up to her bedroom. Usha was sitting
he floor, looking at some sheets which
part of her dowry. When she saw
mi, she clapped her hand before her
th and gasped, "Oh, you have cut your
"
So I have cut my hair!" Nimmi shouted.
haps you also will have something to
"
sha smoothed a sheet. Then she turned it
d and smoothed it from the other side.
t is impossible for me to live with such
le," Nimmi muttered, and sat in front of
mirror. She looked so unfamiliar, she had
a shock. She might have been a boy, her
was so short—but her full mouth, her
, the rounded contours of her face were
those of a boy. She shook her head, then
her hand up to pass it over her hair. Tears
e into her eyes. She wished she had not
it. Her thick, heavy, braided coils that
shone brown-black and could be twined
t with fresh jasmine ——
think it looks nice," Usha said quietly
behind her.
Really?" she said and turned round. "You
y think it looks nice? You think it suits
"
Yes," Usha said; but then added, very
ously, "What will Matiji and Phuphiji
"
immi sighed and replied, "They have said
ady," and threw herself on the bed. She
lay there thinking, looking up at the fan spinning on the ceiling, her arms under her head. "Usha," she said, after she had thought for a while, "do you not think it is very bad that our family is so old-fashioned?"

"Old-fashioned?" asked Usha and laughed.

"Yes, what else? They understand nothing. For instance, they do not understand that it is fashionable for a girl to go to a club and have her hair cut and meet young men. They think all these things are bad because they do not understand them."

Usha, sitting on the floor, turned over another sheet and lovingly ran her hand along its surface. "Perhaps it is not very good," she suggested, "for girls like us to meet young men ——"

"What nonsense!" cried Nimmi as Rajen might have cried. "Really, Usha, sometimes I feel Om is right: you *are* stupid. All you do is sit with hands joined together and your eyes downcast and say yes to everything Matiji and Phuphiji tell you."

After a while Usha replied in a diffident manner, "They know how things should be done; that is why I say yes when they tell me to do something: because I know it is right."

Nimmi rolled over onto her side and, supporting her head on her hand, looked at her sister with interest. "Is that why you said yes when they came to you and said in four months you are to be married and this man is to be your husband?"

"Every girl has to be married, what else is there? How could I not say yes? There was nothing else for me to say."

"There was much else for you to say," Nimmi replied decisively. "*I* will never say yes if they come to me with a husband they have kindly found for me. On the contrary, I will tell them, 'Thank you, I am grateful to you for your trouble, but if you do not mind I will find my own husband; this is a work I will do for myself.' "

"Perhaps it is different for you."

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"How should it be different for me than for you?"

"Oh," said Usha, smiling, "you are not like me. Everybody knows this. Everybody knows you are beautiful and clever ——"

Nimmi jumped up from the bed and squatted beside her sister, throwing her arms round her neck. "You also are beautiful and clever. Who says you are not?"

Usha returned her caresses very affectionately. "I am so proud of you," she murmured. "When you first came to the college and I was still there, how proud I was when I saw you walk down the corridors and I could tell everybody, 'This is my sister.'"

"How sweet you are! Usha, I love you more than I love any of the others." And she rubbed her face against her sister's shoulder.

Usha stroked her short straight hair and said, "Where did you leave the rest?"

"I brought it with me. It is downstairs in a paper bag. There was so much of it, I did not want to leave it at the hairdresser's. I tell you what I will do—I will stuff a cushion with it and give it to you for a wedding present. Oh, Usha," she cried, "do you really want to be married?"

Usha faintly smiled. "Why not?" she asked. "Someday it will have to be, so why not now?"

"But you do not even know him!"

"I have been allowed to see him."

"To see is not to know." For instance, she had only *seen* the young man in the pink scarf, she could not say she *knew* him.

"Afterward there will be plenty of time to know him."

"Yes," Nimmi said, not very hopefully. "But Usha, you do not want to become like Shanta?"

"Like Shanta?"

"Yes, like Shanta, only to sit all day in the women's quarter with your mother-in-law and your aunt and have babies all the time."

"Yes," said Usha almost obstinately. "I think she is very happy. She has three children and they are all her own and she can wash them and feed them and dress them and play with them the whole day long."

"And when your husband comes," Nimmi said in disgust, "you will not dare raise your eyes to his face and you will never speak his name and you will do everything that he tells you to do and if he likes, you will let him beat you?"

"Om does not beat Shanta."

"He does," Nimmi said, "I have heard him. And she did not even dare cry out. And what is worse, I think he goes to other women ——"

"Do not say these things," Usha pleaded. "Please, Nimmi, I do not like to hear such things spoken."

"But it is life," Nimmi told her. "If you are to be married, you must hear such things spoken. You must learn that men are sensual."

"Are what?"

"Sensual." Or was it sensuous?

"You are wrong," Usha said quite fiercely. "You do not understand at all." Nimmi was surprised. Usha, who was always happy and smiling and eating sweets, to speak so fiercely. "You understand nothing!" Usha shouted even more loudly. She did not want to believe these things that Nimmi was telling her; and because she did not want to believe, she did not want to hear. There was nothing in life except bearing babies and looking after them and sitting in the women's quarter amid servants and the smell of cooking; nothing, except perhaps for a gentle lovely love for one's husband, which made the babies come. "Why do you speak, when you understand nothing!"

Nimmi did not get angry. On the contrary, she felt sorry for Usha because she was so ignorant, and thought it was her duty to enlighten her. "My dear sweet sister," she said in a patient tone, "what do you think marriage is? Do you not know that men ——"

"Please," Usha cried, "I am not listening!" Stumbling over her sheets, she ran from the room, down the stairs, into the women's quarter.

Nimmi was very much surprised. She could not understand what had happened to Usha. Something must have upset her, and she wondered what it could have been, for it took much to upset Usha. But she did not wonder for long. She remembered that the bag of shorn hair was still lying somewhere downstairs. It would be better, she thought, to retrieve it before someone found it and got into a fury over it.

On the stairs she met Viddi, who said, "Oh, you have had your hair cut."

"Yes," she said defiantly, "I have had my hair cut."

He looked at her critically and then decided. "It looks nice. It is very fashionable for girls to have short hair." He thought of the girl with the cigarette and added, "All modern girls have their hair cut."

Nimmi laughed out loud and measured him up and down with amused eyes. "What do you know about fashionable and modern?" she asked. And then it struck her: *How he has changed.* He was no longer the fat slovenly young student she knew. Instead he had become sleek and stout and smart, wore expensive clothes and what was almost a worldly air.

Viddi drew up his eyebrows and smiled. But he only said, "Yesterday I met a friend of yours."

"Yes?" she said casually.

"Yes," said Viddi. His smile deepened and his eyebrows rose higher. "And it was not only your friend I met. I met you too. I saw you in The Pipal Tree having dinner with a Parsi. Oh, you need not be afraid: I will say nothing to the family."

THE CATALPA

By CHARLES G. BELL

The blossoms of the catalpa
Are a white carpet under
The tree. As the last few fall
And go brown now, I wonder:
What contentment of seed will
Atone for the year's lost splendor?

Nimmi curled her lip in a fine attempt at defiance. "I do not care if you do tell. What is it to me? Viddi," she asked quickly, both to take his mind off the subject and because she really wanted to know, "who was the friend of mine you said you met?"

"It was Kuku."

"But I know no one called Kuku," she said. "Who is she?"

"Do not try to pretend with me. You know very well Kuku is no she."

"A boy? I know no boy called Kuku."

"He says he knows you. Of course he knows you—it was he who first saw you in The Pipal Tree. He said, 'There is your sister Nimmi.' Why do you pretend with me? You know I am not like the others—it does not matter to me whom you know and whom you do not know."

"But I am not pretending. Viddi, did this Kuku who is my friend wear a pink scarf round his neck?"

"Certainly not. He wore very nice clothes, evening clothes. He looked like a gentleman."

Lalaji appeared at the bottom of the stairs. He held a paper bag into which he peered with a very puzzled expression on his face. He looked up at them and asked, "What is this?"

Nimmi could not help laughing. She leaned over the banisters and called down, "Pitaji, it is my hair!" He looked even more puzzled, and this made her throw back her head and laugh very gaily.

It was a peaceful morning. Shanta, having sent the two older children to school, was feeding the baby. Lalaji's wife squatted in the kitchen and kneaded dough for the midday meal. Usha sat and ate sweetmeats, smilingly content. Into this peace came Shanta's mother, accompanied by her niece Lakshmi.

"Ah," said Shanta's mother, luxuriantly lowering herself onto a mat. She looked so sleek and clean and oiled, so complacent. Lalaji's wife felt very much at a disadvantage, for she had not yet had a bath or combed her hair, which drooped in a weak pigtail down her back. Surreptitiously she tried to wipe the dough from her hand by passing it down her old cotton sari.

But then Rani came and Shanta's mother was eclipsed. For Rani looked even sleeker. "Come, daughter," said Lalaji's wife, "come and entertain our guests." She was glad that Rani had come, for she would be able to deal with the fact of Nimmi's hair better than any of them. And she was quite sure that this was what Shanta's mother had primarily come to discuss. Why else the look of triumph?

"Oh, my pretty one, oh, my lovely one, oh, my pride, my beauty," said Shanta's mother to the baby which sucked rapturously at its mother's breast.

"Every day she grows fatter and more beautiful," said Lalaji's wife; and added with cunning humor, "Just see what a fashionable one is our child, see she wears her hair short just like a modern lady, oh, the little queen."

Shanta's mother smiled. "Like her father's youngest sister she is," she said and looked at Lalaji's wife, who came in very hurriedly with, "Yes, our Nimmi also wears her hair short now—what can you do when these young girls take it into their minds to be fashionable? We can only say, 'Bless you, child, do as you wish, my beauty.'"

"What else," Shanta's mother surprisingly agreed.

"She has done like her friend Rajen Mathur," said Lakshmi. "Her friend Rajen Mathur also wears her hair short." She took a sweetmeat and as she chewed her little gold earrings shook.

"Lakshmi," said Shanta's mother, "you are acquainted with the friends of Nimmi?"

"I know her friend Rajen Mathur and also her friend Indira Malik," Lakshmi replied.

"She has no other friends?"

"Oh yes," said Lakshmi placidly, "she has many friends. She also has a boy friend. He is a Parsi and England-returned."

To everyone's surprise it was Shanta who spoke first. She spoke indignantly. "Lakshmi," she said, "how can you say such lies about my husband's sister?"

"But it is true," said Lakshmi. "Everyone in the college knows. She goes out with him and has dinner in restaurants with him, and they dance." Her voice was full of admiration; she was not censuring, only stating enviable facts.

"Your cousin does not tell lies, Shanta," said Shanta's mother in a gentle voice. "She is your mother's sister's daughter."

"And Nimmi is my husband's sister," said Shanta with unwonted spirit. "My husband will be very angry if he hears my cousin speak such lies about his youngest sister."

"Come, Lakshmi," said Shanta's mother. She heaved herself to her feet. "We still have other visits to make. We have to go to the house of my relative Amar Nath, who is director of the Happy Hindustan Trading Company. I have things to say to his wife. Please, no ceremony," she said to Lalaji's wife who rose to accompany her to the door.

Usha sat there and frankly cried. Because it was all her fault. Yesterday Nimmi had told her that there was no harm in a young girl's going out to meet men and, beyond a mild protest, she had said nothing. *I am selfish*, she thought: *I think only of my own happiness; my sister's is nothing to me.*

The others did not notice her distress. They were too engrossed in their own, though theirs expressed itself more pungently. Phuphiji kept beating her temples with tight fists and shouted, "Send for him! Tell him this!" Lalaji's wife held her hands before her face and rocked herself to and fro.

"Pitaji must be told at once," said Rani, her bosom heaving up and down. "How can I go home to my husband's house when soon all the world will know of this disgrace?"

"A Parsi!" cried Lalaji's wife from behind her hands. "Not even a boy of our own community!"

"Send for him!"

"How can we send for him?" wailed Lalaji's wife. "He is in the office, he will not come. If the house is burned over our heads he will not come."

"I will go out and telephone to Pitaji," said, "and I will also call Om Prakash."

"Go!" cried Phuphiji. "Let the eldes come to teach the father his duty."

Rani dialed with a very determined loo her face. "At once," she told her father. must come at once. It is very important brother also must come."

Lalaji could hear the determination i voice and knew this was serious. If it had his wife or his sister, he would have lau and said, "I am coming home in the eve please have a good dinner ready for me." with Rani it was different.

"He is coming?" cried Phuphiji as so she got back. "And the son also is com Now we will see."

Om Prakash was very hot and very c Lalaji, too, was hot, but unlike his son he quite calm and even wore a tolerant smile which said, *These women, we must h them sometimes.* His calm radiated out the room, though it did not communica self to the women—they could not allow do that. Their case depended on the vigor heat with which they put it forward. Ye presence had a reassuring effect on th they were no longer helpless and alone.

But the frenzy had to be kept up, the ousness of the situation driven amply hon him. Phuphiji opened the chorus: " woman will tell the disgrace that has bef our family to all the world!"

"Even now she has gone to the hou Amar Nath and we will lose his son!"

"A Parsi!" cried Lalaji's wife. "This i worst, that she should disgrace us wi Parsi!"

"They go into public places," cried phiji, "and they dance! She dances—a da ter of our family!"

"This is what has happened because has been allowed to become eighteen years and no husband found for her!"

Om Prakash, though he understood tha this referred to Nimmi, could not piece th together. But Lalaji needed no further planation. The whole thing was as clear to as if it had been stated in a few precise tences: Nimmi had been seen with a P Shanta's mother had heard of it and had ta the news to the house of the director of Happy Hindustan Trading Company. It serious then. The smile had vanished an sat sunk in thought, picking his teeth.

Shanta told the whole story to her husba the others punctuated the recital with t own vehement comments. Om's face see to swell with rage. He jumped up and pa about the room for a while and then fronted his father. "Why did you not arra it?" he shouted. "Why did you sit and do n ing when this offer came to you? Now perh we have lost that contract forever."

"For months, for years we have been tel you," Phuphiji cried, "arrange for her, right and fitting!"

Om shouted, "A better offer we can n hope for! Is a contract of twenty-five la joke perhaps?"

"Sit down!" Lalaji suddenly roared. sat down. "All of you eating my life up!" laji said more calmly. "Let me think at lea

"Please think, Pitaji," Rani said. "Ple now, you must do something. I will not back to my husband's house till you h promised me that you will do something."

"What do you want me to do?"

She lost no time in patly replying, "The thing will be you send to this Amar Nath arrange with him. Please, Pitaji, send to h quickly, today, arrange with him."

"It may not be too late," said Om.

"And take the girl away from this colleg said Phuphiji through tight lips. "She m stay at home here with us and not move ou the women's quarter. Then we will hear more talk of Parsis."

Lalaji shrugged his shoulders and said etly, "Do as you like." The women looke one another and were triumphant.

But Lalaji was very unhappy. Because n after all, it had come to this: that he had give her in marriage, and quickly. There no other alternative, for to leave her un trothed now would be dangerous for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

the new Fashion Look for your bath... with prints that bloom on both sides!

New beauty for your bath. Decorate it just as you do any other room in your house, with these fresh and charming printed towels. A great new fashion at a tiny price . . . Pacific's famous Supersorb® Terry printed on both sides in a whole new group of charming designs for every decor. Use hand towels for curtains at your window . . . use the extra-large bath sheets for shower curtains (with curtain clips and a plastic liner) and watch your bathroom come alive! Forest Lace shown right, Morning Glory, American Beauty, large bath sheet, 36″ x 78″, about $5, bath towel $1.49. Glorioso Daisy, Laurel Stripe, Fleur De Lis, big bath towel, $1.29. Hand towels and wash cloths too, all available at fine stores throughout the country.





Bathroom fixtures by Sherle Wagner

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Steve: "We take Ayds to take off weight."

Jayne: "Tell everyone why Ayds." (Mrs. Allen is the lovely Jayne Meadows.)

Steve: "Because delicious Ayds candy was proved the most effective. Ayds helps us lose weight the natural way."

Jayne: "And the private way, Steve. Right here in the comfort of our own home."

Steve: "About 15 minutes before each meal, we take one or two Ayds, as directed. Immediately, Ayds low-calorie appetite-depressant begins working."

Jayne: "Ayds vitamin and mineral candy supplies needed nutritional elements, too."

Steve: "When we're ready to eat, our hunger has faded. So we eat less."

Jayne: "And lose weight automatically. Tell everyone how we read about the Ayds Plan in a magazine article."

Steve: "It reported a test at a New England clinic. Ayds users lost nearly twice as many pounds as users of the next best weight-reducing product."

Jayne: "You can send for a reprint of Medical Journal report or, before reducing, ask your doctor to write: Campana, Box MD, Batavia, Illinois."

Steve: "That was fine, Jayne. How about dinner?"

Jayne: "How about Ayds?"



Take **Ayds**...
first aid for overweight!

A Campana Product

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

dangerous for them all. His heart was heavy, but he did not know whether he grieved more for her or for himself.

Viddi sauntered into the Rendezvous. True, it was dull and vulgar, but then he had nothing else to do. As soon as he came in, Zahir-ud-din stood up and waved to him. "Please sit," he said. "We have kept a place for you."

Bahwa sat with his heavy head supported on both hands. He said, "You did not come yesterday," in a manner that was at once despondent and accusing.

"Only fourteen people came to his play," Zahir-ud-din explained. "And the critic from the newspaper said very bad things about it."

"I will sue him," Bahwa groaned.

"But it was not a good play," Viddi said.

Bahwa raised his head and stared at him.

"There are too many characters in your drama," Viddi informed him. "And they all say too much and what they say is not real, it is not what people would say in real life. In a good play characters speak like people in real life. You should read classical plays like those by Sir James Barrie and Shaw. You would learn from them." He called the waiter and said, "Bring me one strawberry milk shake with ice cream."

Tivari looked at him and said, "Lately you have learned a lot about literature." Tivari was slightly drunk; his eyes looked sodden and his mouth hung loose. Viddi allowed himself to be disgusted.

"Why did you not bring your father to my play?" Bahwa said. "He would have appreciated it."

"Why should he like bad drama?" Viddi said. "Let Bahwa write a good drama, then I will bring my father."

"Remember," said Zahir-ud-din, "you promised to be our patron. A patron must always give encouragement and constructive criticism. It is his duty."

"How can I be a patron when I have only five hundred rupees a month?"

"That reminds me," said Tivari, patting the breast pocket of his shirt. "I have this for you." And he laid before Viddi a paper.

Viddi looked at it. It was a caterer's bill for supplying drinks, snacks, bearers, lights and glasses to a cocktail party on 24 October. Viddi looked only at the total: 762 rupees 4 annas. It was impossible. He could not pay so much money; he had no intention of paying it. He pushed the bill back toward Tivari and said, "Why do you give this to me?"

Tivari laughed. "Is not your name written on it?"

"It was not my party. You gave the party at your house. You invited all the guests and you did not even once tell them that I was the host. You did not even introduce me."

"We did introduce you," Zahir-ud-din said. "We introduced you to very many people. For instance, we introduced you to Kuku; he is a very useful man to know. His father is director of the Happy Hindustan Trading Company and he himself is also on the payroll of the company. He draws a very big salary."

"I do not care how much salary he draws," said Viddi, "or who his father is. Now I am in a hurry to go, because of an appointment for lunch."

"Please do not forget to take your bill," said Tivari.

Viddi, already on his feet, looked down at it lying on the table. Then he looked at Tivari. "There is a mistake," he said. "It is your bill."

"Well," said Tivari good-humoredly, "leave it then, if you think it is a mistake. The caterer will send you another bill. He is used to this, for there are many people like you who think bills are sent to them by mistake."

Though he left with a shrug, Viddi was worried. He had never had any bills made out to him before and knew of no technique to avoid payment. But he was quite determined to avoid it: Tivari could do what he liked, and the caterer could do what he liked, but he was not going to pay.

He thought, *If only I could consult with someone; someone who has had more experience in these matters.* And he thought of Kuku, but did not know where to find him. He strolled on, thinking hard, and only noticed that he had come full circle when he saw the Rendezvous again. Coming toward him was a cluster of businessmen, on their way to lunch. They were fat and merry and looked very successful. The doors of the Rendezvous swung open and swallowed them up, and Viddi heard a last burst of their rich laughter. Then he knew where to go.

The door of the office stood ajar; he peeped inside and saw that it was empty. Viddi pushed the door farther and saw Om Prakash sitting there behind his desk, his lunch on one chair, his feet put up to rest on another. Viddi sat down and said, "Where is Pitaji?"

Om scooped up a pile of vegetables, "Why do you want him? You know he does not like to be disturbed in business hours."

Viddi said, "When is it not his business hours?"

"If you want to ask him to send you to Europe, you need not speak with him. He will never send you. I will see to it myself. One England-returned brother is enough for me."

Viddi assumed a superior smile. He thought of his five hundred rupees a month and how he could save out of that for his study trip to Europe. One day, when he had saved enough, he would simply tell them, "Tomorrow I am going to Europe." Then Om would look with a different face. But thinking of his five hundred rupees brought a sharp reminder of the bill for 762 rupees, and his smile disappeared. "I have urgent business with Pitaji," he said.

S S S S S

Blaming your faults on your nature does not change the nature of your faults.

ANON.

S S S S S

"You can speak with me," said Om, licking the tips of all his fingers.

Viddi considered. Om would be just the person to know about a thing like this. Not as well as his father, of course; but still, he had been working with his father for many years now and must have learned a lot. "This is the thing ——" he said.

Om brought his lunch container to the table and said, "You have eaten?"

"No, and I am hungry." He plunged his hand in, while Om from the other side plunged in his.

"Enough to feed ten people she sends me every day," Om said. Shanta always prepared his lunch with her own hands and saw to it that it reached him punctually and hot.

"The thing is this," said Viddi, taking another mouthful of food. "A bill has come to me. A bill for a party."

"You gave a party?"

"No, I did not. This is what I want to tell you. Someone else gave the party and he invited people whom I do not like and now he wants me to pay the bill. He told the caterer to send the bill to me."

"He is a very wonderful man. A man of ideas. Tomorrow I will order three new suits to be made and I will tell the tailor to send the bill to my brother-in-law."

"What shall I do?"

"What would my brother-in-law do if such a bill came to him from my tailor? He would send it back and say, 'Are they my suits that I should pay for them?' "

"But this man will tell the caterer that it was I who gave the party. Then he will send me another bill."

"And then you will sit quiet."

"He will send me another."

"Again you will sit quiet."

"He will file a suit against me."

Om Prakash threw his head back and laughed. "Listen, brother, we know more about these things than any caterer. He will be very careful before he starts with us."

Viddi felt very comfortable. He had eaten well and his mind was at rest. He liked the way Om kept saying "we"; it gave him a sense of solidarity. The problem was no longer his alone but also that of his father and his brother. They stood behind him, they guarded him, and in their wisdom and experience they would see that no trouble came to him.

Viddi yawned and comfortably scratched his shoulder. He thought, *Om has had much*

erience, it is good to have a brother like him.
said:
You know Pitaji gives me five hundred
ees a month?"
m nodded. He knew that, and also that
n the five hundred rupees would be in-
sed to eight hundred, and that the busi-
s of the sweepers' hutments was practically
led. Only that morning Lalaji had spoken
r the telephone with a clerk of the Works
e who was eager to serve him.
It is not very much," Viddi ventured. And
ally was not very much. He needed money
clothes, he needed money for membership
club, he needed money for entertaining—
ne son of his father he had to keep up a cer-
standard of life.
Soon Pitaji will make it more," Om said
also yawned.
He has said so?"
m, deeply immersed in his yawn, only
ded. But it was enough to make Viddi
py. He would get more money, he would
able to buy more things. One day soon,
n he had made many fashionable friends,
would give a really first-class party of his
. Everybody would talk about the party he
given. And since his allowance was to be
eased soon, there was no need for him to
t saving for his trip to Europe now; he
ld start later. It was difficult—no, impossi-
as he had already found—to save out of
five hundred rupees.
Only stay here with us," Om said, "and
will take care of you. All things will come
ou."

he match was too good for them to raise
difficulties. Lalaji had known it. If they
heard that she had been seen with ten
sis, still they would have been glad enough
ave her: for such a prize was not to be had
y day. They would talk about her, settle
terms, there would be some haggling, but
ybody would be very good-humored and
complete agreement would be reached.
Raj was already in high good humor, and
old one or two stories which Lalaji's clerk, bent over his ledgers, pretended not to hear. Lalaji's laugh came only from his throat.

"Listen," said Dev Raj at last. "I know how it is with you. Parting with a daughter is never easy." He trailed off, looking at Lalaji, who only nodded absently. "Listen," said Dev Raj, "we will do like this: we will have a picnic—they can meet at a picnic—soon it will be cool enough, we will go to Kutb or the river at Okhla or anywhere you choose."

"Yes," said Lalaji without enthusiasm, "we will have a picnic."

Left alone with his clerk, Lalaji sat cross-legged on the carpet and thought and sighed, "It is very hard for a father to part with his daughter."

This was the clerk's cue and he spoke up—he had it all ready—in his weak clear old voice. "It is written that a daughter is but a loan to her parents; when it is time for her to go to a husband's house, they must return this loan. This is written in the work of our great Sanskrit poet Kalidasa."

"True," sighed Lalaji, "it is true." Everything that was written was true, he knew it. But it was difficult to accept it into one's own life. He looked toward his clerk with envy, for here was a man who had steeped not only his mind in the wisdom of the Vedas and the Gita and all the old writings, but also his whole life. He was pure, withdrawn, detached. As he often quoted to Lalaji, "The Supreme Self of the self-subjugated and serene-minded is ever undisturbed in heat and cold, pleasure and pain, as well as in honor and dishonor"; which Lalaji translated to himself as "A wise man is indifferent whether he earns a salary of seventy-five rupees or seven hundred and fifty or seventy-five hundred a month." But then, Lalaji argued, it was easy to be serene and withdrawn on only seventy-five rupees a month. Easy, he bitterly told himself, to be without attachment if one had nothing to which to attach oneself. If a man had no prospect of ever earning seventy-five hundred rupees a month, he could say without pain that a wise man is indifferent whether he earns a salary of seventy-five rupees or seven hundred and fifty or seventy-five hundred a month. Had he been born without the nature of a rich man, Lalaji himself could have said so without pain. As perhaps he could also have said that a daughter is but a loan, if he had not had a daughter like Nimmi. All men wish in their hearts for wealth and for beautiful daughters; and yet, thought Lalaji, there is great sorrow both in wealth and in beautiful daughters. Since the one has to be kept up, and the other given away.

Nimmi looked at Rajen with eyes stretched wide. "And that is all he said?" She was not clear what she had hoped he would say, but it was certainly not this.

"Yes," Rajen said. "I went to him as you told me to ——"

Nimmi urged, "But what did you tell him?"

"I sat down beside him and he asked, 'Where is Nimmi?' "

"Yes?"

"And when I said, 'She has not come because her parents will not let her,' he asked me what I would like to drink. Oh, Nimmi, you know the boy with the spectacles—the one who goes with the one in the pink scarf—he was sitting very near and I think he was looking all the time and wondering what I was saying to Pheroze."

"But what did you say to Pheroze about me?"

"I told you," Rajen said impatiently. "I said, 'Nimmi is soon to be married, her family have arranged it for her.' "

"And he, what did he say?" For she wanted to hear it again; Rajen must have left something out in her first recital.

"He said, 'You must please congratulate her for me'—I told you—and then he called for another lime water and asked me was I sure I did not want to drink anything."

That really was all, then. She did not know what she had hoped for. She only knew that all her hopes had been centered on him.

"And he is not at all interesting to talk with," Rajen said. "Really, Nimmi, I do not know why you like him."

Nimmi was in no mood to defend him. She was hardly listening to what Rajen was saying. Now she admitted to herself that she had hoped that he would say, "I will not allow it; she must not marry anybody else." She found it hard to believe that he—he who had kissed her!—should be willing to lose her altogether; and harder still to believe that the escape she had been expecting almost confidently should after all be denied to her.

"I will tell you the truth," Rajen said coyly, scratching her fingernail along the table and looking down at it, smiling a little. "I left him so quickly because I thought the one with the spectacles would think Pheroze is my boy friend." She looked up and laughter trembled on her lips, spilled out of her eyes; but there was no response in Nimmi's face. "Oh, yes, and the one with the pink scarf was with him yesterday. Only he wore a blue scarf. And he also looked while I talked with Pheroze. I think perhaps he was asking himself, 'Where is Nimmi?' "

"He does not know my name," Nimmi said.

She thought of the young man in the pink scarf and wondered how it would have been if it had been he and not Pheroze who had taken her out dancing and had kissed her at Kutb. She asked herself whether he, too, on hearing the news of her impending marriage, would have sent her his congratulations.

"I think he is nicer than Pheroze, the one with the pink scarf," Rajen said. "Why did you not let him be your friend? Of course he is not so handsome as Pheroze, but he has more style and I am sure he knows how to make better conversation."

"I do not know what to do," Nimmi said, and tears came into her eyes.

"I wonder if he would be interested in Indira? Nimmi, do you think he would be interested in Indira, the one with the pink scarf?"

"There is no one to help me, and my family will not allow me to go out of the house. They would not let me come even here to college, until I said I would hunger-strike."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 183

NEW
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Banana crush. It's a refreshing drink, a satisfying snack. Just mash a banana with a fork and shake with cold, cold orange juice. Or do the whole job in your blender. To your good health!

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There are loads of vitamins
In this new shake —
It's zesty and delicious and a cinch to make.
Serve 'em up when school is over . . .
Kids'll praise 'em to the sky — aye!
In a drink or peeled and eaten
Bananas' flavor can't be beaten.
And there's a hundred ways to fix 'em:
You can broil 'em, bake 'em, mix 'em
In a puddin'—
But any way you eat bananas
Is sure to be a good 'un!

To be sung to the tune of Chiquita Banana





UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181

"That is a good idea," Rajen said, her interest stirred. "Why don't you hunger-strike? Why do you not tell your family, 'If you arange this marriage I will kill myself by not ting'?"

"What do they care if I die?" Nimmi replied bitterly. "Even when I am lying there ying, still they will make a marriage for me, nce it is their wish."

"I think it is better to be dead than marry meone you do not want to marry."

Nimmi remembered how she had imagined erself jumping down from Kutb or throwing erself into the Jumna for love. Perhaps, after l, if everything else failed, she would have to that. "Yes," she said, "I think so too," and ore tears came into her eyes as she thought herself floating dead in the Jumna.

"Or why do you not run away from home?"

"But where can I ay if I run away from me?"

"You can go to stay a hotel. Only you ust not give your real me. Then if people ad your family's advertisement in the newsaper, nobody will ow it is you."

"I have no money to to a hotel, it is very stly."

"But you can get ork and earn money," ajen said on a new inpiration.

"What work can I do r which people will y me money?"

"Really, Nimmi," ajen said, quite anoyed, as who would t be to have all these rilliant suggestions untered in such humum fashion, "I did t think you had so litle spirit of adventure."

"It is easy enough talk," Nimmi said ith trembling lips, and en she burst outright to tears.

Rajen looked at her ncomfortably and ked, "You want a ndkerchief?"

Whereupon Nimmi ew out her own and bbed it against her es. "What can I do," e said, dabbing, when I have to marry d nowhere to go and one to help me? You can talk, but how es that help me? They will still make a marge for me, and I do not want—oh, I do not nt it."

Perhaps until now she had not fully underood herself how much, how completely she longed to her family. She had wondered w Usha could submit so meekly to the marge they had arranged for her; now she unrstood that there was nothing for it but to bmit. The independence on which she had prided herself, her differentness from the her women in her family, were only an illun. In reality her position was no different m Usha's and, ultimately, from Shanta's.

"Poor Nimmi," Rajen said and patted her nd, and after a while she said, "Will you me to the library? I have to speak with Inra to fix this evening's tennis program."

Kanta arranged her sari gracefully over her oulder and said, "It is finished now. Do not ink about it any more."

"I cannot help thinking about," Chandra id gloomily. "Even in the night I lie awake d think about it. But what else could I do!" cried.

"Nothing else, of course. Anybody in your sition would have had to do the same ing."

"If they find out, that will be no excuse."

She sat down rather quickly and said, "There is no chance of anyone finding out. You told me so yourself."

"I did not say there is no chance. I said it is not probable. But it is possible—everything is possible, especially in a government office, where so many records are kept and no one can tell when someone will not make a check of the records. Suddenly they will ask, 'Where is this letter?' "

"You told me yourself there is no chance ——"

"I did not tell you! I never told you so!"

"Please do not shout at me," she said, quiet and severe, which made him hold his head in his hands and reply in a weak voice, "I did not mean to shout at you, of course not, but my nerves—Kanta, the strain is terrible." She moved nearer to him and laid her hand soothingly on his knee. "Now, darling, let us sit quite quiet and you tell me everything."

"What can I tell you? You know everything," he told her. "It is only the worry that is eating me up." Limply he held out his hand for her to fondle and, as she did so, told her, "My nerves are so bad, this affair has made me quite ill."

"I know, darling," she said, cracking his finger joints, which always gave him pleasure. "You are so sensitive and also so honorable, you cannot bear to be involved in anything that is dishonest."

"I have done nothing that is dishonest," he said, not so much stating a fact as making an appeal to her.

"Of course not," she hastened to say, "nobody will ever say such a thing about you. It is only your father who has acted dishonestly. There are such people in the world," Kanta said with a resigned sigh. "If one has to have dealings with them, the only thing to do is to say yes to everything they want, otherwise God alone knows what they will do to you."

Chandra wanted to hear more; he hoped she would be able to convince him.

"They know you are a family man and that you had to do as your father said, because otherwise he would have ruined us all. They will understand that—everybody knows what kind of a man your father is."

"Yes," he said, and had to add reluctantly, "But you see what people think in private is not always what they think officially. In private they will know that I was not to blame, but officially, as public servants, they may think it is their duty to investigate the whole matter and then perhaps," and his face fell into deeply worried folds again, "there will be an official inquiry and my career ——"

"There will never be an official inquiry!" she cried.

"How can you know?"

"Darling," she said, "of course it is very bad that things are so and that a man like your father should have so much power through bribing people ——" She sighed and smoothed her sari over her lap, looking down at her hand as it smoothed.

Her idea very swiftly communicated itself to him. It made him almost a happy man, but he owed it to his conscience to look displeased. "It is true," he said in a voice which conveyed a gloom he did not feel. "He has much power, even in government circles, so if it should come

CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

MY DREAM WAS REAL

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

Come, kill our love, but let illusion live.
Do not destroy yourself as I believed you,
For if I dreamed too deep, if I believed you
Sum of all things the heart can ask or give;
If I declared you constant, though you roved;
Kind, though you hurt me; certain, though you faltered,
Say not that I was wrong, but that you altered—
Do not deny that image I so loved.
While we could trust, we mirrored each for each
A truer lie than ever truth could be,
Our faith made real each unreality,
Our hearts found heights no grounded feet could reach.

Then do not judge me blinded or deceived,
But swear my dream was real, while I believed.



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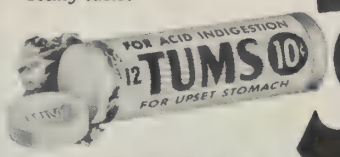
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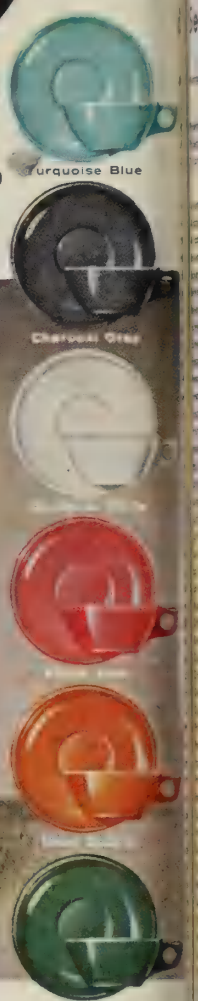
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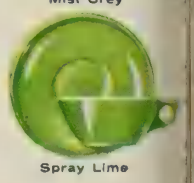
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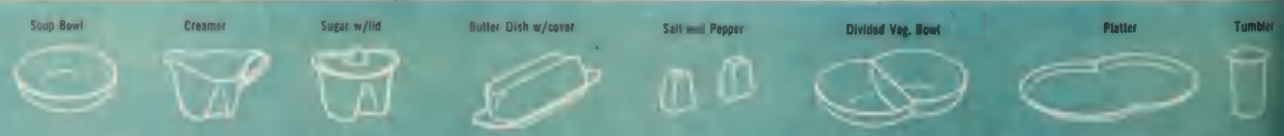


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183

to an inquiry —— Unfortunately, Kanta," he continued in a severe lecturing tone, "there are always officials, people in high places, who care more about money than about their duty and responsibility, and it is just these people who put so much power into Pitaji's hands."

"It is a terrible thing," she said. "Bribery and corruption." She laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. "Of course you and I and all the people we know are very much against it, but what can a few honest people do when it is so deeply rooted in political life?"

For the women of the three families—of Lalaji's, of Dev Raj's, of Amar Nath's—the picnic was no different from sitting home in their own courtyards. They thought of the food which was now being unpacked by the servants; they spoke of pregnancies and relatives. Lalaji's wife could not remember when she had felt so light of heart. There was still Viddi, but Lalaji had promised that he would provide for him; and besides, with a boy it was never of such great urgency. She had not felt so free from worry since her children had come to maturity.

At a little distance from the women, the men joked and laughed together. It was always the same jokes they made, but they enjoyed them always with the same relish. Om slapped Viddi on the back and shouted, "Look at my little brother here! He has become a great sahib. Soon he will be such a big contractor, he will eat us all up!" and everybody laughed. Viddi also laughed; he felt himself to be a man and liked it that the others should feel it too. He had been most pleasantly surprised to find that Kuku was to be his brother-in-law. He thought, *What times we will have together!* and felt that now indeed he belonged to the world of clubs and parties. He poked Om in the ribs and said, "Soon I will teach my eldest brother what it is to be a great sahib!"

Lalaji was very pleased by this new accord between his eldest son and his youngest. This was how things should be between brothers. It filled him with a proud and pleasant glow. Altogether life seemed very good to him just now. He could hardly contain himself when he thought of the marriage he would make for his Nimmi. A hundred cooks and confectioners would be sitting in his house day and night to prepare for the feasting; six bands in red-and-gold uniforms to serenade the guests; Delhi drained of chickens and rice and spices and sugar and ghee; all traffic blocked by the cars bringing the guests; the women of the family in saris stiff with gold, bent under the weight of their jewelry; all the richest men in Delhi thronging to honor his daughter. And after the wedding—for he could not stop there—after she was married, he would make her life a paradise. She should have a motorcar of her own, every day a new sari, lacs' worth of jewelry, dozens of servants. At every step someone to attend her, every wish to be fulfilled before she had wished it. And when she went out, all the world should turn its head and ask, "Who is this queen?" to be answered, "She is the daughter of Lala Narayan Dass Verma." His eyes filled with tears as he thought of the happiness he would make for her.

Then he saw her. She came stepping out of the pavilion with the boy behind her. They sauntered over the plain, through the sunlight, he in his gaily flowered bush shirt, young and jaunty and curlyheaded, skipping as he walked, she slender and slight and very proud, in a pastel sari of pale green. Lalaji watched them and was very moved.

Kuku said, "You will see, we will have jolly times together." Nimmi's lips twitched irresistibly into the shadow of a smile; this was the only indication—and she tried hard to suppress it—that she was very happy. For it was almost as good as having a proposal of marriage; almost as good as choosing one's own husband. Of course Kuku did not ask her, "Will you marry me?" He only told her all the things they would do when they were married. But he looked so nice, so young, so charming—he was wearing a gaily flowered bush shirt and suède shoes—that it was quite easy to imagine they were young lovers and their marriage of their own choosing. And he told her, "Once I saw you at a wedding, and then I said to my father, 'If you must arrange marriage for me, then please arrange it with this girl only.'" Again Nimmi tried hard to control the twitching of her lips, and she gave a little tug at her sari to make it fall more gracefully round her feet.

He was leaning against a pillar of the pavilion, which was not really a pavilion but a mausoleum with three dateless gray stone tombs down the middle. He leaned there quite at his ease and smoked a cigarette through a holder. It was cool and dark inside, but through the pillars they could see the patches of sunlight. Their families sat in the distance, within the shadow of an old wall—they could see them framed between two pillars. They could not hear them talking, but from time to time a burst of a man's laughter or a woman's shrill command to a servant came across the sunlight. Kuku smoked and looked at her and smiled. He said, "You do not regret?"

She assumed a pout and replied, "I wanted to finish my college education."

"College!" he said. "What use is that to you? You will learn nothing there."

She could not help feeling that he was right. What, in the end, had she to do with English literature and John Keats? They did very well to pass away the time till one could begin to live in earnest, but beyond that there was nothing in them.

"And your Parsi friend?" Kuku asked and smiled again.

"Oh, that one," she said scornfully. "He is so boring, he does not know how to make conversation at all. Are you a member of the club?"

"Of course."

She tried to look indifferent; but she was jubilant. She would be, at last, a member of the club in her own right. She and her husband would drive up in their car, he sober in evening clothes, she gorgeous in sari and jewellery. They would dance in the ballroom and eat dinner on the lawn. Afterward they would go on to a night club and dance some more.

"And my father promised me," he said, "that after I am married he will let me go to Europe. We will go next year, we will go to England and also to the Continent and live in hotels."

Green parrots flew in and out of the sun and a gush of bright orange blossoms flowed down the length of the crumbling old wall. The sunlight was bright but gentle, winter sunshine full of the sound of the birds. In the distance, out on the barren plains, the broken flight of steps of a vanished palace led to nowhere. END

Everything is funny as long as it is happening to somebody else. WILL ROGERS

MRS. JOHN WEYLAND AND HER SON JOHN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

be emphasized or suppressed, how they arranged their draperies, and so on.

The survey complete, he returned to England and applied his formulas. His success was immediate. "Ladies," wrote a contemporary, "who wished to be transmuted into angels and gentlemen who wished to appear as heroes and statesmen" flocked to his fashionable studio and paid his soaring prices without a murmur. His procedure was invariable; he made six one hour appointments a day, and it took four hours (arranged at the sitter's convenience) to paint a face.

How was it possible for an artist with such a cold-blooded approach to paint such warmhearted family groups with their charming grace and winning smiles? Surely he must have represented his own yearnings, for Sir Joshua, following yet another eighteenth-century theory about the freedom of the artist from domestic worries, remained a bachelor all his life. HEREWARD LESTER COOKE



"Heavens to Betsy, Betsy—why not do it the easy way with 'Lysol'?"



Betsy doesn't know that "Lysol" brand disinfectant added to suds saves scrubbing — makes Spring housecleaning easier. Gets into cracks and crannies. *Deep cleans, deodorizes, disinfects.* Protective action lasts 7 full days — 168 times longer than bleaches! Nothing else is as good! Use it regularly. *Ask for the new handy-grip bottle!*

Let Lysol Brand Disinfectant do the dirty work

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The makers of RCA Whirlpool put a box of Calgon into every washer . . . and put an end to laundering trouble caused by water. No more yellowing or graying. Now, no stubborn film forms when soaps, detergents and soil meet minerals in the water. Only water-conditioning Calgon chases film for keeps—and oh, the beautiful difference in your clothes. Try Calgon!



The makers of RCA Whirlpool and other leading washer manufacturers place Calgon in their machines. Fabric makers recommend it too. Fine for Orlon, nylon and Dacron.
Try Calgon in the silver-and-blue box today for laundry, kitchen and bath.

Calgon Company • Pittsburgh, Pa

TASTE OF SPRING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

slits in the fat—but not too deep. Then insert little slivers of garlic in the slits, using not more than 1 large or 2 small garlic buds. Mix together 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon powdered rosemary, and anoint the lamb withal. If you wish to use a meat thermometer, remember that this modern marvel should *not* rest on the bone, but should nonetheless reach the center of the roast. Roast in a slow oven, 300° F. Remove when the meat thermometer registers 180° F. Or roast 30 to 35 minutes per pound. With this method, drippings will be few and far between—all the precious juice remains inside—which brings us to our caper sauce.

But before we leave the object of our affections—and we have grown inordinately hungry for this leg of lamb merely by describing it to you—we conjure you to add buttered bouncing new potatoes to the platter. Allow a baker's dozen or so for six people, and be sure to peel a riband ½" wide around the center of each one before cooking them in salted water.

And now to cut a new caper. (A caper, by the way, is a plant that grows wild in the Mediterranean countries. And like all good things cut off before their prime, capers preserve a special vernal quality even in their customary pickled state.)

CAPER SAUCE

Add 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ teaspoon salt to 2 unbeaten egg yolks. Beat together, using either a rotary beater or a silver fork. It doesn't really *have* to be a silver fork, but it's a pretty idea. If you use a fork, always beat in the same direction. Gradually add ½ cup salad oil to the egg-yolk mixture, drop by drop; continue beating until thick and creamy. Finally beat in 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Chill. Just before serving, add 3 tablespoons coarsely chopped capers, 2 teaspoons finely chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoon onion juice, and 1 tablespoon juice from the capers. This makes about ¾ cup of sauce.

Asparagus is really a lily: first cousin to lily of the valley, in fact. More importantly, it is one of the great delicacies of the gustatorial year. Robert Louis Stevenson could barely refrain, each spring, from rushing out into his "linnet-haunted" garden to make a feast on asparagus alone. On the whole, however, we think you can make do with three pounds for six. Cook only until tender, and serve it glistening with butter and paper-thin lemon slices.

As for dessert—first of all, we must confess that a peach is a peach, and a good thing it is too. The very word itself has become—and quite rightly—synonymous with excellence. Of such is our

PEACH DEVONSHIRE PIE

Prepare 1 nine-inch graham-cracker pie shell, using your favorite recipe or the packaged variety. Drain 1 No. 2 can cling peaches, saving the sirup. Scald ½ cup milk, to which 1 envelope unflavored gelatin and 2 tablespoons sugar have been added. Beat 2 egg yolks slightly. Gradually add the milk-gelatin-sugar mixture to the yolks. Pour into the top of a double boiler and cook, stirring calmly and constantly, until it coats the spoon—in about 10 minutes. Remove from the heat and stir in ½ can frozen orange-juice concentrate, ¼ cup sirup from the peaches and ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Set ½ cup peaches aside for a garnish. Coarsely chop the rest and stir into the gelatin mixture. Cool until thickened. Stir in ½ cup commerical sour cream and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff with ¼ teaspoon salt, and gradually beat in 1 tablespoon sugar to make a silky meringue. Fold into the peach mixture. Then spoon the filling into the pie shell. Chill and garnish with spoonfuls of sour cream and peach slices.

After such pleasures, we sense again the eternal, peaceful and pastoral scene that recreates itself each year anew. We are not as far as we might think from the world of Robert Herrick, who summed it up for once and all:

I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds and Bowers:
Of April, May, of June and July-Flowers.

I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came Red, and Lillies White.

I sing (and ever shall)
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

END



"We're not trying to talk you out of going to college, but your mother and I had dreams of you in an unskilled job where you make loads of money."

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The instant you taste it, you *know*. Imperial has *real natural taste*. And natural aroma, too. On toast or muffins, melting over hot vegetables—any way you use it, Lever Brothers Company guarantees *complete* satisfaction (or your purchase price refunded). Imperial costs a little more, but adds so *much* more to your enjoyment of good food. Serve Imperial—always in good taste.

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CLEAN CLEAR THROUGH

—and Deodorized Too!

THAT'S A FAB WASH!

DAZZLING WHITE, OF COURSE, BUT SOMETHING MORE . . . Your FAB wash gives you a glorious bonus . . . it's deodorized! Clothes washed with old-fashioned products may *look* clean, but may actually have hidden dirt left in them. But modern FAB washes clothes clean clear through . . . not just bleached white or blued white. And FAB's deodorizing action leaves everything you wash the freshest possible.

It's as if suds and sunlight had pierced through and cleansed every single thread in the fabric. FAB-washed clothes . . . FAB-washed towels . . . FAB-washed bed linens are fresh and sweet-smelling because they're really *washed*, not just whitened. So let your next wash be clean clear through—and deodorized, too. That's *your* FAB wash.



FAB Is The Hard-Working,
Heavy-Duty Detergent
For The Whole Family Wash
... And Dishes, Of Course!

California, Here We Come!



From St. Louis to San Francisco with our not-quite-3-year-old, driving by day, pitching camp at night, combining the mountain glories of the West with dress-up fun in the big cities—we did it camping and visiting relatives in 22 days, on a budget of $15 a day for the three of us.

By JIM WORTMAN as told to Neal G. Stuart
Photographs by the Author

When I was a boy in St. Louis my father used to take my mother and my brother and sister and me out camping in Missouri state parks. My father didn't fish and he didn't hunt; the sportiest gear he took along was a copy of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, regarded in those days as an exciting new book, to read aloud under the trees. He just liked the out-of-doors.

So I was bitten early, and the responsibility for encouraging camping in my family must rest with me. In the beginning it received absolutely no encouragement from my wife, Gloria. I would like everyone to know that Gloria has many, many assets, including important ones of sweetness and looks, but she had *never camped in her life* at the time of our marriage in 1947. Furthermore, camping didn't sound at all interesting to her. Her attitude was summed up in two unanswerable words: "No bathrooms!"

About three months after our June wedding I persuaded her to give it a try one weekend, but our first night out she wandered alone in the dark ("feeling all shivery *any*way," she says) and bumped into a cow. The experience jarred her so that we didn't try camping again until two years later.

In 1949 I tried diplomacy. It was our vacation, and I chose a trip to Devils Lake, Wisconsin, because I knew there was a place to dance right across the road from the park. I further baited her with a stop in Chicago to visit friends. The camping was a great success. Gloria discovered that our system of parks can provide a beautiful setting in the open air, at a low cost, with a minimum of "roughing" it. The park had hot showers; in the evenings we could dress up and dance if we wanted to. There were no cows. And Gloria began to succumb to the charms of living out-of-doors.

She says helplessly now, "I don't know how I got involved. It just comes. You suddenly realize that the fun of it overbalances everything else." And as her enjoyment grew we both became more serious about one feature of camping that can't escape the dullest eye: anyone who likes to travel, as we do, can go farther and see more on much less if he is willing to camp along the way.

For example, the first two summers of our marriage, in 1947 and 1948, I tacked on my two weeks' vacation to the end of my required two weeks' annual maneuvers as a reserve pilot in the marines. In those years our St. Louis squadron went to CONTINUED ON PAGE 191



NOW AMERICA LIVES

Meet Jim, Gloria and Mary Wortman

loria and Jim Wortman grew up on the same street St. Louis, Missouri, but when Jim was in high hool Gloria, four years younger, was a kid in short esses, and if they passed in the street neither of them ticed it.

Jim was a Marine Corps pilot during World War II, d when he came home from the South Pacific in 1945 e had been shot down, saved at sea, and awarded ven Air Medals and a Distinguished Flying Cross) e of his first discoveries was Gloria, now 20 and well rth noticing.

They were married in June, 1947, right after Gloria's aduation from Fontbonne College in St. Louis as a me-economics major. Jim had taken some extra art dy at St. Louis' Washington University, and was th the Gardner Advertising Company, where he is w an art director.

Their married life s interrupted in 50, when Jim was called to active duty



Jim, Gloria and Mary have camped weekends since California trip. Mary is now veteran nearing 4.

Korea. There blond, iet-spoken, art-lov- Jim received his hth Air Medal and old star and citation ieu of a second DFC.

Home again in 1952, he and Gloria bought their nch-style house in the attractive subdivision of estwood, outside St. Louis. In 1953 their daughter ary was born.

Gloria used to do some modeling, and she still gets lls from time to time. They usually find her dressed in ns, in the act of putting something in the oven, and e always turns them down. "I haven't got the figure the posture any more," she says. "I'm just a housewife d mother, and that's the way I want it." Anyone else uld add that she still makes a beautiful housewife.

Jim used to model occasionally, too, but now, with mesticity and a mildly receding hair line, he is usuy at the other end of the camera. He brought two rgain cameras home with him from Japan (a 35 mm. d a twin-lens reflex), and since then has documented nily activities with literally hundreds of rolls of film. ice he and Mary are fond of each other, she is usually the picture somewhere. "Just call me a baby phographer," he says.

Gloria is a good cook and loves to sew. Jim's other bbies are golf and—oh yes, camping.



We entered Fantasyland...

We were more interested in scenic sights (free) than in tourist spots (expensive), but we couldn't skip Disneyland. We ran through $5 in three hours there, found it a picture-taking man's heaven, saw only part of the huge grounds. Mary found it a little bewildering.



Laguna was special for us...

This is the view we had of our favorite town, Laguna Beach, from window of famous Victor Hugo restaurant. Gloria and I had honeymooned at Laguna the summer we were married, dinner there was one of trip's high lights. We found Southern California in early May breath-taking with spring.



Missouri girl meets ocean...

Sand on the food, sand on the tent floor, but we didn't mind because we were seeing some of the magnificent Pacific Coast beaches for the first time. California has many parks along the coast; we found campsites to choose from in the spring. Warning to summer travelers: in season, it's first come, first served.

You can go farther and see more for so much less if you camp...



Housekeeping was light...

Canned dinners, steaks, hamburgers, plus family teamwork, kept housekeeping light. Mary's job was picking up litter.



We stopped when we felt like it...

Our trip up the coast to San Francisco was made at half our usual speed because we dawdled along the way, lunched on beaches, pulled up and stopped when the view was something special. This is Pigeon Light on Point Sur. We saw sea lions, big ships going by, and sheer cliffs with surf thundering below.

My camera made me a family nuisance...

This is probably the most photographed tree in the world. It is on a spectacular bit of coast between Carmel and Pacific Grove, and when we came to it, naturally I had to get out and take its picture. Film was one of the big frills on our budget, and Gloria and Mary got used to my cry of "Hold it!" But to us the record is worth every penny.





Spanish mission, 1786...

This is the mission in Santa Barbara; generations of Indian women doing family laundry at the fountain have worn the stone smooth. Gloria and I fell in love with color and charm of old Spanish towns we passed through on our coast drive from Los Angeles to San Francisco.



Mary took morning and afternoon naps in the car, found each new park a treasure of streams and stones and fellow campers. The things she will remember longest: the ocean, and all going to bed together in our tent.

Mary made a wonderful camper...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189 El Toro Marine Air Station in Southern California. Gloria came out, too, rented a cottage in nearby Laguna Beach, and each year we had a memorable month in an idyllic setting, with some side trips by motel and restaurant. Cost: around $700 each year, supportable because we were neither parents nor householders yet, and got along in a little flat in St. Louis.

The development of our camping was interrupted by two years in Korea. When I returned in 1952 we acquired a house, and in June of 1953 our daughter, Mary, arrived. By 1954 our vacations would have to cost less—a *lot* less. And yet we were incurably romantic about California, and there was a lot of the state we had yet to explore.

Camping, of course, was our answer, and last year we managed it, with Mary, then a month and a half short of three, as an enthusiastic partner. We had three weeks, which we took in the spring, driving 5816 miles through seven states at such a low cost that we were able to splurge a little on restaurant meals and sight-seeing during five days in Los Angeles and three days in San Francisco. Our trip included high life and camping life, seeing friends and seeing sights. We spent $333.32 in twenty-two days, or $15.15 a day. And this included the frills we wanted, such as $20 worth of camera film and three days in a motor court in San Francisco. Minus frills, our basic costs for gas and groceries, tolls and small miscellaneous items amounted to $214.23, or slightly less than $9.75 a day.

You'll notice that it took us two years before we were ready to say "*This* year let's camp in California." Camping equipment is an CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

WHAT WE SPENT

Basic

Gas and oil for car	$148.35
Groceries and ice	43.52
Miscellaneous	18.86
Tolls (road and camp)	3.50
	$214.23

Frills

Film	$ 19.02
Tourist cabin (rain!)	6.50
Presents for us	5.55
Presents for others	18.80
	$ 49.87

The Big Cities

Los Angeles	$ 32.32
San Francisco	36.90
	$ 69.22
Grand Total	$333.32

We were gone 22 days, drove 5816 miles. Our food expenses, not counting a few meals out in Los Angeles and San Francisco, were almost exactly $2.00 a day. Our car expenses averaged 2.5 cents a mile in cash (average cost of gasoline, 36 cents a gallon; average miles per gallon, 14.8). Luckily, we had no repairs.

OUR CHECK LIST AND HOW WE PACKED IT

On roof luggage rack

Suitcases (1 each);
tent, with mosquito bar, poles, small rug and toy broom rolled up inside;
camp stove; gasoline can; coal-oil lamp;
raincoats and rubber boots.

In station wagon

Mary's cot;
2 air mattresses and pump; pillows;
3 camp chairs, 1 junior chair;
grocery box (see below); icebox (see below);
cook kit, including table utensils;
water can (5 gal.); cosmetic case (see below);
parachute bag (see below);
large zipper diaper bag (see below);
dishpan; washbasin;
tools (ax, nails, saw, machete knife);
camera equipment; rags (for damp wiping);
old newspapers (for dry wiping);
Mary's potty; garment bag.

In grocery box

2-day supply of canned goods, No. 2 cans;
bread, fresh fruit;
staples (sugar, mustard, etc.) in *small* containers;
plastic salt and pepper shakers with lids;
nested plastic refrigerator dishes with lids;
plastic drinking cups.

COOKING UTENSILS:
Spatula; drain spoon; wooden spoon; paring knife; can and bottle opener; kitchen scissors; carving knife; egg beater.

Quart vacuum bottle;
waxed-paper bags (for garbage and litter);
paper napkins; paper towels;
plastic wrap; aluminum foil;
dishcloth; dish towels.

In icebox

Milk; butter; fruit juice.

In cosmetic case

Face cloths; soap; mirror;
toothbrushes, hairbrushes;
toiletries (tooth paste, shaving kit, shampoo, etc.);
first-aid kit; sewing kit; alarm clock.

In diaper bag

Tissues (facial and toilet);
sunglasses; toys; children's books;
maps; insect bomb.

In parachute bag

6 wool service blankets;
3 cotton blankets (1 adult, 2 child's sizes);
tarpaulin; towels; bathing suits;
1 clean change of clothing for everybody;
2 dozen disposable diapers;
clothesline and clothespins;
duffel bag (for dirty laundry).

We headed for the Rockies...

This was our first view of Colorado's Chimney Rock, near Cortez, as we came over the state's southern border on our way north. In same area is Mesa Verde, 8000 feet high, where we camped after driving through breathtaking mountain passes. Ahead of us lay the Rockies.





Fishing, anyone?

We had three days in San Francisco, and of course they included a lunch at Fisherman's Wharf. We also visited Chinatown, shopped, took Mary for a ride on the sole surviving cable car. We had our own tourist court with view of Bay Bridge and kitchen, so expenses were not high.

THINGS WE ADD FOR NEARBY CAMPING IN ONE SPOT

Deck chairs: traveling iron: shoe-polishing kit: cast-iron skillet; cooler (for pop): gasoline lamp (brighter than coal oil): playing cards and books (in case it rains): portable radio.

Suitcase-table (a special, but very useful piece of camping equipment; we don't own one, but our best camping friends do).

WHERE TO WRITE FOR INFORMATION ON CAMP SITES . . .

In national forests: Forest Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., for their booklet, *National-Forest Vacations.*

In national parks: National Park Service, U.S. Department of Interior, Washington, D.C., for booklet, *Camping Facilities in the National Park System,* and handsome large-scale *Map of National Parks.*

In state parks: the names of state agencies in charge of parks vary from state to state, but the National Park Service's *Map of National Parks* lists all the correct state addresses on its reverse side. Watch out! The states will deluge you with information.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Anyone who goes off into the wilderness without having planned, prepared and gone on earlier camping trips is asking for trouble. It takes practice to . . .

Draw up a final and satisfactory check list. If you go without a check list you are *sure* to forget something.

Find out how much clothing you as an individual require to keep warm.

Learn how to use a camp stove.

Feel at ease at night in the out-of-doors.

TAKE GLORIA'S WORD FOR IT . . .

The many kinds of canned main dishes on the market are delicious, and just right for camp menus.

You will save not only space but weight if you stick to small sizes of things, tubes instead of jars and bottles, dehydrated mixes wherever possible.

A shallow open box for groceries is more convenient than a deep one, because you can see what's in it and pull things out of it more easily. Ours is wooden, and Jim bored holes and put stout rope handles at each end. I stand tall things, such as a roll of paper towels, on end. I leave my long-handled utensils till last, then stick them vertically in the cracks, handles up in the air.

A sweat shirt will be more useful to you than a wool sweater, but take both.

If you buy a frozen cake at 3 P.M. it will be thawed in time for dinner, fresh for all the next day.

Bread can be toasted on a gas cookstove by holding it on a fork directly over the flame. Gas burns blue and clean and will not smoke the toast. The toast will be darker than usual outside, but soft inside.

I use aluminum foil by the ream for camp cooking, and plastic wrap for storage.

Most cereal companies put out kits of ten small-sized cereal boxes especially packaged for eating right out of the box.

The tail gate of a station wagon makes a fine luncheon table.

We have a family rule: no shoes in the tent. A child's toy broom is handier to sweep out a tent floor with than a whisk broom.

Children under 3 are often upset by changes in the mineral content of water, which has nothing to do with its cleanliness. A 5-gallon can of home water will solve the problem.

Any clear water is safe after it has been boiled for 20 minutes. River-water coffee is delicious. Extra plastic cups are nice. The aluminum cups provided in most cook kits are too hot to hold when filled with hot fluids.

A bag for litter in the car is a *must.* If we lunched where there were no trash cans, Jim buried our garbage after flattening the cans.

Most state roadside picnic sites do not have water, and consequently *do* have sticky picnic tables. We carried wiping rags and a supply of old newspapers for dry wiping. Newspaper also makes a wonderful windshield wiper.



We took a peek at frontier architecture . . .

Three days in Colorado were enough to make us want to come back another year for a longer stay. This picture was taken in Buena Vista, a little town high in the Rockies that still has many of the frame houses of early mining days. When Mary saw it she said, "Why can't we have a pretty red house too?" We found both snow and lilacs.

So many places to come back to another year . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 191 investment that pays off over many years, but the initial cost is a lump that has to be swallowed before you can even begin, unless you are a tireless borrower. We spent our 1954 vacation money on equipment and on weekend expeditions to Missouri state parks (Mary is blessed with *two* sets of grandparents in St. Louis, so we did not try to take her as a baby). A tent and bedding for three, our camp stove, cook kit, coal-oil lamp, icebox and water can cost us about $200. I think the ordinary-sized family would have to go out of its way to get the costs above $250, for most of the things one takes along (from a vacuum bottle to pillows) are things most households have already. An adequate tent can be had for as little as $50 (ours cost $100), and one should allow about $20 a person for bedding that will be satisfactory in all weather. These two items—shelter and bedding—make up most of the initial cost. CONTINUED ON PAGE 195



Mary met a real live Indian . . .

Camilio Tafoya, whose forebears were basket weavers and planters rather than hunters, is glad to play host at the Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs. He looks fierce, but he loves to have his picture taken. At this point in our trip, Mary had stopped being suprised at anything.



In all, half a continent, nearly 6000 miles . . .

This is a backward look at the Garden of the Gods, a region of red, surrealist sandstone formations at the edge of the Rockies, with Pikes Peak towering a few miles to the west. It was the last of our big scenery. Here our road descended to Eastern Colorado, the plains of Kansas. Destination: home.



What could be sweeter and fresher than milk right out of the bottle?

Cool, clean, pure—a bottle of milk is as welcome as a beautiful morning. But looks are only part of it. There's also the plain fact that glass is so pure it can't possibly alter milk's own fresh, sweet flavor. Glass brings you nature's best food with all its natural goodness. Why not tell your dairy you want all the milk your family uses safely sealed in glass?

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Invest in fresh beauty for your table . . . and get

TWO 6-PC. PLACE SETTINGS FREE



IT'S A "DOUBLE DIVIDEND" WORTH $22!

A regular $97.50 service for 8 for the price of 6–**$75.50** including chest



Whether you're a bride-to-be, or a knowing hostess longing for new silverware—now is the time to look into Community.* Not only will you get a complete 52-pc. service for 8 for the price of service for 6—but Community will add a wealth of warmth and sparkle to your home . . . as only fine silverware can!

Hurry though! Offer is good for a limited time only. See your jeweler or silverware department now! Choose from all *five* Community patterns, plus choice of blond- or mahogany-finish chest. Or, if you prefer, service may be purchased without the chest—in convenient buffet-drawer trays—for just $66.00 complete.

52-pc. service for 8 (including the two free place settings) consists of 16 teaspoons, 8 knives, 8 forks, 8 salad forks, 8 soup spoons, 2 serving spoons, butter knife and sugar spoon.

COMMUNITY

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192

In 1955 we were ready to introduce Mary to amping. We took her to Indiana Dune State ark on Lake Michigan for two weeks, and ound that small children make natural campers. We camped weekends that summer, too often with friends), and became more sure of urselves every trip. We knew exactly what essentials to take, and what to add for our enyment or comfort. After we set out for our ake Michigan trip leaving the center tent ole behind (I had to go to a lumberyard and uy a long 2 x 2) I *wrote down* a permanent st of things to pack. We call it our check list, nd it has proved invaluable.

If novices ask us about camping, about the rmest bit of advice Gloria and I give them is: Don't go off on a long trip until you've been hrough several short ones first. It takes expeience to find where, for your family, fun ends nd inconvenience begins. It pays to take long the extras that keep it fun. Gloria likes o camp *with* a mirror, soap, lotions, and a bit f clothesline out back, and she's found that othing works so well as red flannel underear for keeping her arm at night. Early youts can make all he difference beween cold, damp isery and successul camping.

In 1955 we also aded in our car for station wagon, and guess with that step e hopelessly comitted ourselves to aking California. While it was still winer in 1956 I wrote o the states we were nterested in for tate-park informaon, and Gloria and began hashing over ur itinerary. High ghts of our trip ere to be Los Aneles (where we ould camp at one f the coastal parks outh of the city), the amous Pacific Coast ighway as far as an Francisco (U. S. oute 101 to Calirnia Highway 1), an Francisco itself, nd Montrose, Colrado, right near the ontinental Divide, here we had friends ho planned to camp with us a night or two.

D day was Saturday, April 28th. By then e had visited Mary's pediatrician, who had iven her her first two polio shots as an extra recaution, and had made only one special uggestion to us—that we spray her arms and gs with insect repellent once a day (it's the osquitoes he doesn't like). Our plans had hanged in only one respect: Gloria has an unt in Los Angeles who had offered us the ospitality of her apartment while we were here; we had accepted the invitation with lacrity and thanks.

We stayed up till midnight the night before, loria making intricate rearrangements in our tout old, lovable old open wooden grocery ox (handier than any number of wicker ampers with lids and dark depths), and I aking intricate rearrangements in the car. oading up for such a trip is like doing a Chiese puzzle, but you feel just fine when it all omes out—or, rather, goes in. We went to ed feeling just fine.

At 4 A.M. we were awakened by the sound f many voices singing "Happy vacation to ou" outside. This was a great joke on the art of friends who were returning from a parsh dance from which we had virtuously stayed ome. After their gay departure Gloria and I ound ourselves wide awake. We looked at ach other and said, "Well, why not?" And o, in the small hours, our vacation began.

Our early start that morning became a routine that we were to follow every morning that we broke camp, and because Mary is a first-rate sleeper it worked fine. In loading the night before, I had placed Mary's child-size canvas cot, with pad and blankets, right behind the front seat of the station wagon, running parallel to it. We had bought it for our Lake Michigan trip the year before, and I had fitted extensions on two legs so that they rested perfectly down beside the wheel wells in the back of the station wagon. It made a firm bed for Mary to nap on, and placed her right behind Gloria's head and mine. Underneath it was storage room and, in case Gloria and I had to sleep in the car, foot room for us.

Last thing before closing the house we carried Mary gently from her bed to the cot; she opened one eye and said, "Go see Aunt Ya-ya?" and closed it again the moment she hit her cot. It was 5 A.M., the moment of sunrise. We rolled down the driveway, picked up U. S. Route 66, which goes within a mile of our house, and headed west in the dawn.

Route 66 is the national highway which runs from Chicago to Los Angeles, and we put a good many miles behind us on the fine, empty road before Mary woke up at about 8 o'clock, and we stopped for breakfast.

People have sensitive views about breakfasts, I notice, so I won't push our system on anyone else, except to say that it enabled us to cover a lot of mileage in by far the best and most beautiful part of the day. I happen to be the kind who would rather wait awhile for breakfast than not. Gloria is the kind who reaches for that morning coffee fast. We settled this by keeping a vacuum bottle of hot coffee from the night before, and some kind of fresh fruit, on hand. As we made our dawn starts Gloria could pour herself a quick cup of coffee from the vacuum bottle, and nibble away at fruit in the car.

Another breakfast policy we stuck to while touring was to cut out the kind of bacon-and-eggs breakfast we love when we are camping in one place. Occasionally we bought eggs for hard boiling, but we did not try to carry fresh eggs with us. Our icebox was filled up with milk, butter and juice; and besides, we liked to get in most of our day's mileage by lunchtime so that we could relax in the afternoons, and we didn't want to fool around cooking an extra meal. Even Gloria got used to our simple breakfasts of cold cereal or coffeecake.

Our breakfast stop was the beginning of the day for Mary, who came down off her perch on the cot, was washed and dressed, and when we got started again was delighted to sit in the front seat with Gloria and me. Mary is one of the best riders I know. For one thing, she would obligingly take two naps a day in the car. But when awake, she was so charmed at being right in the thick of the family that she never got bored. We brought a small bag of toys along—a magic slate, blackboard and chalk, balloons, color books—and produced one each day. When time dragged, Gloria would read aloud to her or tell her a story.

We usually lunched between 12:30 and 1:00. If we couldn't find a roadside picnic area, we could always stop at any pretty spot and put down the tail gate of the car. At lunch that first day we noticed Oklahoma was in early leaf, although our yard at home had still been in its winter bareness that morning.

We called it a day when we reached Heyburn Lake Recreational Area (west of Tulsa)

NEXT MONTH

"WILL YOU HAVE ENOUGH MONEY WHEN YOU RETIRE?"

Robert Peterson suggests a step-by-step plan for your safety. And we ask four households what *they* did, find answers as varied as people.

"We pooled our resources"— In Basking Ridge, N.J., ex-news dealer Thomas Flynn and his wife share a home with married daughter and her family.

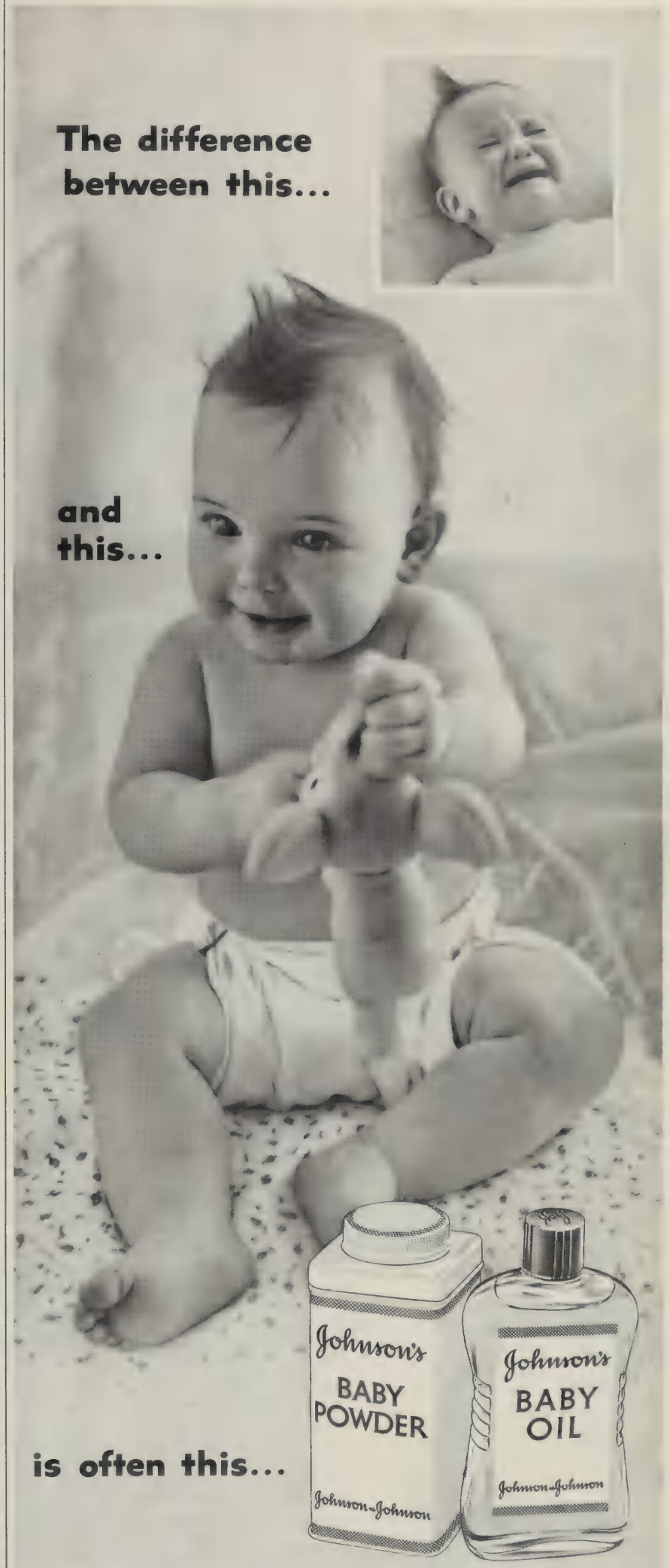
"I didn't want to retire"— In Tucson, Arizona, Hazel and Arthur Wales cut down from $35,000 a year to $300-$400 a month.

"I was laid off at 70"— In Rutland, Vt., Philip Dashner worked 50 years, was fired with $115 Social Security a month to stretch for two people.

"Everybody can do something" In Coral Gables, Fla., Petra Davis started earning a living at 60 by baby-sitting, sewing, renting a garage.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

In the June JOURNAL



CHAFE-GUARD your baby . . . with the powder that protects baby skin *even when wet!* It contains a special ingredient that neutralizes the irritants in diaper moisture.

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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

at about 3 o'clock, soon after Mary woke up from her afternoon nap. Ten hours of driving was enough, and we felt our early start entitled us to some relaxation at the end of the afternoon—a policy we held to all the trip.

It was at Heyburn that we ran into our worst weather—a hail-and-wind storm followed by a very wet rain. One moment we were quietly eating supper, the next all our dishes were blowing off the table and we were being pounded by hailstones as big as golf balls. We heard later that it was the edge of a tornado that went through Oklahoma that day. Weather is undoubtedly the biggest risk you run in camping, and you're bound to get a certain percentage of bad, so Gloria and I did not feel too downhearted as we made our bunks in the station wagon that night instead of the tent. I remember Gloria's saying as we settled down, "Honey, at least we have our bad weather behind us now," and she turned out to be pretty nearly right.

We had two more nights of camping before we reached Los Angeles. The first was outside Tucumcari, New Mexico, where we put up at a trailer court (fee $1.25) with the ulterior motive of hot showers. If you are out of reach of a large park and want hot water and electric outlets, a trailer court is a good secondary source of supply.

We crossed most of New Mexico and Arizona the next day, and spent the night in Western Arizona, at Garland Prairie Camp Site, near Flagstaff. At home Gloria and I tend to be night owls, hating to get up in the morning but hating to go to bed at night. But by now we were used to our shift to the sun's time, and it's a feature of our camping that we wouldn't change for anything. When we stopped at Garland Prairie it was about 4 o'clock, and the thin spring air and the snow-capped mountains still sparkled in the sun. Mary ran about like a puppy, collecting twigs for our campfire and enjoying her liberty after the car.

Other campers began arriving later in the afternoon and the atmosphere soon became sociable. Mary would be asked half a dozen times, "What's your name, little girl?" and Gloria and I would exchange camp and highway tips with our neighbors. Campers are almost invariably friendly.

When darkness fell, with supper dishes washed and the tent up, we would call Mary back to home roost and light our campfire. This was the final ceremony of our day, and included some stout family singing for Mary's benefit. Her favorite is Hush Little Baby, and she joins in even though no one could call her *good* at it. Her share is to contribute joyful amounts of volume.

Mary slept in the tent with Gloria and me (her cot was never moved from the car), and by 8:30 all three of us would be divinely drunk with sleepiness. We would set our alarm clock for 4 and sleep the sleep of the just.

We reached Los Angeles the next day, and there we found spring at its peak. The dry brown hills we thought we knew from past summers were green and fertile, and our eyes were filled with the sight of flowers and orange groves in bloom. Our memory of our five days in Los Angeles seems to begin and end in flowers, although actually I guess the first thing we tackled was the dust we had brought with us—on our shoes, in our hair, in the car; next, laundry at the launderette around the corner from Gloria's aunt's and an hour of ironing for Gloria; next, fun. We saw the city, we saw friends, we saw Hollywood. We spent one day south of the city visiting first Disneyland, then our old haunt, Laguna Beach, where Mary had her first open view of the ocean. We spent the afternoon on the beach and had dinner that night at Gloria's and my favorite restaurant of bygone years. Our whole day was a little extravagant and a lot of fun, and it was one of the things we had come across the country for.

Two days later we were on the road again, this time heading north. California Highway 1 hugs the rocky Pacific coastline on its way to San Francisco, and is certainly one of the stunning sights of the world. It doesn't need me to describe its beauties, so I'll say only that we gave up our old pace of 450 miles a day and settled for 200. It took us two days to reach San Francisco, and when we rounded a mountain and saw it all at once, spilling gloriously all over the hills, Gloria was so excited that she almost burst into tears.

We spent three enchanted days and nights there. We left on May 11th and retraced our route to another of Highway 1's state parks, New Brighton Beach. It was really time for us to think of heading east and home again, but we camped at New Brighton Beach for two days of just pure beachcombing. We had to pay for it in some night driving later, but you have to remember that we are from Missouri, and an ocean isn't easy to come by in those parts.

On May 13th we began the trek home by way of Colorado. We had planned to drive over the Sierras through Donner Pass, but news bulletins had been warning for several days that snow had fallen up there and only cars with chains could get through. Chains were one item we had not thought to pack for May, so we headed south on Route 99 instead, through Fresno, to our old U. S. Route 66. At Gallup we headed north for Colorado and our visit with John and Vivian Clark in Montrose.

In all we spent three nights in Colorado, our first camping in Mesa Verde Park, our two others with the Clarks in Montrose. John was a former marine squadron member, too, and we had all shared summer maneuvers at El Toro together before Korea. He was now a grazing-land manager for the Department of Agriculture, a job that meant he knew every rugged mountain road in this part of the Colorado Rockies. With Mary and the Clarks' older child, Johnny, along, we drove 200 miles through timber-line country. Snow was still on the ground, and we were surrounded by tremendous snow-capped peaks. At every turn in the road we came upon a mountain meadow more beautiful than the last. It was country that would drive any camper wild with joy.

This was the region of our most impressive scenery, and before we left I was pondering secret thoughts about coming back next summer, and wondering what Gloria would think. I can't help adding here that this is one of the beauties of being a camper—you can let your schemes roam freely all over the map.

When we left Montrose, Gloria was pointing out the purple lilac bushes in bloom in every yard. Irrigation ditches were rushing in the thaw. We had come back to the beginnings of spring again. We left on Friday morning, May 18th, and since we wanted to be home on Saturday (so we could have Sunday to settle down in), we faced up to some night driving. Gloria and I have a system for this, and neither of us finds it a chore. We take turns driving in four-hour shifts, and when the nondriver needs sleep he can stretch out on one of the air mattresses in back. We drove all day Friday, all Friday night, and most of Saturday, covering 1100 miles at a clip.

We reached home in daylight the next afternoon. And there was Missouri's spring waiting for us on the doorstep. Our grass was up, our roses were blooming, and the neighbors' children were swarming about. In about forty-five minutes we had the car cleared and the camp gear stowed. We were home.

Gloria's and my idea of a vacation may not be everybody's, but I can't think why it shouldn't be a lot of people's. Even people Mary's age. Our first week back she could hardly be persuaded to go out and play, because right by Gloria's side seemed nicer. She felt it was not quite cricket for me to go to work; my place was as a member of the wonderful family trio we had been on our trip.

Gloria and I have often talked about our camping from *her* point of view, because every now and then I feel guilty about a woman's work never being done—even though it's only a camp stove she is standing over, and a tent floor she is sweeping up. You have to allow for Gloria's good nature, but she just laughs at me. She says, "Camp housekeeping is so much simpler that there isn't any comparison. And it's never lonely work either. And I appreciate my kitchen and my bathroom for two solid weeks after we're back. As for the roughing it, I'm *still* snake and bug conscious, but since we've yet to run into a snake I'm beginning to relax. The *rough* part just isn't there."

The way we do it, it really isn't. Today, camping has become a civilized sport for the whole family. Gloria and I see it as both a means and an end. It is a means of seeing parts of the country that we could not otherwise afford to see, and also the deepest kind of pleasure. To me, the most rewarding part of camping is getting up with the sunrise. There is something about witnessing a sunrise that makes me want to use the word *goodly*. It's a nice part of the day—a goodly part of the day. Part of it is the colors, part of it the feeling of being the first up to start the world over again. And part of it, for a city man, is a mental and spiritual relaxation that comes over you, and seems to stay.

END



"What could Noah have had in mind bringing two of those along on the ark?"



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IS COLLEGE EDUCATION WASTED ON WOMEN?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

must decide what they will do with their lives from now on. For many students it is the first important decision they have had to make. Since, for many, the idea has somehow become implanted that they must choose between marriage and serious work, they hesitate to commit themselves to a career. On the other hand, they suspect—not without foundation—that there is no real place in our society for the liberally educated person who is not identified with some accomplishment or activity. And they suspect that the values gained in college will be out of place in the social world they are about to enter. The conflict is likely to be strongest for more serious students, since those not deeply committed to a discipline can abandon it more readily. In fact, anticipation of this kind of conflict is a major reason why many students avoid serious commitment to any interest throughout their college career.

Many observers have commented on the "flight into marriage" that so often takes place at this time. Some of these marriages are very good ones. They are based on a long acquaintance, and the girls are ready for the demands of married life. Many seniors, however, rush into marriage, hardly knowing the man involved, as a way of resolving the dilemma thrust upon them by graduation. Our alumnae samplings indicate that marriages undertaken for this reason have not worked out very well.

The majority of those who do not marry immediately work at something, usually something well below the level of their ability. Or else they attend graduate school for one or a few years, as a way of marking time until the "right man" comes along.

Students with professional ambitions often fare best during the senior year. Although virtually all of them plan to marry, marriage is for them an activity in which they will voluntarily choose to participate rather than something that is necessary for any sense of personal identity. Such students have a clear sense of direction, a greater degree of independence and self-confidence than most.

But preparation for a professional career is not the primary aim of liberal education. It aims, rather, to train the individual so that she can be intelligent in whatever she does. Above all, it aims to develop the individual so that her sense of herself as a real person does not depend on her being in any particular social role, such as wife and mother or working woman. The expectation today is that almost all college girls will, at one time or another, be wives and mothers *and* work at something outside the home. The hope is that as wives and mothers they will maintain a high level of culture and have a keen sense of being alive and worthy; and that when they work, they will do something important and interesting. The evidence is that, in general, the abilities and qualities that make for success in one of these areas also make for success in the other.

College is crucial for the development of these abilities and qualities. If a girl feels that she is "not living" now when she is in college, the chances are she will feel the same way ten or twenty or thirty years from now. The notion that things will be different when her circumstances have changed, when she is married or when she is engaged in "interesting work," is probably an illusion. Boredom in college is associated with boredom later on. The student who is not enjoying the academic aspects of her college life right now is not just headed for trouble; she is already in trouble.

This is a major conclusion from our intensive study of a group of Vassar alumnae twenty to twenty-five years out of college. Close acquaintance with this group of women would be enough to renew anyone's faith in the aims and processes of liberal education. These were women who had improved everything they had touched, and they had touched a great deal. But we are here talking about problems and difficulties. Everybody knows about the problems, and the achievements, of the career woman who does not marry. What concerned us particularly was the type of woman whose children had more or less grown up and who, now that external demands on her were withdrawn, was hard put to it to escape a sense of emptiness and boredom. Her inclination was to fill her time either with trivial social activities or with some routine "job" which though essentially meaningless gave her a sense of being busy.

We were concerned because we believed we saw here the probable future of today's social-minded college girl. The women of whom I speak had entered college because it was the thing to do, immersed themselves in the student culture, treated their academic work as an imposed nuisance, assumed vaguely that as soon as they were married to a good provider everything would be rosy. The resemblance to the majority of today's students is too close for comfort.

Another conclusion from the study of alumnae: even those in whom education had taken well had found it difficult to maintain the values and interests developed in college. Those who had kept up either had professional careers or had married men who shared or admired the college-bred outlook.

The evidence is that the problem that concerns us is pretty general the country over. A recent large-scale survey of student attitudes and values reports a general pattern very similar to the one I have described. This pattern is said to prevail from coast to coast, at state university or denominational college, for the Ivy League as well as for the city-college commuter.

A dozen years ago when the GI's were returning from the war and filling the colleges and graduate schools, young women had all sorts of imaginative designs for married living. Today, and in more recent years, their ideas are more traditional and conventional.

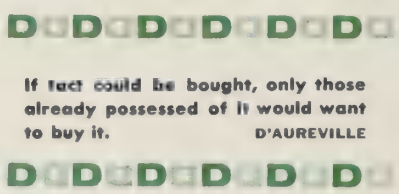
In the time of the Cold War the crisis has not been great enough to require that all hands pitch in and do useful work. But it has been great enough to place accent on the "manly virtues" in men and traditional virtues in women. Not only is feminism dead; we have passed into a phase of antifeminism. Clever writers berate women for exercising their new-found rights and privileges. Psychologists and psychiatrists issue grim warnings about mothers' responsibilities to their young children. Thus it is that we have an upsurge of the attitude that one must not appear too bright or too competent, lest this threaten one's ability to take traditional feminine roles.

It ought not to be necessary to say that if a woman is too assertive and bossy, too demanding and overactive, this is not because of woman's freedom. These things come, rather, from frustration and self-doubt. They are not to be cured by turning the clock back a hundred years, even if we could.

It ought not to be necessary to say that it is not unfeminine to be intelligent, to use one's head, to have deep interests. Leaving aside biological functions, real femininity does not consist any longer in what one does; it consists rather in the way one does things. It may be granted that our society, unlike others, France, for example, does not have any prominent image of a type of woman who is very, very feminine and very intelligent, highly educated and highly cultivated. But I see no reason why we cannot create one.

It is because of a lack of clarity about these matters that many of our most able young women waste their time, or use it inefficiently, at jobs far below the level of their abilities, while the need for trained people, particularly in the fields of health, education and welfare, grows every year more acute.

The problem is even more serious in the case of the girl who is sure that she wants to



be a full-time homemaker. It is not only that she is taking on a job that requires more wisdom, more depth and breadth of understanding than most professional ones; the nation depends more and more heavily upon women of her type for maintaining a high level of culture and humanitarianism. Her education could not be neglected for long without a serious deterioration in our national fabric.

What is to be done? The colleges, we may be sure, will go on trying to find ways to motivate the students, to set up forces in opposition to the kinds of social pressure that have been described. Probably the best approach is to work toward the establishment of a community in which the student's prestige and sense of belonging depend on the development of scholarly interests, rather than on how well she fits into an unintellectual student culture. It seems that, in general, a college can proceed in two ways: it can change the make-up of its student body through its admissions policy, and it can deliberately reconstruct the social organization of the college community.

Change in the make-up of the student body may be brought about by selecting for admission more students of the kind who can be counted upon to take full advantage of their opportunities. Of course colleges have always tried to perform this difficult feat, but now their chances are better than ever. For one thing, they have many more applicants to choose from. For another, more and more is being learned about what the potentially good student is like. This is not so much a matter of grades in school or scores on entrance examinations as has been commonly thought. Factors of attitude and background loom large.

For example, we made a study to find out what distinguished good students from poor ones; and we found that the most important factor among good students was that their mothers had intellectual interests and aspirations. Their fathers either had similar interests or, at the least, did not disapprove of intellectual women. In the best cases of all, the mothers had performed or were performing some activity that required a high level of education. The poorest academically had mothers who had urged college purely because of the social prestige it conferred; and their fathers were either dubious about higher education for girls or contemptuous of it, and had expressed a distaste for intellectual women.

If the colleges should change their notions about the kinds of students they want, then the schools would have to change their ways of preparing students for college. At the present time, parents and schools are engaged in a kind of conspiracy to "get them into college," almost at any cost. Too little thought is given to what they will do after they get there. And too little attention is paid to the costs to the student of these often rather desperate maneuverings. Often enough their chances of developing a love of learning are spoiled at this time.

One might hope that the schools could devote themselves, each in its own way, to the general development of our youngsters, free from pressure to mold them according to other people's requirements. They should be free to act on what they know: that people in their teens develop at widely differing rates; that after four years of high school some students are ready for college and some not; that among the latter are students who would be ready after another year or two of school and some of whom actually have the stuff to go farthest in the end. Such reform would require a great deal of support from parents.

Changing the social organization of a college is probably a more difficult undertaking. But it can be accomplished. The major aim would be to break up the common arrangement according to which we have a student society and student culture on the one hand and a faculty society and culture on the other, with each managing to keep the other at a distance. A suggestion is offered by some of those small, isolated colleges in which the lives of faculty and students are so closely integrated that the former are able to take the role of leader, rather than that of official or head in a single society.

Returning to the question of whether college education is worth while, the conclusion is that it can be very much worth while from the point of view of a young woman's self-development and that it is indispensable from the point of view of society's needs. Our whole focus should be on how to improve college education. This calls for research directed especially to how personality develops in late adolescence and how it may be influenced in desirable ways by the social and intellectual environment. Leadership will have to be assumed by established schools with courage and self-confidence to examine themselves.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

marriage. I asked him the name of the other woman. At first he wouldn't say. It took me a week to find out. Jack's choice of a second wife might be amusing to some people, and yet it is pitiful too. He insists he is determined to marry a woman named Ida, who is six years older and not nearly as good-looking as I am.

"Ida, a widow, works as a filing clerk in the manufacturing plant where Jack is assistant to the production manager. Ida is the mother of five children, four are boys, ranging in age from three to fifteen. Jack couldn't bear the noise of our twins when they were younger; the girls always had to tiptoe around him or else his head would ache. His salary is adequate to cover our normal expenses, but I still do part-time stenographic work to pay for extras.

"I didn't have the heart to ask Jack how he proposed to finance a family of seven; it was patently impossible. I did ask how he expected to find any peace and quiet among four growing boys. Jack was silent. When I pressed him, he doubled up with stomach cramps and had to go to bed. I believe Jack got sick because he couldn't face secret doubts of his own. Any uncertainty, emergency or unpleasantness in our household almost inevitably results in a visit from the doctor.

"Up to date Jack has never held a job worthy of his talents and intelligence. His absentee record is only partially responsible. He is supersensitive and he is also disinclined to stand up for his own rights. Instead of throwing off a grievance as quickly as I do, the way I do, he builds up the tinies[illegible] to the height of Mount Everest. Then he hugs his injured feelings to himself until he gets sick. Not long ago he was blamed for a fellow worker's expensive blunder. I forget the details, although I received a full account of the episode at the time. But the top brass didn't hear the story. Jack refused to explain to the big boss. He accepted the injustice in silence, had an attack of asthma and was obliged to stay away from work for three days. I was disgusted.

"Eighteen years ago, when Jack and I married, I thought we had everything in our favor. We came from similar backgrounds. Both of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200





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- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¾ lb. spaghetti, cooked and drained
- Parmesan cheese

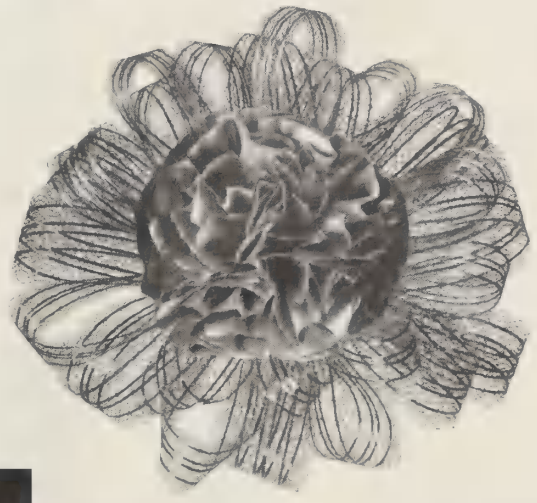
Heat oil in heavy skillet. Add garlic and onion; cook until soft. Add meat. Cook and stir until crumbly. Mix Hunt's Tomato Paste, water and seasonings. Stir into meat. Simmer over low heat 35 to 40 minutes or until sauce thickens. Serve over hot spaghetti, and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Makes 4 to 6 servings. *Note:* Without the ground meat, this recipe becomes a basic Italian-style sauce...excellent for macaroni, noodles, rice, ravioli.

*Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure tomato in its most concentrated, most economical form, like a very thick puree. Use a spoonful or a can, depending on the recipe. Generally, add it to the liquid, then to the other ingredients.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198

us grew up in the Western cattle country. Both of our fathers were ranchers, both our families were hard hit by the national depression. Jack was fourteen years old and a high-school sophomore when his people lost their ranch and moved to our county as renters. I saw him first on the school bus; it was a bitter November day. He needed a haircut and he wasn't wearing a sweater. I remember thinking he looked like an orphan, and I hoped he would sit down by me. He didn't.

"I was just thirteen, but I thought I had fallen in love on sight. I deliberately made Jack's sister, who was younger, my special friend. Every time I could escape my mother's vigilance, I saddled my horse and rode over to Jack's home on the pretext of studying with his sister. When she and I finished our lessons, we spent hours writing verses that we called poetry. One evening I composed a poem dedicated to Jack; I slipped the paper into his school satchel. He didn't speak of the poem to me and I supposed he hadn't found it. Years later I learned that shyness had kept him quiet. Long after our marriage I came on an old billfold of his and in it was that schoolgirl poem of mine. Jack has some very sweet and appealing qualities.

"My mother objected vigorously to my fondness for him, just as she objected to my being interested in any other boy. My mother wasn't strong, and she demanded a lot of my help at home. I was the oldest of five, the only girl. My daughters rejoice in school vacations. To me every holiday represented a battle of wits between my poor mother and myself. Unless I could get out of the house very early—sometimes I went through my bedroom window—I was assigned to washing diapers, preparing formulas, taking care of my baby brothers. It seemed to me my mother did nothing except lie on the sofa, complain of her back and give me orders. Both Jack and I worked harder than youngsters nowadays, but I had one definite advantage over him. My father was partial to me.

"My mother seldom felt fit to go out socially. My father went everywhere—to the square dances, to barbecues on neighboring ranches, to the spring rodeo—and often he took me with him. He loved to play the guitar and sing. He taught me to ride before he taught my brothers, and still declares I was the best and most fearless rider in the family. The truth is I was ashamed to show my fears in his company. Once my father was thrown and broke his leg; he crawled two miles without a whimper to reach our home. It was my mother who had hysterics. I drove him to the hospital.

"After our high-school graduation Jack and I were separated for a while. My father saw to it that I had a taste of the world and sent me to an out-of-state business college. Jack had a year at the state university and then joined the Army. When he received his discharge and returned to the county—he looked very dashing in uniform—I was doing secretarial work for a wealthy Eastern woman who owned a big ranch adjoining my father's ranch.

"I had practically forgotten my schoolgirl crush. Indeed, I was engaged to another man. Inside a few weeks I broke the engagement and eloped with Jack. My father liked Jack—as he would have liked any man I chose—and found him a job. Jack lost it. To make matters worse, the ranch where I worked was sold and I, too, was jobless. One of my father's West Coast friends offered Jack work in California. Just before we moved, my employer auctioned off her household goods. As a sort of consolation prize she gave me a steel-stringed guitar. I automatically passed the guitar along to my father. Jack can't play any musical instrument. Nevertheless, he was terribly upset I hadn't given the guitar to him—so upset he got sick and we had to postpone our trip. Looking back, I believe that incident marked the beginning of my disillusionment. Instead of marrying a real man, it seemed to me I had married a grown-up baby.

"Our first years in California strengthen that impression. Jack's job did not pan out. found work in a chain store and induced r boss to hire him. Somebody else, usually r father, has had to find nearly all Jack's jo for him. It's true Jack tracked down his pr ent job, but I'm sure his employers harc know he is among those present. Jack is stan offish and too backward about blowing l own horn. Like a child, he waits for praise a then is bitterly disappointed to discover oth people are busily praising themselves. He too self-centered to be a good father. He sa he loves our daughters, but he never tak them anywhere. In the first place, he didn even want children. He dreaded the financ responsibility, and to be honest I guess dreaded it too.

"I don't see how on earth Jack can make o with a brand-new family. The other day I g up my courage and called on Ida. She seer to be a very sensible woman, not at all t ordinary home-wrecker type. I gathered th the welfare of her youngsters came first wi her and that she, too, was dubious abo Jack's success as the stepfather of five. (impulse I told her that I wouldn't agree to divorce for at least a year. Ida said that in h opinion the delay would be wise for all co cerned. In short, I think I have a pretty go chance to salvage my marriage.

"For a long while I've considered Jack unsatisfactory husband. I now think I have been an outstanding success as a wife. I do know whether I want a divorce or not. I know this: I would like to find out where, a wife, I went off the rails. I hate to be a fail at anything."

God can do no more without us than we can do without him.

MEISTER ECKHART

JACK TELLS HIS SIDE:

"I didn't know it w possible for a married m to be as lonely as I' been," said Paula's hu band. Jack was of mediu height, hollow-cheeked a thin but not unattractive. "Four months a when I met Ida—she rides to the plant our neighborhood car pool—I realized I h been lonely for years. Paula has no genuin interest in what I do, what I think, how I fe

"Ida is the exact opposite. She is warm a friendly and has the eyes of a noticing woma On her first day of work in our plant, s stopped at my desk, commented on my pa color and asked if I felt ill. When I told her had a headache she stepped over to her de and brought back a glass of water and a aspirin. At breakfast that morning, when mentioned my headache, Paula's response w to pour herself another cup of coffee.

"Probably she didn't intend to seem unfe ing. She just can't help it. Paula thinks ever body should possess perfect health and be strong as her father. She won't take care herself when she's sick—two years ago s walked around a week with pneumonia and she interprets any nervous ailment as sign of weakness and lack of character. Wh I'm around her I try to control my nerves, b I haven't had much luck.

"In fact, at times she has subjected me almost intolerable pressures. I used to enj taking her to the movies, provided we were late. Unless I'm in my seat at the beginni of the feature picture, the pleasure is spoil for me. Going to the movies with Paula w always strictly a gamble. Whenever we starte off, she had to run back for her handke chief, her gloves, her cigarettes. The way s jumped in and out of the car, her agitate rushing up and down in the apartment elev tor, the suspense of wondering if we woul ever reach the theater, often gave me such blinding headache I could hardly see t screen. So I quit the movies.

"Through the years my headaches ha grown steadily worse. It's partly my own faul For a long while—too long—I was in th wrong type of work and business tensions g the best of me. At the time of my marriage was in no position to choose a career, an with my father-in-law's assistance I fetche up in a selling job. Salesmanship might suit m

CONTINUED ON PAGE 203

A NEW ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS PHILLIPS' FAMILY!

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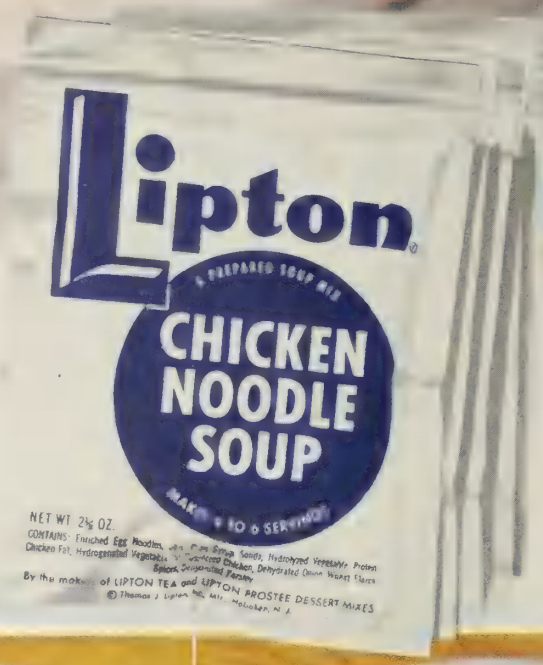
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Green Pea
Onion
Tomato Vegetable
Beef Vegetable



Tomato Vegetable Soup gives you tasty vegetables, tender enriched egg noodles in hearty tomato broth.

Green Pea Soup, a rich, velvety pur of specially grown green peas, season to smoky perfection.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 200

er-in-law, who is breezy, hearty and always ws the latest joke. It did not suit me. I 't meet the public well and I'm ill at ease in vds. However, I held one sales job after her. About a year ago I decided to prove uld go out on my own and land a satis- ory job. Without too much trouble, I ted a place in production in a big syn- cs plant. Paula didn't seem overly im- sed with my initiative. But at first every- g on the job went fine and dandy. Then e was a company shake-up and a new ager was installed. Before he learned his around the organization, he bawled me in front of everybody for a mistake made nother department. Instead of sympa- ng with me when she heard the story, a sided with the new manager. Then, ging viewpoint, she lectured me for not ing a fight. I thought it would be foolish me to tell the manager how to run his ness. A few days proved I was right; the er was straightened out and the truth was lished without my making a spectacle of lf. I didn't ever bother to tell Paula.

aula rides roughshod over my feelings. I to spare hers. Her unsentimental, no- sense ways are tough on both me and our hters. These days I don't feel especially to the twins—twelve-year-old girls n't much need of a father—but Janis and could certainly use a tender, understand- nother. Paula is undemonstrative. Affec- seems to embarrass her. She hardly ever or kisses the girls. I've seen her push the gsters off when they throw themselves in arms. She isn't like the average woman, delights in her children while they're es. Paula could hardly wait to get back to ob after the twins were born, although by it was no longer necessary for her to . Most of her salary went into extra es and a nursemaid's wages. Recently a percentage of her earnings has been spent xpensive power tools and flying lessons. Ve have always rented an apartment. To partment living isn't living. Technically rent is low, but Paula constantly seems e scurrying around with a hammer and v. She considers me a complete dub with . Otherwise I would have helped her keep apartment in shape, even though I be- d our arrangement was a better deal for andlord than for us. If Paula had ever d in the cost of her labor and the supplies bought—our hardware bills were sky- —she would have found our apartment not a bargain. We could have met the ents on a house with the amount we've spending to improve somebody else's erty.

Our four rooms don't allow the twins much e to entertain their friends. Both girls are ing up with no knowledge of cooking, ekeeping, sewing. They would like to . Paula doesn't believe it. She herself is an ent and speedy housekeeper. She de- s quite a bit on frozen foods, but is a cook. If the girls step in the kitchen while a is at the stove, she complains of their g underfoot and shoos them out. Neither an fry an egg. They are permitted to clear able and use the dishwasher. And that's Paula takes our daughters' ignorance ly. She explains that she had an overdose omesticity in her own childhood and s our children to grow up with pleasant ories.

here isn't the slightest doubt that Paula our daughters—in her own way. Last she spent hours in the basement of our tment house sweating out a pair of beau- desks for them. The girls were overjoyed hristmas Day, but they're now afraid of the desks for fear of marring the finish displeasing their mother. I, too, was proud aula's skill in the first place. But then a olimentary article on her was published e newspaper. Everybody read it. I had to so much kidding from neighbors and aintances, asking if they could hire my as a carpenter and what would be my mission, that I got fed up with the subject. Whether she intends to or not, Paula has a ive talent for making me look like an in- tive dope. When I took up flying, I'm sure she was honestly thrilled. Her father was a flier in World War One. But to encourage me she took lessons too. She then proceeded to beat me to a pilot's license. For years Paula has nagged at me to participate in sports. When I became manager of the company base- ball team she was too busy manufacturing furniture to bring our girls to any of the games. Ida and her four sons came to every game, in and out of town. It was through Harold, the oldest boy, that she and I got well acquainted.

"One morning on the ride to work Ida got to talking about a nonfunctioning, second- hand motor scooter the kid had bought. Next Sunday I dropped over to her place and Harold and I together put the scooter in oper- ating order. He's a nice companionable kid, not at all smart-alecky. Another weekend he and I cleaned and whitewashed their garage so the younger children would have a place to play. Ida thinks I'm skillful with my hands. Unlike Paula, she is very feminine and can scarcely replace an electric fuse without as- sistance.

"Working with Harold makes me wish I'd had a son of my own. Before Paula and I were married, we agreed to postpone our family and limit the size. I'm sorry now. But I was for it then. My boyhood experiences didn't sell me on the combination of a large family and a small income. When my father lost his ranch he went into dairy farming. At fourteen I was milking twenty-seven cows. My duties kept me occupied from four A.M., when my father would pull me out of bed, until I bolted break- fast and ran for the school bus. I was always sleepy. At that I guess I minded the hard work and the perpetual tiredness less than I minded my small stature. My father and my mother were both six-footers. My three brothers towered over me and so did my sis- ters. They were handsome and loud-voiced and they loved to shout at each other. Even now occasionally I have a nightmare where I'm backed up in a corner and all of them are yelling at me and I can't get away.

"I was a quiet kid and I agonized in silence. Wearing my brothers' castoff clothes was an ordeal that I still recall with a sinking sensa- tion in the pit of my stomach. The coats swallowed me and the trousers always had to be shortened. Just pulling on those hand-me- down pants could make me feel almost sick. Sometimes I was sick and had to stay home from school, to the acute annoyance of my mother. Everybody else in the family was strong and healthy. In my teens I used to tell strangers I was adopted and I halfway be- lieved my own tale.

"When I went to the university Paula knitted a sweater and a pair of Argyle socks for me. I wore the sweater through the entire year and carried it into the Army with me. During my service days Paula was often in my mind. When she threw over another man to marry me, I could hardly credit my luck. It was as though suddenly I had found the kind of home I'd never known before. A home where I amounted to something. I thought Paula loved me. Very soon I discovered her father was the important man in her life. She listened to him in everything and saw that the two of us heeded his advice. My wishes counted for nothing.

"Long before I met Ida, Paula and I had drifted apart. When I suggested to Paula that we split up she reacted as calmly as though I were suggesting a walk around the block. When I moved out of our bedroom and began sleeping in the living room, she didn't protest. She is indifferent to my absence or my pres- ence. If we're divorced I'm sure she won't miss me. Actually, Paula and I have nothing in common."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"Paula and Jack had put eighteen years into their marriage. Despite their deep estrange- ment, it wasn't especially difficult to help them to a closer understanding of themselves and the reasons for their faltering marriage. Both were intelligent.

"I believe Jack was instinctively aware of the unlikelihood that levelheaded Ida would ever marry him. Although I didn't meet Ida, I gained the distinct impression from Jack that she regarded him almost as the sixth child in her brood. This situation was exactly to his liking. It was Ida's maternal quality that attracted him, just as originally he had been attracted to Paula by sensing a similar quality in her.

"During his early youth, a very small frog among a crowd of big frogs, Jack suffered from a lack of maternal affection. In my opinion he adopted the habit of making the most of every trivial illness to win attention from his mother. The technique is not un- common with sensitive, insecure children. 'Poor little me,' they say in effect. Jack carried the pattern into his manhood.

"Receiving too little appreciation and sym- pathy as a child, he demanded an inordinate amount as an adult. On occasion he virtually expected Paula to read his mind. In his busi- ness dealings he was the kind of man who stands back with an impassive face and waits for the other fellow to step forward and shake hands. When the inevitable disappointments occurred, Jack retreated into illness or with- drew into silence and brooding. By pretending he was indifferent to what others did and thought, he spared his battered ego the possi- bility of a fresh rebuff and walled himself into ever-deepening loneliness. This behavior might be described as 'self-protection by the isola-

In these days, when it is so hard for busy mothers to leave young children and get out occasionally for a few hours, older women who love chil- dren and have time on their hands could have all their spare time grabbed up if they would let it be known that they were available for a few hours of baby sitting.

The other day I was reading of the thoughtful woman who, having little money to buy Christmas gifts for her young relatives, gave them an en- velope containing a "certificate" en- titling them to so many hours of kindly help in their homes. And the girls prized these gifts of service dearly. **DR. WALTER C. ALVAREZ**

tion mechanism.' Jack was not only dissatis- fied with his marriage; he was dissatisfied with his life.

"It was small wonder that Paula found him gloomy and spiritless. Of course she was not guiltless in the matter. Paula, too, had been unfavorably affected by her early environ- ment. As a boy, Jack failed to identify satis- factorily with his father or with anybody who might be called an 'authority figure.' (His Army days were a torment to him.) As a girl, Paula felt no admiration for her querulous, complaining mother.

"She took her blustering, physically power- ful, highly masculine father for her model. To live up to what she imagined her father ex- pected of her, Paula learned to choke back her fears and to hide from the world any feel- ings that seemed weak. For his sake, she tried to excel in everything. So great was her scorn of her mother that she deliberately smothered the feminine, tender, yielding side of her nature.

"Paula had long supposed that she wanted a husband like her father. Yet when she and I discussed the man she jilted to marry Jack, she realized that particular man, an athlete a college football player, had been very much like her father. Paula had married Jack be- cause she loved and wanted to look after him. But then, mistrustful of her own femininity and accustomed to suppressing it, she had gone into active competition with him and thus had lowered his slender store of self-confidence and made him miserable. Few husbands are encouraged by being outdone by their wives.

"When Jack recognized that his loneliness was self-imposed and that Ida wasn't the answer to his personality problems, he broke their association. She offered no objections when he shifted to another neighborhood car pool. The two still speak when they meet at work, but Jack now speaks to other people too—and speaks first. After he understood how the touch-me-not attitude acquired in his childhood was damaging him years later, he forced himself to drop his reserve and chilly aloofness. By sheer practice and determina- tion he became more cordial and outgoing, less suspicious and sensitive. Nowadays, if it seems wise in the case of a business dispute, he explains and defends his position and thereby he has earned increased respect from his employers.

"Paula was very helpful to him in the change-over. In the first place, she stopped drawing invidious comparisons between him and her father. Her demands on a man of Jack's temperament were unrealistic and un- fair. She learned to accept him for what he was. When she acknowledged that Jack was high-strung, both of them profited in numer- ous small ways. On the movie question, for example, by imitating her father's practice of racing into the theater at the final minute, Paula had unnerved Jack and deprived herself of an escort. It wasn't difficult for her to col- lect her hat, purse and gloves ten minutes earlier and adapt to Jack's more leisurely pace. They then began to enjoy stepping out to- gether.

"With self-understanding Paula was able to change the whole pattern of her thinking, feeling and acting. In her girlhood she had felt abused and resentful at the necessity of tend- ing her baby brothers. This old, outworn re- sentment still clung on and colored her rela- tionship with her own daughters in their in- fancy. She stayed with a mediocre job rather than remain at home and look after babies. Another legacy from her childhood was her brisk, brusque approach to cooking, cleaning, homemaking. She was unwittingly teaching the twins to be contemptuous of feminine skills. Paula opened the kitchen to her young- sters. To her surprise she discovered that pre- paring a meal with an assisting cast of two twelve-year-old girls can be very rewarding She had curbed her real affection and with- held impulsive caresses from both Jack and her daughters lest she seem gushing and silly. By yielding to her true inner feelings as a woman, she found and gave joy. And she learned to be herself.

"In the midst of our consultations, Paula's father arrived in town for his annual visit to the family. The next day, in some excitement, Paula reported to me that when her father expressed admiration for his granddaughters' desks she told him that while doing the cabinetwork she had been mortally afraid she might lose a finger to the electric saw. Her father, not surprisingly, took this revelation in his stride. To Paula, however. her open con- fession of fear to the parent she adored and considered fearless had a very special signifi- cance. It was the first time in her life, she said to me, that she had ever felt mature and like an independent human being in her father's dominating company.

"To me there seemed to be more maturity in an announcement she made shortly after- ward. She decided to let her pilot's license lapse, abandon her expensive flying lessons and save her earnings toward the down pay- ment on a house. Paula still does part-time secretarial work. As yet she and Jack don't own a house, but their bank account is swell- ing and the purchase is in the cards.

"It would be pleasant to say that Jack's hy- pochondria has disappeared, but it wouldn't be a fact. He still has nervous headaches and stomach upsets but much less frequently. He keeps too busy to nurse a minor ailment over- long. Jack is flying again every Sunday the weather is good; his hours in the air cost nothing. He rejoined the Civil Air Patrol, a very active organization in the Los Angeles area, and he is now an officer. The promotion gave quite a boost to his self-esteem. He still manages the company baseball team. Paula's present schedule is designed to allow time for her and the twins to attend most of the games. These days he and his daughters, who do have need of a father, are closer.

"Paula and Jack no longer work at cross purposes but work together. By throwing off the habits of the past they learned to comple- ment ea h other and build a united family."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

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STUART

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Guacamole-and-red-caviar canapés and ripe olives stuffed with cheese: what could be a more appetizing prelude?



DI PIETRO

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

Delicious food that will adapt equally well to buffet or at-the-table service is often a good idea. Sometimes I've planned a dinner party for eight—all our dining table will hold—and learned at the last minute that someone had weekend guests I would like to include. With one of these versatile menus, it's a cinch to change my plans.

All right—here goes. The hors d'oeuvre will be guacamole-and-red-caviar canapés and stuffed ripe olives. The guacamole (mashed avocado) is highly seasoned with lemon juice and finely chopped onion to complement the caviar taste. These canapés are good and look pretty. You might want to remember them for a Christmas party because of the red and green colors. The pitted ripe olives are filled with a mixture of cream cheese and Roquefort.

For the main dish, fillets of sole epicure. The fillets are rolled around a stuffing of crumbs, bacon crumbles and chopped hard-cooked egg and fastened firmly with toothpicks. They are first browned on all sides in butter, then baked in a slow oven in a sauce of sour cream and green grapes. This is quite a dish, if you'll pardon my saying so. An added advantage, it's comparatively inexpensive. Peas and water chestnuts or button mushrooms will be the vegetable. They are cooked in chicken broth for added flavor. For a salad that will go well with the other dishes, we'll have greens combined with grated carrots and raw-cauliflower flowerets. Crisp raw cauliflower with its nutty flavor is wonderful in a salad. And I'll give a recipe for jar French dressing which has a stronger taste than true French dressing. It's right for this salad, I think. The windup of the main course will be toasted bread sticks rubbed with garlic and spread with butter. I don't mean Italian bread sticks—these are made from a loaf of unsliced white bread and are crisp on the outside and soft in the middle.

Now the dessert: butterscotch Bavarian, topped with coarsely chopped nuts. It has a real butterscotch flavor, which, in the department of sweets, is hard to beat. For this meal, I suggest

Here's a delicious dinner menu that can be adapted to all forms of service . . . a handy item for the files of any hostess!



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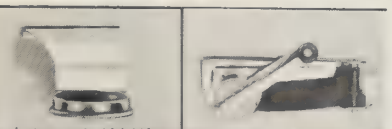


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serving the butterscotch Bavarian as a pudding, but it can be used in other ways which I'll discuss in the recipe.

These recipes will serve eight, but you can increase quantities if you want a larger party.

GUACAMOLE-AND-RED-CAVIAR CANAPÉS

Cut 2 ripe avocados in half: remove stones and scrape out fruit with a spoon. Be careful to get all the bright green fruit just inside the skin. At once add the juice of 1½ lemons—about 4 tablespoons—and mash with a wire potato masher. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and 3 dashes hot pepper sauce. If you have an electric blender, buzz the avocado in that until smooth. There's so little liquid involved that you'll have to stir a bit. If you don't have a blender, press the avocado through a fine sieve. Add a few drops of green vegetable coloring if you like. Chop a medium-sized onion *very* fine, add it to the avocado and taste for seasoning. Slice dark bread—Swedish rye, whole-wheat or pumpernickel—about ¼" thick and cut into rounds with a small cooky cutter. Spread rounds lightly with butter and heap with guacamole, covering entire surface. Put a dab of red caviar in the center. Don't make it too big a dab—red caviar is delicious, but a little goes a long way because it is so salty. The guacamole can be made several hours in advance. But *don't* spread the canapés more than an hour before serving.

STUFFED RIPE OLIVES

Cream together until completely blended 3 ounces cream cheese and 3 ounces Roquefort. This is enough to stuff 2 nine-ounce cans of pitted ripe olives. I use the point of a slender knife and my fingers to accomplish the stuffing. Put in a little cheese, press with fingers and repeat until hole is completely filled. You are apt to do a bit of smearing, so it's a good idea to wipe olives with a damp paper towel after they are filled. They look quite pretty and taste even better. Sometimes I put finely chopped nuts in the filling, but since we're having nuts with our dessert I've left them out.

FILLETS OF SOLE EPICURE

Real fillets of sole are hard to come by here, but fillets of flounder are fine and available practically everywhere. Get 3 pounds frozen or fresh. If frozen, let them thaw. Spread them out on a board. The fillets are a bit unpredictable as to size and thickness, but don't worry. If they are too thick, take off a slice. Sometimes you will find a few bones, and of course these should be cut out. The slabs of fish should be about 7" long and 4" wide. These measurements are approximate—they won't look exactly alike, but when finished they will be pretty uniform in size. Some will be whole and others will have to be pieced together with toothpicks. When fitting pieces together, let them overlap so that you can pin securely.

For this quantity make a stuffing of 12 tablespoons dried bread crumbs, ¾ pound bacon, fried, drained and broken into crumbles, 9 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 3 hard-cooked eggs, finely chopped, 3 raw eggs, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper and 1½ teaspoons monosodium glutamate. Mix thoroughly. Press about 3 tablespoons stuffing into a cylinder, place it near the end of a flounder fillet and roll. Pin with toothpicks, the old-fashioned kind, in as many places as needed. Don't spare the toothpicks—they come out later and we want the rolls to be neat.

All this can be done the day before. The afternoon of the party, dredge the rolls generously with flour and sauté on all sides in butter over low heat until lightly browned. Transfer rolls to a baking pan or casserole large enough so that they need not be stacked.

Put 1½ pounds green grapes in the skillet. Seedless grapes are fine, but if you can't get them remove seeds from the larger variety. Let grapes sizzle in the skillet 1 minute and add 1½ cups commercial sour cream. Turn heat off and season with salt and pepper and 1 teaspoon paprika. If you like the taste of Madeira, you can add ¼ cup to the sauce. Spoon sauce into casserole or pan with rolled fillets and bake, uncovered, in a slow—300° F.—oven until hot—35 to 45 minutes. The sauce should not boil or it will curdle. Remove toothpicks and serve fillets in casserole or transfer to a platter and garnish with lemon, parsley and red grapes.

PEAS AND WATER CHESTNUTS OR BUTTON MUSHROOMS

Thaw 2 packages frozen peas and slice thinly about 15 water chestnuts and add to peas. If water chestnuts are not available, substitute 2 four-ounce cans button mushrooms, drained. Heat 1 can chicken broth to boiling point, add peas and chestnuts or mushrooms and cook, uncovered, until peas are done. Add 2 tablespoons butter, salt to taste and serve.

CAULIFLOWER-AND-CARROT SALAD

The day before, wash salad greens. Cut 1 small head of cauliflower into tiny flowerets, cover with water and store in refrigerator. Peel 8 carrots, cover with water and store in refrigerator. The next day, drain carrots and grate them, shred greens coarsely and drain and dry cauliflower. Mix all ingredients together in a salad bowl. This can be done fairly early in the day if the salad bowl is kept in refrigerator. Before serving, toss with jar French dressing.

JAR FRENCH DRESSING

Into a jar put 1 cup olive or salad oil, ¼ cup wine vinegar, ¼ cup catchup, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon garlic powder and 1 clove garlic cut in half. Shake well and put in refrigerator. This can be done several days in advance. It improves with standing. Before mixing the salad, remove garlic clove. If you like to have this dressing on hand, you can make a triple batch, but remove the hunks of garlic after three days.

GARLIC BREAD STICKS

Get a loaf of unsliced white bread, remove crusts and cut into slices 1" thick. Cut each slice into 3 sticks. Toast on all four sides and rub with cloves of garlic. The rough surface of the toast acts as a grater and you'll use quite a bit of garlic—but is it good! Spread with butter on all sides, put on a baking sheet and cover with wax paper so they won't dry. Before serving, remove paper and put the bread sticks into oven with the fish until hot.

BUTTERSCOTCH BAVARIAN

Put 1¾ well-packed cups light brown sugar and ¾ stick butter in a heavy saucepan and cook over low heat. Stir constantly, preferably with a flat-ended spoon, scraping bottom and turning mixture over. When butter has melted, turn heat up just a little, but watch carefully. It should not darken or it will have a burned taste and that's the end. This phase of the cooking takes about 8 minutes. Soak 2 envelopes and 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin in ½ cup milk 5 minutes. In a separate pan heat, but do not boil, 3½ cups whole milk, add gelatin mixture and stir occasionally until gelatin is dissolved. Add milk to butterscotch and stir and heat until sugar is completely melted. Cool until it begins to thicken and beat with rotary beater until fluffy—about 5 minutes. At the last you can fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, but this isn't necessary. The cream makes a smoother mixture, but it does add calories and the butterscotch Bavarian is very good without it. Transfer at once to bowl in which it will be served, or fill individual dessert dishes. To serve, sprinkle with plenty of coarsely chopped walnuts. You can serve this dessert as I have suggested or you can use it as a filling for a pie shell, for tartlets or between layers of cake. If so, be sure to pour into shells or spread on cake before it sets.

Service. With help so difficult to find, we're having to become more and more inventive about graceful ways of doing without it, and we're succeeding. I think the biggest help to the solo hostess is to have all the food set out on a buffet. From there on, the pattern can vary, whether you're seating people at the dining table, at small tables, or using trays. Everyone can serve his own plate, or you and your husband or a friend can do the serving. Of course there's the matter of keeping hot food hot, which is so important, but the market is loaded with gadgets for this purpose, from expensive to quite inexpensive. For instance, with this meal an electrically heated tray or large candle warmer for the fish platter and a chafing dish for the peas would solve the problem.

And, if it appeals to you, don't forget the idea of serving the dessert in the living room. I have one friend who always does this. We leave the dining room, she wheels in a cart with dessert and dessert plates and it's as smooth as molasses. Anyhow, whatever your plan, work it out carefully and let your guests know what's expected of them. They'll be eager to co-operate, and if a delicious meal is the reward you'll get no complaints, no matter how much self-service is involved. END



"Of course I'm too old for your daughter. I'm calling on your wife!"

A Flavor Feast...ready in minutes!



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The secret savory sauce is cooked in . . . so heat, eat and enjoy!

A WORLD FOR MY SON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

hands and arms. We had been told to continue the underwater massage, to turn Ben on his stomach and rub his arms, back and leg muscles with olive oil, to give him as nearly as possible the positions, the actions which a child of his age would use. Ben liked the exercises and co-operated as best he could.

Shortly after his third birthday in Fabens Mrs. Jim Surratt brought over a walker. "My little girl has outgrown this," she said, "and my husband thought that if you cushioned it Ben might be able to use it."

We stuffed pillows in front, pillows behind, and placed Ben in it. The walker swerved backward, forward, angrily to the sides.

Mother spoke quietly: "Come on, Paul. Let's roll Ben into the sunshine."

This day marked a new beginning for us all. This was Ben's introduction to the everyday outside world. The people who passed along the street were Mexican, Indian, Austrian, American, all yelling "Hi" to the small boy, stuffed to his nose in pillows.

Now there were trips every week down the valley to the Japanese Gardens, where we had fun with pink-nosed rabbits, quacking ducks, and bought our weekly supply of vegetables and flowers. Miss Stoddard, the history teacher, packed Ben on a pillow, placed pillow and Paul on the seat ledge of her coupé. Nonie and I sat in the seat with her.

Cottonwood trees met above the highway. Ben would watch the roof trees and cry. Wind seemed to affect him strangely. Paul, now going on five, would pat him and hold his hand.

Carrying Ben and leading Paul, we visited the Ysleta Mission. Faded brown grass clumped the entrance. But the images inside had stayed serene for hundreds of years.

Gradually Ben's sense of direction improved. But we saw the pillows slip and his head hit the front piece of the walker over and over again.

"He'll just have to learn," Nonie said, "to hold his head up."

"We'll have tea parties in our yard, Paul. You can fix them. Then Ben can share your playmates too."

As Paul's playmates always saw Ben as one of them, he was accepted normally and naturally.

"Can't he sit up?" A four-year-old pointed to Ben's head.

"No," I answered. "But he likes to have you come."

Happily Ben watched the antics of the three- and four-year-olds with their toys—the wagons that tinkled, the motorcycle cop who tripped himself, cars, trains, and all manner of animated cats, dogs and horses that he could see, hear, touch, but not hold.

But he did not improve, and there was no sign of speech.

It was a Sunday morning when Ben was almost four. Golden-flecked light steeped the West Texas adobe and I was setting the table for lunch. Nonie and Paul were at church.

Ben, in his walker, was still stuffed to his nose in pillows. His little head bobbed back and forth while his shuffling feet sought no direction. I was thinking, *I must hurry, hurry. Lunch won't be ready.*

Slowly Ben shuffled toward the third drawer down left. The impounded muscles seemed to give a little as his hands reached inside. Torn with an overflow of movement, he found the cloth we used for the Sabbath, pulled and, with a spilling motion, dropped it on the floor.

My voice leaped upon him. "Ben, Ben darling, you knew which cloth we use for Sunday. Oh, Ben, I'm so happy! You knew!"

Now it was Christmas of the same year. Aunt Kate had sent Ben a drum—red and silver and stanch to his touch. The drum was big enough to balance on the front pillow of the walker, and if Ben tried slowly, wristed the sticks carefully, he could make a sound! Paul would turn and look at him. Joy, unspeakable joy, shone in Ben's face.

Nonie and I held his hands tight. *You are my lucky star.* We beat the drum. "Beat it with me, dear"; over and over, day after day, we held the sticks in his hand.

If only words would come to give him water when he was thirsty, food when he was hungry, or his ball. Because of Ben's lack of words, Nonie, Paul, our friends and I gave Ben all gifts at our command. Weekly jaunts in the walker to the post office and grocery store with Nonie while I babbled on, "Look, Paul and Ben, that tall man is a Texas Ranger. See, Ben, a real cowboy—the best cowboy in El Paso County, but also a first-class deacon in the Baptist church.

"Now let's watch the Agriculture boys brand calves—and Coy Cox incubate white leghorns. Coy will be over after supper, Ben, to sing cowboy songs to you and Paul."

If I had a program—if anyone had a program—at school, Ben was always there, propped in his pillows. He was present for the special school assemblies following the steps of the Indian, glimpsing the true story of bare ground, bare houses and bare skies in the story of the pioneers. Most of my students still worshiped in a mission built in the sixteenth century.



Twenty-three-year-old businessman Ben photographed last summer in a romp with Brownie. Clients of his newspaper-clipping service, which he began and runs himself, include Russian delegates to the United Nations.

In time Ben outgrew the walker. The El Paso Surgical Supply Company sold mechanized adjustable chrome walkers, but they were for larger children. The firm, however, suggested the names of several cabinetmakers and mechanics who might be willing to undertake building a walker.

A mechanic in the twenty-fifth garage I visited promised to make a walker on the lines of the first one, but longer, wider, and with adjustable screws to raise the walker as Ben grew.

Now he could ambulate himself without the pillows. Mother and I hovered near, thinking one thought: *He'll never have to be left out now. He can follow Paul to the corner or across the street.*

Our reward was the rapturous look in Ben's eyes, saying so clearly, *I see and understand it all, but I cannot speak.*

No words came. And words became more meaningful, held more interest for us as we uttered them shyly, prayerfully, for this small boy Just a few at a time—just a few words spoken simply and clearly. Over and over.

Night after night passed, and Ben's only voice was a chortling sound that doused hopes rather than strengthened them. But his facial expressions of amusement, approval, disapproval were unmistakable.

Nonie and I were too anxious, too speech-conscious: "Say Ben, dear, Ben. Ben is your name."

Ben, his world falling apart, tried, but the ugly sound came spilling out in an unruly chant.

"Try again, dear ——"

Ben would try, but the world of words seemed to be beyond him.

One day in the spring of 1938 the superintendent called me to his office. "The Scottish Rite Hospital in Dallas will take Ben," he told me. "He's getting too large for you and your mother to handle. He will have to pass the physical examination, but it is just routine."

The Scottish Rite Hospital in Dallas? Would I be able to get a teaching position in Dallas? Did Mr. Lakey think that Ben could be in Dallas and mother and I here? We'd grown to love the range country and we would miss it.

"Thank you, Mr. Lakey," I said. *And good-by, Mr. Lakey, good-by.*

"There are no vacancies in the Dallas school system." The superintendent smiled. "If you had applied earlier—perhaps next year ——"

That evening at dinner in suburban Oak Cliff, my Cousin Sally suggested, "Why don't you try Highland Park?"

Highland Park. Thoughts of green-bordered Turtle Creek, the luxurious homes, the blossoming gardens of the rich bounced off my plate.

"Make an appointment at my beauty shop," Sally teased. "Take a trip to Neiman Marcus." She was seeing desert-colored me with hair sand-bitten from many dust storms. "It's worth trying," Sally insisted.

The Highland Park superintendent, Mr. Gable, was very pleasant. "What about the coyotes?" he asked, smiling, after I told him about my teaching in the range country.

"Plenty of coyotes," I said, but I didn't laugh. If only I could say the right words, smile the right smile. I was wearing the right kind of clothes. Every penny of last month's salary was applying for this job in a severely tailored navy-blue linen dress and a rose straw hat. Dollars tapped with my expensive heels and jangled on my wrists.

"What makes you think you would like to teach in Highland Park?" Mr. Gable asked.

Glancing out the window, I saw a campus with orderly shrubs and blossoming flower beds. A few blocks away were the libraries and shops of one of the nation's most prosperous industrial cities. I was talking to the superintendent of one of America's wealthiest school systems. *But I couldn't tell him the real reason why I wanted to teach here.*

I couldn't say, "My son has been accepted by Scottish Rite Hospital—I have to be where he is."

Instead I answered, "Who wouldn't want to teach here?"

"Well"—Mr. Gable eyed me quizzically—"we're quite old-fashioned here in Highland Park. The school board hires the teachers. I do give certain applicants the chance to see them. Here's a list of the members of the scho board. If you really want a place here, try see all these gentlemen today."

The seven on the list were men with address at Southern Methodist University or in dow town Dallas. I went to S.M.U. first and th downtown. All day I walked from one buil ing to another: Magnolia, Santa Fe, Gre Southern Life. Each man asked different que tions about my education, background ar experience. Not one asked if I had children. each office I reached the door to leave before astonished myself by turning and saying, have two small sons."

It was Friday night and we were finishin the black-eyed peas at the dinner table whe my brother called me to the telephone. "Tel gram." The operator spoke gaily. "It say 'Elected teacher of the high fifth grade, John Bradfield School, Highland Park West.'"

Opening day arrived for the Highland Par schools and the teaching staff assembled. Th supervisor in charge of teachers through th fifth grade arose to recount his impressions a summer spent inspecting the West Coa schools. "Some are frankly progressive. Othe are traditional." He paused. "On the whol practice seems to stay pretty close to our ide here of teaching the facts by pupil activit centered around the integrated unit."

My heart sank. Years of teaching ninth grade verbs and tenth-grade adjectives—to sa nothing of Shakespeare and Milton - t eleventh-graders—had failed to prepare me t handle an elementary integrated unit.

The supervisor went on. "Before Monday (this was Thursday) I would like to see th plan of your units in science and socia studies. As you know, we are partial to fou core areas."

Core areas—what on earth? My hands wen cold. *But you'll have to do it. Think of Ben.*

Our home world at 3205 McFarlin, Univer sity Park, seemed big outside and small inside Paul, not yet old enough under Texas law t enter school, had met a little boy neighbo named Richard. None of us knew his las name. But when Richard and his mothe knocked on our door on Halloween and in vited Paul to go for "trick or treat," we hac found our first neighborhood friend.

"Tell everyone we have treats here too," told Paul.

Nonie and I rushed to the kitchen to se what we could find in the way of crackers, cake or candy. I made lemonade; and in a jiffy we'd lit a sober candle to witch our windows. An suddenly Paul, Nonie, Ben and I had friend wearing sheets and riding broomsticks.

Nonie and I realized that Paul and Ben's universe lay within the range of daily contacts We felt this keenly, for any day now the hos pital might call. We wanted these last days be fore Ben went to the hospital to be especially pleasant and happy.

The hospital called at the end of three months. As it was a school day, a cousin went with Nonie and Ben to the hospital.

All that day long I talked about a social-studies project on the Pan-American confer ence then in session. My voice went on, but my tongue was heavy. *Ben will be gone when I reach home. Ben will be gone.*

But Ben was waiting for me at the door. I grabbed him. "Oh, Ben!"

Nonie spoke quietly. "They want you to bring Ben and leave him in the hospital for a few days. They want to make him a head brace."

Then she repeated what the doctor had told her: "You see, this is primarily an orthopedic hospital. We have to make room for positive cases, cases we can help and send on their way!"

I burst out, "Where should children like Ben go, then? How can they be treated?"

Several days later when I saw Doctor Carrell, the senior doctor at the hospital, he told me, "It would take years of effort to try to do

CONTINUED ON PAGE 211

The Picture of Health for May



by MAXINE DAVIS

May! Garden-time for Mom! Peonies are in bud, Iris fanning tall. I've seeds to plant, phlox to divide, weeds to pull.

The very soil smells deliciously of Spring. I dig too long too hard for my winter-bound muscles and rheumatic joints. But I don't fret. 've learned to apply warm moist towels when work's ver and then massage in SURIN. I know it gives mazing relief for the pains of arthritis and rheumaism—unique because it reaches to the point of pain.

SURIN also helps those early-season gardening aches o well that I can hurry out with trowel and spade the ext morning—and start getting some new ones!

My husband too loves these sweet May days and kes to leave home soon enough for a pleasant walk o his office.

So, before I even put the coffee on I always check to ee that he has a pair of clean socks and that the ottle of OCTOFEN LIQUID is close by. The reason:—

His feet perspire and the fungi that cause athlete's ot seem to flourish on them. He's had several acute ttacks. OCTOFEN LIQUID stopped them but we've arned that it also prevents them. He keeps OCTOFEN OWDER at the club too—after exercise he washes and ries his feet thoroughly, between each toe, and dusts CTOFEN POWDER on them and into his fresh socks. hat's a little trouble, but it's well worth it!

"I was as lively as a colt" said Grandfather. "Now y trouble has made an old old fellow of me." He as in the dumps.

His "trouble," I learned, was all in his mouth. His ew dentures wouldn't stay in place. As usual, I went o our druggist—and brought home ORA-FIX, an adesive that affixes them so firmly from morning till edtime that he forgets his teeth are new. Now he alks naturally, eats literally anything, and once more eels young as the Springtime.

He also uses its companion, ORA—½ teaspoon in a lass of water—to keep them and his breath clean nd fresh.

Before I get back into my gardening apron, I find oung Janie home from high school, flung across her ed, weeping.

A quarrel with her date? No. Then I see—pimples ll over her forehead and her cheeks ominously plotched. I've coped with this before, with her older ister, and go out for a tube of UTOL.

"Here darling" I tell her. "Smooth this on as you o foundation cream and put your makeup over it. hat will hide those spots, even in bright sunlight."

UTOL, I know from experience, has more than one irtue. An antiseptic antibiotic ointment, it kills erms, and helps prevent new infection, and relieves he minor irritation and itching of acne as well. This nakes her forget the condition. Altogether UTOL proides help for this trial and a great lift for morale—oth very important factors in treating either mild r severe cases. Now Janie looks—and feels—better!

Ben's handicap must not over-
ily.

Dexter had spoken to me
just doesn't eat enough.
n desserts, mashed
o chew."
after-school
ly proved
ites of
c-

Now from the laboratories of McKesson co...

first antibiotic deodora...

...used over 2 years by thousands of women to give longer, safer protection!



Fluffy, white Yodora won't irritate delicate skin. So mild, so gentle you could actually use it for underarm shaving.

AMONG the great medical discoveries in recent years is the use of antibiotics to wipe out bacteria.

Now, for the first time, an antibiotic is used to end perspiration odor. For what causes odor in perspiration, is the bacteria that breed there—and remain in your clothes, to make them objectionable too.

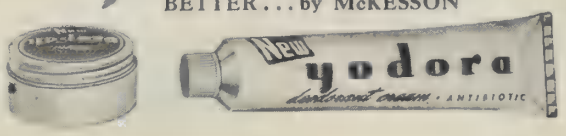
McKesson scientific research now ends this old problem with New antibiotic Yodora. New Yodora stops perspiration bacteria up to 48 hours. And gives this lasting protection without harsh chemicals so it does not injure clothing or irritate your skin. In fact, it is so mild and gentle that you could actually use this fluffy, white cream for underarm shaving.

It is only natural that McKesson laboratories, after years of dedicated research, should pioneer this amazing new principle to take care of unwelcome perspiration odor.

Ask your druggist, whose professional training you can trust, about New antibiotic Yodora. He can tell you why New Yodora is years ahead . . . why it does a better job, naturally, to keep you and your clothes fresh and odor-free. New antibiotic Yodora, in jars or tubes, is economically priced. It is just another example of McKesson's great conscience for perfection, which always strives to "make it better—better for you." © 1957, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N. Y.

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hands and arms. We
the underwater
stomach and
cles with
possi
ch

nes the

209



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Our cap's off to this "By-You" shrimp sauce!

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Whisk off that Alcoa® HyTop cap—and suddenly, all over the house, appetites appear! It happens because Alcoa HyTop caps lock in saucy flavors, keep them fresh for inspirations like tangy Bayou Shrimp sauce. (Delicious details at right).

No other catsup or ketchup cap is made from pure non-rusting aluminum. No other ketchup or catsup cap has snug-fitting threads that seal in flavor at top *and* sides. That's why 9 out of every 10 people who tilt ketchup or catsup into *anything* are, at that same tempting moment, holding an Alcoa HyTop cap in their spare hand!

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Tangy Bayou Shrimp Sauce

1 cup ketchup or catsup	1/2 tsp dry mustard
2 tablespoons horseradish	1/2 tsp salt
Juice 1/2 lemon	1/4 tsp freshly ground pepper
2 tsp Worcestershire sauce	4 dashes Tabasco

Dissolve mustard and salt in lemon juice. Add to other ingredients in mixing bowl. Stir thoroughly.

THE ALCOA HOUR Television's Finest Live Drama Alternate Sunday Evenings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 208

ing for your son, a spastic with athetoid
ments, and even then we might not be
o help."

when Ben was five years and one month
heard the word "spastic" for the first

e head brace which was made for Ben
down the sides and held his head steady
. Doctor Carrell had also told me,
g your son to the Scottish Rite for out-
nt treatment every Thursday."

these treatments the neurologist, stress-
elf-activity, made Ben push a baby car-
though his pushing position was a
ling mass. He could not stand alone, but
fused to help him when he fell.

suggested ball throwing, ball squeezing,
s, large and small, no matter how un-
ssful the attempt on his part. She said,
us squarely, unsympathetically, "You all
help. You must be his bulwark—his
base in the conquest of his world. *But
ust teach him to be independent.*"

e neurologist recommended two hours
half of rest each day, and said that Ben
d be allowed no toys at this time. "These
en are different from other children,"
ent on. "They will seem to improve when
is no improvement. One day you will
they are capable of anything; the next
here is a slump."

ring the Thanksgiving holidays shortly
that Paul came running to me. "Mamma,
na, Ben said ball!"

rn with amazement, I listened and I
it. The word came again.

all!"

ddenly I was swept with the thought of
s that had never been spoken, words I
aited for Ben to speak. I pounced, prod-
nd prompting, when I should have been
His beautiful eyes ignored me. His eyes
fixed on the red-white-and-blue-striped
"Ball," he repeated.

knew he would talk," Nonie spoke
ely.

rtly after the beginning of my second
n the Highland Park school, one of my
s came shyly to my desk. "Are you Miss
rs.?" he asked.

hy, Joe, you called me 'Mrs.' all last
You know I'm 'Mrs.' Why?"

ell"—he grinned—"my mother's having
y for the class; and if you're not married,
going to invite a gentleman for you."

hoops and hollers awaited me in front of
palatial home. And there was everything
e party that could be expected except a
for me. I don't know yet whether Joe's
er or Joe made up my gentleman.

most as if in recompense, one of the par-
came to me at P.T.A. the next Tuesday.
at's wrong with George's spelling?"
ge's mother asked.

ot anything, really," he explained.
rge is new here. He'll be all right in a few

ell, the Highland Park schools aren't like
cala, Florida, schools."

ala. In a moment the room of beautifully
ned women had vanished and I was back
llulah Falls, Georgia, at the age of thir-

y very first love came from Ocala," I
"Dexter Phillips. Do you know him?"

ertainly," George's mother, who still
d to talk about spelling, answered. "His
lied several years ago. Dexter has a small
who lives with his mother in Ocala."

e prints-and-pottery exhibit, the lace
cloth, the tea service, the exploring of
parents were forgotten. I was back again
e Maplewood Inn in Tallulah Falls in
1919, piling my hair high upon my head
lipping back down to the lounge after my
was asleep for one more look at my
—who was himself in love with a sun-
d beauty named Inez.

e're going back to Ocala this spring,"
ge's mother said and closed the subject.

here's a letter for you on the table,"
e greeted me.

e postmark froze my fingers. My hands
n to tremble, for the writing was Dexter's,
he postmark, Tallulah Falls, Georgia.

Opening the letter, I found a line to vouch for fairy stories: "I wanted to wait until I could mail this to you from Tallulah Falls."

A reserve officer, Dexter had been on active duty with the Army since 1934. Might he fly to Texas to see me? *Might he?*

A report from Doctor Carrell, written on June 30, 1939, said: "*We tried keeping patients of Ben's type in the institution, but found that hospitalization was so little better than home care that we came to the decision that we could not in justice to other children who need treatment accept them for long periods.*

"*Personally I would like to see an institution of this kind in Texas and several times have suggested that this state should have a place for training these children.*"

Ben sat alone without falling for the first time at the age of five in the summer of 1939. He had been building a block house. We removed the pillows from around him, and he kept on building the block house. We stood waiting for him to fall as he had so many times before. *But he did not fall.*

"All that I can ever do for Ben, we will do." I recognized in Dexter's words the promise, the integrity that had kept a memory long and fair.

"There are other things you should know," I said, laughing, seeking to lighten the moment. "I can't sew a stitch or cook a biscuit. And I have to have flowers in the house."

"You can grow the flowers."

"Can I?"

"You shall have flowers."

Dexter and I were married January 27, 1940, in Dallas' Highland Park Presbyterian Church. And on the honeymoon Dexter reassured me, "You really won't need to sew for our ready-made family. Just so, and I quote—'Just so your heart doesn't grow dusty on my sleeve.'"

Nice words, I thought, for an electrical engineer.

If Ben were writing this he would say, "Tear up all the first part, mother. My life really began that morning in Dallas when daddy ——"

When Dexter bought the high chair, sawed off the legs, fastened it with belts and straps to the back seat of the car and said, "This is a honeymoon, Ben, and you're going on it!"

The map of that trip to Atlanta, penciled in time, is a succession of snow-etched roads in Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, with Paul and Ben grinning at every river, every gasoline pump, every subdued city. Ben, at last, was really going somewhere.

Dexter and I were old friends, new lovers, and frightened. *Please make it right*, our eyes said as we looked down the road and prattled gaily about white houses, public parks and low farmhouses in cream-brown silhouettes all through the gulf route south.

"We'll get Bill next week." Bill was Dexter's nine-year-old who had lived with Dexter's mother in Ocala since Bill's mother's death in 1936. "The sooner we get our family together, the better."

The better. Ben bounced and sprawled in his cut-down high chair, making big words we could not understand. Paul kept up the endless chatter of the seven-year-old.

Bill. What would Bill think of his new brothers? What would he think of me?

We came to a tourist court outside Birmingham. Together Dexter and I undressed Ben, heard Paul's prayers, and faced our own low, white-washed walls. The temperature outside the court stood at seventeen above. A mass of piny woods seemed lost beyond the window, and our words were suddenly careful in a maze of planning this and that we'd do for our sons.

"There's a drive-in movie in Atlanta." Dexter's voice was measuring our life ahead. "Ben will like that. You know there isn't a thing that we want from Ben that we don't want from the other boys. And there isn't a thing that we want from the other boys that we don't want from Ben."

We looked at each other, asking in one solemn glance, "Could we do it? Could we prove to my doubting brother and Dexter's questioning mother that a new family, one with a cruelly handicapped child, could live a normal life? Could be happy?"

Perhaps the unity which our family seemed to achieve in so short a time was due in part to the strangeness, the general "glad to know you" attitude which we all seemed to adopt. Events which might have been ordinary in other households were festive occasions in ours.

"Mamma," Paul would yell, "Bill has boots. I don't have any boots."

"You aren't as old as Bill either."

"Look at the games, daddy, that Paul and Ben brought with them."

Daddy would look and exclaim. He'd see war games, junior chemical sets, quiz games, large tumbling balloons, tool chests. To Bill these weren't just games; they were Paul's and Ben's games and, beginning at the moment, Bill's, just as his were theirs.

There were many opportunities in our daily life to promote self-esteem in our sons. Who could teach Ben to play this game first? Who could help him to find what's new in the tangled back yard and the neighborhood? Could anybody gather enough of those wild strawberries in that vacant lot for a pie?

Ben, with a father and a new brother, must not be overwhelmed by his handicap. Now, more than ever, he must have his turn at the game, the ball or the strawberry—his share of listening to good man talk. And, in this helping period, Ben's handicap must not overwhelm the family.

Before Bill came Dexter had spoken to me of one problem. "He just doesn't eat enough. Likes hamburgers, gelatin desserts, mashed potatoes—just doesn't want to chew."

We bought beef bouillon for after-school four-o'clocks. Here again our family proved the answer. Watching the healthy appetites of Paul and Ben, Bill was soon asking for a second helping too.

The very roof of the house seemed tender and precious as Dexter and I sought to ferret out the essentials and nonessentials for three small boys aged six, seven and nine. We worked at uniting our family the way other families work at arriving in a community.

In our house, we realized, there would have to be time—plenty of time—for choices, many choices, so that each of the boys could find out what he liked most to do. Right now, besides school, we could begin to give them games, books, music, picnics, picture shows, rides, friends, neighbors, Sunday school on Sunday, and small introductions to community life. For us, more than for the more average family, our children must have a chance to help plan all family projects.

My life that spring was a succession of more cookies for all, pick up this toy, turn that radio down, Ben; and just one more hour, Ben, and your brothers will be home from school!

"Yes, Bill, you may study in the living room, if you can stand the noise. The living room's the common room for all. It's really better to go where it's quiet."

After school was outside-play time while Ben held on as best he could, mostly in watching his new brother's preoccupation with football, basketball or baseball.

He was taught by us and his squealing brothers that he must take his part in the family routine—on time for meals, naps, teeth, bath—and that he must take his turn at selecting the game we would play.

As Ben had to be fed, it would have been easier to give him his meals first; but our family conservation, we were learning, began here and now—in the way daddy waited to eat his dessert with mother, and that Ben, with assistance, should hunt hearts on Valentine Day and select his new Easter clothes just as Paul and Bill did.

For though Paul had always accepted his handicapped brother, it was our job to teach Bill by example the understanding that comes from the effort to accept those who are in some way different from ourselves.

It must have been hard for Bill, though he never said so—has never said so to this day.

Paul saw the black box coming up the sidewalk first. "Oh, mother, hurry quick. A man's bringing in a coffin!"

I hurried to look. True, four men were bringing up our sidewalk a huge flat object that looked like a coffin. "Which way, madam?" one of them asked.

"Which way with what?"

"Captain Phillips' radio transmitter."

"Is he moving Fort McPherson in here?"

"No, ma'am. Hasn't he told you about his ham station?"

"Oh, yes, but I didn't know ——"

I didn't know anything; I was to learn. Our house suddenly buzzed with such words as *oscillator, XYL, logbook, handle, 80 meter—10 meter—20 meter.* How many times I've bitten my lip, pouted, resented the hours my husband spends at amateur radio. But Ben was completely fascinated; and from that day another new world opened for him.

There were small weekly allowances for all three boys, shows on Saturday for Paul and Bill and a gift of like monetary value for Ben, selected by Paul and Bill.

And what wonderful selections. We met cars, trucks, blocks, trains, paste-in books, color cube designs, paints, funny faces, toy carpentry and garden tools, puzzles, monkeys climbing and not climbing strings.

There were rides on Sunday afternoons with the decisions where to go made by the boys, with Dexter and me also taking our turns. We chased kites in Piedmont or glimpsed bears in Grant. Tiring of kites and bears, we squabbled



"I only asked if you are married!"

over popcorn at the Atlanta airport while the boys saw gliding in the makers of the noises which kept us awake at night.

"Mother," I would hear a boyish voice exclaim at the end of each Sunday ride, "I want six jellies!" We had a family agreement that the boys could make their own choice and have as many sandwiches as they wanted for Sunday-night supper.

"Give them all they can eat!" Dexter admonished. "Most parents just don't know how hungry a boy can get. I remember!"

And Dexter, realizing that we were Ben's life line for the rest of the world, insisted that work, however monotonous, must also be respected. The boys were expected to hang up their belongings, pick up toys, and keep their room in order on Susie Q's day off (Susie Q being Dexter's name for every full- or part-time maid we've ever had). The boys were to set and clear the table and wash the dishes. If they were late for breakfast, they were to cook their own breakfast. They were to polish their shoes for school and Sunday, straighten their own room and do any errands mother and daddy asked.

Ben's handicap did not allow him to follow through with this program. But he learned by observations and was never to need prompting in later years for orderliness or neatness.

Suddenly it was summer and school was over. The boys were at home and there were twenty-four hours in a day, with three months of days stretching ahead.

I knew well enough what the boys needed—interesting experiences, not just on Sunday afternoons but every day of the week, a schedule, camp! But Bill was the only one old enough to go to camp and he simply couldn't leave us our first summer together. Camp—with hours for work, hours for rest, hours for play. My mind began to mark a board with quiet chalk. We had a huge basement. Our boys needed to know more of the neighborhood boys. Why not?

I rushed to the telephone and dialed McPherson. When Dexter answered, I ye "Honey, hurry home after work. I've a derful idea! We can fix up the basen You'll have to paint the chairs, the floor the table—there's already a badmintor down there. We're going to have can home. Right here in our house. Then can have it too."

"Will we have to feed the other boys?"

"Oh, no, they'll all go home at noon."

We had camp.

Our schedule was written down in black white, and carried out to the letter:

9–10 A.M. Outdoors. Leaf, flower, rock, or gardening project—may plan individu or in groups. Plan must be approved.

10–11 A.M. Basement. Indoor games; personal project—may be a scrapbook, o activity in music, arts or crafts. (The c boys went home at 11.)

11–12 A.M. Bath and free play in- or ou doors.

12–1 P.M. Lunch.

1–1:30 P.M. Free.

1:30–3 P.M. Rest. May work individu if quiet.

3–Bedtime. Free.

Special days were celebrated and each was given the opportunity to learn to give take orders by directing camp. All the helped Ben. Ben in turn helped all of the the love and interest that overflowed his and speech.

Dexter and I agreed upon one rule of cipline. If disagreements arose, we settle arguments, took no sides. Inflexibly we "You boys go home and our boys must into the house and be quiet. Later, perl

Next to God, we are indebted to women, first for life itself, and then for making it worth living. BOVEE

you'll adjust your own problems and war play and work together again."

It was our privilege to hear many ti "Sh-h—don't fuss. Don't you know, if do, she'll make us go home!"

One night at dinner Dexter asked, "V don't we send your mother a ticket to c visit us?"

"Oh, honey," I squealed. "Could we?"

We did and Nonie arrived for a two we visit. And has stayed for sixteen years to us the understanding and faith that she garnered from eighty years' experiences. boys adored and adore their Nonie! She k so much more and had known so much lo than mamma and daddy. And was so n calmer about it!

Suddenly our house was full of new st and new games from an older era. Ben, and Bill learned to play dominoes, fl and forty-two. Ben's cards had to be held, he could flip over his domino on the tabl the right time.

And suddenly, with Nonie there, I had n leisure to meet and know my six-month band who said quite simply:

"Let's go on a new honeymoon—to lulah Falls!"

Our lunch was packed, there was gas in car and suitcases were in process of b loaded for a trip to Texas when the teleph rang.

It was the grapevine, a true grapevine the form of a radio operator at Fort McP son telling my husband, "Orders have c through for you to report to MacDill F in Tampa, September eight, as base si officer."

The house at 3205 Santiago in Palma C Tampa, had a jacaranda tree in the f yard and a tulip or mountain-ebony tree at back.

We had three new additions to our fam a white cat, Pzozia; a white canary, Tw and Bosco, a white Spitz. They were all coming gifts from Florida relatives friends.



NOW-French Dressing that starts with Real Mayonnaise! *Delicious on Tossed Salads*

At last—an ideal French dressing made with creamy, smooth Best Foods Mayonnaise—perfect as is, yet so easily varied. Simply mix ½ cup Real Mayonnaise, 1 tbsp. vinegar, 2 tbsp. milk or water, ¼ tsp. sugar, salt and pepper. To vary this basic dressing for any tossed salad, follow suggestions under the picture. Idea: make all 4 variations now. They keep beautifully . . . and m-m-m, what they'll do for your salads!



TRY THESE 4 EASY VARIATIONS, TOO

A For a zesty **Star-Kist Tuna Salad** dressing, add 3 tbsp. chili sauce and 2 drops Tabasco.

B Serving **Vegetable Salad?** Add 2 tbsp. crumbled Roquefort or bleu cheese to the basic dressing.

C To make the dressing sweet and tart for **Fruit Salads** . . . add 2 tbsp. heavy cream and 1 tbsp. grated orange rind.

D For an extra-special **Cole Slaw** . . . add 1 tbsp. mustard with horseradish to basic recipe.

You bring out food's *whole flavor* when you use Best Foods Mayonnaise. For a "golden touch" with dressings, sauces, sandwiches, with so many good foods . . . use the mayonnaise that's made creamy smooth with whole eggs—whites, yolks, even extra yolks.



Best Foods® REAL MAYONNAISE

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

hree pets in a row became our boys' per-
al projects, and eased their beginnings in
ool, church and community.
en was seven now and I allocated two
rs a day regularly for lessons. He learned
to use a color book, copying as best he
ld an already colored picture. He learned
ecognize his letters, figures and simple
ental words. He did not learn to read,
writing was impossible.

Operated jointly by the American Legion and the Hillsborough County school board, Ben's first school was one room for cerebrally palsied and orthopedically handicapped children in a basement of the W. B. Henderson School in Tampa the fall of 1941.

Transportation was not provided. Since Dexter needed the car to drive to MacDill in the beginning, we depended upon taxi drivers. Later, we ran an advertisement and hired a driver for $5 a week. At school Ben sat in the honeymoon high chair, now equipped with a bib of plywood, and rollers on the legs. He still could not sit straight in a chair.

There was no special equipment, no therapy. Nevertheless, it was a real school and Ben was with other boys and girls. He left in the morning, returned in the afternoon and began to make friends, special friends of his own outside the home.

The WPA matron brought meals from the school cafeteria and fed the children who could not feed themselves.

Ben's school gave him stature with his brothers. Paul was in the third grade now, scuttling under footballs, always bringing home stray cats.

Bill, in the fifth grade, was building a castle with drawbridge and moat; he was practicing tunes on a toy flute, a miniature xylophone, any metal or instrument that was sweet in its sound. He was also studying geography, fractions, and making friends with boy neighbors.

"Come to our house to play!" seemed natural enough, since our house afforded the largest corner lot. The boys brought their own baseballs, bats and mitts—we furnished the noninterference, the games and the ice water.

THER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 86 AND 87

Vogue Design No. 8908. Shirt and slacks; 12 to 20 (30 to 38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 8971. Blouse; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). 50c.
Vogue Design No. 9089. "Easy to Make" cape; small (31 to 32), medium (34 to 36), large (38 to 40). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9139. Shirt, slacks, and apron; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9143. One-piece dress; 10 to 16 (31 to 36). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9165. "Easy to Make" shorts. 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.
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Vogue Design No. 9180. One-piece dress; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 75c.
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"You may always invite a friend to dinner," we told the boys. "But let us know in time to get his name in the pot."

Later, to encourage play with Ben, we bought a toy telephone extension set with yards of wire that reached all over the lot. Ben, stationed in his walker at one corner, could yell signals and actively participate in three-, four-, five- or six-corner conversations.

While we struggled with housework, new friends for ourselves and the boys and the ever-present problems of speech and physical therapy, Dexter, now a major, had less family time as he struggled with the signal problems of a brand-new, sprawling air base.

At two o'clock in the morning he'd whisper, "Have to go to MacDill, honey—have to decode a message."

"I'll go too."

"Oh, no ——"

But I would and did every single time. I'd sit in the car outside the signal office, watching bows and arrows of stars flitting across the close Florida sky. Fog would drift—pausing, eluding—while I waited.

In thirty or forty minutes Dexter would join me and we'd drive back home.

While Nonie boy-sat, we called on the general, and the lieutenants and captains called on us. Our sons helped plant the shrubs around the signal office, met the PX and the commissary, and watched big silver boats float in and off the line.

Then it was a quiet Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941. Pleasant boy sounds called upon our ears. The talk was of the drive to the lakes coming up, the sandwiches for supper and tomorrow's school.

The news from Pearl Harbor melted the air in our bedroom. Dexter rushed to the base, the boys huddled near making breathless sounds, not completely uncomprehending.

Then everybody was at war, or going to war. Friends we'd loved were transferred here and there. But at our house there was a momentous, nonwarlike event. Slowly, painfully, Ben was beginning to learn to read.

Our thoughts and words were prideful but not so satisfying as the holy light in Ben's eyes as he accomplished a little more day after day.

Yes, Ben is sitting alone now, for longer and longer periods, and is really learning to read, we would write the West Texas neighbors. If only he could write—but there seemed to be no way to teach him to hold a pencil.

Eight to eleven is the age for much physical exertion. Ben was given the same opportunities as Paul and Bill in turns with an archery set (daddy helping Ben), a joint rock collection and three small cameras.

Dexter, something of an amateur photographer, guided the boys in a few principles of making good pictures: simple subject matter, location, right camera distance and elevation. Paul and Bill made their own pictures. Dexter, Paul or Bill made Ben's for him and helped him place the prints in his snapshot book.

The boys were growing older now. There were many questions to be settled. Dexter and I decided upon two points of discipline which I believe earned us our children's respect. Discipline for our sons should always be agreed upon jointly between us, and should never be discussed publicly with them. Under no circumstances would we correct our sons in front of strangers.

"Paul, Bill, Ben, come to the bedroom!" always meant there was a problem to solve, an adjustment to make. Sons stated their side (Ben, if not involved, always on his brothers'); parents, theirs.

"Talking it out," healed all our differences except one. When Pzozia had babies under the house, fearing mold, water, germs, we forbade the boys to crawl through the small opening to find the kittens.

Driving up one afternoon, we saw Paul's feet sticking through the hole and knew that Bill was already gone. With Ben trying to whi him, Dexter whipped the boys, then spanke Ben for his interference.

"You can jump off to India here," Bi smiled, gazing out past deep Miami in March 1942, on the way to Pompano. Here were blu water, trimmed bougainvillaea and a continua sky—the road to Fort Lauderdale.

Corraled by Nonie, the boys were deep i funny books in the back seat.

Dexter and I heard nothing, saw nothin but the sign, "Lago del Mare," which marke Dr. Earl Carlson's winter school for cerebrall palsied children.

We sent Paul and Bill off to the beach. Dex ter, mother and I went inside with Ben.

After the doctor had examined him, h turned to us. "A fine boy, a very fine boy Your son should be able to take a colleg education."

Tears flooded my eyes as I listened.

"Get Ben leg braces—build up his shoe three quarters of an inch," Doctor Carlso told us. "Fasten his plate in a wooden groov and see that he starts *now* to feed himself. Re member that motor control comes throug mental control. The nerve impulses mus begin to form new patterns to take th place of those that are gone."

RUSKIN SAYS:

It is more difficult to be simple than to be complicated.

When love and skill work together, expect a masterpiece.

Never omit an opportunity of doing a kindness, speaking a true word or making a friend.

The doctor took through his school. We sa electric typewriters whic moved at a touch, micr phones that recorded whisper. There were speci exercise rooms and speci tutors, special bars f walking, special rooms f learning to crawl.

But Ben was too big crawl.

Doctor Carlson contir ued. "As Ben learns t control his emotions, h will likewise learn to cor trol his motion." *As Be learns to control his emo tions* ——

We came home from Pompano to insta long walking bars. Today we are told to pair the steps where the feet should go, but the we did not know such a book as Edmun Jacobson's Progressive Relaxation. But w did know that at last we had found tangib things that might help: a wooden board wit a deep groove for Ben's oven-glass plate; typewriter fastened to a table for his use and long braces with hip support.

Still, with or without the braces, after tryir month upon month Ben could not stand witl out support, walk, dress, attend to his toil needs or successfully feed himself. He couldn play ball, no matter how large the ball or h hard he tried. And he couldn't go anywhere himself.

Strange Army people were still a maze faces gathering to look at him—asking in th brooding glances, "Does he really know an thing?"

And by now Ben, who had never been le out of a picnic, a party or a game in his lif knew almost everything: that grace at th table, prayers at bedtime were the streng source of a family; that there was a time work, a time to rest and play. He could pl flinch, bridge, dominoes—if someone el played the cards, he could pitch the dominoe

Hours of being a spectator in his walker ha brought him a keen perception of birds, s ting quietly on telephone wires and singi just for him. He observed that it was the bl jay that ate the grain in the bird feeder.

He had felt silence ease a young wound words; and he knew how to persist until l got almost everything he wanted.

But Dexter and I grieved for the physic therapy that he needed every day at the sar time. And no book, no reference source w specific on this point. He could walk stumble; stumble—walk in the bars; but Dc tor Carlson's words were too general. W needed a therapist and the right exercises f this arm, this leg, this hour, this day.

The exercises from Denver's Dr. G wc all we had. They had given strength and vigc

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

The problem of fatigue in reducing diets

Why do so many people on diets feel tired . . . lose mental alertness?

Can energy stay up while pounds go down?

What kind of foods do you need to keep up your energy?



Recent scientific findings show how sugar can help you lose weight with less hunger—less fatigue

Most people who diet want to do it fast.

Do it and get it over with, they say. In their zeal, they often fall prey to one or another of the bizarre, unbalanced "wonder" diets. Sometimes they eliminate all sugar, and slash many important foods to a level that wouldn't satisfy the nutritional requirements of a small child.

Soon after, fatigue—both physical and mental fatigue—becomes a daily problem for them. Science says this is Nature flashing a red light.

Why Do You Get Tired?

Diet or no diet, energy is the first need of the body, even taking precedence over maintenance and repair. Whenever energy reserves fall, Nature signals to the mind and the body to slow down. And so any physical effort becomes tiring and mental performance falls off.

The trouble is, few people can afford to slow down. The businessman keeps on driving himself, growing irritable and hard to please. The tired mother nags at her family, and often finds herself becoming unaccountably depressed over trifles.

It is no wonder these people quit dieting—and go back to their old eating habits.

Is there any real answer? Can you keep your energy up while the pounds go down?

What To Do About It

The most authoritative scientific thinking today says the best plan, if you want to control your weight, is to continue to eat a normal balance of foods—keep on eating the foods you have been accustomed to having. Don't cut them *out*, simply cut down on the portions.

All foods have calories. Calories are the units of energy your body needs for every action, even breathing. However, in normal eating, about two-thirds of these energy calories are in the form of starches and sweets. Easy to understand why cutting out either of these foods can cause the body to send out fatigue warnings.

How Sugar Helps

Easy to understand, too, why the newer reducing diets call for mid-morning or mid-afternoon "energy breaks" in the form of a sugar-sweetened beverage, or a cookie, or a piece of candy. These have been called "Scientific Nibbles."

The reason is simply that sugar supplies Nature's "top priority" calories. Ounce for ounce, no other food supplies energy so fast. (And, of course, calories consumed as energy can never be deposited as fat.)

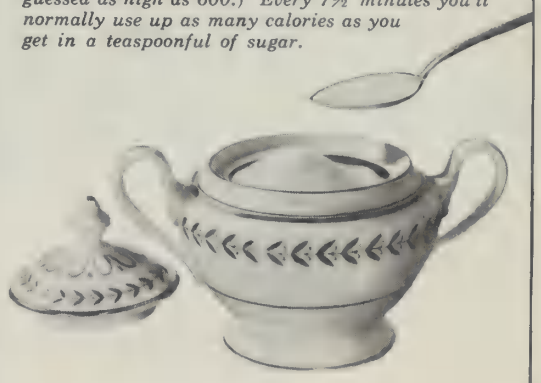
Sugar can help you live with your diet in other important ways, too. It helps keep your appetite satisfied on less food. And it makes what you do eat more enjoyable.

The newer knowledge of nutrition now says there isn't a basic dieting reason in the world why any normal, healthy person should have to use artificial, imitation sweeteners (with no energy value) instead of the natural sweetener, sugar.

These are the facts. In their light, why would anyone with a choice to make—particularly anyone on a reducing diet—short-change himself on the sugar which supplies the vigor and quick energy his body needs?

18 CALORIES!

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people we asked guessed as high as 600.) Every 7½ minutes you'll normally use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar.



SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.

New York, 5, New York

All statements in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214

but no pattern for the large muscles necessary for writing or walking.

Trying to make up for lack of physical knowledge, we searched again for interests that Ben might share with the two other boys.

In the fall of 1942 we began our "family evenings." We had quizzes with such simple questions as, "Where's Baton Rouge, Nonie?" "Where's Pine Bluff, Paul?" Around the family circle went questions on the geography of the United States. When Ben's time came, each of us understood that we must make the question simpler, nearer home but just as authentic.

On another evening the subject would be arithmetic, addition or subtraction in question form. Or a "make-it-up" evening when each could muster his own kind of quiz to try to stump the others.

Between "family evenings," school and Sundays, we pounced on fiddler crabs on Gandy Bridge, listened to the Kentucky Derby at Indian Rocks, rented Fourth of July cabins on the glistening gulf where Ben in an inner tube was waddled like a duck and dipped like a calf.

During that school year of 1941–42 Ben learned to read well, though there was much difficulty in pronunciation. He was excellent in arithmetic and far below the average in spelling because of his inability to write.

In January, 1943, Dexter was promoted to lieutenant colonel and ordered to take a signal battalion to the Far East from Oklahoma City.

We hurriedly rented our bedroom to a young Army couple, so that Nonie and the boys would not be alone at night. I left for Oklahoma City with Dexter.

January, February, March, April passed. Snow turned to lilacs and still no final overseas orders came through.

One day as we passed a surgical-supply house I glimpsed the same walker I had seen in El Paso years ago. But now Ben was la enough to use it. We bought and shippe to Ben.

The next day Dexter was ordered to ope signal school in Birmingham, and I retur to Tampa.

Nonie, the boys and I were on the tr from Tampa to Shreveport, Louisiana, in M 1943. Dexter had been named signal officer the Third Tactical Air Division at Barksc Field, and we were on our way to join him

Ben loved the train, the hustle, the bus this home for now where mother didn't co and Nonie spent all her time pointing rivers, towns, switch engines, marines, s ors, and the cute little blond girls three se away.

Our thoughts of and dreams for Ben mad partially peaceful pattern in the transfer-he go-there years of World War II.

Dexter was soon on maneuvers at Ridder, telephoning mornings and evening see how we were.

"I caught Paul striking matches," I had report one night. "I'm sure he won't do again. Bill's lost the key to his woodw locker. Ben's lonesome. There's no school h for Ben."

Then Nonie talked to R. H. White, sup intendent of the Caddo Parish schools, ab a school for cerebrally palsied children. S reported, "He was very pleasant. He said t if there were enough children—if we co show him there is a need for the school– would see what could be done."

That very morning we began our teleph ing, listing the names of cerebrally pals children who should be in school. But we s realized that this project would take mont We had to have a more immediate me to continue Ben's schooling.

"Put an ad in the newspaper," Dexter t me, "and hire a tutor. Be sure that the tu is also qualified in speech."

Ben, Nonie, Paul, Bill and I wrote the a vertisement together. As it finally appea in the Shreveport Times it read: *Wanted, qua fied tutor in elementary grades and spe therapy for cerebrally palsied boy aged ni Mornings only. Apply in person.*

Then I talked to Ben. "She or he is to your teacher," I said. "Nonie and I will sit when the applicants come, but you will be t one to make the decision."

Twenty-five applicants came, eying B with pity and compassion. Lads like statu women with questioning eyes.

All that I might say could never bring Be choice, Josephine Flowers, to the printed pa Her tiptilted smile completely overlook Ben's gestures of agonizing flesh.

"See here"—she spoke in the way she lift her head—"we'll have none of this. You a I will walk these Shreveport streets on c mornings and warm sunshiny days and w ring bells, too, wherever we walk."

Nonie and I would slip to the front door watch them. Ben in his walker, Jo with co colored hair and laughing eyes, on their w to the nearest elementary school so that at cess Ben could have a part in baseball, fo ball, marbles and laughter.

Ben and Jo gathered leaves for a simple l collection, filled fruit jars with live inse studied cement, streetcars, and visited t Louisiana State Fair.

Together they counted wild geese and co posed rhymes upon a shadowy rock. A though his hands couldn't hold the boo Ben was reading better. "As for arithmetic" Jo laughed—"he's an honest-to-goodne whiz at figures!"

On a search for educational toys, Dex and I found a puzzle which Ben worked befo Paul or Bill did. Known as the "15" Puzzle, consisted of a square box with fifteen numera and one blank square. The numbers cou thus be shifted one by one. The object of t game was to get the numbers arranged proper sequence from 1 to 15. Ben quick became adept in solving this puzzle. Then h incentive was to see how quickly he cou work it.

One day Mrs. Flowers said, "Ben's teac ing me to play chess."

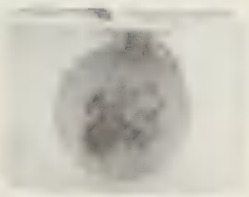
"Is he really?" I asked incredulously.



For taking the work out of dishwashing

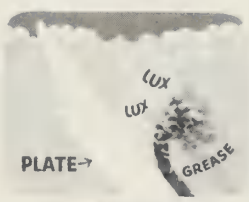
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COMPARE! We guarantee you'll find it better for dishes than anything else.
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Old-fashioned powders waste time

—are *slow* about dissolving, *slow* about removing grease! And you have to rinse thoroughly to get rid of the powder residue that streaks your china, glasses.



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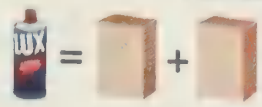
—splits it up into tiny particles that disperse immediately. Grease can't settle back, rinses away fast. Glasses, china come sparkling, hygienically clean.



Treats hands right—Lux-mild Lux Liquid!

No powder—no other liquid—is Lux-mild. You'll see and feel the wonderful difference on your hands, as soon as you start using Lux Liquid for the dishes.



Fast... thrifty...  no other liquid is Lux-mild on hands!

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Lux Liquid is concentrated for economy. Just a teaspoonful does a whole dishpanful—saves you money!

Another happy milestone in his life, and in our lives, had come. For though Ben could ot take part in physically competitive games, e all knew how much excitement there is in ess. He had watched us playing for years. nd though Ben could not move the men, he uld direct the moves and was soon able meet the other members of the family on ual ground.

But the lessons with Jo Flowers came to an d when Sergeant Flowers, Jo's husband, was nsferred.

The Caddo Parish superintendent having en supplied with the lists he had asked for d having received the approval of the hool board, the Cottage School for Cereally Palsied Children was opened in Janu- y of 1945.

The Cottage School was one of a unit of ildings in the Louisiana State Fair Grounds posite Fair Park High. There Miss Sara ay taught all ages and all classes. There were speech, occupational or physical therapists. nch was brought over on trays from the gh-school cafeteria. A maid assisted the ildren getting on and off the bus.

Then it was Christmas again. Snow covered eples, the streets, the windy trees outside.

The postman arrived and Ben, eyes shining e stars, held a card in his hand picturing a

Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on. SAMUEL BUTLER

ange-looking Santa Claus. The postmark s Bergen, Norway, and the message read: "Ben, you can tell as much about what these nta Claus men are doing as I can. Norgian things are still all so new to me.

"We are trying to learn Norwegian, but alost everyone speaks English. The country is autiful, mountains, seas, strange houses.

"Merry Christmas, my favorite American.

JO FLOWERS."

Mrs. Frank Wilkerson, a friend we had met rough our interest in cerebral palsy, asked if e might come three afternoons a week to e Ben the physical therapy which she had ed to teach her son, Frank, to walk. Frank, o had had cerebral palsy, had died the nter before from a bronchial infection.

When we offered to pay, Mrs. Wilkerson used. "No, no, I couldn't. I really couldn't. ank didn't have a school."

Mrs. Wilkerson taught Ben slowly and ietly, how to stand, achieve balance, and en to walk as best he could, while she held n from behind.

And Ben improved. *One . . . two . . . three . . . ur . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . ne . . . ten*—we counted the steps across the om, with Mrs. Wilkerson following slowly hind him.

"I've made you some jingle-bell slippers, n," she said one day. Red slippers, croeted in love, slipped upon his toes and tined merrily as he lifted his feet.

Paul and Bill joined the First Methodist urch in Shreveport, on Easter Sunday, 45.

The teacher in me, more than the mother, manded talks at our continuing family eveings for fun, for pronunciation, for poise on e's feet.

Ben listened delightedly while Bill told us How to Make a Table," or Paul spoke on A Trip to Russia," Russia being his parular social-studies unit in the Barret School venth grade. Ben, pleased to take part, oke as plainly as he could on "My Bus Trip oday," or "My Friends at the Cottage hool."

Magazines and books were an important rt of our lives. Ben's span of attention was t long enough yet for book reading. But his terest in newspapers and current events was r above the average.

In October, 1945, we left Shreveport and ere on our way back to Tampa. The wartozen years were over.

Dexter had been offered a splendid job in Pensacola, but we both knew that there was no school for Ben there. Without the colonel's salary there would be less money in Tampa—income from two small orange groves and an independent telephone company at McIntosh—but a way of life we could choose and maintain for ourselves.

Paul and Bill faced adjustments at Wilson Junior and Plant high schools and Ben, sans speech or physical therapy, went back to the basement at Henderson School.

Our family joined the Palma Ceia Presbyterian Church in January, 1946. Startled eyes met the preacher's announcement: "Mrs. Vining and Mrs. Phillips' letters come from the Highland Park Presbyterian Church of Dallas, Texas; Bill Phillips and Paul Pinckney's letters from the First Methodist Church of Shreveport, Louisiana; Colonel Phillips' letter comes from the First Methodist Church of Ocala, Florida; and Ben Pinckney comes to us on profession of faith."

At twelve Ben began his first regular church attendance. He was just now able to sit upright in a chair without falling. Nonie's teaching and Bible stories had readied him for the experience. Dexter and I joined in the women's and men's groups at the church, Paul and Bill joined the Westminster Choir and all three boys attended youth meetings on Sunday afternoons.

On Saturdays we rediscovered Florida, camping for fish with homemade bamboo poles at Hillsborough River, searching for new bird trails at Lowry Park and the Singing Tower. Eagerly we all traipsed to Silver Springs to see through glass-bottomed boats dazzling seaweed decorated with whole museums of elegant-mannered fish.

"Listen, honey," Dexter, who had been reading, called to me one evening. "Here's a sentence about cerebral palsy: 'The group of children affected by cerebral palsy is larger

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Handy Cord-Lift keeps cord off fabric—allows you to iron with right or left hand. The light weight of this iron saves time and work.



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Easy-to-see Cook Guide gives correct temperature and cooking time.

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The perfect companion to the Sunbeam Controlled Heat Frypan
The amazing New Sunbeam Electric Saucepan with Simmer-Safe Controlled Heat will open a whole new world of cooking magic. Seven utensils in one—completely replaces the ordinary saucepan, deep fryer, double boiler, dutch oven, corn popper, chafing dish and bun warmer. Has the most accurate thermostatic control ever developed for a utensil of this kind. Reaches Simmer-Safe temperatures quickly and maintains them with amazing accuracy. Makes all foods taste and look better. Available in 3 qt. and 5 qt. sizes. Complete with cover.

DOUBLE WALL CONSTRUCTION
Exclusive double wall gives cool, economical cooking.
Water-sealed heating element for easy washing.





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New water-sealed element allows Saucepan to be immersed up to signal light for easy washing.

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Gravy from Ordinary Pan.
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Be sure you get the original and genuine Sunbeam Saucepan
Look for the MARK OF QUALITY
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Sunbeam Corporation, Dept. 50, Chicago 38
for Mother on her day MAY 12

than the group affected by tuberculosis, or crippled by polio.'"

"I know," I said and tried to speak casually.

Ben was getting some knowledge at Henderson School, but he wasn't learning to walk or speak any more plainly. Typing was a laborious, cruel achievement.

His first year in a real school for cerebrally palsied children was at Bayside School, opened the fall of 1946 and sponsored by the Hillsborough County Association for Crippled Children. Dr. Earl Carlson had agreed to act as supervising doctor, commuting from Pompano several times during the year.

The school was a great, green building loaned by the Navy and overlooking the bay. But there weren't enough teachers. There was only one physical therapist and no occupational or speech therapist. Equipment was needed. Furthermore, Minnie, the one maid, couldn't possibly feed all the children who had to be given lunch.

I said to Paul, Bill and Ben, "Ask all your friends. Nonie, you and I can ask the church circles. We have to—we simply *have* to have these things."

"What y' want?" Paul asked.

"Tables, bookcases, pillows, mirrors, a small dolly, steam tables, bed restrainer jackets, infrared lights, carpenter tools."

In a few months Bayside became a full-time community project. The Junior League and the police force joined in transporting the children to school. The Doctors' Wives' Auxiliary took on the job of painting the furniture; the garden clubs began beautifying the landscape. Volunteers from church circles, the A.A.U.W., Penwomen, Tampa Women's Club and other women's organizations came from eleven to two to help feed the children. Silver teas for Bayside sprang up like mushrooms. Parents who lived in the same neighborhoods organized car pools to bring their children.

Nonie and I worked on alternate Wednesdays at Bayside. I looked with joy at this clinical school, different in practice and tone from Henderson and Cottage; more professional in purpose than Mrs. Flowers' tutoring.

In time there were ramps, handrails, wide hallways, adequate lighting. *This could come true in any city*, I kept thinking, as the city's best-known carpenters built the ramps without pay and the city's most celebrated artist painted a mural of Peter Rabbit and Whimsy to take the place of the Navy design still shining above the bar. Then a nationally known bus company gave the school a bus.

The kindergarten children learned to grasp and build blocks, to choose colors, to fit wooden pieces into puzzles, to stimulate individual finger work in many ways. Posts with rings were used for flexion of fingers and wrists. There were large jumbo crayons, Roly-Poly tops, large pegboards.

There was a music period when the children played a rhythm band to my Baa, Baa, Black Sheep on the piano.

Even with skillful class management by a resourceful teacher, the work in the multiple-grade classroom was difficult. In addition to the usual personality variants, there were different burdens to bear and fellowships to win. But there was one thing in common: the children had loving eyes—all tried very hard.

Doctor Carlson visiting Bayside School in May, 1947, recommended new braces for Ben to go up between the knees and the hips with free-motion joints at the ankles; and free-motion joints, with stops, at the knees. These braces seemed to retard Ben more than to help him, but we fitted them faithfully each morning.

Ben and I together marveled at all the things he was trying to learn to do. And it seemed that the world was at last discovering its crippled children. For what was happening in Tampa was suddenly happening all over the United States.

Ben's teacher had long hair and warm eyes that always smiled. Her name was Katherine McFaul, and she came from Syracuse, New York. She didn't forget to make jokes with the children.

"They tell me you're a weather prophet," she said to Ben.

That was because he read the newspapers and reported his findings—accidents, deaths, weather, Bergman, Stromboli, Pegler, Forrestal—to his teacher.

Bill in his second year at Tennessee Wesleyan wrote that he'd joined a junior-college social fraternity, was singing in the chorus, and was on the staff of the school newspaper.

Paul was in the eleventh grade now, member of a national honor society and spending much of his time with a girl friend named Pat.

One evening Ben said, "Paul, I took ten steps today." All the pride of Bayside was in his voice. For Bayside was Ben's school, just as Plant High was Paul's; and Ben loved it all: the proper circles and triangles; the day treatment rooms; the steps to climb; the standing table; the long, long bars with mirrors at the end; Mrs. Smith, the matron, who helped him with his food; Minnie, the maid, bringing laughter, fun and love to these children on all the ramps.

A doctor from Birmingham recommended a large tricycle, the kind used for rehabilitation of veterans, for Ben, and Dexter and I journeyed to Bay Pines Veterans' Hospital near St. Petersburg to buy it.

The huge tricycle had standard bicycle wheels. The brake was on the grip of the right handle bar. The clutch would let the pedals turn backward without any movement of the tricycle. Braces ran from a curved ring above the seat to brace the rider's back and keep him from falling. A strap across the front completed this protection.

Three one-inch pieces of wood cut in the shape of shoes were fastened to each pedal to build it up. Straps across the toes, a heel well at the back and another strap across the instep completed the "strap in."

Ben did not seem to be able to pedal over the top of "dead center." "I cannot turn it," he said, the laughter in his eyes gone.

Then Dexter had an idea. By resting the rear axle on a box, the wheels were held clear of the ground and could turn easily. By forcing Ben's feet past this "dead center" hundreds and hundreds of times, we finally put over the idea and everything was clear sailing.

Bill and Paul earned some of their college spending money by summer jobs. Bill worked as a stock boy at supermarkets, Woolworth's and Penney's. He was also employed in the Tampa Tribune advertising department. Our almost-adult family shared mail, telephone calls, discussions of the budget.

Paul and a friend established a mowing service by placing ads in the Sunday paper. Dexter had our old lawn mower electrified by motor and cords. Two other summers Paul worked as pickup boy at Maas Brothers.

Early in 1949 Bill wrote, "I believe my interest in music will always be with me." He wanted to be a concert singer. Dexter, electrical engineer from Georgia Tech, exploded in a torment of objections. Finally, after many arguments, Dexter agreed to compromise, and we wrote, "We cannot finance a career as a concert singer, but you may major in voice. After you've taught music for a while, if you still want a concert career, you can finance it yourself!"

The bus was waiting. This was in 1949–50. Ben's next-to-last year at Bayside. Paul was to graduate from Plant High School in May.

Ben wore the long braces, clutching and clamping his spindling legs. As Frank, the bus driver, lifted him into the bus, he said, "Hey, boy, I've got a new idea on that whistling." Frank fixed his lips. "Now keep your tongue quiet and press hard. Now!"

Ben pursed his lips and the sound came—thin as flame.

The big bus lumbered on. Though the braces were heavy on Ben's thin legs, the heartbeat of my spastic son was strong and regular.

"Frank," Ben squealed, "I've learned to whistle!"

Ben finished the eighth grade at Bayside to the best of his ability. Then there was the question whether we should hire a tutor to educate him further.

Guidance-center experts and the principal of Bayside had told us that the New York

itute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilita- did a complete job for the handicapped vidual; that the latest developments in licine, surgery, therapeutics, psychological psychiatric assistance, social service and ational planning were available at an in- out-patient rate.

wrote to Dr. George Deaver, and after his y came Dexter and Ben and I made the to New York.

en was smiling that morning as the elevator d us from the institute's reception room he third floor. I looked at him and, for a nent, all the effort, trials, failures and ories shone in his face. What had been mplished?

here was walking with timid steps, if sup- ed. There was a slow, tedious typing. All sing except buttoning or tying. Toilet in- endence except adjusting of clothes. There academic progression of a sort to the th grade. There were the parties, the pic- , the shows, the pets. There were all the nents, hours, days, weeks, when our ily had united to Ben a little of the nantment, some of beautiful sights and nds that make our ld.

eventeen years. I ced at Dexter and at Ben, still smil- *Was the institute answer?*

he receptionist on hird floor was kind. n's schedules will n this afternoon," said and handed us pink slips. "He will iven muscle tests in physical-therapy de- ment at one o'clock. tor Deaver's assist- will see Ben at two. other appointments or tomorrow. Now would like for you ee the institute, ev- floor, and then to lunch with us."

exter, Ben and I saw apists giving danc- o graceless feet, and to artists whose ds had lost their h. The atmosphere informal, friendly. en saw the dormi- rooms for inpa- ts, the physical- apy and occupa- al-therapy rooms. With our assistance, he ed past the psychological- and sociologi- esting laboratories, heard the guide say, is is our center of daily activities. Here we h a man to rebuild his body to meet the ical demands of daily life from bed b."

Look, mother!" Ben's eyes were fixed, al- t prayerful. A war veteran who had lost legs was walking across the floor.

ver there was a swimming pool into which retcher could be lowered by overhead ey. Here was the children's ward where all iture, aids and appliances were built to

s we found our way to the lunchroom, whispered, "Mamma, it's a wonderful e."

Yes, Ben, it is a wonderful place." *But will lp us*, I wondered, *will it help us* ——

w ways of building strength were being ssed at tables all around us. Suddenly own talk dissolved into silence. We had one boy we had hoped to help; our hbors had guided and were giving thou- s of groping individuals help.

he muscle tests lasted an hour while Dex- and I waited outside the door. Finally came out.

What did they do?"

They made me move my legs, my arms, heck."

e were shuttled down the hall to Doctor ver's assistant.

With Ben's history before him, the doctor asked many questions. Voices from other doctors in other places kept winging in: "arrested hydrocephalis"; "congenital myatonia"; "a cerebral hemorrhage."

Dr. H offered no diagnosis. But he did say, "After each of the departments of the institute has examined Ben, Doctor Deaver will give you his evaluation at the conference on Thursday."

So many years, so many doctors—all of them riding with us in the taxi back to the hotel. We knew that Dr. Howard A. Rusk, chairman of the Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at New York University, and Dr. George Deaver, professor at the New York Institute for Crippled and Disabled, had organized the Veterans' Administration rehabilitation program after the war and put their proposed program for the institute before the New York University College of Medicine. The result was the establishment in 1946 of the first Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation in any medical school, largely as a result of a grant from the Baruch Committee on Physical Medicine.

Rusk and Deaver, in 1948, set up wards at Bellevue and Goldwater. In 1948 the institute was started for patients with the aid of New York University and the Milbrook Memorial Fund. Today there is a $2,000,000 building and a staff of more than a hundred to assist in- and out-patient treatments.

We were sitting in the hall on the second floor of the institute, waiting for Doctor Deaver. The evaluation conference was about to begin.

Perhaps Doctor Deaver walked the floor of the narrow hall, his shirt wet with perspiration, his hands restless, because his summary was better suited to motion than to the interior of this room.

"I suggest weighted crutches to give him balance," the doctor told us. "There's no use educating him beyond high school. Yes, he has a better-than-average I.Q., but who would hire him? He has neither the speech nor the physical ability to work anywhere except *alone or with animals.*"

I saw the shock in Dexter's eyes, felt the hopelessness of the moment in Ben's shoulders.

"You say he's finished the eighth grade?" From afar off I heard Doctor Deaver's voice.

"Yes." Finished it the way a boy could who couldn't write except on a typewriter—that writing with one hand whose every finger twisted and collapsed as he tried to reach the key. Finished it in a hoarse-whispered voice that never said quite the proper word or the proper phrase the way a boy wanted to say it. Finished it in a jerk, wet with perspiration for the trying. Finished it in desperate thoughts, hoping against hope.

Ben's eyes clung to Doctor Deaver. I knew that he couldn't say, *I just never have time. If I stand on the ground, it seems to rustle; if I hold my toothbrush, it jerks before my hands.*

The doors to the gymnasium had swung wide open. A voice was saying, "Doctor Deaver, are you ready?"

"Bring him in," Doctor Deaver said. Dexter, Doctor Deaver, Ben and I marched into one of the institute's famous evaluation conferences.

Ben was walked round and round while words, questions fell upon our ears. Sociologists, psychologists, doctors spoke while

GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDDAUGHTER

By ELIJAH L. JACOBS

I do not know, I do not care,
Where Emily gets her red-brown hair
In a family otherwise thatched.
Her eyes?
They slant in an unancestral guise.
These are graces, whatever the source.
But her volatile temper, a certain force
In her infant demands, a degree of guile
With masculine kinsmen, a cryptic smile,
Hands slender and deft—all these traits tell
That she's grandmother-marked; she'll turn out well.

Eliminate the "guess" and the "work" from meal making with

Sunbeam®
AUTOMATIC
FRYPAN
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EASY-TO-SET DIAL
Right in the handle where it is easy to see — easy to set. Signal light indicates when proper temperature is reached.

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Gives recommended temperatures. Eliminates guess work and failures.



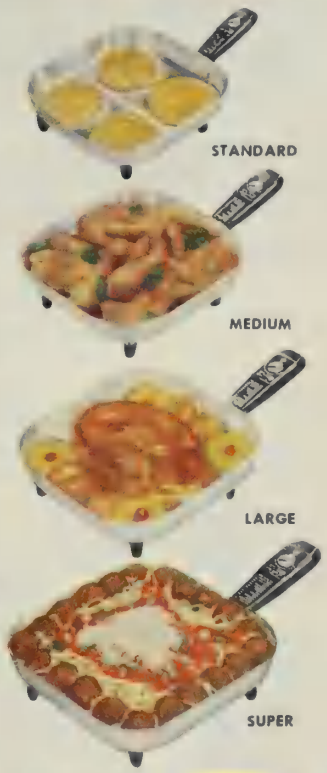
You get eggs like this every time in the Sunbeam set at 300°.

HERE IS WHAT HAPPENS WITH UNCONTROLLED HEAT
Eggs are seared around edges, leathery on the bottom, with uncooked white around the yolks.

The perfect companion to the Sunbeam Controlled Heat Saucepan

Only the Sunbeam Automatic Electric Frypan gives you all the advantages for perfect cooking results the easy modern way. It Fries • Braises • Bakes • Stews • Pan broils • makes delicious pancakes, omelets, french toast and heats "frozen dinners." Controlled heat eliminates cooking failures. Results are always perfect. Its square shape gives you 20% more cooking area too.

Available in four sizes to meet every family's needs; Standard, Medium, Large and Super. High dome vented aluminum covers or heat resistant glass covers are also available.



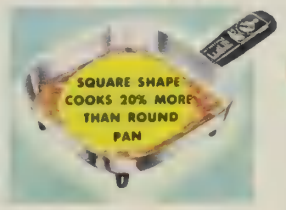
Water Sealed Element

The entire pan can be immersed in water up to control panel for quick, easy washing.



Square Shape Cooks More

Because of Sunbeam's square shape a full ½ lb. of bacon will lie flat in the pan—will cook flat because of the Sunbeam's Controlled Heat. No curling or burning.



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for Mother on her day MAY 12

perspiration poured off Ben and tears flooded my eyes.

Sentences from Doctor Deaver's official report are more easily understood:

Your son is a cerebral palsy, atheroid in type, has secondary disease processes which consist of allergies and diathesis, myopic-astigmatism and eighth-nerve deafness to clear tones.

He has a dysarthria, which means difficulty in controlling the muscles which are used in volume control, pitch, phrasing and controlling the voice quality.

In view of Ben's age, prognosis for speech retraining is poor; however, Ben is well motivated but has been exposed to an insufficient amount of speech therapy. A trial period of intensive training is indicated.

It was the opinion of our psycho-social and vocational department that from the verbal part of the Bellevue-Wechsler Intelligence Test his verbal intelligence quotient is 96.

In view of the patient's limitations, the educational and vocational goals are considered limited. It was the opinion of our psycho-social and vocational department that a suitable vocational objective, considering his good social and arithmetical abilities and need for society, would be a vending stand.

After the evaluation conference we were asked to return to the institute the next morning for final psychological and speech testing and a visit to the gadget room.

While Ben went through his speech tests, Dexter and I were interviewed by the psychosociologist, who left no stone in our family history unturned.

Then we were suddenly speaking of Doctor Deaver's philosophy about the severely handicapped cerebral palsy—*why educate—people will not accept* ——

"I shouldn't have minded so much," I confided, "if Doctor Deaver had not spoken in front of Ben."

The sociologist looked at us. "Please don't feel hurt. You must only feel pride in your great accomplishments. Parents who h worked hard enough to give a boy so seve handicapped as Ben the information and happiness that he has shown in our tests c teach all of us—plenty!"

"Thank you." Dexter and I were hun

"Continue to give your son status and f tion. The cerebral palsies' emotional needs the same as anyone else's. They must h self-expression, security, social integrat You are giving Ben all three!" She clasped hands. "Now let me show you our ga room."

The institute uses the word "gadget" m ing so much more—aids for the handicap which we had not seen or heard of: der cleaners, eating utensils, celastic knife hol feeding splints; telephone holders for art ics; leather writing devices; remote contro electric typewriters, automobile-driving rangements for person with limited use o lower extremities; kitchen utensils, card h ers, and holders for knitting and cro needles.

There were wheel chairs with full recli backs and headrests, detachable arms, arms and upholstered arm seats. There one-arm wheel chairs, skirt guards for w chairs. There were foot blocks and ru hand grips.

Nearer to true gadgets were Paulo pi sticks; joined forks and spoons; knives forks. There were tie clasps, and nail bru with clips, and retractable key chains. there were elastic shoelaces and Kant cups.

Suddenly I knew that, whether Ben c be helped or not, my faith in humanity strengthened. We paid our bill, a negli one for the services rendered, and said goo to the institute.

Ben had made friends with all the peop our midtown hotel. Magazine girl; the e tor man, Joseph; even the room clerk—al become his fast friends.

Joseph, the elevator man, slipped to dining-room door next morning and wat us at breakfast.

Ben could not feed himself away fron plate in a groove, so we chattered gaily as him spoons of oatmeal, helpings of bacon eggs.

"The speech references will help," I sa

"Yes," Dexter answered slowly.

"Do you think the weighted crutches w I asked.

"I don't know." Dexter's tone was tive. Suddenly he looked at Ben. "Fe where do you want to go today? You nam and we'll go."

"Everywhere," Ben answered. "All o

"That's a big order."

I waited for Dexter to take Ben up t room.

When they returned Ben's voice was a as moonlight. "Good morning, Joseph. H what? We're going to see New York to

"Where?" Joseph asked.

"All over." Ben smiled. "Uptown, d town—even to the Statue of Liberty."

"A tour?" Joseph asked.

"An elegant tour," I answered.

"That's wonderful." Joseph beamed.

The wheel chair thumped to the entr and we were gone in a taxi.

The taxi was to take us to the building which the sight-seeing buses departed.

Oh, New York, my mind raced awa *beautiful today. Make your buildings glist they reach heavenward. Stay the plunderin pilfering; be beautiful, today, for Ben.*

"Joseph," Ben said that evening, " leaving tomorrow. We're going to Was ton."

Icy hands gripped my bag. Tomorrow morrow—and what had New York's Reh tation Institute done for Ben? We'd sp great deal of money in railroad fare, bills—money that could have been appli his college. I swallowed hard. *But colleg not recommended for Ben.*

Because aim is feeble, and feet cannot s does this lessen a dream, a desire? Is a capable of learning to be denied because are too broken to succeed physically?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 222



ARCHITECT: CARL KOCH; PHOTOGRAPHER: RODNEY MC CAY MORGAN



Space to spare in THIS TWO-STORY PREFAB HOUSE

It can be finished one room at a time, to grow as the family expands

By CAROL L. CRANE

Attractively designed, carefully built, this house has the handsome low lines of a one-floor house, the living space of a two-floor house, and the popular appeal of a split-level. Its post-and-beam construction means that no interior partitions are load-bearing; only stairs, baths, chimney and four posts are fixed in place. The space within the house may be arranged to suit the family's needs; with a simple adjustment of interior walls, the second floor can contain as many as five bedrooms. When the children are grown and gone, the same space may be rearranged to become fewer, larger rooms, or, with minor alterations, the house can accommodate two separate family units.

The manufacturers have used this basic plan in models of five sizes and four exterior finishes, varying in cost accordingly. Our photos show one of the largest; with 1½ tiled baths, wall oven, countertop range, dishwasher, cabinets, exhaust fan, garbage disposer, all utilities, window screens, storm and screen doors, lighting fixtures, painting and landscaping allowance, it sells, without land, for $23,500 in a New York City suburb. The master bath-dressing room, an "extra" provided for an additional $500 to $750, is shown here to illustrate the versatility of the plan. This house may be purchased for $20,000 to $30,000 depending upon location, appointments and finishing materials selected. Write to us for further information.



New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is — *it's childproof**



***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**

The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**

Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

***Good news about re-waxing!**

Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 220

Ben had known physical, emotional, spiritual and mental suffering. And as his parents, Dexter and I knew that his life had been enriched, even as ours, by each defeat, each victory. His faith had survived, shining, everlasting—surely ours could do as much.

"Any flowers, any specials, any telegrams while we were away?" It was August third, and we were home again in Tampa.

Alice Murray, our niece, down from an Air Force base in Savannah with Mark, her one-year-old son, and Paul had met the Silver Meteor. We were lunching now on molded salad and a special new tuna concoction of Alice's.

"What happened at the institute? What did the doctors say?" Nonie's, Alice's and Paul's voices arose in a babel.

Ben kept spooning his salad upside down, asking questions, glad, glad to be home.

"Too much to tell you here; but we have to weight Ben's crutches ——"

"Weight—his—crutches?" Nonie's voice creaked at the edges. "He doesn't use crutches."

"Ben's to finish high school with a tutor. After that, the institute recommended a business of his own."

"Paul, I had television in my room in New York."

"And," Dexter edged in, "in the lobby of the hotel in Washington."

"Nonie, Joseph was my friend in New York."

Then we were recounting New York, uptown, downtown and the trip to the Statue of Liberty. We were flying down to Washington, visiting Mount Vernon, and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

"Paul"—Ben's voice was important—"we rode the monorail from the Senate Building to the Capitol, lunched in the Senate press room, and I heard Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., answer 'Present' in Congress."

Ben did not mention the institute, or the doctor's words. In a few moments Paul had bounced him out of the house to the car and they were off to visit friends.

As the front door slammed, we recounted Doctor Deaver's words to the others.

"And he said it all in front of Ben." Dexter's voice shook.

Nonie smiled serenely. "But did the trip help you? Do you know things that you didn't know before you went?"

I recounted the speech helps—the books of aid for the handicapped that had been placed in our hands, keys to so many seemingly locked doors.

"Yes."

Nonie's eyes were calm. "The doctor may be very wise—wiser than we," she said. "Ben may have to work alone or with animals. But if he does, Ben won't mind, because he's been loved and wanted all his life. And Ben will succeed."

From sixteen applicants, Mrs. W. Parks Miller was Ben's choice of a tutor. We converted my bedroom into a schoolroom and there Mrs. Miller and Ben studied the junior-high subjects he had not had at Bayside, with emphasis on typing. I taught him speech and English. The principal of Woodrow Wilson Junior High furnished the textbooks, workbooks and spelling lists.

By getting up at 6:30 and everyone pitching in, I could start teaching Ben at 8:30. The routine was simple. Dexter made the coffee, set the table for breakfast while I straightened the bedroom and prepared materials for the morning's school. I cooked breakfast while Dexter dressed. Dexter cleared the table while I assisted Ben in dressing and cooked his breakfast. Nonie helped him with breakfast while I dressed to be a teacher.

The institute has recommended short, frequent drills in speech instead of longer periods. The English and speech lessons ran until nine, the tutor's lessons from nine to eleven. Dexter took Ben for the physical therapy recommended by the institute at eleven.

For two years Ben and I struggled with the naming noun, the acting verb, and all the other parts of the sentence. Still Ben's written words fell apart. Yet I knew and Ben knew that he must master typing, and the practical written constructions that are essential in the everyday world for such tasks as preparing Christmas lists, signing checks, writing friendly business and thank-you letters, and addressing envelopes.

Finally Ben and I hit upon a plan which has proved successful. Ben writes a double-spaced paragraph, any paragraph on any topic that interests him. I note Ben's mistakes in spelling, grammar or punctuation in red pencil over the exact word or punctuation mark where Ben has made the mistake. Ben, in turn, rewrites, and corrects these mistakes. Almost miraculously Ben and I have watched stricken sentences become whole.

Often in the evenings Ben would demonstrate the amateur radio to his friends. From the back bedroom came strange sounds: "Xray, Able, Able, Mike, Xray, Able, Able, Mike, calling CQ, calling CQ, calling CQ."

Ben had long before learned how to throw switches and watch the meters on all the radio equipment. Dexter had often commented to other hams on the air, "Ben, the junior operator, can handle the receiver well on all amateur bands. He understands danger and value of meter reading, position of switches."

But when Ben asked Dexter about writing to the FCC to secure a license, Dexter rushed to me. "He can pass the written part of the examination, but he hasn't enough control to operate the key."

We decided it would be best to let the FCC tell him.

Ben composed and typed his letter to the FCC, explaining his difficulty, painting a clear picture of his disability.

The reply was courteous and as Dexter had predicted: "We'll grant you a license, even if you can operate the key with your toes."

FOR THE DEFENSE

By MAURA BAIRD

(Inspired by the question: Do you work—or are you only a housewife?

Change the baby; feed the cat,
(How *dare* she ask a thing like that?)
Pick up scattered clothes and toys,
(Oh, shades of easy office joys
With coffee breaks at ten and two.)
Shopping now, and beds to do.
Change the baby; sweep the floor.
(Darn it! Someone's at the door.)
Laundry's washed—one hour flat,
Put out dishes; burp the cat.
(Oh, I'll not spoil a good digestion,
Brooding on her stupid question!)

Ben swallowed his disappointment, for he knew his toes had no better control than his fingers. But at least he could help his father operate, and collect many foreign stamps from his radio contacts.

Since school was at home, and Paul and Bill were both in college, Dexter, Nonie and I tried in every way we knew to keep Ben from being lonely—to broaden his world.

There were once-a-week visits to the public library. Ben read all the books on chess, some biography, autobiography and travel; but he refused to read fiction.

Ben had long been interested in the weather and we encouraged this interest. Dexter told Ben to write the U. S. Weather Bureau for more information. Soon our living room was bulging with publications with such titles as: Storm Warning Manual; The Weather Bureau: Seasonal Broadcasts, Weather Reporting and Forecasting; Fighting Cold Weather With the Fruit and Vegetable Men; Climate of the States; Florida Hurricanes.

Then Dexter ordered a free weather map from Station WALT in Tampa. He and Ben mounted the map on a thin block of wood. With pins holding a string on either side, Dexter and Ben traced the course of the hurricanes or would-be hurricanes.

After Bill was graduated and came home from Peabody, he and Ben made a weather station. Using Schneider and Bendick's Everyday Weather and How it Works, the boys found that a simple weather station could be made with a hammer, knife and materials around the house. They constructed a hair hygrometer, a rain gauge; anemometer, wind vane, barometer.

And suddenly Ben found another new interest for himself. "Mother," he said one day, "I like Mr. Morgan Beatty and Mr. Chaplin very much. I would like to write to them."

"I think it would be nice, Ben. Why don't you?"

Messrs. Beatty, Chaplin, Murrow and all the other news commentators were living-room friends whose words helped make the pattern of Ben's days. His interest in names and news was growing steadily. The answers to Ben's letters proved the kindness and understanding of these famous men. They all sent photographs which Ben treasures.

It was March, 1954. Five red poinsettias, left over from Christmas, were staring at the sun.

"Mother," Ben called, "you and daddy ought to water these poinsettias."

"You should know daddy and me by now, Ben. Daddy's hammyaming, and I forget—you'll have to water the poinsettias."

I turned the water on and Ben watered the poinsettias. It was his junior year in high school. Ben's tutor for the three last years had been Prof. A. S. Berghauser, former head of the language department at Furman University. Professor Berghauser represented so much more to Ben than the bookkeeping ledger sheets which Ben meticulously typed, the literature, the history or the science-survey course.

Poetry was in every recitation, as Professor Berghauser read and loved it. In his given hours with Ben, Brahms and Chopin walked our boards, keeping fast company with sturdy figures and marching historical dates.

I served tea at ten in the morning to make a break in the long two hours. We talked of many things—Ben's and the professor's evening before, their plans for the weekend. And have you seen Three Coins in the Fountain at the Palace Theater? Was it a plausible film, Ben? Did you like the plot? And did the characters really come alive?

After lunch Ben sat in the easy chair by the telephone, acting as business secretary for dad, social secretary for mother and studying tomorrow's lessons between times.

The United Cerebral Palsy Clinic had just been opened and Ben, at the age of twenty, was having physical therapy administered regularly by a professional therapist for the first time in his life.

"If only," Nonie said when she saw the therapy rooms and the special equipment, "if only Ben could have had these when he was younger! He would be walking now."

Would he?

Our oldest boy, Bill, master's degree and all, was teaching music in Madison Junior High School in Tampa. And Bill was married to a lovely young bride.

Paul wrote from Davidson, "I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa."

Later in the day after that letter came Ben eyed me squarely. "I could be Phi Beta Kappa!"

I looked at the faltering hands, the wavering head, the motions still jerky beyond control. I remembered that in twenty years I had never heard a cruel suggestion, a word of prejudice, a lie or a syllable of deceit. I remembered Ben's co-operation with every doctor—every nurse—his great love for all his teachers. I saw courage, quiet, unshakable, shining in my son's eyes. "You are Phi Beta Kappa, Ben," I whispered, "in ways beyond the founders' dreams."

It was March, 1956, and Ben, still full of love for the world, was waiting for his friend, Mr. Hall, the postman.

Mr. Hall stepped upon the porch and handed Ben a sheaf of letters. "Well, Ben, you really made it this morning."

Ben grinned—"Thanks, Mr. Hall"—and turned to his desk and typewriter. "Pinckney Clipping Bureau" is the address on the envelopes in his hand.

Nonie and I smiled. Dexter opened the door from the radio room and called, "How many did he get?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 224



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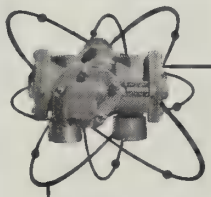
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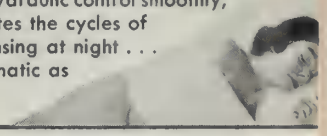
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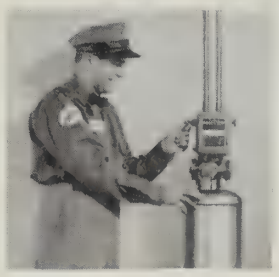
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 222

"Eleven," we answered, all glad, all prayerful that Ben's business is doing well for another day.

Suddenly we are grateful that the tree of life has given our family so much for which to be thankful.

As Ben typed his cards speedily, meticulously, I remembered an evening in May, 1954.

Dexter, in the living room, had been reading a long list of titles. Brightly colored booklets, Government bulletins, letters from many organizations were scattered across the coffee table and on the divan. "Have you looked these over, Ben?" Dexter asked.

Ben read aloud, "Appliance Store, Auto Parts, Bakery, Barber and Beauty Shop, Children's Wear, Gift and Novelty Shop."

"Have you and Mr. Berghauser studied these different kinds of businesses?"

"Not much. Too much bookkeeping work."

"Look here, Ben. You are going to graduate from high school next year. What sort of business are you interested in?"

Ben grinned. "I want a motel."

We all giggled. "If you had enough money to buy a motel, you wouldn't need a motel. You could just live on the money."

Mr. Ruggles, the principal of Plant High School, had recommended bookkeeping for one of Ben's subjects; and Ben had made straight A's with his beautifully typed ledger sheets.

After Ben went to bed that evening, Dexter talked seriously to me. "I don't believe Ben is physically able to handle any of the businesses we've been considering. Honey, what we have to find out is what business a boy as badly handicapped as Ben actually can run. Has anyone made a survey of the employed spastic adults?"

We both glanced at the notebook titled Ben's Business. We remembered the summary of ideas, the outlining of titles. The reference librarian at the Tampa public library had recommended the booklets from the U. S. Department of Commerce: Establishing and Operating a Letter Shop, Book Store, Gift and Shop, Beauty Shop, many others.

"Honey"—my voice shook—"I'll write many letters—I'll ask our U.C.P. clinic if anyone has made an accurate survey of the employed spastic adult."

The U.C.P. clinic said Hunter College had made such a survey in 1953—had contacted 200 employed cerebral palsies in the Manhattan area.

We read Hunter's survey. As we read, it was easy to separate, easy to place. These he could not do because of lack of co-ordination of hands; these he could not do because of lack of clear and distinct speech.

Suddenly as we watched the long list dwindle, Doctor Deaver's words came back: "*will have to work alone or with animals.*"

But it couldn't be, we thought, it could not be. The success of Ben's socializing nature was evident in the stream of friends who overflowed our living room, the busy, busy teenagers who always had time to take Ben to Plant City or Lakeland, or the football game across town.

"We can keep looking," Dexter said, "but he must concentrate on his high-school subjects now."

I remembered Ben's doctors, our trips to the hospital. And then from somewhere a thought came that helped to clear my mind. Progression rests with society. *If you and if other parents do all they can for the handicapped child, all you can to make him a useful member of society, he will find a job.* But, had we done all we could?

"Dexter"—I smiled wanly—"you have been a wonderful father to Ben. Don't worry—he will find something to do."

The evening of June 10, 1955, was clear and beautiful. Paul, having graduated from Davidson, now home from Fort Benning for Ben's high-school graduation, gave his grandmother a few pointers: "Now, Nonie, of course you must go. You don't have to walk all the way down the grandstand. You can sit at the end nearest the car—and I'll help you."

Ben had attended all the social functions, gone over for the cap-and-gown fitting, the graduation practice, and had been told where to sit during the academic procession.

The lone figure in the white cap and gown sat quietly in the huge stadium, waiting for the other members of his class.

Dexter and I, in our seats, were tense. We watched Ben's cap shake, his bodily contortions to hold a safe, a sure position in his seat.

How, we wondered, had he, had we done it? And we both knew that fun, family fun shared together in faith, love and purpose, had cemented the knowledge that had brought us to this happy day.

The academic procession was filling the chairs. Student after student stopped to speak to Ben.

Then Dean O. M. Schlichter rose.

"In every class," he said, "there are individuals of special worth—individuals who go far beyond the usual in academic achievement—in worth—in work for their school. I have seven merit awards to give tonight—all to students who have served themselves, served their school exceptionally well."

A name was called, then another, then *Bennett Vining Pinckney*, our son.

Doctor Deaver had said there was no use in sending him to college, but he was among the first seven in a class of 284.

Dexter touched my arm. "Did you know anything about this?"

"Not a thing."

But only the two of us knew how much Ben deserved it. We had taken the slight figure in his walker to sell tickets for every important Plant High School occasion where tickets were to be sold. We'd walked him in the shuffling crowds to the football and basketball games. We'd witnessed his fierce loyalty to his school, his unswerving purpose to learn to stand straight enough to accept his diploma.

The huge crowd was deafening with applause. Ben made it clear that what he wanted from us as a graduation present was a trip to Texas.

The six weeks' vacation was punctuated with visits from friends, relatives, meal



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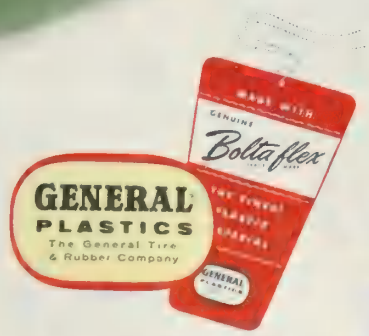
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brimming with fried chicken and peach cobblers; and mail from Florida to Ben, one letter which bore the executive seal of the State of Florida, and read:

Dear Ben: Just before Mrs. Collins and I left for the Governors' Conference in Chicago, my sister, Sue Evans, who is a great admirer of yours, told us about the fine record you made at Plant High School.

I want you to know that I am very proud of you, Ben. You are sure to have a full, useful, happy life ahead because of your courage and ability, and I want to add my congratulations and good wishes to those of all your other friends.

I would also be very happy to have you accept the enclosed picture as a token of my friendship and appreciation for the fine help you gave me during the campaign last year.

With warmest personal regards, I am,

Sincerely,
LeRoy Collins,
Governor

Governor Collins' letter served to remind Dexter and me that the vacation would soon end and that by September some useful work would have to be secured for Ben.

Afternoons and evenings in the farmhouse in Texas we discussed the problem, and finally made a list of the things that Ben could do which might earn him a living.

He could, of course, run a vending stand to sell fruit, soft drinks and magazines—and there was money in the bank to start one. He could type—but his uncertain movements would not allow the inserting of material.

"International Business Machines might have a machine he could learn to operate," Dexter suggested.

We went to see the Tampa manager of I.B.M. He was courteous and kind, but said

True courage is like a kite; a contrary wind raises it higher.

J. PETIT-SENN

that employment to operate a machine would necessarily come from the firm that bought the machine. But," we asked, "is there a machine Ben could use?" He showed us the machines—there was nothing.

Someone suggested the Goodwill Industries, specializing in work for the handicapped. We went there. The lady in charge spoke from behind an assortment of made-over hats, worn dresses and reconditioned rockers. "I need someone right now who can put dresses in hangers and hang them up."

Could Ben stand up—long enough? Did his arm have a sure-enough reach?

"Ben," we challenged when we got home, can you put a dress on a hanger and hang up?"

"Certainly," Ben answered.

"There's a job at the Goodwill Industries for you then."

Ben spoke emphatically. "*I don't want to hang up dresses at the Goodwill Industries, or anywhere else!*"

One Saturday afternoon about a week later we thought of the newspaper-clipping service. Ben's interest—and we should have known all along—was news, news about anyone and everyone. It was Ben who furnished the weather information, the political color, the reports about accidents and deaths and marriages at our dinner table. It was Ben who had called Dexter to tell him that the overseer of his orange grove had died the night before. It was Ben who always set the radio or TV for the right church, the right preacher, for Monie's stay-at-home Sunday sermon.

Why couldn't he sell personal, political, human-interest clippings to out-of-town customers?

Dexter and I worked on the idea of an introductory card, planned the file system, discussed the newspapers to clip before we talked to Ben. He could handle all the details except the clipping. We'd help with that now. Later, if the business was successful, he could hire the clipping done.

Ben was delighted with the idea. He bought 1000 cards with $20 of his graduation-present money, reclaimed four newspaper files from a closet and set up business.

He clips the Tampa, Miami, Jacksonville, Atlanta and Mobile newspapers. The introductory card informs the prospective client that an item about him or her has been clipped from such-and-such a newspaper, and will be forwarded for 25 cents. Ben's clients to date include many famous and illustrious names, including the Indian and Russian delegates to the United Nations.

He hopes, within a year or two, to rent a small space in a regular office and to offer local and out-of-town subscriptions to his service.

"Mother," he grins, "my best customers are Ph.D.'s and policemen."

"Don't forget mothers of the grooms," I answer.

Paul and Bill smile approvingly at their businessman brother.

And we are all suddenly familiar with the details of Ford stock, Saks' new bonnets, atomic professors, prefabricated houses and the best Kappa Alpha stunt at the University of Oklahoma.

Quite happily, and almost without knowing it, the world is my son's; and letters from near and far prove the fact every weekday morning!

We realize that the volume of the life of a family is never complete. Pages from this year must be shuffled with pages from last year and twenty years before. But there are certain things of which we are sure. Of all the pride that we have witnessed on this earth, the pride of the handicapped is the most fierce. We are a better family for having known it—better neighbors to all the world for having walked with it thus far.

And Ben, we know, is a better individual for having stood where words alone could never go. END



The kids wouldn't let me wrap it!

The youngsters got all excited about Mother's Day. Signed their own cards, helped wrap a few gifts, even helped arrange the flowers on the table.

And when they saw the Quaker Lace tablecloth* I brought home, ...well, the kids just wouldn't let me wrap it.

"Let's surprise her," they shouted. "Let's put it on the table right away." So I did.

Happy Mother's Day, sweetheart . . . from all of us.

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Design patent applied for
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Defense Program against Moths

and other household invaders...

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor of the Journal

Moths are a trouble—there is no doubt. That's why many sensible housewives nowadays keep their wools down to a precious minimum—using in many instances synthetic fibers which do not attract moths. They learn, too, not to hoard old rarely used woolens. Keep the good ones carefully, give the others away is a good rule.

CLEANING IS HALF THE BATTLE

Once spotless, woolens, cashmeres, alpacas, mohairs and furs are well on their way to all-season protection. Valuable items are best guarded by dry cleaning and being held in cold storage during the summer months. Washables can be laundered with a new pestproof liquid added to the rinse to make them immune to moths. If neither washing nor dry cleaning is needed, garments should be aired in the sun several hours, vacuumed with special attention to hidden areas, steam-pressed for extra safety.

What about home cleaning?

Some compounds are toxic and flammable, and best used outdoors. For home-cleaning furs and synthetic pile coats, a spray is available that forms a frosty film on contact, is brushed away and takes soil with it. Antimoth protection is still needed after this step.

What about freezing?

Clean fur and fabric items, if small, can go in the freezer for forty-eight hours at zero temperature, wrapped in sealed plastic bags. Taken out unopened, they'll be safe for the rest of the season.

GUARD AGAINST MICE

Country homes and some city dwellings will have to vary containers if there's a mouse in the house. Storage boxes or trunks should be metal. If these aren't available, wire netting can be folded around containers. Or a sheet of aluminum can be placed on supports 12" or more high, with aluminum extending 6" beyond the supports and kept well away from walls. Storage boxes get stacked on it.

SECURITY-WISE STORAGE

All furs and fabrics not protected by pest-proof rinse or sealed freezing now need treating on their own. This step calls for moth repellents and storage containers.

What kind of moth repellent?

You take your choice. Most common are sprays or moth balls or moth crystals such as paradichlorobenzene or flake naphtha. Garments to be stored should be treated generously. Allow about a pound of moth balls for each small chest or trunk—it's more economical than replacing a damaged favorite dress. Since gas from crystals is heavier than air, and sinks, best spread crystals between tissue paper in layers, or tie them in cheesecloth or use a special hanger placed high in closet or storage container. Vacuum whatever space you use so it's lint-free—insects lurk in crevices.

What kind of storage containers?

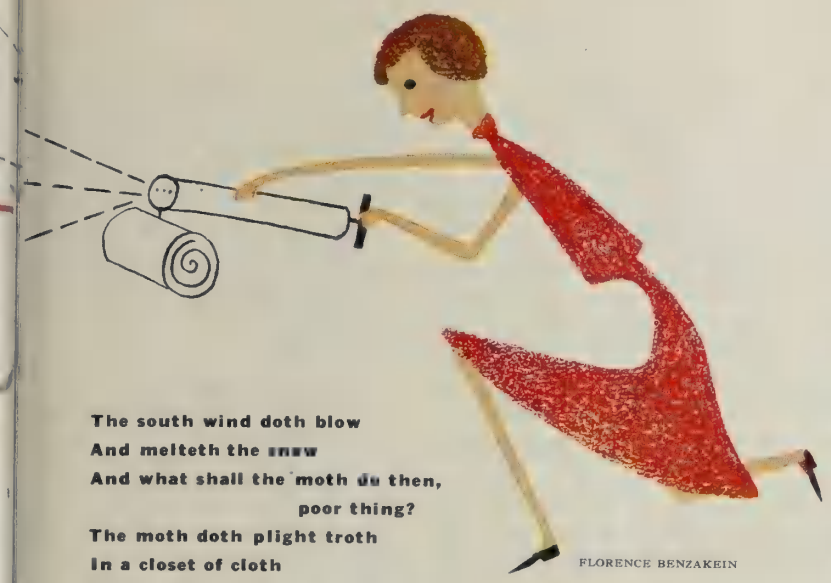
For dresses, suits and coats, garment bags serve you with least work year after year if closures are tight and there are no openings around the hanger top. (Openings can be sealed with stick-on fabric tape.) We like a bag with arrangements for inserting a vacuum hose, so moth crystals can be vaporized inside the bag. Hose removed, the bag is ready to seal shut.

For folded or small articles, cardboard boxes provide safe storage; so do packages of heavy brown wrapping paper or some of the durable freezer wraps. Other containers are trunks and chests. And for socks, scarves, skating caps, and so on, kitchen canisters and fruit jars are convenient to use and yield up their contents without fuss if the weather changes unexpectedly.

One rule for all containers: seal them tight with gummed tape.

Is a cedar chest good antimoth storage?

A new chest is, if the cedar is at least ¾" thick, regardless of what wood veneer is used on the outside. But when the chest is two or more years old, even if the cedar fragrance lingers longer, it has to be treated like any other storage con-



The south wind doth blow
And melteth the snow
And what shall the moth do then,
poor thing?
The moth doth plight troth
In a closet of cloth
And wageth a holey wing-ding!
Anon.

FLORENCE BENZAKEIN

tainer—that is, it should be sealed for airtightness, or the packages inside it should be sealed.

How can rugs and carpets be stored?

They are safest in cold storage, but can be kept home if necessary. First they need an all-over vacuuming, then a moth spray or hearty sprinkling of crystals. Roll them up, wrap in heavy paper or special rug packages, seal with gummed paper, store on end, and all's well.

SPECIALS

Fabric blends

If there is any wool in the blend, they need mothproofing.

GUARD AGAINST MILDEW

If excess moisture is a problem, choose a dry day for packing. A wire-protected trouble lamp or a small special rod heater in a closet will help dehumidify the space. Heat should be applied continually during the damp humid months.

Wool blankets

If electric, the blanket can be washed but not dry cleaned because the solutions used in dry cleaning may injure the insulation around the wires. Some are mothproofed in advance and need no care but cleanliness. Nonelectric blankets will need moth crystals. All should be folded into large boxes and sealed, or wrapped in brown paper and sealed, stored with "breathing space" around to prevent crushing the nap.

Pleated skirts

A full and bias-cut skirt should be rolled up over crushed tissue paper so there are no crosswise folds; if hung up, the weight of the fabric would pull into scallops. But a straight pleated skirt can be left hanging in a garment bag, and the main precaution is to secure the waistband straight across the hanger so it won't sag.

Synthetic pile-fabric coats

No synthetics attract moths—they're immune. Clean coats can simply be hung in storage. (If packed into a box, permanent creases could set in.)

Rubbers and boots and overshoes

All they need is washing, and it can be done in a machine. Wool- and fleece-lined ones should be sealed into a plastic bag or a tight container. Happiest storage space for rubber is a dry spot, away from heat.

TIPS AND CAUTIONS

Aerosol sprays, so effective against flying insects, don't penetrate deeply enough to guard against moths over the long months. Liquids applied with a pump-type spray or a vacuum attachment go deeper, are more dependable.

Labeling is a step not to skip. And there is much to be said for storing lightweight, middleweight and heavyweight clothes separately. Then you can unpack in sequence as the mercury drops.

When local dry cleaners offer mothproofing service, it's wise to read the guaranties in advance.

Some dyes stain onto neighboring fabrics, so when packing it pays to watch your color companions. The best guard is to separate garments by layers of tissue paper to keep the darker from marking the lighter.

Plastic hangers are a danger in some cases because moth crystals affect them and they may stain garments. Wire hangers are safe if covered by tissue paper to prevent rust stains. Wood hangers are always safe.

GUARD AGAINST RUST

Ice skates, tools, other metal surfaces can be kept rust-free with special coatings now on the market. One such coating is a liquid that forms an airtight seal, can later be peeled off in large sheets. An alternate protection is to coat the metal with a good-quality oil.

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JOANNE IS IN THE KITCHEN COUNTING OUT HER CALORIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

bars, and then at noontime I was first in line at the school cafeteria for macaroni and cheese, or scalloped potatoes with ham, or peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, pudding and milk. I could "hold out" until dinner with potato chips and more candy. Dinner always included two helpings of meat with potatoes and gravy or a rich casserole, vegetables, hot homemade buttered bread, two slices of mother's fresh-baked pie or a few of my own cream puffs. In the evening, our crowd used to drink cola-with-peanuts. You pour a bag of peanuts into the cola and gulp it all down together. Doesn't it sound awful?

DOTTIE: How did you rate with the crowd you speak o.?

JOANNE: I always felt like an outsider—as though I were imposing on the other girls, taking advantage of the friendship they offered. And I literally dragged behind—I was too fat to keep up with them.

DAWN: And the boys?

JOANNE: I hated boys. Now that I'm slim, I realize I *pretended* to dislike them in an effort to keep from having my feelings hurt by them. Each morning I'd have to board a school bus bringing teen-agers from neighboring towns to our school. They'd always talk out loud about the way I looked, and then burst into laughter. Or they'd think of the goofiest-looking fellow in town and say, "Joanne, you and he would make a good pair." They'd never sit next to me, exclaiming there wasn't room for a midget on the same seat. I used to go home and cry afterward. I didn't want to go back to school.

DOTTIE: Then you never had a date?

JOANNE: Sometimes a boy would get stuck with me at our roller-skating parties. We'd drive to the rink. When the car was crowded, girls would sit on boys' laps. The boy I was with always sat on *my* lap!

DAWN: It isn't funny to be the only teen-age girl in the class who is never asked out for her own sake!

JOANNE: I *did* have a blind date once. I was so excited about it, I spent *hours* getting ready. But when my escort arrived, he was so startled at the sight of big me, he acknowledged our introduction by saying, "Gosh, you're big—I mean *tall!*" It spoiled everything. We went for a walk—and that was the beginning and end of my first date.

DOTTIE: No beaux, no pretty clothes, no pride. Joanne, weren't those things enough to start you on a diet?

JOANNE: The sorrier for myself I became, the more I ate to make up for it. I had always wanted to be a cheerleader, but fancy 223-pound Joanne out there jumping up and down for the home team! I loved swimming, but I wouldn't have been caught in a bathing suit at the swimming center where most of the young people met. Instead, I settled for a little out-of-the-way lake where there were mostly older folks.

DAWN: What *did* make you decide to reduce?

JOANNE: I finally realized that my being fat was unfair to everyone I knew. Girls were always walking on a sort of conversational tiptoe around me, to avoid saying things that would hurt my feelings. My parents were t happy. I felt that I was headed toward po health.

MRS. MAGORIEN: There was a letter th came one day ——

JOANNE: Yes, from a boy in the Army st tioned in Korea. I had had a crush on hi and when I got his letter I was walking clouds (poor clouds!). I wanted to send h my picture. But I had to reduce first!

DOTTIE: How long did it take to lose pounds?

JOANNE: A little over six months. I start dieting in December, 1955, and by Jun 1956, I had lost 65 pounds. The extra fi have come off since. I'll continue to mainta my present weight of 153 for another fe months, and then gradually bring it down a other ten pounds or so. My doctor and I b lieve 145 pounds will just about ideal for me I'm tall, 5′10″.

DAWN: Your doct must have been please

JOANNE: He was accustomed to my bei fat, he automatica handed me a calor chart every time I l his office. When he alized that I was goi to *use* it, he was lighted.

DOTTIE: Was it ha to stick to your diet?

JOANNE: Only for t first two weeks. I ke on eating what I us ally ate, cutting wa down on portions. Th is, with the exception sweets and betwee meal snacks, which cut out completely. continued to bake f my family and friend but I assigned m brothers and sisters official "tasters." The loved the job, and kept me from beir tempted.

DAWN: What please you most about losir all that weight?

JOANNE: Being ab to feel I belonged; th I was being asked o because I was real wanted. Naturally it w a thrill to step into a si 16 dress as compare to a 40—and to be able to belt my waistli into a comfortable 27″ instead of the tigh squeeze 34″. I gave my fatty clothes to frien who used them as maternity dresses—and cut up the cotton dresses and made pret aprons out of them.

DOTTIE: People must be happy for you!

JOANNE: There are some who still can believe it. One evening last week I stood cha ting with a girl friend on the sidewalk when car went by with two boys I had known all m life. I waved to them. They looked, but didn wave back. Then they turned the car aroun and drove by us again. I waved for the secon time. No response. Then the car turne around *again* and drove by us s-l-o-w-l-y. On of the boys leaned so far through the windo I thought he'd fall out. "Is that *you*, Janet?" "No, Dennie, it's *me*—Joanne—you've on known me eighteen years!" Brakes screeche the car jolted to a halt and the boys bounce out to see for themselves. "Gosh, Joanne, Dennie exclaimed, "you're terrific! Where the rest of you?" We all laughed—they ac tually had not recognized me.

DAWN: How about the boy from Korea—did you send your pictures to him?

JOANNE: Oh, yes, he loved them. In fac (*complexion turning more peaches than cream* he's already proposed! EN

HIS GOING

By ALBERT STEWART

Singing he went, and whistling down the wind,
With soft blue shadows lagging in his eyes,
Whither the violent sunset at day's end
Seemed like God's burning brush piles in the skies.

The loitering light of skies now fading dim
Awoke a strange excitement there in him,
And ever his heart kept budding into song
Fresh as the springtime, as he went along.

The wind was sighing, and the moist-toned frogs
Fluted the darkness with the wakeful birds.
Earth was a throat whispering flowers up by old logs,
And the wind and the leaves and the stars were words.

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MEMORIAL DAY, 1900

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145

town on Penobscot Bay; and it was known far and wide for the superior quality of its citizenry. My father could ill afford not to accept its gracious invitation; and we straightway began to prepare for his appearance there in its First Unitarian Church.

He always mercifully wrote his oration in his dingy law office, located throughout his life above our one substantial grocery store; yet since he was frequently given to muttering portions of it at home or to pacing back and forth through the house or barn, clearly lost in the throes of further composition, my mother was never unaware either of its progress or of those periods of desperate barrenness which always accompany all literary endeavor. Nor were we children unaffected during those three months between Town Meeting and Memorial Day, for, whenever my father began his muttering or his pacing, we, like King Hezekiah in the Old Testament, went "softly" about our various occupations or, if possible, cleared out altogether.

Once the Castine oration was completed and read aloud many times to my mother, more for her approval than for her advice, she became immensely helpful to my father in the matter of gestures. For at that period gestures in any public address were both expected and carefully noted, and to omit them would have been unthinkable. My mother maintained that gestures should be effective, but in no sense ostentatious; and my father, with the awful example of William Jennings Bryan before him, entirely agreed with her. She favored a graceful wave of either hand until the arm should be at a right angle to the body, and at especially fervent moments of both hands in unison. She did not object to the elevation of the right arm to an almost perpendicular position if sentiment and eloquence demanded, or even to the clenching of the two hands before one; but she deplored the pointing of index fingers at the audience, any pounding upon the speaker's desk, and all bodily contortions whatsoever. These invariably sacrificed dignity, she said, and dignity, never divorced of course from sincere feeling, was the essence of a speaker's appeal.

The gestures at last decided upon between them, at least two rehearsals were held before us all, my father by this time having memorized his address. These took place in the kitchen and were truly awesome affairs, during which we children sat, tense, spellbound and worried. My father's final appearance before his family was in the nature of a dress rehearsal, for, because my mother thought he might feel awkward in Castine out of his usual business suit, he donned his Prince Albert, striped trousers and stiff shirt and in this attire solemnly delivered his oration. Needless to say, no suggestions from his children were solicited. We were there solely to admire.

Fortunately I do not have to rely only upon my memory in order to describe my father's appearance in Castine. Some months ago I discovered his address in a bundle of family papers and can now read it precisely as it was delivered with but one paragraph out of place. The paragraph in question came to the Castine audience as a triumphant innovation on my father's part, a bit of extemporaneous composition which established his reputation as one able at an unexpected crisis to rise to incredible heights of eloquence. It was, in point of fact, nothing of the kind.

This excerpt from my father's address had been the subject of much discussion and even of argument between my mother and him. It was a brief tribute to the men in gray, our enemies of forty years before; and my father had written it with charity and care and favored its inclusion. He had, however, been reluctantly persuaded by my mother to omit it, since, as she pointed out, Memorial Day was distinctly a day of commemoration for our men in blue and since the oration was already of generous length. That he had thoroughly memorized this excluded paragraph was merely one of those happy circumstances which one can attribute either to Chance or to Providence.

Our drive to Castine on May thirtieth in our surrey behind our two well-groomed black horses was an anxious one. My brother and my elder sister occupied the front seat with my father; my mother, my younger sister and I sat behind them. My father wore a linen duster over his Prince Albert, and my mother had taken the added precaution of inserting a piece of white druggist's paper between his immaculate linen and the duster in order that he might arrive in perfect condition. In her lap she carried his top hat swathed in a clean napkin. I had the honor of carefully holding his gold-headed cane. The weather was mercifully fine though unseasonably warm.

Although on any other day I should have been blissful over an excellent dinner in a real hotel and proud beyond words of the attentions of the hotel staff, I was swept by waves of homesickness as two o'clock drew near. There, but sixteen miles away, our own procession was forming; here, as all the Castine children gathered with their flowers, my brother and sisters and I could but watch from the side lines. To see my father take his place behind the Castine clergy was but small comfort. I obtained far more, in fact, from observing that the Castine procession possessed no captain of cavalry, no horse, no flashing sword.

There was some compensation, it is true, in our grave entrance as a family into the crowded church, the polite ushering of us all into a front pew; but there dread quickly over-

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S S S S S S S

came distinction. Suppose my father did not acquit himself well? Suppose he fumbled in his delivery, misplaced his gestures or forgot his words? He himself could not lend us security by his dignity or calm, for he was being kept behind the scenes, presumably in the church vestry, until the moment came for his dramatic entrance.

I looked toward my mother at the far end of the pew. She was clearly agitated, for she had unfolded her pale blue fan and was fanning her perspiring face. Folded on her lap was my father's oration, which, although she knew it by heart, she would follow as surreptitiously as possible so that she might leap into the awful breach by prompting him in case of failure.

Our fears proved groundless. My father's entrance was more impressive than any he had yet made, at home or abroad. With his top hat and gray kid gloves carried against his left breast, he proceeded slowly up the aisle and ascended the stairs leading to the platform.

Once in the pulpit, he surveyed his audience, his eyes seemingly missing no one except his nervous family, until they came to rest upon the pews directly opposite our own where Castine's soldiers of the Grand Army sat together. Upon these he now bent his solemn, admiring gaze, for it was to them that he was first to speak. Then his familiar opening words burst forth:

"Gentlemen! Defenders of the Republic! Preservers of the Union! Two score years have well nigh sped since you performed with dauntless heroism your sacred mission upon the hallowed earth of this nation. So swift, indeed, has flowed the ever-rolling stream of Time that he who now addresses you can but dimly recall the martial music of your homecoming."

From prologue to epilogue my father's lofty periods rose and fell, every intonation designed to arouse emotion, every telling gesture perfectly performed, every pause weighted with eloquence. We relaxed. My mother folded her fan. Her hands forgot to turn the pages in her lap. She sat entranced and confident. Was she, too, I thought, wondering how this superb presence in the pulpit could be the same man who milked our cow twice daily, was often fretful over trifles, and occasionally cut himself while shaving and bellowed for hot water?

When, after a spellbinding hour, my father concluded his oration and with his arms outstretched assured the men in blue of eternal glory in that they had kept our nation one and indivisible, the applause which rose in a mighty swell throughout the church was overwhelming. We alone did not clap our hands since my mother had thought it unseemly in view of our close connection with the speaker. Then as an added ovation the audience rose and we, after some hesitation and the exchange of many questioning glances, rose also. Tears were by this time visible on my mother's eyelids, and I saw that she was holding her lower lip firmly between her teeth.

If my father was overcome by this flattering reception of his oration, he did not show it. He stood in the pulpit for some moments bowing with great dignity, to the front, to the right, to the left. As the applause increased he walked to the edge of the platform and continued bowing, now bringing his shoulders and chest into dramatic action. When the clapping had at last died away and that moment of silence which always marks the failure to leave one world quickly for another had transfixed the audience, he turned to descend the pulpit stairs and to make his triumphal way down the main aisle.

Then an unexpected thing happened, a thing unprepared for in a day prepared to the least detail. Before my father had reached the stairs, an old man rose from his seat near the front of the church, from the farthest corner beneath a window. That he was a stranger was evident from the curious stares leveled upon him. He stood for an instant in his place and then called out clearly in a high, quavering voice:

"A remarkable oration, young man! But have you no tribute for the boys in gray?"

My father hesitated for but the fraction of a minute, but in that fraction I saw him look toward my mother with both reproval and elation. Then he slowly walked back across the platform until he stood facing the old man before an audience tense with confusion, excitement and indignation. His voice rose in the quiet church:

"In this solemn hour, on this most sacred of days, let us not forget or, indeed, be callous toward those brave men who likewise yielded up their lives, even if for another principle and for another purpose. Only God in His omnipotent wisdom can judge the right and reward the just. Yet heroism in whatever cause is forever glorious, and life sacrificed for that cause forever hallowed."

Only his family in the front pew knew that my father's tribute to the men in gray was not extemporaneous. Yet even we were unprepared for his final act. For when he had descended the stairs, he moved impulsively toward the stranger, took him by the hand, and with him at his side paced slowly down the aisle. The men in blue followed, two by two, and not a few in tears. In the year 1900 the public display of emotion was not so curtailed as it is today, and handkerchiefs were much in evidence throughout the First Unitarian Church of Castine.

We drove home through the spring twilight in silence. My father seemed remote and inaccessible. He had declined to wear his linen duster and sat erect and august in his top hat and Prince Albert, holding the reins in his left hand and the tasseled whip across them high in his right. The thrushes and whippoorwills sounded plaintively in the distance. And I, sitting beside my mother in the back seat, compared my father not unfavorably with Capt. Augustus Stevens and his flashing sword.



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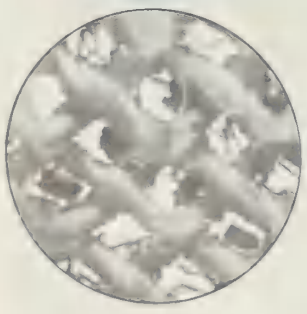
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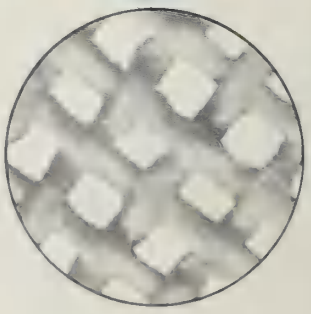
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Old-fashioned washday product left hidden dirt in clothes. Dirt can cause odor...



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Ladies' Home Journal

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JUNE, 1957

JOURNALITIES



Dr. Read and family at home.

DR. GRANTLY DICK READ, here photographed with sons Ian and Leigh and wife Jess near their home in Sidlesham Hampstead, has devoted a lifetime to the cause of natural childbirth: published three books, lectured in several countries, established a natural-childbirth clinic in Johannesburg, and won the respect and gratitude of women all over the world. As a child, he first became indignant over the mystery, fear and dread that surrounded the birth of a child; but his mother told him, "Childbirth is a very dreadful danger." Unconvinced, he went on to become a doctor and crusader; some of his struggles and triumphs are described in *Childbirth Without Fear and Without Pain* (p. 72).



Hope Dahle Jordan

HOPE DAHLE JORDAN, author of *Heat Wave* (p. 64), has a married daughter, a college-age son, and a husband who once hugged her so hard he broke a rib. Wisconsin-born, she lived in many different cities after her marriage. "But I can only write about a place that affects my emotions, so every story has to be located in Wisconsin." Now that it's summer, Mrs. Jordan says, "I golf and golf, dreaming about next winter and the wonderful stories I intend to write. Next winter, I'll glue myself to the typewriter and dream about summer and golf. So the two most frustrating occupations in the world can't get me down; for when I'm doing one, I'm thinking of the other!"



Joe Di Pietro

Equally well-known at the JOURNAL for his irrepressible high spirits and his excellent photography is JOE DI PIETRO, whose assignments take him to all parts of the United States, to Europe, even to India. One morning he may be in New York, photographing a visiting writer or film star for *Journal About Town;* that same afternoon flying down to a small town in Georgia, to spend a week taking the casual, relaxed shots that show *How America Lives*. Off-duty, Joe lives with his wife, son and daughter in Long Island, where he keeps busy transplanting fruit trees, gardening, building, boating—living that he describes as "typically exurban."

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Our READERS WRITE US

Thanks to Dr. Montagu!

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Dear Editors: I am glad to be among those mothers who had their babies at home in response to Doctor Montagu's Babies Should be Born at Home (August, 1955). My doctor would not agree in advance to come, but I was determined not to give in—and it was one of the happiest experiences of my life.

It may be helpful to many women to know that information on preparing for a home delivery may be obtained from the Maternity Center Association in New York (48 E. 92nd Street). I also found Louise Zabriskie's Mother and Baby Care in Pictures, 4th Ed. (J. B. Lippincott) and, of course, Doctor Read's book, Childbirth Without Fear, invaluable.



"Natural" babies.

Having everything carefully prepared by the seventh month left the last weeks free of concern. In addition, I went over the details of delivery with my husband, in case our doctor didn't come in time (he did). For my own use I made lists to refer to when labor started, and which also gave phone numbers that might be needed—the doctor's, friends who would keep the children, and so on.

Enclosed is a picture of my two "natural childbirth" babies. The little fellow is the one born at home—not the least bit puny, as you can see!

Very truly yours,
HELEN WESSEL

Two American Boys Go to School in England

Eastbourne, Sussex, England

Dear Editors: By far the brightest highlight of our stay in England has been the boys' schools. Jay, who is eleven, has been attending a "public" school, not of the same rank as Eton or Winchester, but still quite good. They begin Latin, French and what seems to me to be higher mathematics at age nine!

Johnny is attending a place called the Dolphins, which is a pre-prep school, and since he is so much smarter than his father, and always has been, it is no surprise that he is near the top of his form. Jay, who had to jump from the multiplication tables (which he didn't know very well) to algebra and geometry and to second-year Latin and French, I was more worried about. I needn't have been. He is mad about his work and does it incredibly well. He has been at the top of his form of ten for the past three weeks. Of course the very small classes account for a lot (and the six-day week with school until six in the evening on Saturdays!), but the fact is that a ten-year-old can be taught almost anything. I wouldn't have believed it if I had not seen it.

Our conclusion is that we shall send both boys to private schools when we return. At least a boy will not be allowed to sit idle in a small class. I have been somewhat reluctant to criticize the public schools in the United States, chiefly because I felt it reflected on the teachers—and most of them should have many stars in their crowns. But the fact is that standards throughout the public-school system in the United States have dropped to the point where even mediocre accomplishments seem excellent. Obviously, many, many boys can be taught the traditional "hard" subjects—languages, math and science—at an age far younger than high school. Indeed, ten is about where they should start. I know it is not saying much for me, but I have visited in the scholarship form (thirteen-year-olds who have a chance to win a scholarship at a public school) and they were doing work in math and language superior to that for which I was awarded a master's degree in an American state university.

Sincerely,
GLENN WHITE

One Vote for Socialized Medicine

Port Washington, L.I., New York

Sir: Why don't you campaign for something worth while, like socialization of medicine? Don't you think we taxpayers should carry the burden of *all* the sick

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

HELP!

Do you own a December, 1883, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL?

When Mr. and Mrs. Curtis started the JOURNAL way back then, perhaps they didn't realize how important that first issue might be to us someday. Anyway, they didn't save it. If you did (and are willing to sell), will you write us, PLEASE?

Over a year ago, we suggested that any readers who wished to do so might contribute old issues of the JOURNAL to the Radcliffe College Library. Due to the interest and co-operation of many of you, Radcliffe now has one of the finest JOURNAL collections in the United States, already in valued use by students of social history. Some issues are missing, however. If you have any of these magazines which you wish to sell for $1 each, write to Elizabeth B. Borden, Women's Archives, Radcliffe College, Cambridge 18, Massachusetts. *Please do not send magazines. Missing numbers are:*

December 1883 through November 1885
1886 February, April, May
1887 February, June, July, September through December
1888 February, April, May, June August, September, November
1889 July, August, September
1892 November, December
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1914 March
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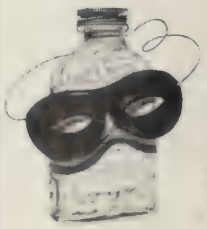


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The 25th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child make a career in the Armed Forces?



Members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff prepare for a regular meeting. L to R: Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Op tions; Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Chief of Staff, U. S. Air Force; Adm. Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chief Staff; Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army; and Gen. Randolph McC. Pate, Commandant, U. S. Marine Co

by Admiral Arthur W. Radford

Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

(As told to Donald Robinson)

IT HAS taken real men—with courage, initiative and dedication—to keep the United States free. There was John Paul Jones who wouldn't surrender though his ship was sinking beneath him. "I have not yet begun to fight," he declared. There was that tough Virginia frontiersman, Daniel Morgan. He rallied his handful of raw militiamen after everything seemed lost at the Battle of Cowpens and smashed the most dreaded cavalry unit in the British Army. There were Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark, the doughty explorers who dared the wilderness to blaze a path to the Pacific. There was Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan. In the face of serious obstacles, he developed new concepts of naval warfare that helped guide the United States to preeminence at sea.

Brave, able and patriotic men like these have been the backbone of our Armed Forces since the founding of the Republic.

They still are.

I know of a Navy pilot in World War II who found himself alone in the Pacific skies against nine enemy planes. He didn't make a run for safety. Instead, he attacked the nine enemy planes single handed and shot down five of them, thereby saving his carrier from probable destruction. I know of Army men and Air Force fliers in Korea who fought beyond the limits of human endurance. Short of guns, ammunition, even food, a few thousands of them in the Pusan beachhead stood off the entire weight of the North Korean invasion army. And think of the Marines who were surrounded by the Chinese Reds at Chosin Reservoir. In sub-zero weather, they battled clear of the Communist trap although they were outnumbered by five to one.

"Retreat, hell!", their commander said at the time. "We're just attacking in a new direction."

Nor is it only the men of the Armed Forces who have served this country so well. The women of the Armed Forces have performed as gallantly. I am reminded of the tiny—she was scarcely five feet tall—WAC supply sergeant who pulled a husky soldier out of a pool of burning gasoline in North Africa and smothered his flaming clothing with her own body. There have been many like her.

It is a magnificent tradition that the men and women of the Armed Forces have established. For 181 years, they have been the bulwark of the nation.

Those of us who belong to the Armed Forces derive an intense inner satisfaction from carrying on this tradition and adding to it. To our minds, military service in defense of our country and the cause of democracy is one of the most honorable professions possible for an American.

It is also, we believe, one of the most constructive. Though our prime concern in the Armed Forces is preparing for war, our chief mission is to prevent war.

Can there be a more worth-while objective?

The Armed Forces serve the country in other ways, too—big ways. Army engineers built many of our largest dams and flood control systems. Army and Navy doctors pioneered in the use of penicillin, sulfa drugs and blood plasma. Some of our most important navigational aids were perfected by Navy scientists. Radar, for example. And loran.

All of the Services work closely with civilian scientists to expand human knowledge. At this very moment, the Navy has an expedition down near the South Pole, probing the Antarctic icelands. The Air Force and the Navy both are actively exploring outer space.

As you can see, there is more to military service than combat. It is an exciting, challenging profession with something in it to interest virtually every person.

What are the advantages to a military career?

Many, I believe. It offers adventure, the physical fitness that comes from an outdoor life, the magic stimulus of travel to far-off places. Many a military person who scoffed at the old cliché, "Travel is broadening," has changed his outlook after the wonderful things he's seen all around the world.

A military career brings you the comradeship of finest men and women in America. Service friendsh are renowned for their long-lasting loyalty and devoti They lift military life out of the ordinary.

Best of all, the Services afford young men and wom excellent opportunities to better themselves, so that t can meet the needs of modern technology.

A Navy bluejacket can learn one of more than si skills in aviation, electronics, engineering, ordnan photography, music and other spheres. The Army ma tains fifty-five different schools, teaching soldiers eve thing from cryptography and cooking to the lat infantry tactics and the operation of guided missi Air Force and Marine training is just as extensive.

Girls in the Army's WACS, the Navy's WAVES, Air Force's WAFS, and the Women Marines have eq opportunities. They can become meteorologists, cont tower operators, X-ray technicians, intelligence spec ists, laboratory workers. Or dozens of other things.

"I never knew how much there was to learn," a wrote the Defense Department recently, "until I s how much the Services were willing to teach me."

The career officer has available to him some of most outstanding military schools in the world to h him improve his professional qualifications.

There are yet other advantages to a career in



rmed Forces. You do not have to worry about seasonal
y-offs. Medical care for you and your dependents is
ovided. And your future is protected. You are guaran-
ed a retirement income after twenty years' service.

What are the possibilities for advancement?

They are good. This holds for officers and enlisted
rsonnel alike.

At last count, there were 350,000 officers and warrant
icers, and 2,430,000 enlisted personnel in the Armed
rces. Forty-five percent of them have been in the
rvice less than two years. Only one-fifth have been in
ten years or more.

That means that the upper grades, both in the com-
ssioned and enlisted ranks, are not overloaded with
d-timers. It means that young men with ability and
tiative can look forward to steady sailing up the pro-
otion scale. There is no dead end in military life. It
mpares favorably with almost any civilian field in its
ope for individual advancement.

Much as I love Service life, I admit that it does have a
mber of drawbacks. You are sometimes separated
m your family for long intervals. We have been try-
g, as best we can, to cut down on these separations,
t the demands of the Service occasionally make them
avoidable.

It is also true that considerable moving about is nec-
sary in the Service. Just as you are settling down in a
w home, orders may arrive transferring you. This can
use serious interruptions in your family life, and part-
gs from old friends. Still, you become accustomed to
it. Many families even enjoy the changes of scene, especially since most of our military installations have their own happy community aspects.

Furthermore, military families often have an opportunity to serve together in fascinating foreign lands. They get to know foreign friends, foreign customs, foreign languages. They act as unofficial American "ambassadors"—and, incidentally, do a splendid job of it.

Some people claim that the discipline in the Services is a drawback. Personally, I have never regarded it as such. We are all subject to discipline of some kind. There is a discipline in the home, the school, the church and in business. As a matter of fact, good discipline, equitably administered, can make life easier rather than harder. I found that out forty-five years ago as a midshipman at the United States Naval Academy.

Some feel it a drawback that the men of the Armed Forces may, one day, have to risk their lives for their country. I disagree with them.

To my way of thinking, this is not a drawback but a privilege. In a democracy like ours, every able-bodied man is expected to bear arms and risk his life, if need be, in defense of his country.

I cannot say that anyone will become wealthy on Service pay. No one ever has. However, I can say this. Military pay rates are established by law and legislators are conscientious about providing enough for the decencies of life. Service men are certainly able to support their families and educate their children. In this connection, the "fringe benefits" that Service men and women receive over and beyond their pay cannot be forgotten. In addition to medical care, vacations and pensions, these benefits include certain insurance coverage, disability payments, legal assistance, and the use of commissaries and post exchanges. Such items mount up.

All young people can profit from military training but, naturally, not everyone is suited to a military career. Only the right type of boys and girls can make a success and a happy life in the Armed Forces.

I have given this subject much deliberation. In my opinion, such boys and girls must first have a genuine interest in matters military. They must be loyal to their country, be proud of its history, and feel a duty to its future.

Secondly, it is essential that such boys and girls have a high degree of adaptability, be able to adjust to changing circumstances. Third, they must get along with other people. Fourth, they must want to be leaders, and have a keen sense of responsibility. Fifth, they should be amenable to discipline. This does not mean that they cannot think for themselves. The Services encourage individuality and original thought. But the unruly lad who delights in rebellion against constituted authority will not prosper.

A sixth requirement is a quick, agile mind. A facility for mathematics would be especially helpful. Seventh is a liking for adventure. Eighth is, understandably, good health.

How do boys and girls resolve upon which Service to join?

I would suggest that they read everything they can on all four of the Services, that they question veterans and, if possible, that they talk with men and women now on active duty. Each Service has its own mission, its own traditions, and its own attractions.

No prior training is required of boys and girls interested in a career in the enlisted ranks. They can sign up for periods ranging from two to six years, and obtain their training while they draw their pay.

A boy with the ambition to become an officer can seek an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy, the U. S. Naval Academy or the U. S. Air Force Academy. He can, if he wishes, apply for pilot training in the Air Force, the Navy or the Marines. Or he can win a commission in a variety of other ways. Training programs range from a few weeks to four years. A girl, with the proper qualifications, can obtain a commission in the women's Service in as little as eight weeks.

To any boy or girl who decides on a career in the Armed Forces, I would say, "Continue your civilian education as long as you can. The more your schooling, the better you'll do in the Services."

I would particularly emphasize this to boys and girls who want to become officers. Today, a college background is virtually a pre-requisite for most officer training schools.

To parents and teachers I would add this. For any career, education begins in the family and is continued in the church and the school. It is up to you to instill in children an understanding both of the rights and responsibilities of a citizen. Teaching them to recite the Bill of Rights from memory is not enough, for you could teach a parrot to do that. Rather, teach them to understand its meaning. Give them a "Bill of Responsibilities" to go along with the "Bill of Rights" and inculcate them with a spirit of service. Then you can be sure that they will shoulder their share of responsibility to our nation.

Democracy, patriotism, discipline, courage, professional competence, honor and integrity, logic and common sense, patience, loyalty and faith . . . these are the guiding principles in the Service man's creed. I hope they will be guideposts for your children, too, whether in military service or civilian life.

Today, the United States is confronted with the menace of militant international Communism. This danger is apt to continue for long years to come. Only by remaining strong can we preserve our freedoms. Your son and your daughter can help us stay strong. And free.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Armed Forces is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science *and* Librarianship. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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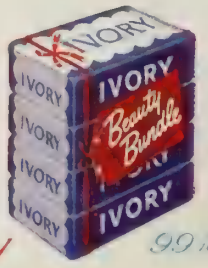
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Personal Size Ivory is your best beauty buy

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A MORAL EQUIVALENT FOR WAR

By DOROTHY THOMPSON



HILLTOP VISTA, serigraph, 15½" x 19⅝", by Leonard Pytlak, is of the countryside near Westport, Connecticut. Pytlak, born in New Jersey, is represented in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Boston and Denver Museums of Art. Courtesy the Weyhe Gallery, New York.

Way back in my student days I read an essay by Prof. William James that left an indelible impression on my mind. It was entitled A Moral Equivalent for War.

The distinguished philosopher who greatly influenced American thinking was of the opinion that war has, throughout history, supplied something required by every society, through its demands for service and sacrifice. Free nations and societies tend to stagnate or disintegrate as each member and interest group pursues its own ends, more or less regardless of the whole. War demands a sacrifice of personal interest, it calls for service without commensurate personal compensation, and thus performs a moral function. He argued that if mankind is to abandon war, a course which he believed to be highly desirable then—and certainly would find much more so in the atomic age of today—a moral substitute for war must be found, something to enlist an equal concept of service and sacrifice.

He thought it should be sought by enlisting young men to serve for a specified length of time in essential activities of an onerous and poorly compensated kind, necessary, nevertheless, to the building of the nation—in short, to do for a limited time those things as a national service that they would not otherwise *choose* to do.

This idea has actually born fruit in several parts of the world, sometimes as a response to a national crisis of depression, sometimes as a purely ethical concept.

During the great financial and economic depression in Germany, for instance, prior to the rise of Hitler to which it greatly contributed, a group of dynamic German leaders formed the Voluntary Work Service for unemployed youth, who were being demoralized (in the exact sense of that word) by the fact that there was no call for their talents and services, and no outlook for them except long-continued unemployment relief. Thousands rallied to the appeal to work for a prostrated nation for no compensation beyond a bed and their food. For there was much work to be done for a country whose treasury was depleted but whose roads, state forests and other national assets still needed maintenance, enlargement and repair.

Hitler's Third Reich stopped this movement, by channelizing the basically idealistic desire for sacrifice and service into preparation for war.

In America, the Civilian Conservation Corps was a response to a similar economic situation, unhappily without any clear philosophical concept. Designed wholly for the unemployed, it set the members of the CCC apart from other young men, in a form of work relief, rather than a conscious national service. The William James Camp in Vermont, largely inspired by the Dartmouth philosopher, Prof. Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy (an exile from Hitler's Germany who had been active in the pre-Hitler work service for youth), struck the real Jamesian note.

Dartmouth students who were *not* on relief, most of them exceptionally brilliant and socially sensitive young men, joined the camp with a view to contributing to make the CCC a real and permanent part of American life and American rebuilding, physically, morally and spiritually. They failed in the immense organization that the CCC had become, and as, under the threat of Hitler and a militant Japan, America, too, introduced universal military service and prepared for war.

Quietly, and with little publicity, the American Friends Service Committee has, for years, been recruiting young men and women for tasks at home and abroad performed for the love of God and man, in sacrifice and without remuneration.

Universal military service has, in one respect at least, a moral foundation, in that it assumes that equal rights entail equal responsibilities for service and sacrifice. Every year new classes of young men are called up to interrupt or postpone for two years their normal ambitions and way of life, to serve America in hundreds of places throughout the globe.

But one may question whether their compulsory service and sacrifice is always used in the most constructive way.

An army stationed at a base in peacetime (or in the absence of hostilities) has little to do. Many talents and capacities rust and rot during two years of doing little but stand on guard. Among the million men that make up the American Army—physically the pick of the nation—is every kind of talent and capacity, and every craft, trade and profession is represented.

So one asks oneself: Is it possible to build a real peacetime army that will, at the same time, be an instrument of peace, beyond the function of "deterrence," by the fact of its existence?

Can there not be worked out, more extensively than at present, a system of services rendered to and with the people of the communities where our troops are stationed, that will leave a lasting mark on those countries, that will create a new concept of an army of peace, and that will lend an increased feeling of sense and service to the men themselves?

I do not know the answer to this, but I do know that officers high in our armed services are thinking about it—and should be encouraged to think further.

Then there is the question of foreign aid, which is largely a matter of technical advice and co-operation.

It is extremely difficult to find *competent* people, willing to take on jobs that are relatively poorly paid, and that will keep them abroad for a minimum of two years, often in "hardship posts." Yet, in our effort to help new nations, and old nations emerging from centuries of colonial rule or stagnation, we are extending rather than diminishing our commitments. We are doing so under the apprehension that if these states break down, Soviet-inspired CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Executive Editor: Mary Bass *Special Projects Editor:* Laura Lou Brookman
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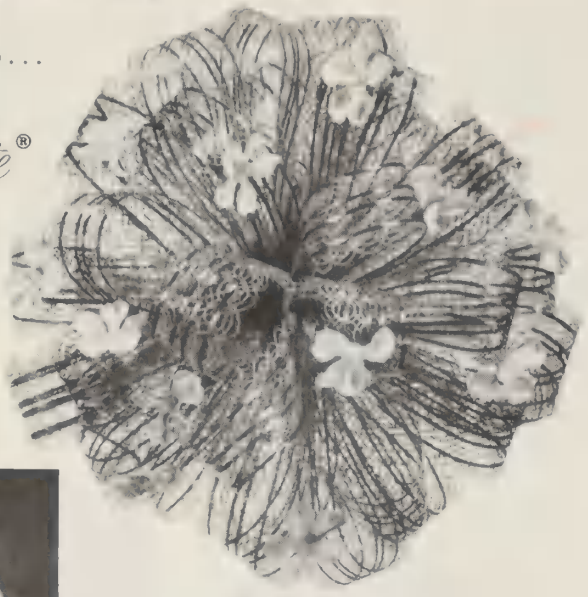
*Colorado and west.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Communism may sweep the Middle and Far East.

These countries need, and are ready to welcome, every kind of technical, vocational and educational help. But where to find it on a voluntary basis, without depleting ourselves?

Why not out of the Army?

The Army is being cut down in numbers, because of the technical developments of modern war. Also, the concept of universal service is watered down because many are rejected for minor physical ailments that make them incapable of combat service, though they are otherwise able to perform the normal duties of civilian life.

Why could not such of the surplus as have been permitted to complete their education before being called, and are especially fitted, be assigned to such technical-aid tasks, on regular Army pay? If a man can be compelled by law to serve his country for two years in one capacity, why should he not be assigned to serve for an equal length of time as a mechanical or vocational trainer, a laboratory technician, a physician, a schoolteacher, a business-administration expert, an engineer, in the work that the United States has undertaken in all the underdeveloped countries? Why must he *necessarily* serve only in the armed forces?

Actually the work we are doing along these lines *is* a "moral equivalent for war." It is a fight on hunger, malnutrition, ignorance and disease. It assumes that if men and women of whatever race or color foresee a better future for themselves and their children, they will not be swept away by demagogues, promising what cannot be fulfilled in a few years, and paying for the false hope the price of all personal and national liberty.

Perhaps sometime all armies will be devoted to the sacrificial tasks of peace: to irrigating deserts; reforesting barren hills; joining remote communities by roads; exterminating parasitic diseases; warring upon locusts; constructing schools; building sewage systems; piping fresh water into towns or decontaminating the existent supply; and thus bringing the blessings of civilization to all on this little planet.

Then the idea of sacrifice and service will have been diverted from killing to building, from destroying to conserving. The soldier will be able to say, "I did my tour of duty, and the world—or a little place in it—is better off thereby."

For we shall then have found a moral equivalent for war. END

OH, I RODE RIGHT THROUGH CHILDHOOD

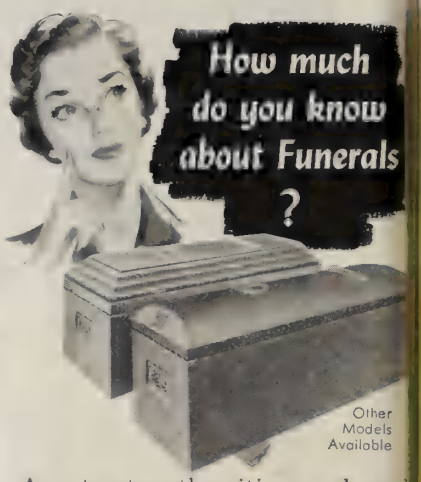
By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Oh, I rode right through childhood
With the wind in my face,
On my wild-pony steed,
At a blood-highing pace!

Oh, we conquered some miles
In that strong sun's path!
Oh, a sudden storm coming
Made us laugh, made us laugh!

We were fast, oh, fast
Through the blackest of woods,
We were hoofbeat and heart
Down the bluffs we subdued!

Ah, my pony! red roan
That I dreaming remount,
When my suns burn like brands,
When the dark winds shout!



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Sumptuous supper, California-style —with 4 Fishermen® Fishsticks

THE PREMIUM BRAND

Look at this colorful, delicious way *you* can fix fishsticks. Start with 4 Fishermen Fishsticks—the premium-quality kind, cut from snow-white center fillets. (Takes 3 pounds of fresh fish to make our half-pound package!) Each flaky, quick-frozen fishstick is crisply, tenderly encrusted in our golden egg-batter... ready to heat and serve simply when you're busy... worthy of sumptuous recipes when you're in a gala mood. Look for 4 Fishermen Fishsticks, in the 8-ounce or 14-ounce economy package, in your store's frozen food cabinet. Cost a bit more, but they're certainly worth it. *Fulham Brothers, Inc., Boston, Mass.*

Fishsticks CALIFORNIA

2 8-oz. packages 4 Fishermen Fishsticks
2 green peppers, finely sliced • 2 tablespoons oil
½ cup finely chopped onion
1 clove minced garlic (optional)
1 cup whole canned or stewed tomatoes
¼ teaspoon oregano • ⅛ teaspoon chili powder
½ teaspoon salt • ½ cup sliced black olives

Heat fishsticks according to directions on package. Cook green pepper in oil over moderate heat in an 8″ frying pan until slightly tender, about 5 minutes. Remove from pan. Add onion and garlic to oil and cook for 5 minutes, or until soft. Add tomatoes, seasonings and olives and cook over low heat for 10 minutes longer. Pour tomatoes into oblong baking dish (11½ x 7⅜ x 1½) and place fishsticks on top. Top with green pepper. Heat in moderate oven, 375°F, for 5 minutes. Makes 4 servings.





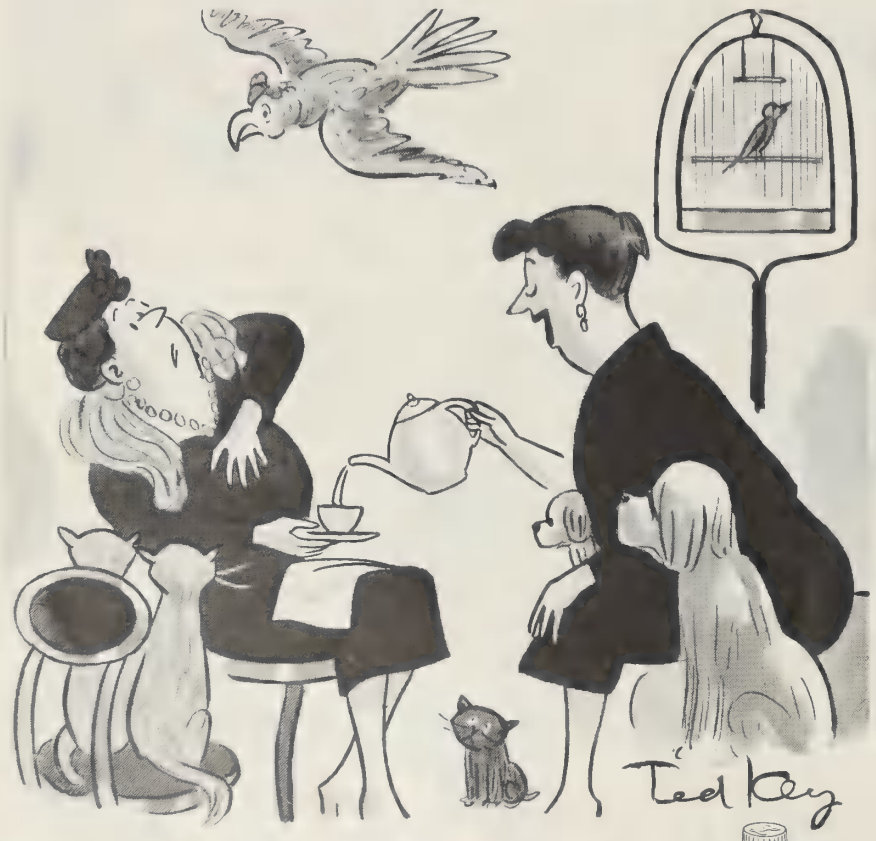
"NO-COOK" MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

1/4 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup sugar
2 egg whites 3/4 cup Karo® Syrup, Red Label
1-1/2 teaspoons vanilla

Add salt to egg whites and beat with electric mixer or rotary beater until mixture forms soft peaks. Gradually add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating until smooth and glossy. Slowly add Karo Syrup, beating thoroughly after each addition, until firmly peaked. Fold in vanilla. If desired, tint with food coloring. Enough to frost two 9-inch layers or 10-inch tube cake.



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NO, MAMMA, NO!

The pen is not only mightier than the sword— it's sometimes even sharper. Especially when two women and a man are concerned.

By MARJORIE RIDDELL

My mother wrote and said she was glad I had enjoyed the party. Who was George? What was his surname? Where did he live? What did he do? How long had he been doing it? How tall was he? How old was he?

I wrote back and said that I didn't know who George was. He had just been at the party.

My mother wrote and said why did I talk about him then?

I wrote and said I was only telling her about the party and George just happened to be there. Why was she harping on George?

My mother wrote and said she wasn't harping. But even Sarah was engaged now, and she was two years younger than I. She had always liked the name of George, they had intended to call me George, and it was a pity I didn't like him.

I wrote back and said I did like George. I just didn't know anything about him, he didn't know anything about me, and we would probably never run into each other again.

My mother wrote and said what kind of spineless creature was I? If I wanted to meet him again I would have to do something about it. It wasn't any good just sitting down and hoping for the best like my father when he helped with the housework. Only that very morning my father had dusted the dining room and it was nearly an hour before she realized that he had gone to do it without a duster. Why didn't I get busy and find out more about George?

I wrote back and said I didn't want to find out any more about George. I wished I had never mentioned him.

My mother wrote and said why didn't I want to find out any more about George? *Why did I wish I had never mentioned him?* What was the matter with him? She was going to worry about it now. I must write immediately and tell her all about it or she wouldn't sleep. She remembered a girl she knew years ago who had a bull terrier, who got engaged. This girl began to get things for her trousseau and suddenly her fiancé, who lived in another town, simply stopped writing, and she never heard another word. *His* name was George. That was funny, wasn't it?

So I wrote and said there wasn't anything the matter with George. She was getting all worked up over nothing.

My mother wrote back and said she wasn't getting worked up over anything. If there was nothing the matter with George, what was the matter? The trouble with me was that I wanted too much. It was no good expecting to meet someone who looked and acted like a film star. I was old enough to have got over that now. She got over it when she met my father. Everybody did.

I wrote again a few days later. I had met someone called Andrew who knew George, and George was married. So my mother could forget all about it.

Then my mother wrote and said who was Andrew? What was his surname? Where did he live? What did he do? How long ——

But that's where you came in.

END

how to make chicken taste even more delicious



Don McNeil says on Breakfast Cl... "Next time, co... your chicken w... Ac'cent. Brings o... more delicious natu... flavor than you ever knew was there!"

Foods lose some of their good fresh ta... by the time they reach your kitchen. Ac'ce... is pure monosodium glutamate—the natu... way to restore food flavors and bring ... their full tastiness.

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Wonders never cease when you start with Lipton Onion Soup

From dip . . . to soup . . . to main dish . . . this talented mix gives meals more zip!

Lipton's party-going California Dip. Tastiest appetizer ever "dipped" up with golden crisp potato chips . . . and so quick! Blend *1 package Lipton Onion Soup Mix,* as it comes from the package, into *1 pint commercial sour cream.* Keep leftover "dip" (if any) under refrigeration.





Lipton Onion Soup—*add mix to boiling water*—and in minutes you have fragrant onion soup as deep-down good as the true "Continental" kind. For a festive touch: sprinkle each serving with golden grated cheese. Then—happy spooning!



Spunky onion gravy: Add 1 package Lipton *Soup Mix* to *2½ cups boiling water.* Cover and cook 10 minutes. Gradually add *2 tablespoons of flour* mixed with *½ cup water.* Cook, stirring constantly till thickened. Makes about 2¾ cups.

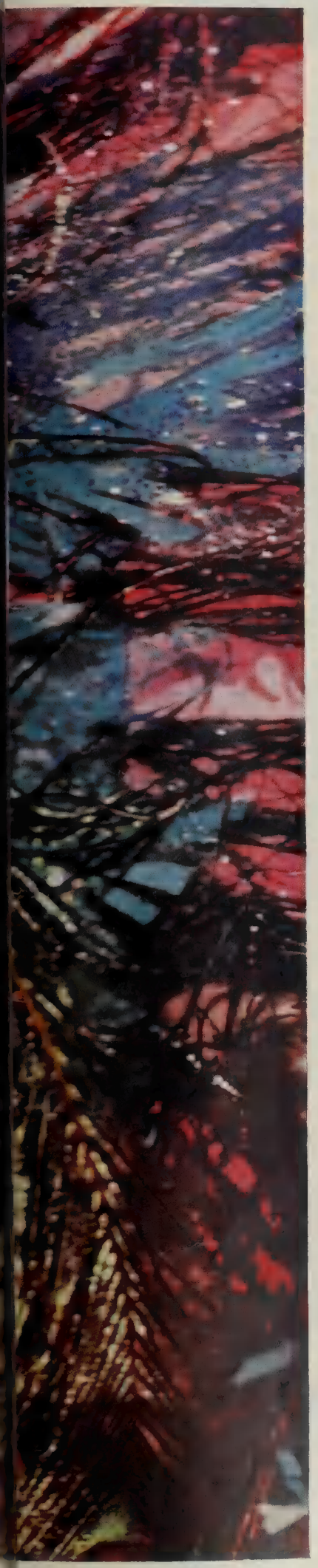


Lipton's easy "company" meat loaf. Beat *2 eggs* lightly in large bowl. Stir in *⅓ cup catsup, ¾ cup warm water, 1 package Onion Soup Mix.* Add *1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 2 pounds ground beef.* Mix well. Bake at 350° F. 1 hour. Serves 6-8.

Now! The lipstick you'll *love to put o*



in the case you'll *love to show off!*



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'Show Case'



Only lipstick case that looks so beautiful while you use it ...it almost flirts for you!

You'll *adore* Show-Case . . . the *first* case as lovely with the top *off*—as with the top on! It's different from any other refillable case because the works aren't *seen* while you use it! All that shows is Show-Case, topped by the lipstick itself! And it works like a dream . . . swivels smoother with *one* hand than other cases do with *two!*

DuBarry fills new Show-Case with a *new* lipstick—Lustre-Life! There's never been a lipstick like it . . . you'll *know* the instant you touch it to your lips. Lustre-Life positively *creams* on . . . and the lustrous color's on to stay—*all day*. The creamy formula can't dry . . . it actually softens your lips! And Lustre-Life comes in heavenly custom shades . . . shades that look *imported!* There's *no* lipstick like *this* lipstick—and look around —there's *no* case like Show-Case!



***Show-Case** comes in Black, White and Golden finishes. Why not buy all three—then mix and match for a whole wardrobe of lipstick cases?*

Refills in "Lustre-Life" and regular "Moisturized" .75 10 luscious shades!*

NEW DUBARRY SHOW-CASE

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Your Teeth
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And Colgate's with GARDOL
Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.





*THE TOP-THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Colgate's with GARDOL
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty



"Well—what would you like to know?"

The generation of tomorrow is now putting on its cap and gown to hear the parting words of wisdom and advice from its elders. And the words are not entirely cheerful—if this June's commencement speakers continue the warnings of last year's. "We need, first of all, to learn a little cold-eyed humility. We need to recognize that our capabilities are limited. . . ." (John Fischer at University of Massachusetts.) "We are now too prone to glory in the process of education, but not to put the results to much use. . . ." (Dr. Wilma Anderson Kerby-Miller at Simmons.) "Americans have not listened enough. The Ear of America has shrunk; the Voice is sometimes raucous. . . ." (Erwin Canham at Haverford.)

●

If there is one thing that should make for proper humility, it is the reading of history. I suppose every well-versed reader of today feels that Toynbee's *A Study of History* must be on her list of accomplishments. But it takes a long time to make up one's mind to ten volumes of history, and actually this particular reader waited so long that she finally didn't need to (read ten), for now the two-volume abridgment is out, surrounded by an aura of universal acclaim: A STUDY OF HISTORY, by ***D. C. Somervell*** (Oxford).

For the ordinary reader this is a godsend. Not that one has to be a scholar to understand Toynbee. But even the abridgment takes concentration, and my advice is to read it when you are at your brightest; read it every day, perhaps, for half an hour before getting up, and by the end of the summer I guarantee you'll find yourself infinitely rewarded.

●

A WOMAN DOCTOR LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE, by ***Dr. Marion Hilliard*** (Doubleday), is a sound discussion of women's problems from adolescence, through marriage, change of life and old age. The best in the field that I happen to have read.

"If you marry at all," says the Irishman, "marry last year."

A baby-sitter manual is issued by the Y.W.C.A., and can be picked up at any local branch where the course on that subject is given. This course (and pamphlet) assumes baby-sitting to be a real job with specific requirements, not just an easy way to make pocket money. It includes a chapter on child care, precautions for safety and health, and a summary of child development.

●

SEX FACTS AND FICTION FOR TEENAGERS, by ***Dr. Eugene Mozes*** (Ottenheimer Publishers, Baltimore), is about as sensible a book on that subject as one can imagine, not a book to hide away surreptitiously, but one to read and abide by

●

THE TURN OF THE TIDE, by ***Sir Arthur Bryant***, is a brilliant war book (Doubleday). It is based on the war diaries (1939–43) of Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, chief of the British General Staff, who, though he shared with Churchill what Bryant calls a "partnership of genius," has been almost unknown to the wide public. This is chiefly because he has always deliberately kept out of the limelight.

The diaries were personal, written by Alanbrooke for his wife—"my evening talk with you on paper"—and because of the secrecy of some of their parts, and their candor about people, the diaries themselves will not be published for a long time—if ever.

●

THE DAY OF INFAMY is another war close-up—a blow-by-blow account of Pearl Harbor by ***Walter Lord*** (Holt), in which he uses the same technique that he did in the story of the Titanic, *A Night to Remember*, which JOURNAL readers will never forget.

●

AN ELEPHANT IN THE FAMILY, by ***James Playsted Wood*** (*Thomas Nelson and Sons*), *is a cheerful story about an elephant who comes to live with a family of three small children—cheerful, that is, for those of us who so deeply admire elephants.*

●

HOW TO WATCH A BASEBALL GAME, by ***Fred Schwed, Jr.*** (Harper), is strictly for fans, and for fans who are not dependent on the humor of the comics. This is sophisticated fun, over a commentary on baseball technique, on the crowds, on the very different angles of the various cities, but not on individuals except to illustrate a line of thought. Almost as good as an afternoon at the Yankee Stadium.

Limited still further—to baseball fans who are about to become fathers—are these instructions in baby diapering (not *in the book*): *"First, place the diaper in position of a baseball diamond with you at bat. Fold second base over home plate. Place the baby on the pitcher's mound. Then pin first and third to home plate."*



"Well, let's see . . . yes, the nineteenth will be O.K. for our wedding—the Dodgers will be playing in Boston that day."

Have you discovered how Scotties hold together

—even when you're using liquid face cream?

Prove it to yourself!
Soft as Scotties facial tissues are,
Scotties are strong—even when wet
Make this dramatic "jewel" test →



Pour two pools of liquid cleansing cream. Soak an ordinary tissue in one pool, a Scottie in the other.



Ordinary tissue breaks— Cream-soaked tissue *without* the wet-strength of Scotties breaks through when you drop just one earring into it.



Scottie doesn't break! Drop two earrings, bracelet, pin, necklace into cream-soaked Scottie—and it doesn't break! Scotties have wet-strength.



Glamorous new way to remove your make-up . . .
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Scotties facial tissues
Another fine paper product by Scott



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Mrs. Frances Loughran of The Bronx, New York, making the Cheer window test.

"It's really true! Cheer washes so white you can see the difference!"

Cheer's Blue-Magic whitener makes the difference . . . and only blue Cheer has it!

Try blue Cheer yourself, and you'll discover that there's a difference you can actually see between ordinary white and *Cheer*-white.

Here's why. Only Cheer has the Blue-Magic whitener . . . a special ingredient that get clothes *really* white! Even whiter than the day you bought them! And you know that when your white things are this white, your whole wash is thoroughly clean!

Try Cheer today and make your own window test. See the difference in whiteness yourself!



If you judge your wash by whiteness . . . it's got to be Cheer!

BETTER LIVING FOR ELDER-AGERS

The old folks' home is becoming a thing of the past. Today many of our senior citizens are moving into retirement villages and centers, especially designed apartment houses and homes. They generally enjoy being with people their own age, the JOURNAL *learned through interviews, but they also want, as the National Committee on the Aging stresses, to be close to the center of community activities. The two projects featured this month meet both needs.*

Low-rent apartments provide independence and security in Waltham, Massachusetts

Maude Doherty lived alone and liked it. At 74, she had lost none of the spirit of independence she had had before retiring three years ago from her small business as a *corsetière*. Widowed for twelve years, she had three children, grown up and married, with children of their own. But she never once thought of moving in with them—"Living with in-laws, you always have to yield a little," she believed. And Mrs. Doherty was used to having the run of her own household.

Now she had a two-room apartment in a business neighborhood. It wasn't easy. Sixty dollars a month for rent was a big bite out of her husband's small veteran's pension. And the noise and lack of heat were getting impossible to bear. *This is the last straw*, she muttered to herself early one gray January morning last year as she climbed out of bed to the roar of trucks pulling out of the garage next door. Today, she decided, lighting the gas oven to warm the cold apartment, she'd just have to start to look for another place.

At ten sharp, Maude Doherty put on her hat and coat. But she got no farther than the bottom of the steps. Turning to her mailbox, she took out an envelope. For a few seconds she simply stared at the return address: Waltham, Massachusetts, Housing Authority. She hadn't heard from *them* in months. Nervously she ripped open the envelope and read:

"You are requested to be at Carey Court next Tuesday to be assigned to your new apartment."

All over town similar letters were being opened: by a 70-year-old retired produce dealer who had recently found it necessary to sell the six-room house where he had lived most of his life; by two elderly sisters, no longer able to carry coal from the basement to heat their upper rooms; by a frail 79-year-old widow, whose children were unable to care for her.

To these people, 30 in all, living on Social Security insurance, pensions and small savings, six of them on Old Age Assistance, Carey Court offered a new lease on life. For it was the first of the state's several new housing developments for tenants over 65 years of age.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

DI PIETRO



It's wintertime in Waltham, Massachusetts, but the holiday spirit shines brightly in the lights—and in the hearts of tenants—at Carey Court.



DALE HEALY

This picture shows why residents at White Sands of La Jolla, California, never think of it as an "old folks' home."

In California resort town they find new friends in a home for the retired

"My children in the East are coming for a visit next month, and won't they be in for a surprise?" the slender 70-year-old woman tells a visitor to White Sands, a glamorous, many-balconied building at the edge of the ocean in La Jolla, California. "They think I'm living in an old folks' home!"

Home, rather than "a home," is what people over 65 are seeking when they retire, this resident explains. White Sands, which opened July 23, 1956, with luxury accommodations and complete medical care for some 200 residents, is one answer to a part of this need.

Take the Pohlmans, of Altadena. For them White Sands was the culmination of their search for a "nonregimented" home. It all began when Mrs. Pohlman tripped on a sprinkler in their garden and broke her ankle. She was hospitalized for seven weeks, limped for a year. *What if a worse accident or illness struck? Would we be a burden to our daughter and her children?* Mr. and Mrs. Pohlman began to map out a plan for the future—he was 71 and she 66. Their No. 1 requirement in a future home was good medical care. But all the homes for the retired they visited "either took all your money away or had so many rules you couldn't remember them all," according to Betty Pohlman. And then they read about White Sands, brand-new project of the Southern California Presbyterian Homes Corporation.

What the Pohlmans especially liked about White Sands was that residents are not required to turn over their total assets to the home corporation, as in many other "institutions." And furthermore, either party—the residents or the management—can cancel the contract with four months' notice. For their room with lanai (balcony), which they have redecorated in pale pink motif, they made a single payment of $15,900 for life occupancy. Other rooms, depending on location, start as low as $7500 for one or two persons. All are handsomely furnished, with television set, black-and-white modernistic furniture and avocado-green carpet against a background of yellow walls. There is, in addition, a pay-as-you-go life-care fee of $175 a month for each resident for all meals, basic laundry, weekly room upkeep, medical, major surgery and nursing care.

It was through illness that another resident, whom we will call Mrs. J, came to realize how many new and wonderful friends she had made during her short stay at White Sands. "I knew no one when I first arrived," she says, "but now I find that I'm remembered not only with cards and flowers but in prayers too." Mrs. J suffered a heart attack at four one morning shortly after coming to White Sands. She managed to pick up her telephone, however, and the operator summoned the night nurse. Within forty-five minutes Mrs. J was in Scripps Hospital and oxygen was being administered. "If I had been at home in Madison,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



your golden hour . . .

your own special time . . .

when you alone can know the wonder of a

now "glamorapped" in new gleaming foil

Such a lovely interlude, your own SweetHeart bath. The quiet luxury of a little leisure. Then the warm glow, and the fresh, lively tingle your skin adores. How SweetHeart manages to make you feel so good is SweetHeart's own special secret. We can tell you this much though: SweetHeart's blossom-light fragrance, graceful oval swirl and gentle, gentle softness are only part of it. The rest? Well, try SweetHeart for your hands and face or all of you and see.



warm SweetHeart bath

because SweetHeart adores you so!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

To be eligible for one of the modern compact units, an applicant must be 65 or older, a United States citizen, in need of housing, with an annual income of no more than $2500 for a single person or $3000 for two persons, in reasonably good health and physically able to carry on domestic duties. In the case of a couple, if one is ill, the other must be physically able to provide care. Rent is 21 per cent of income for a single person and 23 per cent of income for two people—with $41.50 the monthly minimum. Heat, gas and hot water are furnished.

Drop in now on Maude Doherty at No. 277-1 School Street in an attractive two-story tan brick building with light green trim and glassed-in porches. She is just one block from shops and convenient to churches and doctors and clinics. If it's a nice day, you're sure to find her in the courtyard in a starched cotton dress pruning the flowers around the fountain. She put them in herself.

All the residents of Carey Court like bright colors, and Maude Doherty is no exception. In her living room red cotton fabric covers the sofa—matching the shade of a reading lamp and a modern-style plastic-upholstered rocker with hassock. As in the other apartments, the kitchen unit is partly in the living room, partly in the passageway leading to the bathroom and bedroom. Each apartment has its own thermostat, "and we can have heat in July, if we want it," she smiles. Wide windows overlook the court so that Mrs. Doherty can watch the comings and goings of her neighbors. At night the lights on the front porches give her a feeling of security. "This is my bit of heaven," she says, her blue eyes shining proudly.

But it is the spirit of neighborliness that makes Carey Court distinctive. In summer the residents gather in the court between the two buildings to chat or supervise Owen MacDonald, the cheerful young maintenance man, as he trims the grass and tidies up. "Mac," who works at four other jobs, enjoys Carey Court most of all, because the residents are "so appreciative." And he gets plenty of help. Last summer when he went on vacation, his substitute complained that there was nothing to do. The residents had swept the stairs and porches, cleaned the windows and cut the grass.

When Charles Lawless, executive director of the Waltham Housing Authority, drops by, as he does nearly every afternoon, Mrs. Mary French hastens out to thank him for her birthday card. Mrs. French, a chipper little woman whose snow-white hair is covered by a pink hair net, excitedly tells Charles Lawless about her shopping trip to Boston in celebration of her eightieth birthday. At a loud insistent tapping on an upstairs window at the end of the court, Charlie (as Mr. Lawless is called) looks up and waves at Leroy Dozier, who is confined to a wheel chair. Mr. Dozier's wife Alice, who is chatting in the courtyard, looks up and waves too. The whole scene is taken in by 79-year-old Mrs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

A NEW CONCEPT in housing the aged is the foster-home plan. Unhappiness often follows when an older person loses his loved ones and must face life alone. The plan is simple. Families agree, for a moderate monthly fee, to take in as a boarder an older person who needs and wants to be part of a congenial family group. Everyone benefits—the older person through a sense of belonging, the family through the pleasure of his company, his help with small household chores (including baby-sitting) and a supplement to the family income. Foster-care service programs are being developed by volunteer family-service agencies and by public-welfare departments in a growing number of communities. More are needed.



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P. 26
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CONT'D
(2)

In this scene, two men are talking about their marriage — to the same woman. Earl Carleton (Bing Crosby) is the ex-husband who was given custody of the only child. Bryan Seward, a lawyer, is the present husband.

Earl

What do you get out of this custody suit -- aside from a few fancy headaches?

Seward

Let's say I get a happily married life.

Earl

And a ready-made family. Playing father to somebody else's kid. Think you could take my place with my boy?

Seward

I wouldn't try.

Earl

Nice of you. Too bad you didn't feel that way with my wife.

Seward

I don't think either one of us wanted to fall in love -- but we did. And here we are. You'd better learn to live with that.

Earl

Must give you a funny feeling, talking to somebody who knows her better than you do.

Seward

What do you mean by that?

Earl

Isn't it funny how if you touch the back of her neck a certain way she starts to tremble -- you've found that out by now, haven't you?

Seward

Know any good dirty jokes?

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

san O'Brien as she leans out of her second-or apartment washing windows.

Carey Court and the nine other develop-nts for the aging already in operation oughout Massachusetts, as well as many ers now under construction, grew out of v. Christian Herter's message to the legis-ure in January, 1953. His recommenda-ns for dwelling units adapted to the needs elderly people resulted in the appropria-n by the legislature of $5,000,000, later sed to $15,000,000, to enable local housing thorities to borrow money to construct using for the aged.

In Waltham, Charles Lawless, who, as lo- housing-authority director, manages four ner developments, frequently ran into erly people as he went about checking ap-cations for rentals. He found elder-agers ing in attic and basement apartments, aring bathrooms, using hot plates. Police d him about assisting many elderly people the streets during the day, of seeing some ndering into and out of shops and stores pply for a place to someone to talk to. To get accurate ts and figures on old-age situation which to base a quest for funds, harles Lawless led on 80-year-old uis R. Talbot, who, ough officially re-ed as a statistician, s active in civic . That was in ay, 1955. Excited his new volunteer signment, Mr. Tal-t went to work mpiling statistics m the city direc-y, 1950 census and se records of Social curity and Public elfare. His final ures showed 11 per nt, or 3476, of the al population of altham 65 years of e or over; 945 over ; 113 over 85; 23 er 90, and 3 over 0. Of the total, 03 were idle.

Charles Lawless nt Mr. Talbot's ures, along with s own findings on e need for housing for the aged, to civic ibs and public agencies and to the Wal-am Housing Authority. The authority ap-oved the report and voted unanimously to ply for state funds to finance a new de-lopment. Then the state housing board, ose responsibility it was to review each p in development plans, studied the re-rt and gave permission to go ahead.

Now there was the problem of a site for the oposed housing. Land close to the center town was scarce, but the authority finally cated an old home for sale in a residential ighborhood. The lot, 18,000 square feet, as about equal to two typical residential ts, which meant that two-story buildings ould have to be constructed. But the loca-on, in a quiet neighborhood, near the shop-ng center, was ideal. After careful consid-ation, the authority's board took an option n the land. Then it hired an architect to aw up plans for two buildings containing units—warning him to cut down on space herever possible to keep the cost for each velling unit down. When the design was mpleted and approved by the state housing oard, the mayor of Waltham signed a con-act on behalf of the city agreeing to waive xes and supply all normal public service to e residents.

Waltham could now borrow money up to 80,000, the estimated cost of the project. he state was to pay the 2½ per cent annual terest on the loan. The principal would be aid back from rents over a forty-year period.

In response to newspaper stories about the proposed development, applications began pouring in. Wrote one 74-year-old woman: "Right around me here in Waltham are seven old ladies all over 70 who are living in one room, doing laundry in bathtubs. We need low-rent housing now. We don't ask much luxury—just a kitchen to cook in and heat enough to sit and read the paper without a sweater and blankets."

After carefully reviewing each application, the housing authority finally selected 30 whose need was most urgent.

By September of 1955 construction was under way, and by January 1, 1956, the buildings were completed. On January 15, two weeks before moving-in day, the future tenants were invited to an open-house demonstration. It was a cold rainy day, but one nobody wanted to miss. Armed with tapes and rulers, they came to measure for curtains and to make the heartbreaking decision about what treasured pieces of furniture could fit in, what would have to be given up. Charles Lawless explained how to operate the electric range, the garbage-disposal unit, the thermostat, called attention to the grab bars in the bathroom and the asphalt nonskid floors, and the red emergency buzzers that could be used to call the next-door neighbor in case of emergency.

"We haven't any rules around here," he reminded them. "And we won't mind if you work out a little system of your own to ring once to say you're sick; twice, 'Come on over for a beer.'"

Just before everyone left, Mr. Lawless gave each an invitation to the Golden Age Club meetings—social get-t ethers for Waltham's senior citizens sponsored by the city—the last Thursday of each month. "There'll be transportation for those who want it," he added.

Carey Court will soon have a sister development. Plans are moving ahead for constructing 40 additional units for tenants over 65 in another part of town. But this will only partly meet the need—there are already 100 applications on file. Recently, when one of the Carey Court tenants went to the hospital for a week, the housing-authority office was deluged with requests for the supposedly "vacant" apartment. There have been letters from even as far away as Cedar Rapids, Iowa, from people who read about the "bit of heaven" in a wire-association story, all expressing the desire to be in an apartment of their own and near people their own age.

"I count myself one of the lucky ones," Bill Burke, the only single man in Carey Court, says. "They've shown us someone cares, but they haven't taken our independence away." To frail Mrs. Margaret Goinsalvos, whose greatest joy is watching the children going to and from school from her bedroom rocker, it is important to be able to fix herself a pot of tea whenever she feels like it. To Miss Sadie Martell, it is important to continue her volunteer Salvation Army work, though she retired some years ago with the rank of major. Mrs. Alice Dozier counts it a blessing that her partly paralyzed husband can be with her in Carey Court instead of in a rest home.

At Carey Court, residents share their telephones and television, recipes, hobbies, even their symptoms of ailments. But most of all, they share the joys and expectations of living for today and tomorrow. END

A

It was a momentous day in the history of mankind when some ancient genius thought of using an animal to pull a plow. Soon many Near Eastern householders were using at least one ox as a work animal. They had nothing even remotely like modern harness, however; a clumsy wooden collar was usually used, and the ox was guided by means of lines fastened to a bar strapped across his horns. Crude as this system was, it multiplied the food production of the area.

Consequently, the ox became an important economic factor and entered into many business transactions. Picture writing was practiced by the more advanced peoples, and among some of them the ox was represented by a drawing of his pronged horns, with a slanted guide bar across them.

This symbol, employed by the Phoenicians, was later borrowed by the Greeks. They turned it upside down and placed it at the head of their alphabet. In time, it became the letter "A."

WEBB B. GARRISON

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BETTER LIVING FOR ELDER-AGERS— LA JOLLA, CALIF.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Wisconsin," she says from her convalescent bed in the White Sands dispensary, "tried to reach my own doctor, then waited for an ambulance—well, I don't think I would be here today."

Plans for the future include construction of a rest home in conjunction with White Sands, but in the meantime, in case of temporary illness, residents will use the eight-bed dispensary on the main floor, where twenty-four-hour nursing service is provided. More serious illnesses and surgery are taken care of at Scripps Memorial Hospital.

Before White Sands was established, there had been no other Presbyterian housing for the retired in California. Some of the large churches had considered setting up such homes of their own. But the need existed in *all* the churches, and Los Angeles Presbytery leaders decided to enlist the support of the Santa Barbara and Riverside presbyteries in working out a successful plan in Southern California.

In July, 1954, under the leadership of the Rev. Otto Gruber, a young, energetic minister with a special understanding of problems of the aging through his pastoral work, presbytery committee members—including other ministers, business and professional men, housewives—began their survey. At the same time they began scouting for a possible location for a future project. With no existing fund or endowment to work with, and with church expansion in California making further fund solicitation difficult, the committee decided to plan first for above-average-income housing that would be self-supporting. Money in the bank and a regular income from annuities, various ministers reported, were no guaranty against loneliness and fear of being a burden to someone in old age.

A hole is nothing at all, but you can break your neck in it.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY
Keystones of Thought
Devin–Adair Company

After visiting or writing some thirty established homes and residences, the Southern California Presbyterian Homes committee worked out a tentative plan for its own project. Qualifications for admission would include—in addition to assurance of ability to meet a monthly pay-as-you-go life-care fee—a medical examination certifying reasonably good health, five personal references and a personal interview attesting to compatibility, or the knack for making new friends and getting along with people.

Several possible sites were under consideration in December, 1955, when White Sands, an attractive, modernistic resort hotel in operation only four months, was put up for sale. Its location in La Jolla, a town popular with retired people, and its spaciousness (156 rooms and a wide terrace) and its recreational attractions (swimming pool and shuffleboard courts and roomy lounge) finally decided the committee in its favor. On January 2, 1956, the committee signed a five-month option-purchase agreement. Final purchase at a cost of more than $2,000,000 would depend upon the interest shown by prospective residents.

One Sunday morning in April, George Parker went to church as usual in San Diego. He and his wife had retired to California twelve years earlier, but Mr. Parker, now a widower of 78 and alone, was thinking of selling his home and returning to Connecticut to live quietly and more simply in a hotel. But what the minister had to say that morning about a new Presbyterian home for retired people changed his mind. The very next morning, George Parker drove eleven miles to La Jolla, took a good look at the place called

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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The Kraft Kitchens have just published a new book of recipes that will turn you into a salad dressing "Maestro" overnight. All these French Dressing recipes are included...

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SUNNY FRUIT SALAD

Leaf lettuce
Orange sections
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Strawberries, halved
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Cover a large serving platter with lettuce. Arrange orange sections around edge of the platter and overlap with grapefruit sections. Add a row of strawberry halves and fill the center with pineapple chunks. Serve with the dressing.

CRYSTAL FRENCH DRESSING

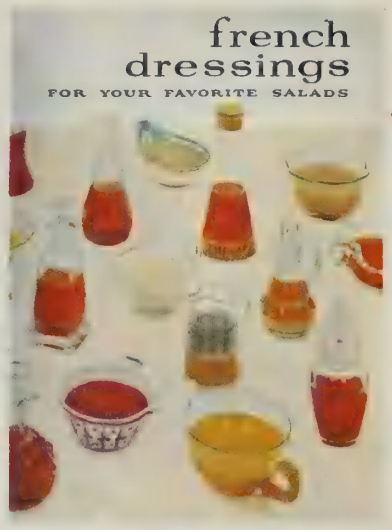
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon celery seed
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dry mustard
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Combine sugar, celery seed, salt and mustard. Add the vinegar and mix until well blended. Slowly add the oil, beating constantly. The dressing becomes very thick as all the oil is added. Chill. Stir well before serving. Yield: 1⅓ cups.

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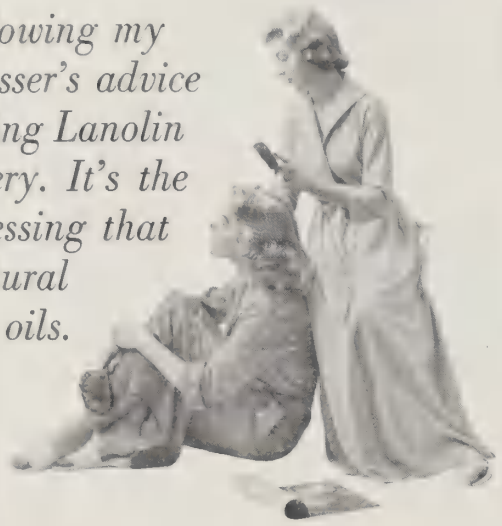
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A: *Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair —make it oily— Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed* into *every hair right down to your scalp.*

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on LANOLIN DISCOVERY Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds, you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

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HINTS from a PATIENT to her VISITORS . .

OR BEDSIDE MANNERS

A surgical experience is a perilous adventure to the invalid.
Naturally, he wants to tell about it.

By ERNESTA BARLOW

To visit the sick requires a surprising amount of initiative and character on the part of the caller. Hospitals are invariably three times farther away than is reasonable. It takes forever to get there and you can ill afford the time. Then you have to find the right entrance, the right floor, room or ward strictly on dead reckoning. Perhaps you have had to stand in line to get a visitor's pass. By the time you reach the right bedside you feel you've really done quite enough for one day. Far from being in a mood to hearten and amuse the invalid, you would appreciate some show of understanding yourself for all you have been through for his sake. After a few conventional words you sit down and wait for him to be bright and entertaining.

Years of almost unbroken health had produced a blind spot in my make-up concerning the sick. I was—let's face it—bored by illness.

"You've just had your stomach taken out?" I used to say. "Too bad. I hope it won't prevent your dining with us on the fifteenth."

Today I can hardly wait for a friend to break a leg or come down with something serious so that I may fly to her side and demonstrate my new-found knowledge and overflowing sympathy. This metamorphosis took place shortly after four different doctors advised me to have my gall bladder out. I went, though I felt sound as a drum, to the hospital.

"It would be easier," I told the nurse as she helped me into that revolting surgical garment known as a "hospital johnny," "if I just had a pain or something."

"You will, dear," she said cheerfully, "you will."

No matter how convincing the preoperative patient's show of nonchalance may be, I will bet my last vital organ he needs a spot of moral support. Though your husband, wife or child has nerves of steel and the courage of a gladiator going into the arena, it will comfort them to have someone around besides doctors and nurses. Ten to one the adult victim is smothering a nasty suspicion that this night may be his last. So be on hand; don't ask, "Wouldn't you like to have me there?" Just be there. Before bedtime, a good short story read aloud will cut the strain of forced cheerful conversation. A patient in great pain will not care to be read aloud to: pain is distracting, it almost builds a barrier against any continuous sound such as the human voice reading aloud. Nor will those in pain have the same nervousness about what lies ahead.

The morning of an operation, I suggest to wife, husband or mother that you be at the hospital early enough to have the patient recognize you and know you will stay by until the whole party is over. It is far less important to be in evidence directly after the operation than before it. For several days following surgery the sick one may be but dimly aware of your presence.

It is particularly important that visits, even from close relatives, be very short at first. The patient will be able to take scant notice of anyone, he will be oblivious c flowers or gifts. Merciful sedatives and pain killers may make it impossible for him t read the clock, let alone tell a vase of gladi oli from an umbrella stand. The time fo flowers is later.

Your invalid will like to have you sho concern, but not anxiety. Anyone in sever pain may seek relief by making strang animal noises. It will be mortifying to hav you standing by the bed looking as if ever grunt and squeal were a dagger through you own heart.

Ask as few questions as possible. The sic brain refuses to focus. Never, unless yo want to send your wife's temperature ove the top of the thermometer, ask if she r members what you did with your old fishin hat or does she know where your best pair c white flannels are. Such problems will seer more difficult to solve than a nuclear equa tion. Avoid asking anything that may re quire a decision or choice. Instead of saying "Wouldn't you like me to bring you a nic cake of soap for your bath?" just bring it show it to the invalid and ask the nurse t use it.

Tell your loved one he is terribly misse at home but everything is under control Avoid mention that the furnace blew up Junior was expelled from school or the dog is lost.

The moment nourishment is urged upon the patient is the time to bring delicacie from home. Find out from the nurse wha the invalid is allowed to eat, and without putting him to the effort of a decision, bring from the list the things you know he likes Hospital meals are served at ungodly hours and the patient gets hungry when he shouldn't. Also, try as the dietitian will, th cooking is hardly as mother used to do i and a private cache of food is greatly appre ciated.

As soon as the invalid's eyes can agai distinguish their surroundings, he or she will love to receive flowers. A small bunch is better than a large one. Send your bouque already arranged in some container so flower lover won't have to see lovely bloom stuffed tastelessly into a hospital vase. It i best to avoid flowers with a heavy scent un less the patient is in a ward where the odo is diffused.

I believe I have learned at last why, the moment a surgical case regains strengt enough to talk, he wishes to tell all. To th newly stricken, their experience has been a great adventure, exciting, intensely personal and of absorbing interest. Each one wants to tell his tale for the same reason he would want to give an account of having been in a railway accident, a shipwreck or in a fire. So be a good listener, encourage the story and show no squeamishness over details.

I now realize, also, how important it is to pay your visit to the sick at the hour you have specified. Invalid days are endlessly long at best, waiting hours stretch interminably. Your visit may have been anticipated in a way that would be most flattering were you aware of it. So arrive punctually

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156





Hunt-for the best

the paste with the Sunny Italian Flavor

ROLLETTES
(Italian Meat Rolls)

"When you brown these meat rolls and add the Hunt's Tomato Paste and seasonings, Mamma Mia!..what a delicious aroma! I recommend Hunt's Tomato Paste to all my friends—and to *you*. It's so rich and smooth, so fine in true tomato flavor, that thousands of good Italian cooks use it. I know you'll like it, too!"

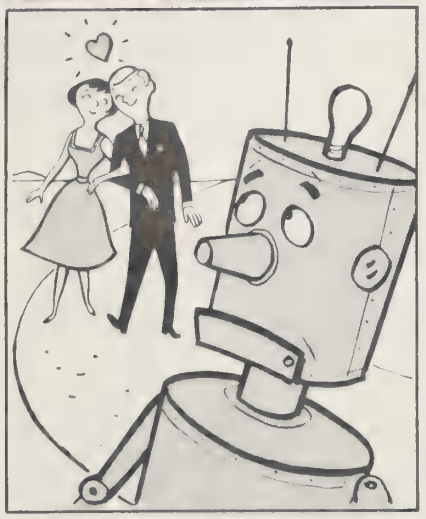
- 1½ lbs. round steak, ¼-inch thick
- Salt and pepper
- 3 strips bacon
- 1 cup fresh bread crumbs
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 3 tablespoons olive or salad oil
- 1 can Hunt's Tomato Paste*
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- Pinch of basil or marjoram
- Cooked spaghetti

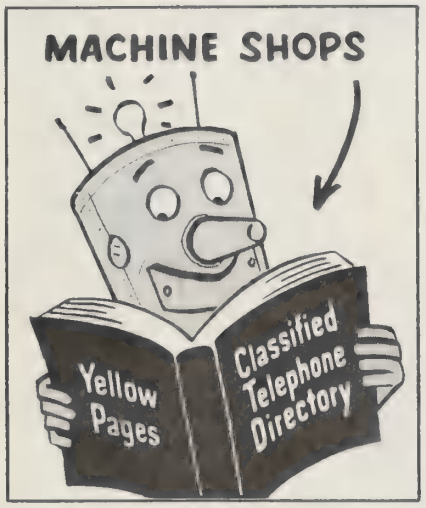
Cut steak into 6 oblong pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pound thin with edge of saucer. Top each with half a strip of bacon. Mix crumbs, onion, parsley and cheese. Spread over bacon. Roll up and secure with toothpicks or string. Brown gently on all sides in hot oil. Mix rest of ingredients except spaghetti. Add 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Pour over rolls. Cover tightly and simmer 1½ hours, or until tender. If you like, you may remove the toothpicks and slice the rolls thin. Serve with the sauce and spaghetti. Makes 4 servings.

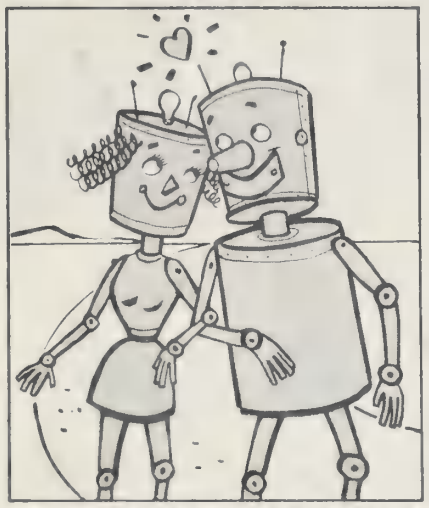
*Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure tomato, concentrated to a thick paste. Use in any recipe for true tomato flavor, a spoonful to a can full, depending on the recipe. Generally add it to the water or liquid, then to the other ingredients.

"P.S. *Send for my folder of delicious Italian-style recipes. Hunt Foods, Inc., Dept. J6, Fullerton, California.*"









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JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Children who are close to each other in age tend to fight most.

What can parents do when their children quarrel?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DR. SPOCK

"But don't parents have to stop fights?
Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't. When two young children of about equal power occasionally tangle (their sizes and ages may be quite different), I think they will often learn more about how to get along with each other if left to argue it out or tug it out or whack it out."

Every week brings at least one letter suggesting a discussion of the topic of squabbling and fighting between children in the family. These mothers who have enough of a problem to make them write letters sound frustrated and exhausted. I've visited families occasionally where the fighting was so continuous that I felt tired and edgy at the end of twenty minutes. I always assumed that when things got that scrappy (shouts, screams for mother, thuds, crashes, wails, complaints to mother, countercomplaints—all day long) the pattern was fixed for good. But I well remember the amazement of a mother and myself, once, at how fast the picture can change. She and the father decided, rather guiltily, to take a two-week vacation together without their three battling and somewhat undisciplined children (four to eight years of age). They happened to be able to engage a children's nurse with an excellent reputation to hold the fort. After a couple of days away they called home to see if the nurse and children were still alive and were told in a cheerful voice that everyone was fine. It was hard to believe, but a letter from the grandmother, who dropped in to see the children daily, confirmed the story. Everyone was having such a good time that the parents stretched their vacation an extra week. And when they came home they were astounded all over again. The children were cheerful and friendly with one another, co-operative and polite with the nurse. The mother said that the sight of them curled up on the sofa together listening to the nurse read a story reminded her of the passage "The lion shall lie down with the lamb."

There are many factors that make for quarrelsomeness, and they vary in kind and intensity in different families. We might start with a couple of the more serious and unusual types. There is the child who is chronically aggressive. He bullies not only brothers and sisters but anyone in the neighborhood if he thinks he can get away with it. Usually there is a lot of tension between him and his parents, which goes way back into early childhood. This kind usually requires the aid of a guidance clinic or a family social agency to straighten out. Another chronic type is the child whose antagonism makes him look for trouble but who is so constituted that he manages to provoke other children to pick on him—he always ends up the victim. Such a child needs professional help even more than the bully because his unhappy pattern is less likely to improve by itself with age.

A very important factor is how consistent the parents are in wanting serenity in the home. You may think that all parents want it. Certainly all parents believe they do. Yet there are some who are only going through the motions of commanding their children to stop fighting. They have no conviction or authority in their voices. They have no follow-through. They get no results. What they think are orders are really only complaints. Such parents really expect their children to fight and unconsciously they seem to get a certain perverse satisfaction out of it. They almost boast of the turmoil to the neighbors, sometimes in the presence of the children themselves, or they grin and shrug their shoulders. This represents a subtle resignation to unpleasantness, usually carried over from a similarly turbulent childhood. Those parents who really don't like fighting can at least keep it below the uproar level, even though the children may continue to give each other dirty looks and mutter under their breaths. Of course all of us have our off days when we surrender some of our control over our children and let the storms rage. But parents who can never keep things in check need and can profit from professional help.

Somewhat separate from the matter of parental control is parental tension. I think almost all of us have been aware at one time or another that when we are closest to being on an even keel ourselves (things going well at the office, social life satisfying, no ususual worries about the children or health or finances) the amount of antagonism between the children decreases noticeably. And anything that makes us irritable is apt to increase the children's fights. To put it simply: if a child (like any other human being) feels picked on and can't retaliate directly, he has an irresistible urge to pick on someone else of a size he can manage.

Of all the factors that make for ordinary quarreling between children, I think that jealousy is by far the most potent. The strongest attachment in childhood is of course the one between the child and his parents. To some degree he wants the parents' love for himself alone, and fears that the affection which goes out to brothers and sisters will be subtracted from his share. This makes him suspicious and resentful of them. The degree varies enormously, depending on circumstances and what each child is used to. The first child, who was an only child for a couple of years and took it for granted that both parents belonged exclusively to him, is, on the average, much more likely to be upset by the arrival of a baby than a subsequent child who has been used to sharing the parents from the start. Quite similar variations occur in business organizations when a new person joins the staff, or in the field of friendships.

We have to realize that this possessive, jealous element in love is not simply an unfortunate flaw in the character of man. It is part of the essence of our humanness. It's part of what makes us stick together as husband and wife, as families and as other groups. Otherwise our relationships would be as casual as the relationships of insects.

Children who are close to each other in age tend to fight most. The younger is the one who has displaced the next older from the baby position in the family, and in many ways that's the hardest position to give up. As the older one persecutes the younger, it doesn't take the latter too long to find who his special enemy in the family is. Of course there are other reasons why those closest to each other fight most. They are thrown together in family arrangements. They are interested in the same playthings and the same companions.

Much depends on the personality and physique of each of the children. I think some babies are born more agreeable and some more assertive and I imagine the assertive ones will be more likely to raise a fuss if they feel left out. A slow child in a smart family, a homely girl set

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



NEW! *Only child's home permanent with* SQUEEZE-BOTTLE EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because comb-tip squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Bottle Ease" ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!

■ 1957, Procter & Gamble Co.





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

among beauties, a short boy among tall brothers, a girl born to parents who much prefer boys may each be excessively jealous, if other conditions in the family favor rivalry.

Next we ought to consider what influence the parents' attitudes toward the children have on jealousy. Right away we're apt to jump to the conclusion that inequality in the love of a parent for two children is a powerful generator of rivalry. That's what so many fairy stories and novels and people seem to say. But I don't think it's that simple. We're back to that tricky question: is there such a thing as equal love?

A few months ago when I was discussing this question I said I thought that good parents are equally devoted to each child but that they can't possibly enjoy or be irritated by any two in the same way; therefore they shouldn't try to treat them exactly the same (same number of minutes of attention, same number of smiles, same number of frowns). Children and adults are not fooled by an attitude that's forced. In the long run they don't really like to be compared with others—either favorably or unfavorably. What each wants most, I think, is to be loved and enjoyed for himself. If a child feels sure that he has a good niche in his parent's heart he doesn't worry so much about his brothers' and sisters' niches—*unless*, that is, the parent keeps comparing the niches or threatening to oust a child from his niche. This, I think, is the essence of the problem of handling jealousy or preventing it.

The easiest way for a parent to stir up jealousy is to keep comparing a child unfavorably with his brother. It's a double-edged sword that makes him feel definitely rejected by the parent and makes him resent his brother for being so openly favored. Most parents know this and are too tactful to try to use such a method for correcting a child.

However, I think that many conscientious parents use another form of comparison which they believe to be a preventive of jealousy but which really is a stimulator of it. They try whenever it's humanly possible to give *exactly* the same presents and privileges to all their children, at least to those who are close together in age. Furthermore, they're apt to call attention to the equality of treatment. If one boy gets a blue toy car, the other gets a blue car. If one daughter is to have a new winter coat, the other receives one, too, even if she doesn't really need it. If one child goes shopping with mother or on a trip with father, the parents are careful to arrange and announce the same privilege for each of the others in due time. I remember a harassed mother whose four young children fought particularly fiercely about who was to sit next to her at table. She had to keep an elaborate chart which indicated in what order the children changed places around her, three meals a day, seven days a week.

The question we have to ask sharply is whether such legalistic forms of justice decrease rivalry. They certainly do not, in my opinion. The parents who have used them or been driven into them by the demands of their children are the first to admit that these children—all day long—are suspiciously watching one another and their parents to make sure that no advantage is given or taken, and keeping up a noisy wrangling.

These precautions against unfairness constantly remind the child that there must be a real danger of unfairness unless everybody watches out. The fact that the parents cooperate in the precautions means to the child that the parents are afraid that they themselves will be tempted to be unfair. I think that this is the crux of the matter: the parents who are maneuvered into these legalities really *don't* have enough confidence in their impartiality. They have probably carried over from their own childhoods too strong a sense of guilt about the jealousies they felt in relation to their brothers and sisters. They are afraid that if they inadvertently show any favoritism to one child they'll be resented by another, just the way they resented it when their parents seemed to show favoritism to a brother or sister. So they lean over backward.

I'd say to a parent who was trying too hard to be scrupulously fair: Don't feel you have to buy identical toys (unless there's a very practical reason); and if the boys complain, tell them you'll take both toys back if you hear another word out of them. If your daughter objects because you didn't get a new coat for her, too, just remind her that she doesn't need one yet. If there's argument at meals about seating, tell them that everybody in this family is going to continue to sit just where he has always sat. The fierceness of tone that I seem to have put into the parents' voice in these examples isn't really necessary. The only necessity is that the parent show that he isn't the least bit afraid he's discriminating and that he's not going to be bullied into acting as if he were. The cue is to deal with each child as an individual. Praise him or correct him or give him a present or buy him a coat or set his bedtime or give him duties or expect school grades on the basis of what's right for him. Keep the other children out of the conversation and out of your mind.

There's one more subdivision of this topic that to me has great practical importance: how do you manage the squabbles themselves? Conscientious parents often try to act as the judge: Who started it? Who did what to whom? Who is to be called the culprit? What's the proper punishment? I think myself that this judging is a trap, which wise parents had better dodge as much as possible. If I'm right that jealousy is one of the principal motives that make children pick fights with each other in the first place, then the readiness of a parent to enter the picture each time as a judge emphasizes and accentuates the jealousy factor. The child comes to realize that each quarrel is an opportunity to prove triumphantly that his parent approves of him and disapproves of his brother. So quarreling acquires more purpose and appeal for him. Of course he knows that he can't openly start a battle or he'd be judged the villain. But a jealous child always feels that the other one is really the aggressor, so all he has to do is watch him suspiciously for signs of it. (He can find or imagine a hundred excuses any day.) Then he joins battle as the injured party. To put it in other words, the parent's favor becomes a prize, an added inducement for every squabble, and thus a stimulator of more quarrels.

But don't parents have to stop fights? Sometimes they do and some they don't. When two young children of about equal power occasionally tangle (their sizes and ages may be quite different), I think they will often learn more about how to get along with each other if left to argue it out or tug it out or whack it out. I'd at least give this method a few tries. But if one always pulverizes the other and makes him more timid, it's the wrong system.

The amount of squabbling will also be a determining factor in whether the parents are willing to allow it to occur. There will naturally be difference of opinion about this. Most parents would overlook a couple of minor spats a day and a bigger fight occasionally. But most wouldn't willingly permit their children to battle a good part of the day for either their children's sake or their own.

If the parents do need to interfere—because one child is bullying another or because the quarrels are too frequent or too fierce or too noisy for comfort—I think they can do this just as efficiently without usually judging or taking sides, and that in the long run this will make for fewer fights rather than more. They can simply insist that the fighting stop. They can refuse to listen to the complaints. If they really mean it and see to it that the children break it up and if they immediately interfere again in case the battle resumes, the children will be convinced and will obey, just as they comply with any prohibition about which the parents are determined and consistent.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

If fate means you to lose, give him a good fight anyhow.
WILLIAM McFEE



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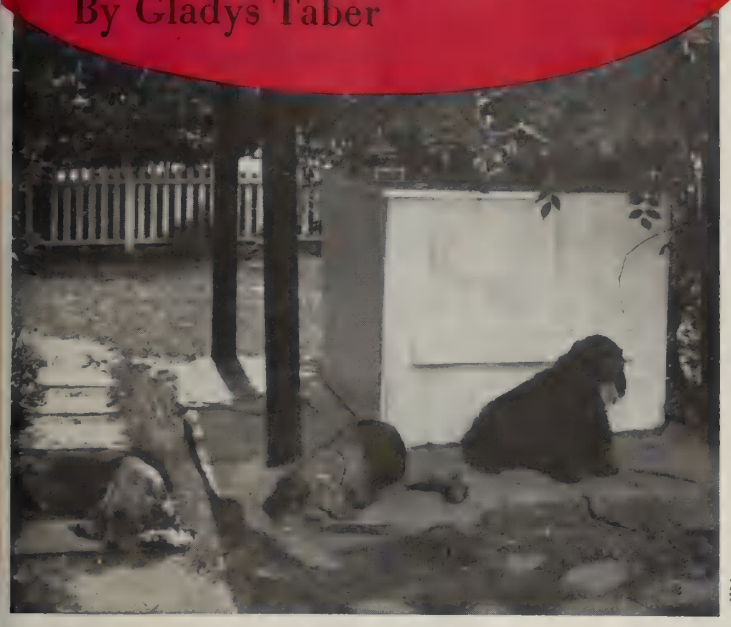
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- **NO SQUEEZING...**
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Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



What is so delightful as steady sunshine and the scent of roses?

his is the poet's month, and it rhymes so easily that it has helped a good ny poets who might have difficulty ming much with January. Moon is an choice, and dune (as of the sea), rune in old riddles). Soon, noon, tune trip tly with June, and so, alas, does croon. Now all at once spring is swept off her with roses. It is so fitting that this st romantic flower comes in the month romance. Roses grow easily in New gland; often the ramblers blossom r an old fence, although the house that e stood there has been long gone.

Ve have a Silver Moon rambler that is favorite. We bought it for ten cents rs ago at the ten-cent store. We knew hing of gardening in those days, so we planted it by the picket gate where soil is chiefly gravel and ancient ashes. ever can see why former tenants made ash dump by the front gate, but they st have had a reason! Now the Silver on spreads a lacy veil over the fence. e flowers are small and simple and ry-white. Some of the expensive roses acquired after the mortgage was paid are not half as lovely.

Stillmeadow has catch-as-catch-can nting. I often wish I had known Rich- Pratt in the days when we were set- g out everything in the wrong place. d we had no idea how things grow. e Tartarian honeysuckle that was such nodest little switch now towers over summerhouse and resembles some- ng in a jungle. As for the small pines put in when the hurricane flattened thirteen old apple trees, they are prac- ully a forest. Jill chops a path to get to clothesline now.

However, Dick tells me he thinks the st wonderful way of landscaping he imagine is chopping your way through es! But when I look at the beautiful dens he designs, I feel Stillmeadow fered from our enthusiastic planting, I would certainly advise any home- ners to have expert help.

The Farmer's Almanac comments sely, "Hot, all over the lot," and we do ve very hot days in June. But nights are l cool and misty and filled with fra- nce, and even at noon we can eat wn by the pond and feel comfortable. inherited from mamma a passion for ing outdoors. She insisted on it long ore it was fashionable, and my, what picnics we had! They were not restful, for papa always drove wildly, and he never found exactly the right spot. We whizzed past lovely brooks with spreading maples, past the pellucid nameless little lakes which Wisconsin is full of, past piny stretches. Finally he chose a spot where cows descended on us, and both mamma and I were deathly afraid of cows. But mamma never gave up picnics for a quiet sit-down meal.

We always had hot dishes, and this was a trick in those days. She wrapped everything up in newspapers, blankets, clean towels. Many a chicken dinner I have eaten with my head turned fearfully over my shoulder to see what the nearest cow was doing!

How mamma would have loved the insulated carriers, the zippered cases, and all the other things we take for granted nowadays. And she would, I know, have preferred the folding grill Smiley Burnette gave us to any amount of mink and diamonds. This grill folds up to be a sort of suitcase, and opens to cook a meal instantly. It has a draft, and you can stop the charcoal fire any time by closing the lid.

Once, when papa was off looking at a gold mine, mamma and I had a picnic by ourselves and it was so peaceful. But of course it wasn't the same without papa whisking about, finding pink quartz or some old Indian artifact or coursing around giving us a geology lecture about the terminal moraine we were sitting on.

I have read a good deal of the modern child psychology, but I have come to the conclusion that my own childhood was pretty good. Everything my parents did while raising me was very wrong, but we had fun. I suspect if there is love enough in a family, things level out. My father was a fierce, often unjust disciplinarian, but he loved me. And somehow, when he was at his worst, I was secure, knowing he loved me.

I was greatly relieved when the United States Post Office Department admitted that economy in the glue for stamps had not worked out. My battle with stamps was prolonged and painful. They curled up, they came off. I finally took to weighting the stamps down with dictionaries, inkwells, book ends. My whole room was adrift with envelopes being weighted down. I came into this fracas without the right attitude, for I already felt that mail



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addressed clearly to me, in typing, should not always arrive a week late with a stamp saying, "Missent to Green's Farms," or "Sent to Winsted." I did not mind "Missent to Simsbury," because that begins with *S* too, and seemed more reasonable, but why Green's Farms?

So I was not in a mellow mood when the stamp business began; in fact, I was fretful. Once our dear local postmistress sent along an unstamped letter because she said she could see a stamp had been affixed thereon but had come off. She saw the damp imprint where some poor soul had tried to stick on a stamp!

Though I love economy, I take a dim view of no glue on my stamps.

June meals are fun. When the fresh peas come in, I wonder whether the honey of Hybla could be as sweet. The edible-podded, or snow peas, or Chinese peas, are our favorites. You pick the pods when the little peas are just big enough to swell the pod slightly. Jill says I hardly cook them, I pass them over the stove, but this is not so. But I cook them only a few minutes, add hot milk (cream if not dieting), butter or margarine, freshly ground pepper and seasoned salt. These peas also appeal to my impatience, for you cook them pod and all. No stripping. The pod is really the most delicious, crispy tender and delicately sweet. But like all vegetables, they must be picked before they are heavy-ripe. Even the ordinary peas are no good when they are the size of bullets.

The end of the asparagus is a sad day. If we have only four stalks left to cut, we make them a special thing. Lay them so tenderly on thin-cut toasted bread.

When people tell me they hate vegetables, I always know they have never had them picked at the right time, and properly cooked.

Do not take life too seriously; you will never get out of it alive.

ELBERT HUBBARD

Jonquil is our vegetable cocker. She not only adores peas, tomatoes, carrots (oh, how lovely are carrots), but also has a fine feeling for parsnips, turnips, cabbage, raw or cooked. If I am dicing an onion and some falls to the floor, as it always does, since I am a careless dicer, she snips that up and smacks her lips. The rest stand around, like Joseph, and wonder what she is so steamed up over.

Most of the year, I love dusk-dark the best, or moonrise, but I think in June the time I love especially is morning. Carrying our trays to the Quiet Garden, we eat in the sun. The roses are opening, still cool with dew. The trees are triumphant with leaves. The dark, almost purple-black iris is in blossom. There are wings everywhere as the birds rush busily from apple tree to lilacs. In winter they keep to the pines, but now there must be much nicer things to eat in the bark of the MacIntosh and in the old lilacs where there are inevitably borers.

Wasps we have always. Wasps in the attic in winter, and wandering wasps in the back kitchen, papershell nests under the wisteria in season, and inside the garden furniture all summer. I often wish wasps were not included in the scheme of things, but I am sure they have their reasons too.

In January, I may be waked up by a wasp buzzing around my ceiling. If I were a naturalist I would find this interesting, but as a housewife I get the insect spray. Wasps pay no heed to me, but a wasp sting swells Jill's arm up until it looks like a telephone pole and all her fingers are the size of sausages. So we keep a wary eye for them. Now, in June, we peer at the undersides of the chairs as we sit down for breakfast in the sun.

But scrambled eggs into which we stir a spoonful of country pot cheese are worth eating out-of-doors in this blessed month. Even if sometimes Jill grabs her last cup of coffee and flees to the house.

Every season has its splendors, but some you have to work at to appreciate fully. But June is like a bouquet in the open hand, an ease to the countrywoman's heart! END



no more tears



from "soap in the eyes"

Won't burn or irritate eyes!

So gentle, pure and safe . . . this special formula won't hurt even the most sensitive eyes. Lathers so quickly, even in hard water. And rinses out easily!

Leaves hair silky-soft!

Johnson's not only gets hair clean . . . it leaves hair extra-soft, shining . . . easier to comb and manage. No wonder almost all the family like to use it. 29¢, 59¢ and 98¢.



Johnson & Johnson



St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is America's mother-and-child favorite! Approved by more doctors than any other brand. It's so easy to give accurate dosage, there's no need to break these 1¼ grain tablets. Children like its pure orange flavor and accept it readily. Buy the best for your child.

World's Largest Selling Aspirin For Children





200 Tablets 79c ▪ 100 Tablets 49c ▪ 12 Tablets 12c

Don't Neglect Slipping

FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. FASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at any drug counter.

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Pain, Burning, Tenderness?

SUPER-FAST RELIEF!



Removes Hard, Thick Callouses

Apply soft, soothing, deeply cushioning, heart-shaped Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on the sensitive spots and you'll have *Super-fast* relief. Used with the wonder-working separate *Medications* included, Zino-pads remove callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science! Try them. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FEET HURT, BURN?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves foot discomfort caused by exertion. Very soothing and refreshing. Costs but a trifle. Try it!



Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is – *it's childproof**



***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

Splashes and spills—so common with children—won't hurt the tough vinyl surface —or shine. Simply wipe them up. *New* Simoniz Floor Wax is water-repellent.

***Never before such protection!**

The miracle of vinyl—and only Simoniz has it—gives you the toughest floor surface. The kids won't scuff it, or harm the gloss with their roughhousing. No doubt about it—it's *childproof!*

***No finish so easy to maintain!**

Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

***Good news about re-waxing!**

Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.



Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

LINIT®
STARCH
makes your pretty dresses, petticoats, blouses band-box fresh!



30, 40, or 50 cups of delicious coffee *automatically!*



WEST BEND® 50 cup
PARTY PERCOLATOR

(1) *Pour in cold water.* (2) *Add coffee.* (3) *Plug into any AC outlet.* It's that easy to make 30, 40, or 50 cups of delicious coffee in West Bend's trim, beautiful 50-cup Percolator. The "50-cup" automatically brews coffee to the peak of flavor and keeps it piping hot to the last delightful cup. **$39.95.**


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FLAVO-MATIC PERCOLATORS

At housewares, hardware, gift and appliance stores; prices slightly higher in Canada and Hawaii

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO., Dept. 676, West Bend, Wisconsin

I would like to teach another seventy years!

By FREDERICK E. BOLTON, *Dean Emeritus, College of Education, University of Washington*

It is the supreme art of the teacher to awaken joy in creative expression and knowledge.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

I'm only ninety. Regulations have already conspired to put me on a part-time schedule, but I still work more than full time, as I always have. And had I another life to live, I would elect again to be a teacher.

So many articles have been published in the last decade's epidemic of pity for the teachers' poverty and ostracism that thousands have deserted the ranks and only a relatively few candidates are preparing to work in a field which seems to me after seventy years of membership to be a peerless profession. It is to these present and prospective candidates that I want to speak.

I readily admit that teachers' salaries, on the average, are much too low, retirement allowances woefully inadequate, tenure much less secure than it ought to be. But exactly the same indictments can be leveled at almost all other public services, where values can never be measured by monetary compensation. In my lifetime, I have seen teaching emerge from a job given to cripples, itinerant eccentric Ichabod Cranes and doomed spinsters to the status of a profession with extended special training and technical skill.

Someone may be thinking, "He was a university dean. His work has been administration and not teaching." But I was a public-school teacher for a considerably longer time than the average woman teacher, whose professional life is only three or four years. After that, for forty-three years in higher educational institutions I

> The Spirit only can teach. Not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach.
>
> **EMERSON**

taught classes every school day, plus forty-one summer sessions; and my administrative work of the last twenty-seven years was always on top of a full load of teaching. I have taught in all about 30,000 students. I started in November, 1885, at $30 per month, a princely salary compared with the $19 a month received the preceding summer as a "hired hand" on a farm. The schoolroom was a snap compared with that. It was a genuine country school with forty-five pupils ranging in age from four to twenty-four. I was nineteen, had finished about two years of high school. I had never heard of professional training. There was certainly no social ostracism, then or ever; on the contrary, I was thought to be the most learned person in the district.

At no time since the old New England "dame schools" has there been any validity to the charge of community ostracism of schoolteachers. One trouble has been that no agreeable young woman could teach more than a year or two before being whisked away. They used to have their pick of the finest span of matched bays for the drive to Sunday dinner; now it's the shiniest convertible. There are teachers who ostracize themselves, of course. I have attended parent-teacher meetings where the teachers were absent or mere listeners, ignorant and disdainful of the problems of the community.

Some teachers complain of taboos. Doubtless there has been some unfairness. But most citizens think of the school as an agency for inculcating ideals that will elevate the standards of society; they expect education to bring better housing, better food, better transportation, better communication, better laws, better observance of laws, rights and duties, and better behavior. They do not want teachers to drink and gamble. That is as it should be. Persons who do not wish to promote betterment certainly should not engage in teaching.

> It is the peculiarity of knowledge that those who really thirst for it always get it.
>
> **RICHARD JEFFERIES**

If the public believes that we are serving the interests of their communities and regard us as friends, they will not need to be bludgeoned by strikes and school closures into providing adequate compensation. There has never been such a spontaneous mass campaign for it, or such recognition of schools as the salvation of society. Many communities and legislatures have already voluntarily responded to teachers' needs through orderly and rational procedures. The sums provided compare favorably with the financial status of the majority of those who pay our salaries. But teachers, like all persons engaged in public service, should find large compensation in the opportunity for service and satisfaction in work well done. The worth of such service is never completely evaluated during a lifetime. Socrates, the teacher, had scarce a place to lay his head, but how rich a heritage he bequeathed compared with the gold of Midas!

I do not regard teaching as a sacrifice. Throughout the ages there has been a direct relation between the education of a people and the stage of their civilization; I have been glad to promote it. I have loved guiding young inquiring minds. Tomorrow's classwork, the new term after the holiday, the next class of each day were always things of joyous anticipation. It has been said that "teaching is lighting a torch and not filling a basket." Every class meeting is a golden opportunity to kindle ideals, change characters, motivate lives—even lives through lives. I have fallen far short of my goals. But I have honestly tried. It has been so stimulating, challenging and highly satisfying that I have never wished to change my occupation, nor have I regretted encouraging young people to join me in it.

I would like another seventy-year shift!

TO THE FIRST-GRADE TEACHER

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

To your clean hands I now commend
This child with lipstick kiss on ear—
And hope you find him such a friend
As I, who kept him awfully near.

He knows so little—Teddy bears,
And white-railed bed, and cooky jars,
And yet is wondering about
The rest—including seas and stars.

And now it comes—the words, the books,
And what "goes into," adds, and "borrows"—
I will take care of his todays—
You, his tomorrows.

SOME PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

By PAULA REED

Those having torches will pass them on to others.

PLATO

The American schoolteacher often talks like a woman married to a low-down, no-account husband. She drudges, drudges, drudges to keep things going, her nerves frazzled, her emotions drained, her purse empty. Her talents (which were meant for higher things) are unappreciated, trampled on, profaned, sapped out by the overwhelming and unfair demands on her.

Deep inside, however, she knows the hidden charm of this marriage to her profession—those intimate and personal moments when the score is squared, the gates of Eden open and she stands inside. The secret charm is the charm of some people's children. They can walk right in under all your defenses and bundle up your sentiments as neatly as a cowboy ties a rodeo calf.

Then there are other people's children. . . . All the children have bubbles inside them. Sometimes they are quiet bubbles, at other times they are busy bubbles, an intoxicating fizz, rising fast and bursting on the surface in giggles and mad laughter and dizzy jabbering. It is a wonderful feeling: it is good just to move; all the other boys and girls exist just for beat-push-and-shove bait; and the world has just been made—finished and shined up only yesterday. And here's Old Hatchet Head dulling it all up with stuff like participles, Silas Marner, the Battle of Antietam, or the Pythagorean theorem.

But then somebody's child suddenly looks up at you and asks a question. Dan, maybe. His face is clean and scrubbed and momentarily serious. When his brow buckles up in thought, the stubble of his square-top wiggles a little. The puzzled but fearlessly searching expression on his face is the essence of idealistic boyhood reaching up to be a man.

I've had thousands of these children in just the space of a short career. I've had them of all ages, sizes and conditions—children of German, Bohemian and Russian immigrants, Latin Americans, children of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

SURF ADDS BRIGHTNESS

(yes...even to perfect whiteness)



Brightens colors too!

A wash that's merely white is no longer the best you can do. Now all-purpose Surf has a special brightener that puts ultra-violet rays (like those in sunshine) to work for you. Surf actually adds brightness—even to perfect whiteness. Brightens colors, too. Try today's Surf and see. If you don't get the whitest, brightest wash ever, Lever Brothers will refund every penny.



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So richly beautiful! So easy to care for! So wonderfully long wearing!

Your floor of KENTILE solid vinyl tile!

This dramatic living room, with its split-level and handsome floor of Kentile solid vinyl tile, is boldly contemporary yet so very, very comfortable to live *in!* That's because every detail is geared to easy, modern living. Take the floor, for instance.

It's greaseproof, stain resistant, difficult to mar or scar, and cleans with a whoosh of a damp mop! Furthermore, those glowing, jewel-bright colors *stay* that way through years of hard wear. Like it? Stop in and see Kentile solid vinyl tile (KenRoyal®) at your local Kentile dealer's soon. He's listed under FLOORS in your Classified Phone Directory.

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How easy it is to do-it-yourself! So inexpensive, too!



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

bankers, of farmers, of roughnecks and drillers, of business executives, of engineers, of ministers, of prostitutes, of drunkards, bums and thieves.

I remember Herman, fourteen and still in grade four. He was big and awkward, towering above the others in the grade, his face passive, expressionless. When I gave him directions, he would answer with a blank stare; or if I pressed him for an answer, he would give an uncomprehending "Yes." One day we read some simple poems and I asked the class to write down some lines of their own telling how they felt about some object or person. Herman wrote:

The rugs is werry hairy
I like to walk on it
It fills good I tink.

Beon the tree trunk I will say
Hello, daddy, hello
For I have always said it
Hello, daddy, hello

Rags, rags, rags
For I have always worn them
I wish to get me some more clouse
And feel much better today.

It was as if a mute had spoken.

I remember the little devil that hit me with a snowball with a rock inside it. I remember the gash in my forehead and the blood.

I remember Joey—and Joey's mother. She dabbled in psychology books, the kind that favored complete freedom for a child's self-expression. Joey loved to read. He would read through arithmetic class, spelling class, art class, recess and noon if somebody didn't punch him. I used to keep him in after school for tardiness or for his complete disregard of class activities. He didn't mind; he would sit there reading happily. Joey often seemed lonely without any patterns set down for him to follow, and he seemed to love any punishment I gave him as if it were a mark of special favor.

I remember with humility some of the mistakes I've made. It takes a lot of trial and error to find the best methods of discipline. Dave McConnell was in the seventh grade, but he was already big enough for a college quarterback. He jabbered constantly. Five hundred times a day I had to ask him to stop talking. One day my patience collapsed after the three-hundred-and-fiftieth request. Once more he leaned toward Clifford and started—I planted on his jaw a roundhouse right that sent him sprawling out of his seat into the aisle. I remember with what rue I looked at him, and the awkward way he scrambled up yelling wrathfully, "My gosh, you might at least give a fellow a little warning!"

If Mr. McConnell ever heard about the incident, he apparently favored my corner. Dave himself spread the story around school—rather proudly. The strength of my right arm became a legend and a source of awe. But it chastens one to lose his temper with a child. I determined to work harder on discipline through diplomacy.

The junior-high pupils talk constantly, and if they run out of something to say, they sit and groan. Most of the boys are behind the girls in physical development, and there they sit six inches shorter and twenty pounds lighter than the girls. Their hair is always either in need of a trim or it has just been cut too short. They can forget more books, lose more jackets and sweaters, strew more wastepaper around than any other age group. The girls are beset by special problems. They sit there self-consciously with bosoms in all stages of burgeoning. They can break more straps, lose more buttons, split more skirts and devise more minor emergencies to send them whispering and tittering in pairs to the teacher for permission to go to the rest room. Nothing at this age is so sweet as a secret shared with a friend.

S S S S S S S

True education makes for inequality; the inequality of individuality, the inequality of success, the glorious inequality of talent, of genius; for inequality, not mediocrity, individual superiority, not standardization, is the measure of the progress of the world.

FELIX E. SCHELLING
Pedagogically Speaking

S S S S S S S

And yet for many girls this awkwardness is only a transparent film through which shines an innate grace and charm. You catch sudden glimpses of them—perfect still pictures—when the awkwardness lifts like a fog to reveal a fresh and lovely miniature of the woman that is to be. The boys often startle you by growing a full foot during vacation. And sometimes it comes to them to take your arm on the stairway or to make an introduction with perfect graciousness.

Senior-high boys and girls give the teacher the most worry because they are nearer to the point of being dumped on the world with all their inadequacies. It seems a race with time to get into their heads all that you need to give them. And they are so oblivious of the problems that lie ahead. I often think we reverse the natural order of things. We try to teach them before they can see the need; and when they see the need, the opportunity is gone. Once when my senior class had gone through a series of pregraduation activities and had been victims of advice of various notables of the area, Joan said to me, "Why is it that all these speakers talk to us as if this world we're going out into is cruel and cold and filled with trouble? The world looks fine to me. I don't get it." Yet at that very moment we could hear the echoes of the planes and guns of World War II, and her own nature—emotional, dedicated, brilliant—was the kind that is destined to struggle.

But she was not wrong. That is, after all, the peculiar strength of youth—the not-knowing. As we grow older our anxieties feed and cultivate all the negative possibilities that a situation has to offer.

By far the worst part of teaching, paper grading, is sometimes lightened by entertaining wrong answers and original spelling: In mid-evil days the country was organized on the old futile system. . . . We must learn to coke with the situation, use the upmost care, and not take anything for granite. . . . Shakespeare's tomb is inscribed with an epitat. . . . Paul did not knottis the rip in his white panse and when he found out he felt like a silly nincompoot.

And when it comes to poetry, those bards knew not what they wrote. Stuart read:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

And he concluded: "This poem is a promise from a man to his girl friend that he will stop drinking."

Another day we read aloud Sir Walter Raleigh's poem The Silent Lover.

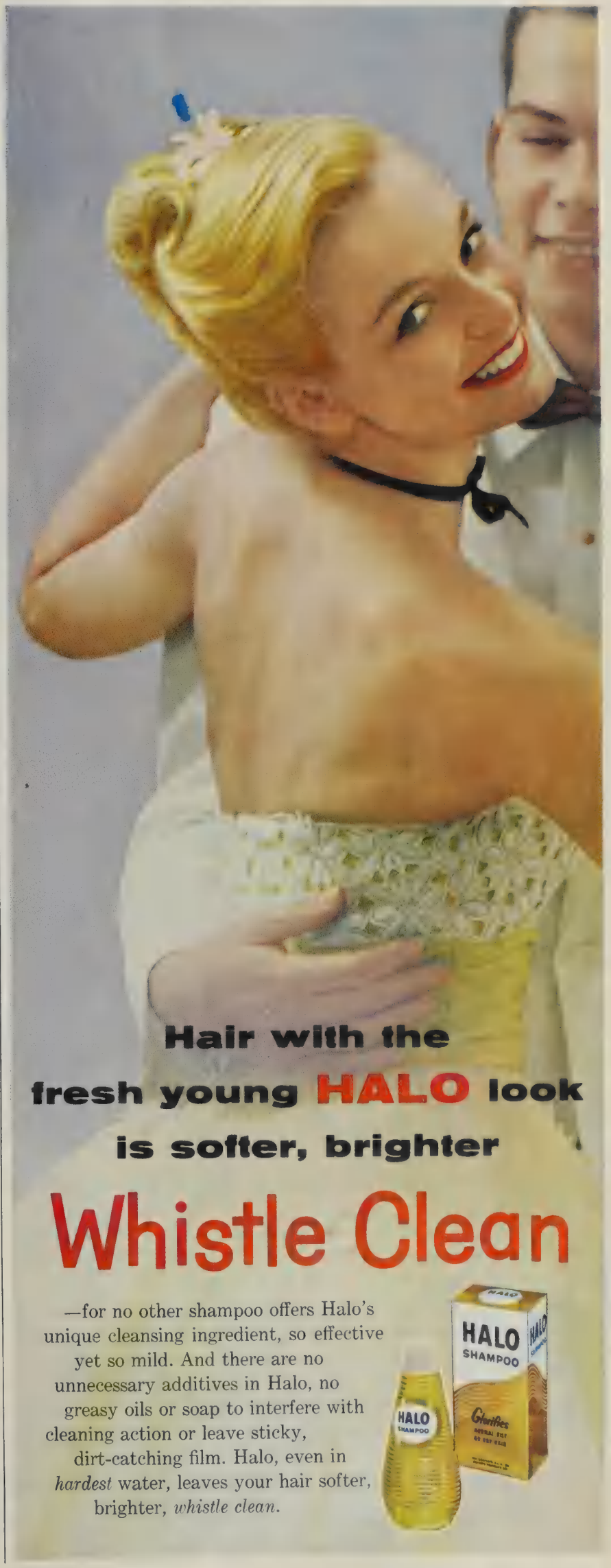
Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.
Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My true, though secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

The boy I happened to call on to tell the meaning of this poem grew red. "It means," he said, "that—uh—the feller that—uh—does a lot of talkin' don't get much lovin' done."

The quaint old custom of note passing never dies. Once when two chronic note-passing girls had been at it for several minutes, I walked over authoritatively and took possession of the latest edition. I opened it, and amid ripples of giggles I read: "Ha, ha, ha! We knew you'd get this."

Once two girls passed up a message in a sealed envelope: "Dear Teacher, we hate to see you sad. Could we do anything?" Nothing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49





"Ready-mixed...and full of good milk nourishment," says Elsie the Borden Cow

Borden's Dutch Chocolate Flavored Drink is a real thirst-quencher, and children *love* it!

This makes mothers happy for two reasons.

They know this delicious drink is full of energy and body-building nourishment. And Borden's Chocolate Drink is no bother at all. No measuring, no mixing! You serve it cold right from the carton, or just pour it in a pan and warm it. *Hot or cold*, it's delicious!

Borden's Dutch Chocolate Flavored Drink

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice," "Queen for a Day" and "Fury" over NBC.



...a best buy for June
June is Dairy Month.

Milk ▪ Fine Chee
Ice Cream • Sta

Borden.

For 100 years folks have been say
"If it's Borden's it's got to be goo

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Welsh Winkie
"Hitch - Hiker"
NEW-And So Exciting!



Folds For Storing

Double fun now, for twins – or, toddler and baby brother who can hitch a ride on the Winkie Stroller. Just fasten the "Hitch-Hiker" to the Winkie and away they go! Look what you have:

STROLLER SLEEPER
WALKER
(and, with the Hitch-Hiker)
DOUBLE STROLLER
AUTO SEAT
BOOSTER CHAIR
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YES, you can have more cash in your pocket if you put your free time to work. Write for our easy-to-follow money-making plan. No obligation.
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STOP BITES 25¢
Use like a cleansing tissue
MOSQUITO REPELLENT TISSUE
REPELS MOSQUITOES, GNATS, CHIGGERS, FLIES

DISCOURAGE
THUMB SUCKING
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THUM
TRADE MARK
Just Paint on Fingertips
60c at your drug store

NEW DECALS
By MEYERCORD



SEE THE X416 SERIES AND MANY NEW DESIGNS AT HARDWARE, PAINT, DEPT., & 10¢ STORES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

escapes them. And again Mary Frances wrote me: "Miss Reed, your slip shows about one inch on the left side." Now, what to do?

One day when they were to write in class a character study of someone they knew well, Steve responded with a description of me:

Your hair is like a haystack except it is not yellow.
Your lips are like Old Faithful— always spouting.
Your mouth is like the Grand Canyon and your teeth are just as colorful.

At the end of the period Steve turned in a theme entitled "My Dearest Brother," a sensitive and moving portrait of Jesus of Nazareth.

What can you do to someone like that?

But believe it or not, most of the time, putting aside the jokes and tricks, the boys and girls work; and through that work you come to know them best—their capabilities and their needs, their dreams, their fears and inhibitions, their impressions of friends and families, the heroes they worship and their need for heroes, their idealism. You come to know things about them that they themselves don't know or that are too personal for them to talk or to write about. You know good things, such as Sue's beauty inside and out and her equanimity; the gaiety of Jeff, a natural clown whose mere presence spreads good feeling and optimism; the generosity, understanding and all-encompassing kindness of Ellen, whose family's wealth might have made her snobbish.

Of course no matter how good your situation, there are always a few fauna from the "blackboard jungle." I have taught the knife-toting Tabor boys. I have seen in my class-

One of the best things to have up your sleeve is a funny bone.

room faces and bodies battered from the hand chains of a gang fight. I have taught a girl with an opaque expression that shut out everyone from knowing her. Picked up at a dope party, she had to report regularly to her probation officer. I have taught a ninth-grade boy from a turbulent family who came to school several times a week with a hang-over. I have taught a girl who lived with her mother in a tourist court, apprenticed to an ancient trade in spite of the hounding of juvenile authorities and the school administration.

These boys and girls make up a meager 4 or 5 per cent of the juvenile population. But it is their dereliction that makes the news, for news must have shock value. Yet in the midst of the complete concentration of newspapers, movies and TV on boys and girls like these who have been defeated by unfavorable environment and God knows what, there is a matching 4 per cent of extra-courageous ones who have battled the same terrific odds and won.

I like to remember Clara's story. She developed real executive ability and a great understanding heart organizing a family of eight after the death of her mother. And in between the cooking, cleaning, sewing, spanking and the schoolwork no one cracked so many jokes or sang so many songs. Often it was graveyard whistling; she was strongly tempted to run away at times. But she didn't—so there was not enough melodrama there for the news.

It has been my good fortune to teach more offspring of the salt of the earth than of salty characters. But from whatever station in life they come, they are fascinating and unpredictable. You never know just which way these chips off the old block will fly. It's fine timber, though, the greatest of natural resources. And through it runs a hidden grain of perfection that shows up intermittently from this distance across the desk and in the changed perspective of the crowd.

It is this challenging vision of the great potentialities of people's children that is the real basis of the teacher's love affair with her profession. END



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with old-fashioned, harsh antiseptics!



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fights infection; speeds healing—without stinging!

No other antiseptic—liquid or cream—is so effective, yet so safe for cuts, burns, abrasions:

✓ won't sting—won't irritate tissues ✓ speeds healing
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Johnson & Johnson

MASSAGE YOUR FEET!

Enjoy grateful relief from tired, aching feet, legs WHILE YOU RELAX



Recommended by Doctors

Exclusive 30 Degree Angle allows Feet, Legs to rest naturally, comfortably

The wonderful benefits of professional-like massage can now be yours while you sit and read, watch TV or relax, with the new 30 degree angle Dr. Scholl's Electric Foot Massager. This highly invigorating type of massage improves circulation in feet and legs . . . relieves fatigued, aching feeling . . . rests, refreshes, revitalizes the feet.

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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



GOLDSTEIN

"First I served him the caviar, followed by shrimp cocktail, Vichyssoise, filet mignon, champagne, baked Alaska, and demitasse—then I waited ten minutes for a comment. . . ."

My neighbor with the new carport has invented a tricky method to end a fond quarrel with his wife. "Anyhow," he tells her, "I'm better than no husband at all!"

After vacations at seventeen different resorts in seventeen years, my wife's cousin is still baffled. "We are always torn," he confesses, "between our yearning for privacy and our fear of loneliness."

"When I feel we're in a deep rut," muses Betty Comfort, painting her mailbox turquoise, "I can always rearrange the furniture in the living room. When my husband comes home we can pretend we're two different people."

At our luncheon table we decided (by a narrow margin) that a man should be politer to his own wife than to the boss' wife. (And that she should be politer to you than to your boss.)

Sometimes I look down a half mile of sidewalk between home and the office without seeing a pedestrian. Yet I believe motorists who swallow tranquilizers and cause their own traffic snarls might be better off walking three or four miles to work and back.

One of the wittier wives in our neighborhood argues it's deceit to put an iron flamingo in your front yard unless you've actually been in Florida within the past five years. I think ten is fairer.

My Dream Girl feels younger at summer resorts than at winter resorts. "On the Southern beaches you seldom see anybody under fifty in March," she complains, "but younger people do get summer vacations."

I infuriate the women at a bridge table when I argue that if men had to diaper the babies, they'd have evolved a brave-new-world substitute for the diaper long ago.

In our family the female letter writers all have far handsomer handwriting than the males. If we men improved our penmanship (as that French scientist contends) maybe we'd improve our dispositions too. (And our morale too?)

Newest kind of snobs in our town: the ones who brag they've missed five cocktail parties in a week. "Why should I stand on my feet for hours," demands one of our social lions. "I'd rather lie down and read a good book. Or take a hike."

One of our town's irrepressible matrons picks up quaint shells on the beach and makes costume necklaces and bracelets. She's even sold some to Dior in Paris, which puts her one up on our town's matron with the chinchilla cape.

My dad wanted me to be a doctor, offered to pay my college expenses if I'd study medicine. I declined, and paid my own college expenses, on the ground that I'd rather have somebody else trim my appendix than try to trifle with somebody else's.

I'm baffled why nice women make such a fuss over brazen philanderers, and seem to admire and enjoy them so much, when they conk their husbands on the head if they so much as look at a girl at the next table in a restaurant.

Why do we quibble so much about paying teachers a decent wage? It'd cost us more to hire baby sitters nine months a year than we pay in school taxes, and the education is thrown in free.

My Dream Girl is unfascinated by de luxe lakeside trailers in Florida, glass-and-aluminum cabana attached, at $7000, plus $28 a month. But she thought a beach motel ($38 a day) just too cute.

A razor expert urges me to shave my chin first, and that reminds me: If I ask my wife, "May I skip shaving today?" she usually acquiesces. But if I skip shaving without consent she razzes the whiskers off my face.

And now that we've finally bought a power lawn mower, I wonder what will be our youngest's defense against mowing our grass once a week. Last summer I felt like Simon Legree, chaining him to a powerless mower.

On our last trip south my Princess of Sheer Delight didn't sneer at my fondness for smoked mackerel, though she prefers stone crab. Gourmets rank stone crab as most subtle of delicacies. I still like smoked mackerel; it's better'n smoked salmon.

My frazzled neighbor likes to tune in on the sweet music of Lawrence Welk. Or Waring or Lombardo. But his coed daughter stalks off to her room to play in self-defense a Louis Armstrong record. Aren't parents a problem?

Among our town's young matrons the lorgnette is staging a comeback, since one of our wanderlusty couples brought several pairs home from the Flea Market in Paris. Maybe this will delay reluctant experiments with contact lenses.

On my last air trip I reached a new high in trip insurance: $187,500 worth for $7.50. For a moment it tickled my Princess of Sheer Delight more than two dozen roses.

We disagreed at lunch whether a wife should ever strike her husband. I contend there's no harm if she isn't too athletic; it gives him the upper hand morally for a few days. A few hours, I mean.

One of our town's judges miraculously persuaded our town's most quarrelsome couple to dismiss their divorce lawyers. "Just be as tolerant of each other's faults," he told 'em, "as you are toward your friends'."

One of our town's dentists has struck it rich in Texas oil. His father lost his savings in gold-mine stock and rice plantations, but remained a good doctor. A few selfish townsmen say they prefer a good dentist to a Texas oil millionaire.

My neighbor's wife now challenges her husband's claim (always offered in self-defense) that any husband is better than no husband. "I can picture a situation," she retorts, "when I'd question that."

I was flattered when my daughter-in-law asserted that Harlan III resembles me. "But don't despair," I told her. "All babies look like me at first, but they get over it as their faces smooth out."

. . . When I discover our youngest reading Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,

. . . Or our calm daughter-in-law confesses her baby arrived in a fog of anesthetic without her awareness,

. . . And Junior sends us a diagram of his quarters at his Air Force base in Japan,

. . . Or our faraway daughter describes her two babies with such skill and gusto that we can see them growing up,

. . . And my Dream Girl in a red-checked gingham shirt and blue denim pants looks like a college sophomore,

Then I admit guardedly that I've got it so golden I wouldn't swap with a twenty-four-year-old bachelor.



PROVINCIAL HIDE-A-BED sofa with wing-curved back and box pleats. Wide range of Provincial prints. From $279.50 depending on choice of fabric.



MODERN HIDE-A-BED sofa, biscuit-tufting, off-the-floor look. In metallics and other decorator textures. From $239.50 depending on choice of fabric.



TRADITIONAL HIDE-A-BED sofa, channel arms and flounce. Turquoise boucle. Also brown, sage green, coral, beige, olive. Full $329.50; apt. $319.50.

MMONS new service: a HIDE-A-BED® sofa made to order for you!

ose from more than 50 styles, fabrics, many sizes—hundreds of ible combinations! Now Simmons "custom make" your Hide-A-Bed –at no extra charge!

ie trained salesman at your favorite will help you select from all the ern, Traditional and Provincial s . . . with flounces, shirred kick s and box pleats.

ien take your pick from the print, d, linen, nylon and boucle fabrics all-new colors.

ioose the kind of cushions and mat- you want. And order the size you —full or apartment, loveseat or -wide sofa.

Hide-A-Bed sofa, exactly as you've custom-ordered it, will be ready in about three weeks!

You get all these Simmons Exclusives:

- *Wider arm-to-arm*—the full-size sofas are a full 65″ between arms.
- *Super-comfort cushions*—Beautyrest* (or foam rubber, slightly more.)
- *Exclusive seat design* — new lower height, slopes gently down toward the back for maximum seating comfort.
- *Easy-opening mechanism* — opens in seconds to the bed with bedding in place.
- *Simmons mattress* — a full length Deepsleep.* Or famous Beautyrest, slightly more!
- *Exclusive all-steel sofa frame* — (not just the bed frame!) for a lifetime of wonderful wear.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office, Copr. 1957 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Visit your favorite furniture or department store for a wide selection of Simmons convertibles, as low as $89.95. Convenient terms



1942... The other woman was me – when Tom asked me to marry him in wartime. My first home: a trailer, then a series of makeshift apartments. No wonder I never had the silver I'd always dreamed about!

"I just realized

I've been 'making-do' w



"It's finally dawned on me – the silv
been using for 15 years isn't really *mine*
longs to another woman. The girl I was
early 1940's when Tom and I had a tw
honeymoon in an army trailer camp be
went overseas.

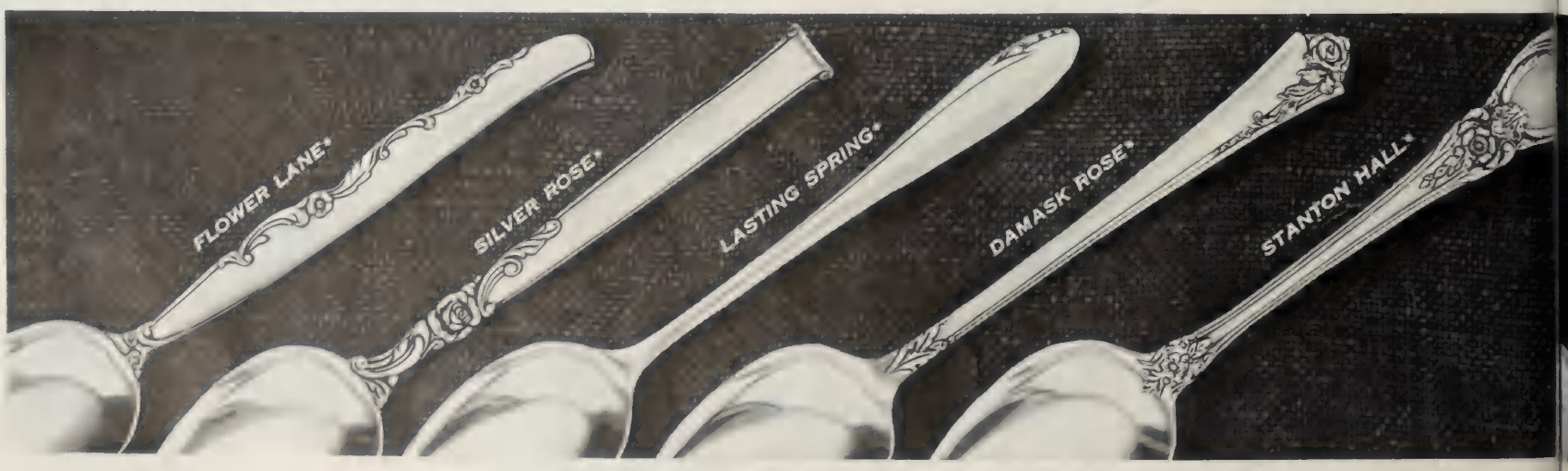
"So much has happened to us since: o
children... our own home... Tom's promot
has a really good job now.

"Then why, it suddenly came to me, a
doing without the lovely silver service I've
dreamed about? We ought to have it righ
These are the best years of our family life
thing's going on all the time. Family and
coming to dinner on weekends... children
taining their friends at buffet suppers.

"I can't *wait* to set a really beautiful t
sparkling with my new silver. Or give a buff
and arrange a whole glorious *spread* of
silver on the table! Nothing shows off silve
buffet table!"

Now c

your "dream's-wort



...in magnificent solid silver ***HEIRLOOM STERLING!*** Which of these lovely patterns will you choose for your "Second Honeymoon" service? *Flower Lane*, the "new modern" edged with elegance? *Silver Rose*, rich and triumphant in its graceful simplicity? Tender, serene *Lasting Spring*? Radiantly romantic *Damask Rose*? Or stately, traditional *Stanton Hall*? All are distinguished – all completely original.

Another woman's Silver!"

– and such wonderful things have been hap-
ng in silver design lately, you really owe it to
self to see! And right now—one of the great
es in silver—Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths—is offer-
specially priced services for eight, actually de-
d for families like your own. These wonderful
"buys" come only in the *very best*—in superb,
ous Heirloom* Sterling, so well known for its
ty and freshness of design – and in world-
us Community* Silverplate. When you set a
with Community it says the right things about
And just look at the lovely patterns!

ere is silver really worthy of your loveliest sil-
dreams! And by acting *now* you can save on
magnificent matched sets.

So why wait? Spaced-out payments can be so easily arranged. Just ask your jeweler or silver department. *As little as a dollar or two a week* will put a complete silver service on your table—*today!*

"SECOND HONEYMOON" SERVICE IN HEIRLOOM STERLING
A superb sterling service in a deluxe drawer chest with solid brass drawer pulls, handles and name plate. The chest—a $25 value—at no extra cost. Eight 5-piece place settings plus two serving pieces. See *all* the stunning Heirloom Sterling patterns and choose *yours*... from only $216, Federal tax included!

"HAPPILY MARRIED" SERVICE IN COMMUNITY
In your choice of the enchanting patterns shown below—eight 6-piece place settings plus 2 Serving Spoons, Butter Knife and Sugar Spoon. 52 pieces of beautiful silverware in a handsome blond or mahogany finish chest only $75.50.

*Trade Marks. © 1957, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

er ...created in the Design Studios of Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths



..or in world-famous ***COMMUNITY****, the finest silverplate* For your "Happily Married" service choose from these beautiful Community patterns: *South Seas* with flowing line of sea and shore... Sophisticated *Morning Star* inspired by a priceless jade carving... Frankly feminine *White Orchid*... Formal, traditional *Coronation*... Graceful *Twilight* with tapered handles and curving tips... Choose *your* favorite!

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

"We agree on almost everything except sex."

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

IS SEX IMPORTANT IN MARRIAGE?

"My husband and I have been married three months. We agree on almost everything except sex. He says I am cold and selfish, but I think he is exaggerating the whole business. I admit I am indifferent much of the time, but I think most young wives feel as I do. He claims they don't, and wants me to see a doctor. If there's something wrong with me, I want to correct it. Where does sex fit into marriage? Is it as important as my husband says?"

Like any other problem, a sexual difficulty is best understood and resolved with some knowledge of basic facts, rather than solely on the basis of personal opinion. Perhaps we can help this bride get a better perspective on her situation by describing some of the factors affecting sexual adjustment in the college marriages studied in our research.

Yes, sex is important in marriage. Generally a fourth of a wife's married happiness, and a third of her husband's, depend on the sexual adjustment they make. The greater importance to the male is probably due to his greater sex drive, especially during the early years of marriage. Thus he may appear to her to be "exaggerating," whereas in fact he is conforming to the typical.

The relationship between a bride's attitudes toward sex and her sexual adjustment is marked. When she has healthy positive attitudes, she can usually make a successful adjustment. The few who don't might have succeeded had their husbands been more thoughtful. Conversely, wives with negative attitudes experience considerable difficulty in achieving sexual satisfaction within the first year of marriage. Those who succeed owe much to their husbands' patience, co-operation and teaching.

Frequent dating and a long courtship also favor a wife's making a good adjustment, as does her being a friendly, affectionate personality. Of course the kind of man she marries makes a difference, in this respect as in all others. If he is mannerly, affectionate and appreciative, she becomes less reserved and more responsive. But if he limits his demonstrations of affection to strictly sexual demands, she may come to feel that he wants her only as a female, not as a wife.

All the research shows that the first few months of marriage are crucial in determining sexual adjustment. But no young wife should conclude that this aspect of her marriage is a failure, simply because the honeymoon did not bring the complete release for her she had expected. She owes it to herself and her husband to tell him how she feels and what he might do to help her. Most marriage counselors feel that a substantial number of sexual maladjustments in marriage would never have developed if husband and wife had been able to discuss their sexual feelings, preferences and inhibitions from the start.

Resolving a sexual problem in marriage, like any other, depends on the full and free communication between husband and wife. Indeed, the physical relationship is a profound and fundamental form of communication. When the inhibited young wife can accept it as such, her doubts and fears will gradually disappear. Though faulty or deficient sexual techniques are often blamed for sexual maladjustment, attitudes are far more often responsible.

Almost any husband and wife can achieve a satisfactory sexual adjustment if each sincerely wants to, for the sake of the other as well as of self. Sex is not the most important part of marriage, but it often spells the difference between success and failure. For a good adjustment may give a weak marriage a chance to grow stronger, while a poor adjustment may aggravate any other difficulties.

ARE THERE RULES FOR MARRIAGE?

At a recent social gathering, a young matron took me to task for what she called the "negative viewpoint" of much that is written about marriage and family relationships.

"My husband and I love each other and our children and we're happy," she said. "Is that so unusual? Do you think a successful marriage depends on a lot of hard-and-fast rules and technical information?"

Of course not, nor does any other qualified counselor. There is nothing obscure or mysterious about making marriage work. It doesn't require special talents, eternal vigilance or technical knowledge. But it does require two reasonably sensible people (like young Mrs. B. and her husband) who believe that marriage is the best way of life for them and that, through working and sharing, they can be happier together than apart.

Communication is essential. Without talking things over, understanding is difficult and companionship is blocked. But words alone are not enough. Communication in marriage means the ability to sense and respect the other's mood, to listen as well as to talk; to share feelings as well as ideas. Communication is the means by which love is nourished and kept alive.

Confiding is the most intimate form of communication. The husband and wife who habitually confide their hopes and fears, their defeats and accomplishments, find relief from tension, encouragement when things go badly and shared joy when things go well.

Compromise is necessary in every close relationship. It can be achieved easily, almost without conscious thought, when the couple communicate and confide.

Co-operation is the best single criterion of happy marriage. Probably no two human beings can co-operate fully at the beginning of their relationship, but husband and wife acquire the ability through compromise and appreciation. Co-operation means united purpose, mutual effort and shared reward—a fair definition of any partnership, and the fundamental achievement of marriage.

Ask yourself if you are making full use of these principles. If not, today is the time to start. If so, then, like Mrs. B., you won't consider married happiness unusual.

The purpose of marriage is to unite two people, not to stifle them. A happy relationship can never be achieved by obeying "a lot of hard-and-fast rules."

Nevertheless, consciously or unconsciously, happily married couples do observe certain basic principles. Though Mrs. B. might formulate them differently, she recognizes their importance in her marriage. These principles are not separate and distinct, but are interdependent and mutually reinforcing.

Acceptance is first—not only acceptance of the person you marry, but also acceptance of your role in marriage. Although a wife may still pursue a career (as does her husband), the career is not an end in itself but a means of building a happier and stronger marriage. So is every other privilege and responsibility.

Approval is requisite. Love fades and marriage ties weaken when a husband does not take pride in his wife and her activities, or when she does not respect and admire him. Without mutual approval, there can be no true sense of belonging.

Appreciation grows out of acceptance and approval, and should not only be felt, but expressed in word and deed.

DO YOU AGREE?

Is the average pregnancy planned?

In half the cases, yes; in the remainder, no.

ASK YOURSELF:

Should She Go Steady?

Whether a girl is ready to go steady depends less upon age than upon her emotional maturity. When a girl begins going steady, she faces the definite possibility of early marriage. Unless your daughter is well along the road to marriage readiness, she is not ready to go steady. Honest *joint* answers to these questions may help both of you decide if you and she are both ready.

Is Your Daughter:

1. **At least seventeen years old?**
2. **At least a high-school senior?**
3. **Proud of being your daughter?**
4. **Concerned about what people think of her?**
5. **Stable and acting her age?**
6. **Able to confide freely in you?**
7. **Provident and conservative about money?**

Has She:

8. **Good judgment about boys she dates?**
9. **Dated several boys during the past two years?**
10. **Made any future plans (college, job)?**
11. **Any basic knowledge about homemaking?**
12. **Avoided impulsive actions and hasty decisions?**
13. **Usually discussed her problems with you?**
14. **Willingly accepted responsibilities that accompany privileges?**

Wouldn't you feel that your daughter is ready to go steady if the answers to 11 or 12 of these questions are a solid "Yes"? And wouldn't you doubt it if 6 or 7 answers were "No"? Whatever the score, you must remember that you have had a major role in preparing her for this period of her life. If she isn't ready, one of you has fallen down. The big question now is how you can help her. After all, the time may be short!

New and lavish
PINK CAMAY



scented like perfume from Paris that would cost you $25.00 an ounce... blended with pink cold cream



Probably the most lavish soap that ever pampered your skin (yet costs no more than ordinary soaps)

Kept fresh and fragrant in Pink Pearl foil

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from California comes the exciting

Patio Spectacular!

with golden cling peaches broiled on Kaiser "Quilted" Foil

The newest, brightest notion yet from the land where Barbecues make party history: broiled Cling Peaches from California! Juicy, sweet clings are such a colorful, *simple* way to touch your meals with glamour . . . taste so *right* with every cook-out favorite. Next time you're shopping, pick up a can or two of clings. Sunshiny, golden cling peaches make all your meals company-good, out-of-doors or in!

EASY TO FIX: Just marinate two-inch lamb squares in your favorite barbecue sauce. (Or use other meats if you prefer.) Thread squares on skewer with parboiled onions, green pepper, mushrooms. Broil. Ten minutes before the meat turns its handsomest brown, place golden cling halves on Kaiser Broiler Foil (the new, stronger "Quilted" foil). Fill hollows with catsup, chili, or other relishes, and grill until meat is ready.

CANNED Cling Peaches FROM CALIFORNIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

and not just those in the armed forces? Such organizations as Blue Cross and Blue Shield meet only a fraction of the cost of a prolonged illness, which means, for an average middle-class family, financial ruin. Surely if an impoverished country like England can give its people free medical care, we should be able to too.

Sincerely,
SHEILA M. MACARTNEY

Note to the Young

Iowa City, Iowa

Dear Bruce and Beatrice: I appreciate as never before your greetings. I am not hurrying to write. Instead I sit here and see again all my old friends who care to remember me from former days. It is a great part of my feel for life and happily I remember with the utmost distinctness this long stretch of years. It is one compensation for old age, that terror of almost everyone. Shakespeare lived, if one can judge by his many references and that terrible play Lear, in constant fear of old age which he was never to experience himself. Old age has at least this compensation. It has a range and perspective of experience, a fullness and richness unknowable to youngsters.

The happiest part of our long married life, for my wife R. and me, were the thirteen and a half years, halcyon years, when both of us were pretty much knocked out. We were never separated and we knew that any day might well be the last for one of us. Somehow that gave each day a peculiar quality of happiness, something which could not have been but for its anxieties and troubles. Last April R. was discovered to have cancer and the end came in September. She did not lose her radiance, her serenity, her beauty in spite of all. I am now going on making what is possible of my mutilated but not at all self-pitying life. I don't think many have had such happiness as we in our fifty-three years of marriage.

As we move on, we no longer have the ecstasies of youth, but life is so much deeper, more real, less bewildered; and above all, fear fades out. My only fear now, and it is not serious, is that I may live too long. The young are right in always fearing that they may be cut off and miss what they might have. It is not a true saying that those whom the gods love die young. A superficial piece of classical cynicism!

With my very warm regards,
STEPHEN H. BUSH

▶ *A distinguished former professor, who has been blind for some years, writes us that old age need not be terrifying. ED.*

More on Toys

Ottawa, Canada

Dear Sir: In March, the editor of Toys and Novelties advised your readers to buy only American-made toys if they wanted good quality. Are your readers naïve enough to believe that the only "good" toys are manufactured in the U.S.? Is *every* product made by even an excellent toy-making house "good"?

For the benefit of your Canadian readers, we would like to point out that good playthings are manufactured in Canada too. (And what about imports from Great Britain and Sweden, for example?)

Surely the criterion of a good toy is not its country of origin! We should know—we've tested toys from all over the world.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. A. L. KASSIRER
Chairman, National Toy-Testing Committee of the Canadian Association of Consumers and Citizens' Committee on Children

. . . and 44 Years Later

New York Mills, Minnesota

Dear Editor: While looking over a box of keepsakes recently, I found an article I had saved from the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, May, 1913. It is What Can I Do About Cancer? by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

I am deeply grateful to the JOURNAL for printing that article. It convinced me that I ought to get a doctor's opinion about a small and painless lump in my left breast. I went to our family doctor, who removed the growth and sent it to the hospital for examination. The growth was cancerous. Our doctor performed an immediate operation, and the entire breast was removed. The wound healed and I have had no more trouble. I was a young woman then with two small children; the doctor was young also, and he said it was the first operation of that kind he had done.

Now, nearly forty-four years later, I still feel as the doctor did in 1913 that the article I read in the JOURNAL was most likely the means of saving my life. I am glad that you still have articles of a similar nature.

Very truly yours,
GRACE HOARD

Note to Dr. Adams

McAllen, Texas

Dear Editors: Why doesn't someone just once write an article on "How to Hold Your Wife"? Why should it be so much more offensive to a nonsmoking man to have his wife smoke than it is to a nonsmoking woman to have her husband smoke? And why is it so much worse for a wife to become a little too "gay" during a cocktail party than it is for a husband to really cause his wife embarrassment?

I really feel Doctor Adams might write a follow-up article bringing out a few things a husband can do to keep his wife thinking he is the same man she knew during courtship and the early days of marriage.

Yours very truly,
MARTHA J. SIDENER

Well, Thank You, Suh!

Moscow, Tennessee

Dear Editor: Until today, I have abhorred big slick thick magazines—especially the big slick thick LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

I am a rural mail carrier and JOURNALS just won't stay put in a mail bag. Many times I've had to re-sort my mail because a JOURNAL had slipped out of the tie. And, too, I've always regarded the contents as just a bunch of feminine nonsense, unworthy of a masculine glance.

A few months ago my wife subscribed to the JOURNAL without my knowledge. Well, suh, the day I delivered the first copy I was fit to be tied—and I've been mad ever since. Then today my wife went traipsing off to one of them hen-shebangs and left me all by myself. Well, the TV was on the blink, and the JOURNAL was layin' in easy reach, so I sheepishly started thumbing through its pages. Well, suh, that's when I quit hatin' the JOURNAL; by Ned, I found some powerful good readin' within its covers. Why, "There's a Man in the House" is alone worth the price of a year's subscription!

I won't kick no more, even if all my patrons become JOURNAL subscribers. It's worth delivering, even if it is big and thick and mighty slick.

A new friend,
GUY SIMMONS

Mother Knew They Were Worth Saving!

Storm Lake, Iowa

Dear Friends: Last year I used half-century-old JOURNALS for my Christmas cards. My mother carefully put these JOURNALS away years ago, but I forgot about them until I opened this annually dusted box to examine the contents.

All 87 magazines were cleaned with wallpaper cleaner, and the edges trimmed at a local printing shop. Then on the outside was a greeting, "An Old-Fashioned Christmas from Marie Harker." The response has been delightful. One is to be put on exhibition at a public library, others are having special covers made to preserve them for another fifty years. The menfolks seem to enjoy the advertisements very much.

I have kept a few—just couldn't bear to part with them!

Sincerely,
NORA MARIE HARKER

Dad's Still in the Family!

Denver, Colorado

Dear Editors: Four days after Christmas we received word that my husband would have to be hospitalized. An unexpected blow. We were not prepared for it financially, emotionally, or any other way. We have four little boys; the oldest is nine, the baby is two.

One of my husband's main concerns was being away from the children for several months. Childlike, would they forget "daddy" after a few weeks? Would they

Happiness has a fragrance ...called TWEED®

Under the sun, under the moon, let the fragrance of TWEED surround you. Splash or spray its sparkling freshness . . . happy aura for a happy summer.

Tweed Bouquet—a cologne to use lavishly—from $1.50

Tweed Mist—concentrated Toilet Water—from $2.25
prices plus tax



Lenthéric

. . . the name that says fragrance



3 ways better... O-CEDAR SPONGE MOPS



with exclusive

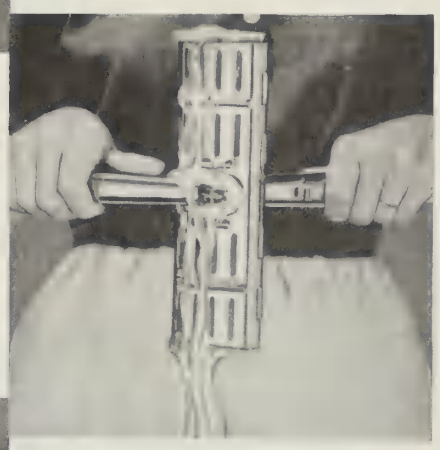
"Wonder-Working Angle"



1

GRIPS THE FLOOR...

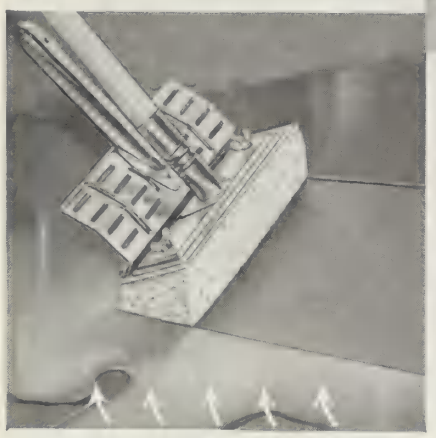
Only the O-Cedar sponge has the scientifically cut "wonder-working angle" that makes it hug the floor surface. This action spreads just the right amount of water with less effort—actually scrubs out the most stubborn dirt.



2

SQUEEZES OUT DRIER...

O-Cedar's "wonder-working angle", plus the specially designed back presser, lets you squeeze the entire sponge evenly without arm-tiring work. And remember—your hands never touch water!



3

PICKS UP MORE WATER...

The "wonder-working angle" sponge lies flat to the floor. Only light back strokes are necessary to pick up water or accidental spills. In just a jiffy your floors are sparkling clean.

Keeps Hands Dry... Saves Mopping Time!

With the O-Cedar Sponge Mop, you can damp mop an entire floor in just *minutes* without "scrub water hands". O-Cedar Sponge Mops are ruggedly built too, with all metal parts fully chrome plated for long, dependable service. That's why they're *guaranteed for five years!* Model "76" (shown) only $4.50. New deluxe model "88" with king-size 11-inch sponge that squeezes from the handle, only $5.95. Use extra sponge refills for waxing and special cleaning jobs.

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find someone else to mend their broken toys? Would they make my burden even greater by not having a father to help with their discipline?

We found that Bill could talk to the boys on the phone a few times a week. They tell him their little troubles—what happened at school and at play. They also report on the little tasks Bill gives them to help me. According to their size, they weed the garden, shovel snow, cut the lawn, empty wastepaper baskets, dry dishes, polish shoes. They write these chores on a blackboard and check them off as they're completed. There is a minimum of complaining as they want to give "daddy" a good report when he calls.



Family.

On visiting days I bring Bill the broken toys to mend. A YoYo string gets in a hopeless tangle, wheels come off little cars, wind-up toys get wound too tight. There's no end to it with four little boys! The toys get fixed, the children are happy, and it's excellent therapy for Bill.

Visiting nights also find me with a folder of school papers to show "daddy." How proud they are of an "A" or "100%"! Their grades have gone up in the past few months, and even our little five-year-old in kindergarten works especially hard to make a drawing to please "daddy."

As a reward for their efforts Bill makes prizes for them—belts with their names carved into them, unique marble bags fashioned from scraps of colored leather.

Unfortunately, our little two-year-old gets the least out of all this planning. But every time the phone rings he runs for it on his fat little legs yelling "Lello daddy, lello daddy." As you might imagine, when Bill does talk to him, Timmy just listens with a big grin on his face and usually doesn't say a word.

God willing, we hope it won't be too long before Bill will be able to come home occasionally. In the meantime, he feels he's an integral part of the family doing his share in the proper rearing of his children. And the boys are conscious of the fact that their father is still the head of the household and will mete out praise or punishment as it's deserved.

Sincerely,
LUCILE RUFF

It Burns Me Up!

Millions of dollars are spent entreating the motoring public not to be "litterbugs." But car manufacturers make larger and larger cars (for larger and larger families) with nary a trash receptacle. Why not a pocket on the inside of the doors as they had years ago? Or a place under the glove compartment?

MRS. JACK TURNER
Temple, Texas

Cleanser cans—Ah hates 'em! The bottoms rust my counters; the middles disintegrate when wet; the tops bruise my hands when pounded. WHY don't they invent pretty, pastel, plastic, PRE-PERFORATED containers?

MRS. J. R. BURDETTE
Paducah, Kentucky

▶ ***Best solution thus far is a plastic container which fits over the can. ED.***

The time I waste trimming patterns down to the "cutting" line, so I can really see how they fit my victims after they are pinned. The margin is supposed to "fall away." Fall where? Let's go back to ready-to-use patterns, please.

MARIE L. EDWARDS
Hanceville, Alabama

Of all misleading statements
Plain tho' they are, and clear
The one that heads my list is this:
To open box—press here.

MRS. J. E. GASTON
Fairhope, Alabama

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The flavor of real butter is still nature's secret!

hy does real butter make such a big flavor difference on hot ods? Because it's churned from 100% real cream, of course. eal cream is the heart and soul of its goodness, the source of e subtle flavor that agrees with you always. Just like milk, al butter belongs on your family table—and your family serves real butter as much as your guests. Serve the best—rve real butter.

AWN BUTTER SAUCE: To ¼ cup melted butter add 2 tablespoons flour, stirring. d dash pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, dash paprika. Slowly stir in 1 cup water. ok until thickened. Just before serving stir in 1 teaspoon lemon juice.



See "Disneyland" on ABC-TV

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Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In June, 1907, America's beloved humorist, Mark Twain, was made Doctor of Letters at Oxford, and The Red Mill, Girl of the Golden West, and Mrs. Warren's Profession flourished on Broadway. Perforated peekaboo shirtwaists were all the rage, and a new ditty spoofed ladies' towering bonnets:

We have the horseless carriage,
The wireless and all that,
Also the loveless marriage,
But not the birdless hat.

In the June, 1907, issue, Editor Bok warns working girls away from the "evils" of dance halls and Chinese restaurants, penny arcades, five-cent theaters, and music counters selling ragtime in department stores.

"Saving old underwear to use when traveling will save many a laundry bill. After it has become soiled, throw it away."

"Ice cream must not be kept overnight in July and August for fear of ptomaine," advises Mrs. Rorer. "Do not cook and then cool chicken by placing it on plates on the cellar floor."

Manners: "Soup should be taken from the side of the spoon, although persons with mustaches have a special dispensation to put the point into the mouth."

"The twenty-three-hour cure," explains the Health Editor, "means living in the open air for twenty-three hours out of twenty-four with the help of outdoor sleeping porches. For convalescents it is considered beneficial."

"Do not pay for your iceman's tongs when buying ice," warns the Food Editor. "They usually weigh about three pounds, or seventy-five pounds in a month of deliveries."

"I never have any trouble getting household help," declares a reader, "for I never let a maid leave before she finds a friend to take her place."

"What a Godless young creature to mention in the JOURNAL!" a reader protests about a young businesswoman whose weekly schedule omitted any mention of Wednesday-night prayer meeting.

"In one of our largest cities," crusades Editor Bok, "the cost of pure milk is so high that thousands of half-starved babies are poisoned by a sour mixture of drugs, chalk and water sold by cheap vendors."

"Paper bags may be easily kept by means of a spring clothespin hung in the pantry."



Mexican comedian Cantinflas, from his seat on a high-wheeler, discusses with producer Mike Todd a bit of business for Around the World in Eighty Days.

We've just polled Workshop opinion here on what movie of the season seemed most filled with fun, wonder and excitement. The vote was virtually unanimous for Around the World in Eighty Days. And now we only hope you've a movie house nearby big enough to accommodate it. For one thing, you simply mustn't miss *Cantinflas*, the Mexican comedian who's the richest and highest paid entertainer in the world. Yet this is his first American film. "Why is that?" we asked *Mike Todd*. "Too particular, and too expensive," said Mike, proud to be the first producer with a part Cantinflas would play and a fee to fit.

Cantinflas is always the Cantinflas character—a lovable, debonair, double-talking underdog—and in ***S. J. Perelman***'s delirious adaptation of the Jules Verne classic it fits to perfection the part of Passepartout, valet to ***David Niven's*** Phileas Fogg, another piece of pure delight in a picture that lasts nearly 3½ hours. We for one wouldn't care if it went on for the whole 80 days.

Can't leave Cantinflas without one more thing Todd told us. Seems that in Mexico, where Cantinflas has a popularity rating equal to one here of Danny Kaye, My Fair Lady and the President rolled into one, they have to close the pawnshops for several days before one of his comedy bullfights—so many people hock their clothes to buy tickets.

*Something **Louella Shouer** had been telling him reminded **Richard Pratt** of the overseas telephone call he received several years ago from Buenos Aires. The English-speaking secretary of a millionaire Argentine cattleman was on the wire. Seems her boss was in a big hurry to build the house he'd seen on a certain page of a recent* JOURNAL. *How could he get the plans and get in touch with the architect? It took our architectural editor only a moment to find the page in question. "The plans," he told the secretary in Buenos Aires, "you can get from the Library of Congress. The architect's name is Thomas Jefferson; but he died in 1826." The millionaire had taken a shine to Monticello.*

Our curiosity is always getting the better of us around here, so when we saw a line of girls getting weighed and measured down by the beauty department, we asked ***Dawn Norman*** why, and she explained that after she and her assistant and her secretary, all different heights, wearing dress sizes from 8 to 12, suddenly discovered one day that they each weighed exactly 116½ pounds, she decided to find out what variations there were among all the girls here in the same weight group. The results, ranging from 6 to 14, made convincing answers for the readers of Dawn's reducing articles who wonder how a girl "who weighs 145 pounds can wear size 11, when I only weigh 126 and wear size 13." Dawn herself, if you've got to know, is 5'7", and wears size 8.

Different sizes and shapes, but all 116½-pounders.



ABBOT MILLS

We dropped in the other day on a friend who told us rather reproachfully, we thought, of struggling to get her mammoth April JOURNAL out of the mailbox in the lobby of her apartment house, and of the dignified gentleman who came to her assistance. "It's really a job for an obstetrician," she laughed. "Well, that's my line of work," the man announced as he deftly tugged the magazine free. "And here you are," he said, "a safe delivery."

Peter Briggs got a letter from his friend ***Bill Holden*** complaining about "the heat, bugs, leeches and boredom out here in the jungles of Ceylon," where he was making another "Bridge" movie—this, The Bridge on the River Kwai. He enclosed this snapshot of himself with his head in an elephant's mouth. "This was taken by the native who owns the elephant," Bill explained. "He wanted us both in the same picture, and this was the only way I'd look as big as his beast—the most obliging animal I ever met."



Bill Holden—
a tasty mouthful for an elephant.

***Louella Shouer* thinks we should not overlook *Fanny Farmer*'s first centennial. Her recipes were as revolutionary as they were delicious-making: giving exact measurements of time, weight, volume, temperature, instead of anybody's guess as to what constituted "butter the size of an egg, a pinch of this, a scant cupful of that, a quick oven." The answer is that Fanny Farmer's cookbook, after 50 years, is still a best seller. "Even how to hard-boil an egg properly was a matter of pride with Mrs. Farmer," Louella mused. "And when 'hard-boiled' came in as a vulgar slang word, it was almost more than she could bear."**

Escape to the Mountain

By THELMA STRABEL

Her life was in danger.
But did the real peril lie in the volcano,
or in the hands of the man who
had sworn to love her
and cherish her?

The sun couldn't be said to rise at St. Pierre. Rather, the night drew back. First it left the sea, with an effect of shimmering mauve above blue, like a sea upon a sea. Then it revealed the red-tiled roofs of the houses along the shore and polished the dark green leaves of mangoes, the yellow-green of tamarinds.

Tom pushed up the mosquito netting over his bed. The tiled floor felt cool to his feet as he stepped out to the balcony that ran across the rear of his house, facing seaward. It was a morning like any other morning—the beginning of that day in late April, 1902. The wind carried the fragrance of roses and jasmine from the neighboring walled gardens, mingled with the odor of burning charcoal in kitchen braziers. It was not yet laden with the sharp smell of fear.

Coraline was haranguing Sylvestre, his *gamin*, in the kitchen, and there was the scent of freshly ground coffee. Tom began to dress, listening for the cannon shot that announced the arrival of a ship. The Hampton was due from Boston, and though she wasn't a Hitchcock Company vessel, she carried cargo for them, and it was his job this morning to meet her.

Bare feet padded on the stairway from the court; Sylvestre was bringing up his coffee.

"*Boujou, mussieu,*" Sylvestre said.

"*Boujou,* Sylvestre." He sat down in the rocking chair, reaching over to put sugar in the strong, black coffee. "It's a beautiful morning."

"*Oui, mussieu.*"

Tom waited. He didn't have a newspaper with his morning coffee. He had Sylvestre.

"The people of Prêcheur," the boy began, "felt a trembling of the earth yesterday. They say it came from the mountain. They have smelled sulphur for some time, and now it is said they smell smoke."

Tom finished his coffee. So at Prêcheur they thought they smelled smoke. The word had touched that old, deep-seated memory. He supposed he would never be entirely free of it. Sometimes passing a bonfire in the fall or a partially burned-out building after a fire, he would sniff that acrid odor, and then, if only for a split second, he would remember. He would remember the day the Medora mine had exploded, and he would remember how and why his father had died.

"—— and at night," Sylvestre was saying, "he has been seen walking past the house of Miss Hitchcock and he stands there looking at it."

There had been a change of subject. "Who? Who looks at the house?" Tom asked the boy.

"*Mussieu* Khan, as I have told you," Sylvestre said patiently.

"*Mussieu* Khan likes to walk at night. He stops to study the stars."

"*Oui, mussieu.*" Sylvestre placed the empty coffee cup on the tray, and just then the cannon boomed.

"Don't you go around spreading nonsense," Tom said sharply. "And don't you and Coraline have another big fight today."

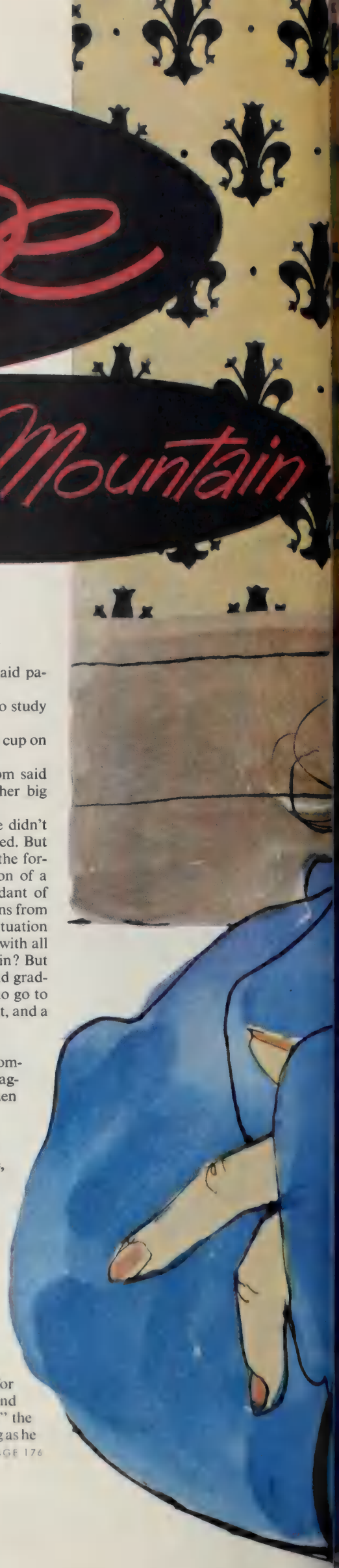
He was disturbed by Sylvestre's news because he didn't doubt the truth of it. The boy was never misinformed. But André Khan and Nell Hitchcock! André, chief of the forwarding clerks at Hitchcock Company, was the son of a Chinese mother and a Mussulman father—descendant of the workers who had been imported to the plantations from India and China after the end of slavery—so the situation was impossible. And what could André see in Nell, with all her absurd affectations? The magic of her white skin? But André had his own pride, and he had dignity. He had graduated from the *lycée* and he was saving his money to go to Paris, to study science. Tom had always had a respect, and a genuine liking, for André Khan.

There was a throng on the dock near the customhouse. Tom found the man he usually engaged, haggled with him about the price, also as usual, and then jumped down into the pirogue.

The Hampton was at the buoy now. The larboard ladder went down, and the pirogue maneuvered under it. Tom hailed the brigadier of police, who was just mounting, and received permission to go on board. The passengers were crowded against the rail, looking toward the town, and he paused to look, too, because it was a scene of which he never grew tired: the yellow-washed, green-shuttered houses, the flowery iron balconies, the dormers breaking the red roof lines. It was beautiful and a little mad—France in the tropics. Conventional store fronts painted in vivid stripes and checkerboards, coal-black nuns, a cathedral like a piece of giant pastry.

A fleet of small canoes had reached the ship, and already the naked boys were diving for money. Tom took a coin from his pocket and held it out over the rail. "*Ici, patron, ici!*" the boys cried, and there was a great splashing as he tossed out the money. CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

THE JOURNALS
COMPLETE
IN ONE LIGHT
CONDENSED
NOVEL



© 1931 by Thelma Strabel

Escape to the Mountain
is soon to be published in book form
by Harper & Brothers under the title CARIBEE

She lifted her head.
"You really think I will run away
with you, don't you?"

Heat Wave

Laurie felt reckless.
She wanted to say.
"I have trouble with
myself, Mike.
Real trouble."

By HOPE DAHLE JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

This was the morning she could sleep until noon. For all the good it was doing her, summer-school classes might as well have started. Here she was, alone in the house for the first time in all her eighteen years, because her parents had gone to the cottage to fish—and today turned out to be the day a construction crew came to Jarvis Avenue to do something about the chuckholes!

Laurie turned over, glared at the clock, pressed her hands against her ears. But the racket of a pneumatic hammer on concrete, the rumble of heavy trucks and the barking shouts of workers could not be wished away.

She swung long tanned legs over the side of the bed, and immediately discovered that today was full of weather.

The ruffled curtains were limp. Even as she stared they seemed to scorch in the sun. She wiped her neck with the corner of the sheet. Today was going to be one for the books.

In the bathroom she trickled cold water over her wrists, and while she prepared her life stream for the scorcher she studied the face in the mirror. She knew at once this was one of the mornings when she could not bear the sight of Laurie Bemis. And it wasn't the heat, because scads of cold days she had come to the same conclusion.

Take red hair. *You take it*, she thought bleakly. The green-yellow eyes? Not bad—but a mouth too large. *If only I had some personality!* For a moment, as longing welled, she closed her eyes. She had never had a date with anyone she *wanted* to date. It was the leftovers who asked her, a leftover. Mom preached, "Relax, Laurie. Be yourself, and they'll like you." Which was fine—in theory.

In the kitchen she got out a pan for some eggs, and glory be, already she was dripping. She'd bet the humidity was 110 per cent. She carried her breakfast tray to the side porch, and here she stuck to the chair. She sat with her arms hanging limp. Then she said aloud, "In this mood, I'll stand at the front window—and hate."

Look at the dust! The men were working barebacked, like primitives. As much as possible, they clung to the shade of the big elms. Laurie, about to become an art major in college, half closed her eyes and tried to envision an oil painting. . . . Progress, or maybe Civilization—or better, Summer.

On the far side of Jarvis Avenue in the full sun, directing traffic with a red rag tied on a stick, stood the youngest of the crew. In her oil painting he would be the focal point of ——

Suddenly Laurie gasped. She knew who that fellow was. Biting her lip, she stared more closely at the cropped black hair, at the big shoulders in the white T shirt with faded college insigne. He was lank and lean. His knees seemed to sag in the denim trousers and he kept shifting sneakered feet as though the pavement felt hot right through the rubber soles. Still, he smiled when he lifted his red flag against the northbound traffic. Quite cock-of-the-walk, he bowed from the waist to one particular gleaming car—probably friends. Construction, if you could get it, was *the* job for the college men home on vacation.

Laurie's skin prickled. Mike Alan (that was his name!) brought back the high-school days she was working to forget. He had been part of a closed gay crowd; they were polite, but made outsiders feel little, invisible—did they really *see* you?

Mike Alan had been Most Likely to Succeed. Laurie Bemis had been Still Waters Run Deep.

Fascinated, she watched him swelter. Under her breath she scolded if he jammed traffic in favor of the heavy dump trucks. As the morning exploded into full heat a pity grew in her for the sweaty, good-natured young man in the sun. Why didn't the others give Mike a chance to slosh at the hydrant?

She looked at her own cold lemonade. Why not take him a tall, ice-clinking glass? It would be a nice neighborly thing to do. She probably would bungle; still, she was powerfully tempted.

I could say to him, she planned, an almost fierce expression on her pretty face, *that I've been trying to place him all morning and now I remember that we both were in Mr. Mercer's history class at Lincoln High—and* —— A glazed expression came into her eyes; yet something impelled her to go to the kitchen. "*I—I just happened to notice you there in the sun as I happened to fix myself a cool drink. 'N' as one alumnus to another* ——"

Her mouth dry, Laurie walked across the lawn and stepped down the curb. Evidently thinking she was a jaywalker, Mike Alan grinned mechanically as he raised his red flag. Laurie's heart raced, and little dots of moisture sprinkled her upper lip. Never before had she been close to him, full front; she hadn't realized how tall he was. His eyes were the color of strong coffee, and through his soaking T shirt she could see his black-haired chest.

"I—I ——" She hated herself for coming. "I ——" The speech—how did it start? She blurted, "Lemonade," and, thrusting the glass at him, sloshed some awkwardly on his arm. She'd have liked to die.

Turning on her heels, she raced back to the house and slammed the front door. *Darn,*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

Closing her eyes,
she leaned back against the tree
and, oddly, it was not at all
difficult to say,
"Did I hear you
mention a movie
tonight?"

End of



"I don't know who you are," she thought,
"or why you've stopped he
or how you know my name,
but I could listen to you all day lo



ne Road

She loved a good story and he told her one. There are times when even a sensible woman is susceptible to a good storyteller.

By PAUL M. FITZSIMMONS

High up in Maine there's a road where pine cones and sea shells can be found together. It's a road that lazes along indifferent to the route markers that poke up admonitory fingers now and then, scornful of signposts; and, as though pleased to have company, slows to an amble at the sound of brooks running beside it. Sea breezes and the crash of surf do seem to quicken it for a hundred yards or so past landmarks like Bunting Light, Leadsman's Cove and Preparatory Point. But through the towns of Port Haven, Ponkapoog, Quemasset and Seaview, the road has been known to settle down for days.

Folks from out of the county have been told time and time again there is no sense in swearing at a road like that. It has taken too many breaths of balsam, too many whiffs of hay wagons, too many drafts of other worlds blown in with the salt air.

Many who have traveled it never got where they were going. But, like the road, some of them weren't going anywhere anyway.

In the late afternoon of an early autumn day John McHugh came up the road fourteen miles from Quemasset. Nothing about his posture or his step suggested how far he had walked. His back was still erect, his motions rhythmic. The canvas carryall gripped in his right hand swung a little forward, then a little back, in alternation to his strong-legged strides.

From the porch of a great house on a rise of land a quarter mile away a woman sat watching him. She had first seen him on the long curve just below the wood line. He passed from view with soldierly steps and reappeared five minutes later at the foot of the rise in the same effortless advance. The same easy swing of arms, the same lean flexure of legs.

Now where can he be headed for? the woman wondered. *There's not another house between here and Seaview and that's twelve miles away.*

She stopped rocking, set her sewing aside.

As he came nearer she could judge his height. About 5′9″ or 5′10″. His build, sturdy. She could make out his clothes, which were denim, and she could almost distinguish the checker of his ridiculous cap. It was a plaid cap. Orange and —— No, yellow and —— Goodness, it was orange *and* yellow *and* green.

Odd for a man his age. About her own. Not a fisherman; they dressed soberly. Not a woodsman, without boots. Perhaps a field hand headed for the potato counties. She would soon know. He was coming toward the house.

She regarded him gravely. Lean and level-eyed, he approached more leisurely now. His keen looks came from an unwrinkled face and his voice was vigorous and young as he saluted with his colorful cap and spoke up clearly.

"Mrs. Honeycutt?" He knew her name.

"Yes."

"Good afternoon, ma'am," he said earnestly, not breathing hard at all. "My name is John McHugh."

"How do you do, sir," she replied, aware of his sweaty brow. "Won't you come up and sit down?"

"Thank you." He smiled. White, white teeth. "I certainly will."

He came up on the porch, set the carryall aside and drew up a chair.

Who can he be? she wondered. *An agent about the house? About the land? Not in those clothes. A buyer from downstate? Not in that cap. Not a Maine man at all*, she decided. Perhaps a seaman or a former ship's officer who had known her late husband.

He spoke. What a cheery voice.

"I feel good," he said. "I've had a fine walk."

He seemed pleased with himself. Wanting to laugh, she smiled.

"Fine and *long*," she suggested. "From Quemasset?"

"No," he replied. "From Boston."

He couldn't be serious. "From *Boston?* Walking?"

"Oh, yes," he insisted. "All the way. I made good time, too, till I hit that road out there. What road is that, anyway? Does it have a name?"

"We call it the shore road," she told him. "It's really a state route till it gets to the Canadian border."

"Well, the way it's been going for me," he said, "I don't think it ever gets there."

Wanting to laugh, she laughed. "Why do you feel that way?" she asked, still smiling.

"Well," he began, "it's a long story. I got to Bangor late on the first of September walking just the way I walked up here. I stayed over a night and a day and left early on the third figuring, as I do, on thirty-five miles a day till I hit the border. A few miles north of Bangor I left the U.S. highway and took this road. I took it because it seemed made for walking and because I wanted to have the sea at my side to look at. To listen to. Well, pretty soon I had the sea on my right and the country on my left and I was listening and looking and hardly walking at all.

"I came to a place then called Port Haven. Just a little harbor almost blocked up with boats. Well, I tell you I just stood on the jetty there, and looked at those boats all day long. I hadn't been offshore since I did a hitch in the Navy a long long time ago and all of a sudden the sight of those decks and sails and the noise of gulls and engines leaving me behind made me feel stranded. Like a castaway, or like a sailor who's missed his ship.

"Early next morning I just couldn't leave. I hung around the sea wall till an old fellow came up and asked me if I knew a hawser from a handrail. I said 'Yes' and that I also knew a handrail from a hatch cover and he said 'Come on.' Mrs. Honeycutt, I went out and in on his lobster boat for three weeks. I don't know who got the last nibble in, but me and the lobsters both had mighty fine eating."

The widowed Mrs. Honeycutt wore the pleasantest expression. She loved a good yarn.

"Well," McHugh continued, "I got on the road again and came to a place called Ponkapoog. It's only seventeen miles or so from Port Haven, but it took me from six in the morning till four in the afternoon to walk it. I'll tell you why. About four or five miles from Ponkapoog the road cuts into the country a ways on account of a lot of marshes near the shore. First thing I knew I was passing right through a rainbow. Through gold, russet, silver, crimson,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM

Love's old Sweet song

Mitsi's past was a secret— to all but one person.

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS

Mitsi was naturally of a cheerful nature, and one who managed to get on somehow or other, but she always got depressed when she had to go to the police. It wasn't that they bullied her, or anything. They could not have been kinder. After all those years of regular visits they had come to know her quite well. The one with the walrus mustache was always very bright and matey and tried to lighten the situation by cracking a joke about her punctual calls. "Well, well, well. Here we are again." Then he would hand her a nice cup of tea which she obediently drank, and a small biscuit. The tea tasted of ink and the biscuit looked like a medal torn from someone's chest.

It was the questions they asked Mitsi year after year that got her down. The same old questions, the same old answers, bringing back only too clearly so much she preferred to forget. "You are a widow?" "Yes, I am still a widow." "You have children?" "Yes, I have one child but I do not know where she is. For many years I have not seen her. When the troubles came she was taken away by her grandmother to safety. I do not know if she is alive or dead." "You have a work permit?" "Yes, I have a work permit." "Then please to sign here." . . .

"Merely formality, you know," said the policeman with the walrus mustache, and he could not have been kinder. He all but winked at her (in quite a nice way). She sensed he was sorry for her, but what could he do?

Still, it depressed her.

She went back into the gray London street feeling low. The only bright spot was that the tedious visit was over for a little while, though it kept on coming round again, like Christmas, much faster than you expected.

Mitsi walked home the long way round, across the park to feel the grass under her feet, and forget for a while the pavements and the gray streets. There were children in the park, and she liked to watch them. Plump well-dressed children, owners of expensive mechanical equipment in the shape of toy motorcars, scooters, steam engines and most elaborate dolls' prams. Sometimes she tried to pretend for a moment she was back in Hungary, and the little girl with golden curls flying, running toward her on her stout legs, was Miklot. But Miklot (even if she were alive) would no longer have flying curls, and probably no longer stout legs, for she would be nearly seventeen. *She would pass me by in the street, and I would not know her*, thought Mitsi. Something best not dwelt on.

Better to count one's blessings and not tot up one's losses. Though sometimes it seems winter will last forever, one day the snowdrops appear. Compared with some of her compatriots, Mitsi was fortunate. She had got a work permit. She worked in the Parkinsons' London house, as cook, and had a nice bedroom and a sitting room to herself, and a daily woman came in to do the housework. Mitsi really liked to cook so there was no hardship there. She turned out some gorgeous dishes, watched by a large tomcat that had his own special back door cut out of the kitchen entrance, and led his own life his own way.

It had been a good thing she had learned to cook. It made all the difference to her chance of getting a work permit in England, where people either can't or won't do it.

The autumn leaves were turning a shabby gold—not the flaming scarlet they did in Hungary all about the large white turreted house where once, long ago, Mitsi had lived. Now when she thought of it, it had taken on the half-unreal air of a remembered dream. Mitsi did not care for the English autumn. In her shabby brown coat and skirt, inherited from Mrs. Parkinson, who was not quite the same shape, she felt like a fallen leaf herself, a leaf blown round the world on gusts of national emotion, and bound to end up on some bonfire or other.

She stopped for a moment beside the Round Pond, to watch the children sailing their expensive model boats all among the ridiculous ducks that did not care one way or the other, a tall thin woman with thick hair prematurely streaked with gray, nothing left of her former beauty except her eyes. Gray-blue eyes, arresting and startlingly bright, surrounded by thick black lashes. Men still looked at her—and children were always attracted by her. A little boy with apple cheeks looked at her two or three times now and said shyly, charmingly:

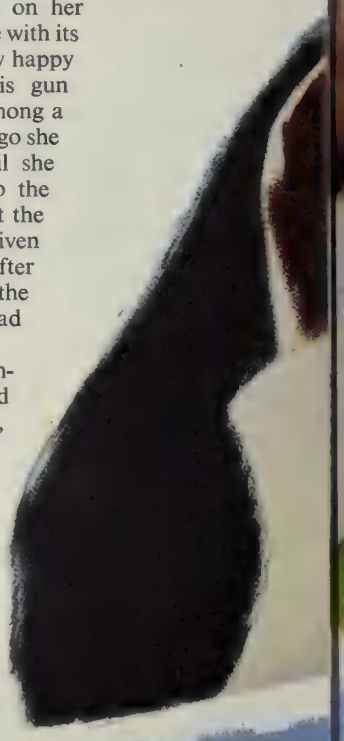
"Would you like a go with my boat?"

So she had a go, and then kissed him quickly and thanked him. The children here in England were friendly because no sour experience had taught them not to be. As yet. She hurried now, for she had the dinner to see to. The lamps were already pricking out in area windows, the tomcat was waiting for her, looking supercilious and smelling of kipper.

As she often did, to cheer herself up after the dingy visit to the police station, she took a look at her pictures on her dressing table. The big white house with its turrets and red roof, surrounded by happy woods. Ference, her husband, his gun under his arm, standing proudly among a morning's slaughter of bears. Long ago she had been sorry for the bears, until she realized the harm they did. Next to the shooting picture was a group taken at the Christmas party that had always been given to the servants and estate workers, after the dancing and the distribution of the presents. How little any of them had thought what lay ahead.

The row of friendly faces smiled comfortingly back at her. Zusanaa, who had taught her how to cook. Maria and Roza, pretty as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



So engrossed were they with each other that neither heard the kitchen door open.





JOHN ENGSTEAD

Gathered for a quiet evening between busy comings and goings: Tony and Cyd, high-schooler Nicky, and little Tony.

TONY MARTIN

and CYD CHARISSE

Young Hollywood at home

Far Eastern motifs glimmer in white, black, gold and scarlets of living room. To right of entry hall is kitchen. To left are sleeping rooms.

Singer Tony Martin

and dancer-actress Cyd Charisse

work and play in a hilltop home

overlooking sea

with sons Nicky and Tony, Jr.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND and EILEEN SHARPE



HAROLD FOWLER

Windowed walls of living area lead to a large, secluded patio (free-form pool is at right, not shown here). Louvered shutter seen in foreground is part of a sliding wall that can close off one space from another. Shutters are usually left, as here, swung open. "Our greenery outdoors is beginning to come up," Cyd says, "to cool this side of the house."



Electronically drawn draperies in master bedroom open at touch of button. Boys' rooms are nearby, each with a play yard. Small Tony uses his to experiment with trains, a puppet theater. Nicky entertains friends with a portable barbecue. More often, whole family gathers around patio and bathhouses at the pool.

Cyd Charisse gets an hour for lunch—no more, and often less. "I suppose everybody who works on a tight schedule needs most of all to relax at night." The new Martin-Charisse home was planned for relaxing on a gracious scale. Tony Martin meets singing engagements all over the country with hotel stays at every stop, "and so a home has to answer for everything you miss on a road tour." The Martin home was planned for that.

Finishing slightly over a year ago, they built into it all the elements that draw a working couple appreciatively back to a fireside. Even Nicky, fourteen, and Tony, Jr., six, now have sizable private rooms where every hobby, book, toy and game has settled in to stay.

"In a way," says Cyd, "the home was planned around four people with ideas of their own." The rate at which her sons are growing continually startles her. Nicky, in high school now, is sociable but likes to disappear behind his own closed doors for long thoughts, homework, phone calls or short-wave-radio tinkering—uninterrupted. Young Tony (Cyd calls him "Little T"—his father is "Big T") put his foot down a while ago by announcing he wasn't a baby any more and didn't want a nurse, so the white-uniformed woman who cared for him gave way to a "companion" who lives at the house while his parents are at work.

At evening, over weekends, the favorite family hobby is a foursome gathering. Natural gravitating spots are the big living room CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



At evening, draperies close area. Dining room with glass-topped table adjoins kitchen through serving door in background. Party dinner menu: clear soup, trout in wine sauce, roast, vegetables, dessert, demitasse. A white dining nook in kitchen serves for breakfasts, snacks and Little T's evening meal before early bedtime.



Childbirth without Fear and without Pain

By DR. GRANTLY DICK READ

When we were moving last year, it was necessary for me to go through a great many papers and letters, to decide which could be accommodated in my small study and which would have to be put away in storage. Some of these papers always bring me pain because they are associated with unhappy times. Others give me great happiness. These are the letters from all over the world telling me of the joy natural childbirth has brought into women's lives.

Natural childbirth is such a simple thing in its essence that its reality as a technique has often been suspect. It has been said, for instance, by some of its critics that natural childbirth is just a new name for an old, an age-old event. In fact, this definition is not very far from truth. Natural childbirth *is* age-old, but civilized woman in many parts of the world has almost lost the ability, unless it is taught her once more, to perform without pain and difficulty the most important physiological function in her life.

Natural childbirth means exactly what the two words say—giving birth naturally, as God intended, without real pain.

The mother's labor is shortened, and it is extremely unlikely that she will even require any gynecological surgical treatment if she has borne her children in a properly conducted natural way.

If she wishes, she can have her husband with her during her baby's birth. After her baby has been born she feels, not weary and depressed but physically and mentally exhilarated, as exhilarated as an athlete who needs rest after a well-won race, but whose heart beats high with the thrill of having put behind his physical endeavor all the assistance of his natural powers. It means that mothers have healthier, happier babies, and that as a result of allowing all these events to flow naturally, without interference, they are happier and healthier mothers and wives, able to bring greater harmony into the intimacy of family life.

"I have never seen anything lovelier or more likely to establish the emotional security of married life than that look which is exchanged between husband and wife when each has just seen their baby born."

Here are a woman's own words, written to me in 1937:

"I look back upon the moments of the births of my children as the most wonderful and complete experiences of happiness. Something never to be forgotten and to be treasured my whole life through—comparable only to the happiness of my wedding day. I would not have missed hearing my baby's first cry for anything in the world.

"The teaching gave me great confidence. I found it all most interesting and owing to the teaching it seemed to me to be all so simple and straightforward—nothing to be afraid of. I didn't in any way want an anesthetic and would not have had one at any price, although it was there to be used if I felt I needed it. It is quite unthinkable to me to be unconscious at *such* a moment."

"Civilized woman in many parts of the world has almost lost the ability, unless it is taught her once more, to perform without pain and difficulty the most important physiological function in her life."

Of course, natural childbirth principles will not override the difficulties that can sometimes arise because of physical or emotional troubles. But I have many times seen natural childbirth successfully overcome difficulties. I have heard, also, of cases where natural childbirth was achieved although a doctor or midwife had thought it unlikely at first because of unusual circumstances.

One young woman who came to me in Johannesburg in the early 1950's interested me very much. Her case was exceptional, presenting additional responsibilities which I saw as a challenge.

I don't think this particular patient came to me with any idea of wishing only for a natural birth, but she had heard of the results we were obtaining, and there were reasons why she felt she needed to be especially well looked after. As I talked to her I could see that she believed instinctively that natural childbirth is right; that it ought to be a healthy woman's normal physiological function to produce her babies without artificial obstetric aids such as anesthesia and forceps, unless complications occur.

She seemed a highly strung person, a Germanic type in her early thirties, fair-haired and pleasant, well dressed, and clearly the type of woman who takes a good deal of pride in her appearance.

When I examined her she appeared to be a healthy, contented, young married woman, carrying her baby well. But looking into her eyes, I could see that she had been through some tragic personal experience.

When there are hidden scars on a woman's mind, or hidden weaknesses in her body, she needs additional care, for these weaknesses can become troublesome when she is giving birth to her child. That is why an obstetrician must always become as familiar as possible with the emotional as well as the physical and clinical background of an expectant woman.

So I went on chatting to my visitor, setting myself to put her at ease completely so that I could learn more about her past.

"Yes, it is true that you ought to be able to have your baby in this way," I assured her. "But there is one thing I must ask you to believe. When they first hear about natural childbirth, many women make the mistake of thinking it easy. It *is* easy to understand, but it takes perseverance and serious application to acquire the correct approach and technique. Natural childbirth is not something you will achieve just by wanting it to come true."

My patient assured me she would undertake everything I wanted her to do, to the best of her ability. But I was still concerned about that look in her eyes.

From his own casebook, here are stories of women patients whose "happy deliveries" lead Dr. Read to predict, "It is my belief that within the next five decades women will find childbirth under normal circumstances as free from difficulty as it was intended to be."



SUZANNE SZASZ

Gradually while we were talking my visitor relaxed and began to tell me about herself. There was Jewish blood in her German origin, and during the war she had been incarcerated in one of the brutal concentration camps.

In the five or six years since leaving Germany she had married a young Union of South Africa man, and, with his help, made herself again into a reasonably healthy and happy woman. But she was worried about her ability to have her child. Understanding all that her history implied, I felt anxious myself.

Because of this patient's background, we were especially careful and considerate of her during her antenatal training. As she promised, this young woman accepted very seriously the responsibilities of her preparation, the exercises that would loosen her pelvic joints and mobilize her spine, and tone the particular muscles she would be putting into use.

She learned to breathe and to relax in the right manner for natural childbirth. When she came into hospital ready for her delivery, according to the procedure always adopted with any woman under my care, she had one of the labor-ward staff nurses with her all the time.

"Many of the chronic neurotic states in women arise from the bad effects of unhappy birth on sex life."

During her baby's birth she responded exactly to what was required of her at the right moments. She felt nothing, she assured me, that she would call pain; only the temporary discomforts I had warned her to expect at certain stages.

Toward the end of the expulsive stage of her labor she seemed to tire. This I had half expected because of her earlier depleting experiences. There was a delay in getting the baby's head through the lower part of the birth canal and the baby, I knew, would not be enjoying it. This was the only time I had to intervene, and the help I gave the mother she accepted without any difficulty at all.

My patient was fully conscious at the moment her child gave its first cry. For years I have delivered all my mothers in the second stage of labor so that they are lying on their back, supported by pillows raised at an angle of forty-five degrees, and with their knees raised and bent.

This is the posture of squatting used in childbirth among most primitive and Oriental races, and it is far more satisfactory for both the woman and her attendants than a side position.

"Natural childbirth is not something you can achieve just by wanting it to come true."

Early in my obstetric experience, too, I began to rotate the baby after its head crowned. I turned the pointed shoulder of the child at the outlet of the birth canal, so that the point of the shoulder was not central at the outlet, thus helping to eliminate the risk of injury.

This rotation also makes it possible for the mother, raised on her pillows, to look down into her baby's face at the time of its birth. And so this patient, leaning slightly forward, was able to look down with an expression of absolute amazement and delight at her very much alive baby.

While the navel cord was still pulsating and attached to the placenta, I placed the child's tiny fingers in its mother's, and at that moment of thrilling contact with her newborn child, that look of exquisite joy I can only describe as a link with the Divine completely illumined this young woman's features.

For those few moments all expression of her tragic experiences was completely removed from her eyes.

I always wait for the navel cord completely to cease pulsation before I cut it on the anemic spot. This is a spot on the cord where it pales and first ceases to pulsate. When this was done I wiped the mucus from the baby's nose and face and wrapped it in a warm towel and placed the crying child in its mother's eager arms.

I have never yet heard a wailing, screaming child go on screaming when a mother takes it and holds it to herself immediately after birth.

The baby quieted its crying and the mother's eyes filled with happy tears. Soon the placenta came away. And when the mother was tucked up, her baby in a crib beside her bed, I went in to say good-by.

"Oh, doctor, how can I ever thank you enough?" she whispered.

I was very grateful myself that the whole thing had gone so well, but I was not the one whom she ought to thank. "Do not thank me," I said gently. "Have you forgotten your German poet, Goethe, who believed in the perfection of the God of Nature, and all His works? It is your God of Nature you must thank. It is He who has given you the ability to have your baby in this way."

This mother had a second child in the natural manner under the care of the young doctor who practiced with me in the Union.

A great part of my boyhood was spent in very happy circumstances on a beautiful Norfolk farm. We had a wonderful childhood and those perfect summers I can recall without any effort. My brothers and sisters, out-of-doors, were interested chiefly in sport. But it was the exploration of the marshes, woods, fields and inlets of the Broads that held me fascinated.

I knew the haunts of butterflies. I would lie on my back among the cotton plants with a chemical substance smeared on my chest to attract these pretty creatures to me. Scarcely breathing lest they be disturbed, I watched them alight and then feasted my eyes on the beauties of their colorings and form.

I spent long hours sailing our small boat, skimming over weeds, clear deep

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THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NON-FICTION BOOK

© 1957 by Grantly Dick Read

IV At the office Tuesday morning there was an unopened cablegram addressed to Lowry on his desk. It was from Daran, announcing his arrival that day, saying he would telephone from the Waldorf. Miss Marshall gave him the report from the Friday meeting which the stenographic room had produced over the weekend. Lowry read it carefully and decided then was as good a time as any to see the president. He went in with a cheery good morning. As usual, Cramer's smiling affability and the quiet tone of his voice were half disarming. Lowry handed him the report and said what it was.

"Oh, I am very glad to have it," Cramer said. He glanced through it quickly with the seeing eye of the experienced reader. "I can see there's a good deal in it we'll need to talk about. I hope John was of some help to you in preparing it."

"I don't believe he knows about it yet."

"You didn't ask him to sit in on it?"

"No."

"Well," Cramer said with a new smile, "I don't want to start off this fine morning with any discussion, but I think it would have been the nice thing to have asked him. But we won't go into that now. What can *I* do for you?"

"I have a cable that Daran arrives today and I thought you'd like to know."

"Oh, that's very good. I wondered if that had been forgotten in all the rush. Of course, I'll want several talks with him, particularly on that bridge which I'm determined we must get. Arrives today," he repeated. "When did you hear about this?"

"I got a personal cable from him."

"Where can I reach him?"

"At the Waldorf."

Cramer put both hands flat on the desk. "The Waldorf?" He wagged his head. "Well, I won't say I'm astonished, but I am going to ask, friend Lowry, whether you aren't letting your departme it in for a good deal of expense. I think I'd just reconsider the Waldorf. I wouldn't dream of staying there. Of course, you may be thinking of all that we owe Doran ——"

"Daran. You see, Mr. Daran has made this trip for private reasons at his own expense. I'm not in a position to tell him what hotel to go to."

"That's different. You most certainly and very definitely cannot tell him. Anything else? Anything holding you up or bothering you?"

"Not at the moment," Lowry said and went out, confident that he left Cramer more puzzled than he himself was. Though this was personally gratifying, he knew it was not the way to run a business. Or rather it was a way if Cramer's objective was to provoke Calvin Hewitt and him into resigning.

The thing seemed to go deeper than petty and capricious interference. It might be a shrewd device which would allow him later to say to Delano, "I really thought the world of Lowry. You remember I spoke of it, but he's going around with a chip on his shoulder, unco-operative. Of course, he may not be a well man." If Cramer wanted new officers, of his own selecting, this might be the way to achieve it.

Halleck appeared as Lowry sat down at his desk. It was plain the poor young man had had a bad holiday.

"I'd like to get this off my chest, Mr. Lowry," he said. "I feel badly about it but I don't see what else I could have done. We were going to Jones Beach Saturday. I was polishing the car and my wife was fixing the lunch basket when John Cramer and his father drove up. They couldn't have been nicer, thought I had done wonders with the place, and it all ended by their coming to the beach with us.

"Well, the long and the short of it is, after we ate, my wife took a nap, and we got to talking and"—Halleck drew a long breath—"I told them about the report and Mr. Cramer said, 'Well, you boys will work more closely together next time, I'm sure.' I hate to say the rest. I don't know just how it came out, but I told John Cramer I didn't tell him at the time because you didn't want me to."

© 1957 by [illegible] Swiggett

"I suppose at that point Mr. Cramer went up and got six ice-cream cones," Lowry said.

"As a matter of fact, he did just that. How'd you know?"

"It was inevitable. Well, don't feel badly about it, if you do. It's all right with me. By the way, Daran will be in today or tomorrow. How are the preliminary figures on the bridge coming?"

"We're building up as far as we can without definite specs."

"Cable this morning and ask when they can be expected. Daran will want to know."

When Halleck left, Lowry telephoned Rosalie and told her of Daran's impending arrival.

"Tell me honestly," he said. "Do you have any objection to having him and his Beatriz at the Beach Club for dinner?"

"Tell me honestly yourself, dear, do you mean because of what I may think of her, or because of what he may be thinking about me?" It was the first reference either had made to Peale's story since she had told it to him.

"It's just," he said lamely, "that I thought I ought to ask."

"I know. I'm sorry. Ask them, by all means; or I'll telephone her if you like."

"That won't be necessary."

It was three o'clock before Daran telephoned that they were settled at the Waldorf and that he was at Lowry's disposition.

"Are you both tired out?" Lowry asked.

"Not at all."

"Well, would you like to drive out to our house about five and dine with us at the Beach Club? We can have a swim before dinner."

Daran said he would be very pleased. Might he consult Beatriz? Lowry waited.

"She asks what should she wear?" Daran said.

"Any light dress and a light wrap. It may be cool there."

Daran spoke again to Beatriz. "She asks do you mean a cotton afternoon dress?"

"Precisely."

Daran lowered his voice conspiratorially. "It is not to be known at the hotel, of course, but we are not yet married owing to legal delays there would have been in France. Will your wife understand?"

"Certainly."

"Then we come with great pleasure. Thank you. Oh, you will find her face now very beautiful."

So indeed Lowry found it when he met them, and he was again impressed by the mixture of ease and piquancy in her manner. He had brought Daran a copy of the analysis of the ten days' sales.

"Your president's assistant, another Mr. Cramer, a son I gathered, telephoned after I spoke to you asking me to dinner. I put him off indefinitely until I knew your plans."

They were both very charming when they met Rosalie. Beatriz said she brought special greetings "from your brother. He was kind enough to have us to dinner at his own house."

"Did you bring a bathing suit?" Rosalie asked.

"We both did. They are in the car."

Daran viewed the Beach Club, bright with its boxes of petunias and geraniums, the pool gleaming in the late sun and the ocean rolling in, with obvious pleasure.

"I very much like luxury," he said.

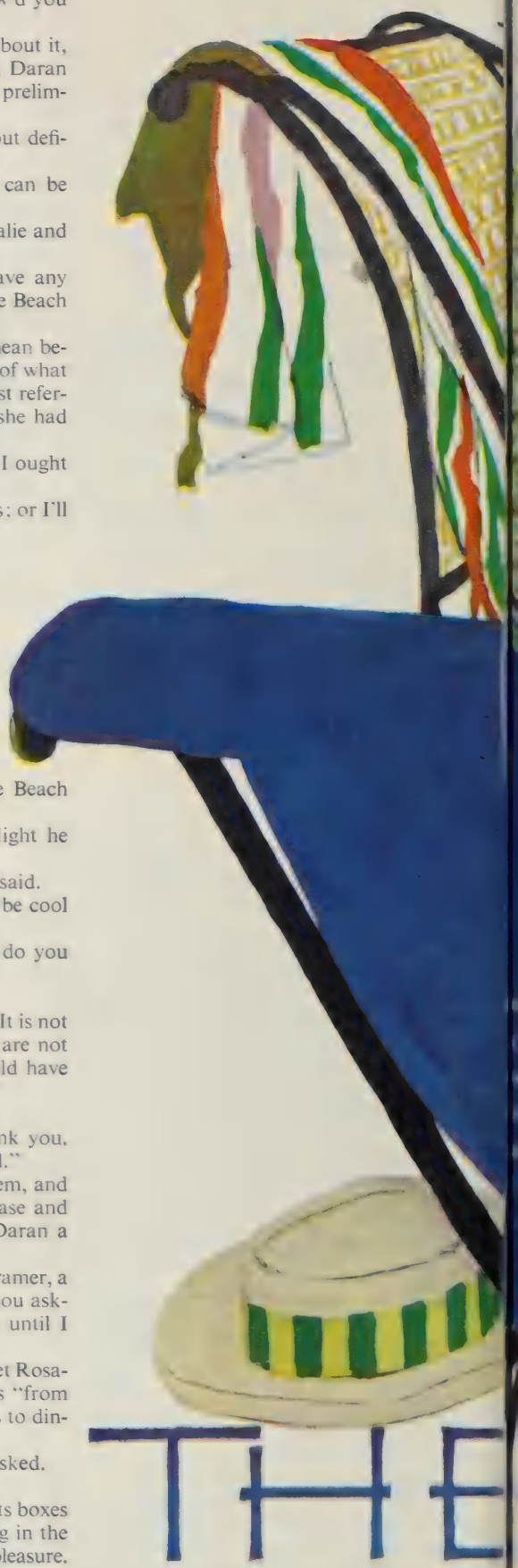
The women went off together to the dressing room while the men waited.

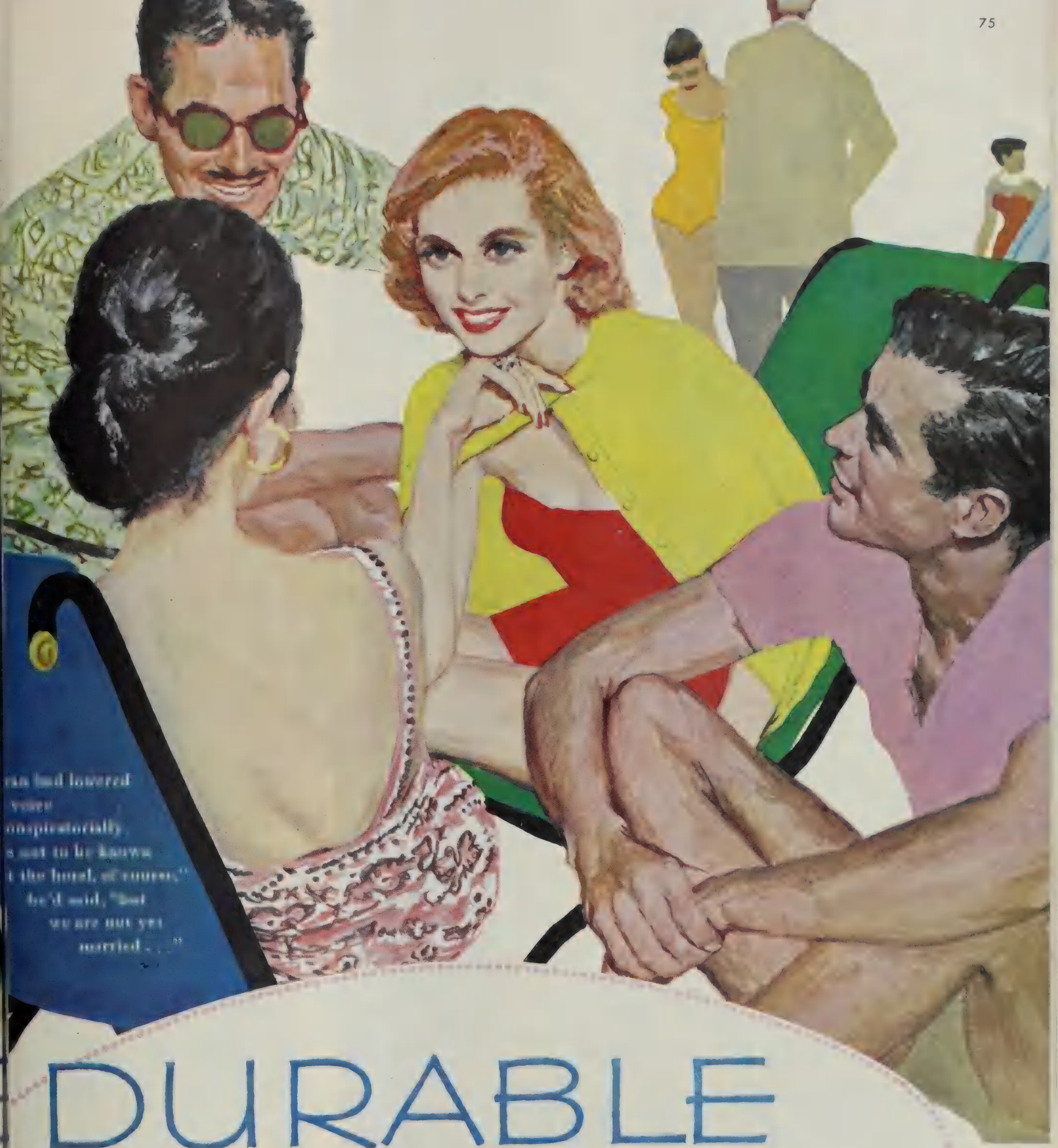
"As I wrote you, I have said nothing of Mr. Peale to Beatriz. I should like to ask you how is he and should I see him? I'm not sure what is desirable."

"Well, he has a job. I see him occasionally and of course he's going through a very hard time."

"He wrote me, sending me a check. I really don't need it and had

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DURABLE FIRE

By HOWARD SWIGGETT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DE MERS

From Washington and New York to the coast of California, these well-known women tell us why they love their favorites.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

HAL ROTH

Mrs. Herbert Brownell, wife of the Attorney General, loves beautiful colors, has many occasions for evening clothes in Washington. She likes this chartreuse shantung-taffeta dress because "it is one of my husband's favorites, and I love to wear it." The long fringed stole in pale pink and cerise-red satin adds a touch of exciting color.

JOHN ENGSTEAD



Deborah Kerr, Mrs. Anthony Bartley, starrin
An Affair to Remember, likes this turquoise sa
because it has a graceful silhouette, a pretty ba
and she adds. "I love a dress that moves we

Right: Dina Merrill, who is Mrs. Stanley M. Ru
bough, Jr., in private life, has had this sapph
blue chiffon for more than seven years. "It is
of my pets and a dress my husband likes to
me wear. I often take it with me when I trav

Don't give up your Favorite Dress



Sharman Douglas, daughter of former Ambassador Lewis Douglas, likes this pale blue satin informal dinner dress because it is so wearable.

Right: Mrs. David Niven is practically indifferent to a dress until she has had a good time in it. Then it becomes a favorite. She prefers full skirts, loves this plaid paper taffeta with its slim top of blue crepe.



JOHN ENGSTEAD



Young-time



The newest sheath is tied at each side. Checked linen by Ann Fogarty. Short yellow tweed coat goes with everything.

Summer suit of rayon and cotton with a piqué collar, by Stefan, sailor hat, crocheted straw bag.





WILHELA CUSHMAN

Every girl at sweet sixteen should have a white organdy with a blue sash. Gail Land, Hollywood starlet, soon to be seen in the picture Loving You, wears this one by Eloise Curtis.

clothes

Everybody is young in the summertime

and everybody takes tips about

clothes from the teens.



Sailcloth for boats or beaches—
a coat the color of a summer sky,
worn with long, slim trousers.



Cotton bathing suit trimmed
with rickrack, shirred to the fig-
ure, worn with a matching coat.

Tangy yellow and sweet lilac, as well as pink and blue, are color favorites of the young crowd. They're cultivating calico and the gingham-girl look with big puffed sleeves, eyelet organdy, printed piqué, and they know that stripes are in, pin to giant size, and candy-colored slippers in straw or kidskin.

For town, they insist on a straw sailor worn with a bright cotton suit or checked linen or a shirtwaist dress like the ones their pretty mothers wear. For dances, those cool chambrays or a white organdy with a baby-blue sash; for beach and play, sailor-collar dresses and middies, cotton knitted shorts and tops and cotton bathing suits, easy keepers, quick to dry. For that pulled-together look, they have short cotton gloves, small pearls, fresh daisies, white slippers; and a good little tweed coat, probably yellow, that goes with everything. By RUTH MARY PACKARD



Pin-striped cotton shirtwaist dress by Jerry Gilden,
worn with Gobbi's sailor with three ribbon bands.

HAL REIFF



Lilac striped chambray—a princess silhouette cotton
dance dress that makes pretty figures even prettier.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Coral and turquoise beads (they come in packages) used with turquoise braid trim this hand-knitted sweater, made in one piece. Instructions for knitting and trim, Journal Pattern No. 2902†.

The fashion for trimmed sweaters is young and amusing. These original ideas can be applied to any regulation cardigan, to an old sweater to make it look new or to a wool-jersey cardigan jacket. (Vogue Design No. 9221).

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SWEATER!

and I trimmed it myself...

Our Journal pattern will give you explicit directions for shortening sweaters and instructions for trim. A pretty summer fashion to wear year round.

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*



LEOMBRUNO - BODI

Lace in a scallop design makes a charming sweater front, and the bottom of the sweater is finished to follow the design of the lace—sleeves too. Journal Pattern No. 2904†. Skirt, Vogue Design No. 9210.



Colorful needlepoint—one a chair-seat design, the other a border—the needlepoint worked and ready to be appliquéd to look like part of the sweater. Pretty on either the front or the back. Both Journal Pattern No. 2903†. Wear the turquoise with Vogue Design No. 8999; the raspberry with Design No. 9210.



Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 114. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

†Order Journal patterns from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Price, 25c each. Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax. For back views, see page 115.

Black felt and white braid make an exciting contrast with this red sweater which has been shortened to waist length. Journal Pattern No. 2905†. Wear with a dress whose skirt fabric is printed in a circle and sells for $5.95, including fabric for top. Vogue Design No. 9222.



© VOGUE



Roman-striped ribbon makes the facing and collar on this sweater. The ribbing, cut from the waistline, makes two pockets. Journal Pattern No. 2906†. Skirt. Vogue Design No. 8965. Blouse. Vogue Design No. 8971.

A dressmaker version in pink cut to bolero length and trimmed with bias bands of the print from the dress. Sweater. Journal Pattern No. 2907†. Dress with wool jersey jacket. Vogue Design No. 9211.





A garden that grows on a sweater—complete with grass and butterflies. Buy the flowers in a package. Journal Pattern No. 2908†.



A very feminine sweater in a pale mauve with a lace overlay on the front with a pretty scallop edge. Journal Pattern No. 2909†. Wear over Vogue Design No. S-4798.

Wanted—women to Help

By VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE



Dean Gildersleeve

The humanitarian services of teaching, nursing, home care have been for centuries the especial province of women. Yet today these important professions face a desperate need for workers. How can that need be filled? The Dean Emeritus of Barnard College, who has spent most of her adult years in the education of women, offers a possible solution to the problem.

All my life I have been concerned with the education of women and their place in our communities and our nation. The professions have been of special interest to me, and also the national service rendered by women in time of war. During the Second World War, I played a part in the organization of the Navy WAVES.

As I now observe the greatly changed and changing pattern of our American society, I am distressed to see that many of the duties and services traditionally performed by women are not being adequately carried on, so that much avoidable human suffering results, and considerable peril to the future of our country. In the changed social and economic structure of today, the old ways of meeting these ills do not avail. Some fundamental changes must be faced, some new order established.

The following informal dialogues present in concrete form examples of the facts that alarm me (the cases are drawn from real life) and a conceivably possible solution—or if not now possible, at least a stimulus to some hard thinking and drastic effort.

"Poor old Captain Josiah Plant!" said the Skipper. "I hear his rheumatism is much worse. I'm worried about him and his wife," she added.

"Hasn't he a Coast Guard pension?" I asked.

"Yes, a tiny one, and it buys less and less each year. They're both over eighty. She's got a bad leg, can't walk; just pushes herself about a bit in a wheeled chair. They own their little house, but it's in that remote country township. They've no children, no relatives, and they're terribly proud.

"They nurse each other as well as they can, with occasional brief help from the district nurse, and most days one of them is able to cook up some food. But what's going to happen on days when neither one can get about?"

"They ought to have 'Meals on Wheels,'" said I.

"What?"

"'Meals on Wheels.' Here, look at this picture. It's a plan carried out by the British Women's Voluntary Services. A small van brings hot meals to old people like your Plants, people who love their little homes and ought not to be shut into an institution, but who really can't take much physical care of themselves any more. There are a few such programs in this country—one in Philadelphia, I know; one planned for New York; best of all, the year or more of voluntary humane service of American Mennonite Youth.

"It would be cruel to separate the Plants or tear them from their house and their church. If we could send in a home helper to clean up a bit and give them some hot food occasionally, what a lot of human suffering we'd mitigate, and what a lot of pressure on hospitals and homes for the aged we'd relieve."

"Home helpers would sure be a blessing," said the Skipper, "to young mothers with new babies and a lot of other little children to care for and cook for. Do you remember young Mrs. Elijah Brown leaving the country hospital with her wee son four days after he was born, and those five other small children of hers in the old car who greeted her with shouts of joy?"

"Yes, her doctor was worried about her. He told me it was a real problem for women like that. They can't possibly afford to pay the hospital charges for more than three or four days and so they go home to families where there's often no one to help with the housework and no kindly neighbor at hand—as in Mrs. Brown's case. 'We tell them to be sure to take it easy at first,' said the doctor, 'but how can they?'"

"I'll bet," exclaimed the Skipper, "the dishes for the whole four days were waiting in the sink for Mrs. Brown's return. And as for the dirty clothes waiting! Your home helpers would be a godsend in such cases! Why shouldn't we have a country-wide corps of them, with Meals on Wheels, too, like these nice, kindly-looking W.V.S.'s in the picture?"

"The tendency in this country," I pointed out, "is to do things of this kind locally instead of nationally. Besides, you can't find enough women to travel from house to house and undertake such humble, drudging service, even when paid for it. Helen, who's been deep in social-welfare and public-health work for years, you know, tells me some of her organizations have had the same bright idea, but they can find hardly any women, almost nobody, to do this home helping."

"What can we do, then?"

"The mothers and the babies will struggle along somehow, I suppose, and we'll shut all the crippled and aged up in institutions, or put them out on the polar ice to freeze as some Eskimos are said to do—unless some miracle produces a supply of visiting angels."

"Where," asked the Skipper a few days later, "can I find some husky young persons with two hands and two feet and a kind heart? No special brains or training required, but the hands and feet indispensable, and particularly the kind heart."

"I've no idea," said I. "They all seem so busy. What do you want them for?"

"Three of them," she replied, "I'll send right over to Marian Laing's house. I had a talk with her yesterday."

"I haven't seen her for a long time. How's her spinal arthritis?"

"Worse, especially in this winter weather, so that she's badly crippled. And she's got other ailments too. But what's giving her sleepless nights and wearing her out with worry and perplexity is how to get her aged mother cared for. The old lady is ninety-four, you know. She fell and cracked a vertebra in her spine. Now the spine is better, but she's practically bedridden and has to have nursing attention twenty-four hours a day."

"Mercy! Can't Marian put her in the hospital?"

"She *was* in the hospital for six weeks. Then they said she must leave. Yes, really! They said hospitals couldn't keep old people for long stays; they needed their rooms for younger patients in emergencies, who could be cured and restored to active life."

"Heavens!" said I. "What's the condition of the old lady now?"

"Excellent organically, say the doctors. She may live five years or more! But some of her bodily functions don't work quite normally, and CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

Barbara was my girl,
but when Diana said "All alone, man?"
and went on smiling—
I was down for the count.

Detour in Summer

By S. W. M. HUMASON

He hadn't heard
that troubles come in pairs,
but he found it out—
the hard way.

Last year my dad was sick and summer was different. The cottage was the same, and the sea, and I did the same things—fooled around with Andy and his outboard, lived in bathing trunks and yachting cap, dove off the rocks at high tide, fished for scup and cunners, threw jellyfish at the girls, played a little tennis—but it was different. While I was doing all these things, sort of back of doing them was the knowledge that dad was sick. Mother spent most of her time at the hospital, which made things different, too, and when the gang came in to raid the icebox and leave wet salt all over the kitchen floor, we were quieter and even mopped up after ourselves after a fashion. Another thing that was different was that I really tried to be decent to my kid brother, Goofy, twelve, and sister, Bouncer, ten. I was fifteen.

One night when my mother had come home from the hospital and was getting supper she called me into the kitchen. The kids were still out around somewhere. She told me there was a chance my father might die. She told me very quietly, not even sitting me down and being formal about it, just telling me while she was shelling peas. I didn't say anything. I pulled up a chair and started to shell peas sort of jerkily. "We're not to give up hope," said my mother, "and we won't tell the children. But I needed to have you share it with me."

"Sure," I said. She had made me feel good in the midst of feeling as bad as I ever expected to feel in my life.

When I woke in the morning I saw it was a swell day and I wondered what was wrong with it and then I remembered. I told my mother I'd like to go to the hospital with her and she said she'd feel better if I stayed home with the kids so of course I said O.K. She'd no sooner gone than the Prescotts came by and asked my kids to go sailing with them and their kids, taking a lunch along.

So I was left alone and had nothing to do. I went to look up Andy, who had a driver's license, to see if he would borrow his mother's car and drive me to the hospital, but he wasn't home and I didn't feel like asking his mother because I thought she would put her arms around me. So I went back to our house and sat on the steps and stared at the lines of ribbon seaweed that had come in on the last tide.

This girl named Barbara Thompson came along. She was a thin girl with straight hair which was never either cut quite short or curled and was usually wet because she spent most of her time in the water. She had braces on her teeth. I wasn't interested in girls then, except to throw off the raft and heave jellyfish at and she wasn't any fun that way because she didn't scream. She heaved the jellyfish back and if you threw her off the raft she was likely to take you with her.

I said, "Hi, Barbara." She had a crabbing net over her shoulder and without even saying "Hello," she said, "You want to go crabbing in the creek?" I don't know yet what made her ask that, still less what made me say I'd go. Crabbing in the creek was strictly for the small fry. The creek is shallow and they can paddle around there at any tide. It's an idiotic sort of occupation because the crabs are too small to be any use, and the kids just collect buckets of them and throw them back again. The smaller kids race up and down pulling store-bought boats or tugboats made from old boards with empty spools for funnels. I'd spent plenty of time in the creek in days gone by, but by this time even Goofy and Bouncer had stopped going there. But just as soon as Barbara asked me that question I said "Sure" and went and got a net out of the garage. I asked Mrs. Brown, next door, if she was going to be home and she was, and I asked her if our phone rang (she's on the same party line) or my own kids came home, would she blow the whistle that she keeps to call her cat. She said she would.

Barbara and I put our nets over our shoulders and went off to the creek like a couple of eight-year-olds. I had forgotten how good the muddy clay on the bottom of the creek felt and what a cool kind of noise your feet made sloshing through the shallow water. We had the creek to ourselves. The kids are like that. One day they'll *all* be in the creek and the next day they'll all be playing croquet or looking for shells. I suppose I was like that, too, once. It was nice having the creek to ourselves. There were plenty of crabs and we filled the bucket and then emptied them back in the water and laughed at the way they scuttled off.

The sun was hot and the breeze off the water was strong and cool so there weren't too many mosquitoes and the air smelled fine and salty. I could see, looking across the flat marshes, our house and beyond it way out by Tuckett Island the Prescotts' boat with my kids on it. I hoped they were having fun. Andy was racing his boat up and down the shore line. He would have been surprised to know where I was. The shadow of a gull swept across our faces and on over the marshes. In a backtrack sort of way, I was happy. At least, it all seemed kind of good—the sun and the salt smell and the blue-green marsh grass and the bluer water and the little shingled houses and the bunch of sails down by the yacht club and the yells of kids playing croquet in the Merricks' yard. And it seemed good to be with Barbara Thompson. She hardly talked at all. Pretty soon I got hungry.

"Let's get some sandwiches," I said, "and the canoe, and some rods and bait, and go up by the bridge after eels."

The braces showed a lot when she grinned, but I didn't mind. We went back to my house and made the sandwiches and I got a canful of worms from the flower beds. Then I got worried for fear I wouldn't hear the whistle way up by the bridge.

"I want to know if the telephone rings," I said, "because my father ——"

"I know," she said. She had known all the time and

CONT'D ON PAGE 151





Once combed and brushed in the morning, this cool and classic arrangement can be kept in place all day with a pretty hair accessory. The headdress here is an organdy clip with a snood-veil attached. By Hattie Carnegie.

ALL SET FOR *Summer*

Here are eight hairdos flatteringly arranged to stay put with a minimum of fuss between settings. Hair lengths vary from the shortest (four to five inches all over the head) to the longest, which falls below the shoulders. There's the new brief "scoop" cut—the sleek upswept—the smooth, wide-waved look. Choose your favorite, and enjoy keeping a cool and pretty head all summer long!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN, *Beauty Editor of the Journal*





"I feel my *prettiest* when I wear bangs," says fashion model Joanna McCormack, who is often called upon to change her hairdo half a dozen times a day. This feminine arrangement also camouflages an irregular hairline, "hides" a too-high forehead, "cuts" a long face.

"I love it!" says model Sara Thom, who had her long hair cut very short for this new "scoop cut." "It's young and much easier to manage. A few finger curls around the face every other night keep my hair in pretty shape all week long." Sara's back hair hugs her head, needs no curling.

"With my hair short in front and long in back I can wear it a dozen different ways," says Evelyn Tripp. Here, Evelyn's shoulder-length hair is set in wide, deep waves at sides, turned under into a short pageboy in back. In the little picture, bangs are swept away in favor of a smooth brow. Evening headdress by Hattie Carnegie.





ROGER PRIGENT



"Once it's up it stays all day," says Millie Perkins. Millie's medium-length hair is brushed up in the back with the ends rolled under and pinned securely at the crown. The ribbons are for color and fun.

"My new hairdo stayed in without pin-curling for five days," Patricia Bell told us delightedly. "The side wave loosened, slightly but prettily." Pat's little ribbon bow attached to a bobby pin enables her to keep waves in place.



A pretty way to make long hair behave this summer. Our model's almost shoulder-length hair is waved softly on both sides with the ends wound and pinned into a tiny chignon low on the neck.



HAIR DESIGNS BY ENRICO CARUSO



In the relaxed, informal loggia at the Embassy which she has decorated in her favorite grays, blues and greens, Mme. Alphand often sings an impromptu song or two for her dinner guests, accompanying herself on a guitar. Her favorite red velvet evening dress is from Dior.

DI PIETRO



A menu for one of her "railway-station buffets," prepared with all the wizardry of the Embassy's chef, might include beef à la mode *en gelée*, cold chicken *chaud-froid*, Mme. Alphand's favorite green "salade mimosa" with grated egg yolks and whites. For dessert: orange shells filled with orange sherbet.

When I entertain

Mme. Hervé Alphand

tells her philosophy of entertaining

to Nancy Crawford Wood.

Blue-eyed, honey-blond Mme. Hervé Alphand, wife of France's ambassador to the United States, is considered by many people to be the most sparkling and delightful hostess in Washington—in great part because she takes such obvious pleasure in gathering people around her and entertaining them. Behind the success of each of her parties, however, are the most careful planning and a well-thought-out, practical philosophy of party giving. "My favorite way to handle a large crowd of people," says Mme. Alphand, "is what I call a 'railway-station buffet.'

"All the dishes for the supper are cold because this is apt to be the kind of party that lasts and lasts. Places are set at the dining table with plates, silver, glasses and so forth; big platters of the cold food are arranged in the center, right on the table. People help themselves, and pass things back and forth to each other. I call it 'railway station' because people keep drifting into and out of the dining room; as places at the table become vacant, they are filled by other guests."

Any large party following Mme. Alphand's "railway station" plan is, of course, enormously expedited by having help on hand to remove used plates and replenish the table with fresh silver and dishes. Failing this, one could work out a plan of service, in which guests carry their own used plates to a serving cart, to be wheeled away. The next guests to sit down at the table would get their own fresh plates and silver from a sideboard.

A typical menu might include beef à la mode in aspic, cold chicken in aspic, or cold CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



Charming flower arrangements which combine fresh flowers with big sprays of artificial silk roses, paper stock and larkspur are in all the Embassy's rooms, in black-lacquered balloon glasses. Above the flowers hangs a lovely late-eighteenth-century painting from the Louvre, by Vigée-Lebrun.

STUART

A typical, and favorite, buffet menu: Casserole Espagnole, a delicious mixture of rice, shrimp, chicken and peppery sausage slices; Oeufs Enteralliés, hard-cooked eggs baked in a savory cheese sauce; a salad of mixed vegetables tossed in French dressing and chilled. The centerpiece: a basket of gleaming, colorful vegetables, another of Mme. Alphand's favorite ways to decorate her table.

In the Embassy's dining room the table is set with beautiful old blue-and-white Sèvres plates. Mme. Alphand loves to make an enormous arrangement for the center of the table of alabaster grapes and fresh fruits, piled high in a deeper blue Sèvres tureen. "I like to use fruit rather than flowers for the center of the dining table; and it's economical—you eat it afterward." In the background hangs a superb painting by Pierre Bonnard, from the Louvre.



One of the greatest problems in modern family life, underlying many others, grows out of the fact that so often the wife's work is in the home, the husband's work is away from home. Frequently wife and children alike see very little of him—if he is a golfer or fisherman, they may not even have much time with him on weekends. This is bad for all concerned. To a large extent this condition is inescapable, but it must be counterbalanced by some sort of adjustment on all sides, if the marriage is to be strong and satisfying and if the children are to have the two parents they need. Wives naturally see their own side of the problem; husbands take a little different view; and all concerned must have some re-education in order to build a sound family unit. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Roberta Lovell.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *General Director*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: *"I've reached the point where I can't sleep without pills. I'm tense and miserable all the time. My husband's business and my husband's mother are wrecking my marriage."*

HE: *"I'll admit my mother can be a trial and I quite definitely go my own way. Apparently Della can't. She constantly allows herself to be browbeaten and pushed around."*

DELLA TELLS HER SIDE:

"Frequently I feel like a widow," said twenty-nine-year-old Della, a drawn, harried-looking young woman with a pale complexion, glittering eyes and bitten nails. "I'm not fooling. People joke about golf widows and small-boat widows and business widows, but Riley's business is anything but hilarious to me. My husband's business and my husband's mother, in that order, are wrecking my marriage. The three children and I see practically nothing of Riley—he is almost a stranger to our five-year-old son—and we see far too much of his mother.

"Riley's mother, whom I call Mother B at her demand, has been a problem ever since I married six years ago. Indeed, she took complete charge of my wedding. And I mean *complete*. She went so far that she invited my father, who has been divorced from my mother for over twenty years. On the other hand, she 'forgot' to mail an invitation to my college roommate. My roommate was a Mexican girl and my mother-in-law is obsessed by every type of prejudice, racial, national, religious. Riley and I wanted a small ceremony, with only close friends and kin present. We were married in a huge church and there were two hundred guests at the reception.

"Possibly I could handle Mother B—her narrowness, her meddling and her bossiness, her voracious curiosity—if I received some slight co-operation from Riley. I don't. I fell in love with Riley because of his sense of humor and the fun and companionship we shared. He has become as glum, withdrawn and buried in work as his father. Settling female squabbles, as Riley puts it, is not a man's responsibility. He is too wound up in his present job to devote five minutes listening to any of my troubles.

"Riley is a consulting engineer—he was a senior at Cal Tech when we met—and he specializes in judging undeveloped real estate, deciding the value and best use to be made of it. Until two years ago he was on the state payroll; he worked regular hours, earned enough for us to get by comfortably—and when I served dinner in the evening there was a man at the head of the table. If I needed to speak to him in the daytime, I could reach him on the phone.

"But then he quit his civil-service job and went into private business with an old Army buddy. His partner is a real-estate promoter, a dynamo of energy—and a bachelor. Riley and Fred are scarcely ever in their office. Instead they are roaring around the countryside in the company car, searching for tracts of land suitable for suburban housing developments or shopping centers, trying to talk owners into bargain-rate options, dreaming big fat dreams. The dreams have yet to be realized fully in terms of solid cash, but Riley isn't doing badly in a financial way—last year we were able to acquire a home—and it's likely his operations may be extremely profitable sometime in the future. However, it's the lonely, difficult present that concerns me.

"Riley is so absorbed in his ambitions that he leaves the house at the crack of dawn. In the evenings I never know when or if he will show up for dinner. As a rule he's very late, and he brings his business preoccupations home with him. There's no satisfaction in talking to him; he just doesn't listen. His weekends are spent on out-of-town trips. This means that from Friday until Sunday the children and I are at the mercy of his mother and my mother. With Riley gone they assume I am lonesome and both move in on me.

"My mother is a worrier and a nagger. She picks at me for being pale and thin, for losing weight since my marriage. She is forever suggesting I adopt the latest high-calorie diet. She is also rather liberal with marital advice, considering the fact that her marriage broke up when I was only five years old. Tiresome as she is, I'm accustomed to her fussing and fluttering and ordinarily I can ignore it.

"Mother B can't be ignored. When she and my mother differ on the course of conduct they think the children and I should pursue—you should have heard the two of them on the subject of choosing the proper nursery school for Johnnie—I almost explode. Several times I've walked out of the house leaving them to settle their arguments in my absence. Often Mother B has upset me to such a degree that I've left her in charge of the demoralized household, and have gone to the movies or just sat in the park by myself struggling to regain control of my emotions. I'm ashamed to admit that, but it's the truth. The pressure is just too much.

"I've reached the point where I can't sleep without pills. I'm tense and miserable all the time and frequently I can't imagine why. The other day my mother called to tell me something about my father—they live separately, of course, but fairly close to each other—and, just listening to her babble on, I nearly had hysterics. A few minutes later the phone rang again and it was my mother-in-law calling the third time since morning to tell me the weather was chilly and to be sure Johnnie wore the sweater she had given him for his birthday. That time I did lose my self-control. I shrieked at her over the phone, which was exactly what she wanted. The balance of the day I was so depressed at myself I didn't care whether I was alive or dead.

"I didn't used to think of myself as a neurotic weakling—I worked my way through college—but I can't deal with my mother-in-law. She always makes me look and act my worst. For some reason, she can invariably outmaneuver or steam-roller me. And then she tosses her head and laughs a victorious little laugh that really drives me wild.

"Mother B has a reputation for generosity and, according to her own lights, she *is* generous. The trouble CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

"I'm just not capable of being both a father and a mother to my children. I don't satisfy my husband; I don't satisfy his mother. And I certainly don't satisfy myself."



DON ORNITZ



CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART
CHARLES W. HARKNESS COLLECTION

Mrs. West and Her Son Raphael

BENJAMIN WEST (1738-1820)

Son of a Quaker innkeeper near Chester, Pennsylvania, Benjamin West rose to be the official painter to the King of England, president of the Royal Academy, and unquestionably the father of American painting. His career began at six, when he (one of ten children) drew a pencil sketch of his baby sister in her cradle. His mother was delighted. "I do declare," she exclaimed, "he has made a likeness of our Sally," and she kissed her son. "That kiss," Benjamin West wrote seventy years later, "made me a painter."

At twelve, Benjamin was known around Philadelphia as an infant prodigy; at sixteen, he had a flourishing business in portraiture; at twenty-one, confident, adventurous, brash, he sailed for Italy to see the Old Masters, and soon gained a reputation as one of the outstanding artists of the foreign colony in Rome.

At twenty-five, in London, his success was even more complete. Handsome, reserved and forthright, the talented colonial delighted the English aristocracy. During the Revolution his divided loyalties made life difficult, since he never wavered in his allegiance to CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

Summer Garden Buffet

Flaky hot salmon mousse;
veal rolls with a nutty filling;
coeur à la crème, jeweled with the season's most luscious cold red strawberries.

The first celebration of summer is ideally an out-of-doors one, where sweet-smelling air adds zest to every mouthful of food. Our bountiful, beautiful buffet menu would be perfect for a wedding breakfast, in the garden just after noon when the dew has left the grass; ideal to celebrate a birthday or graduation, on an evening starred with fireflies. The delicious hot main dish is a heavenly salmon mousse, molded to a shape of beauty, and served with savory dill sauce. Surrounding the coral-pink mousse: a ring of hot mushroom caps, filled with piquantly seasoned bread crumbs. Nearby, swirled slices of chilled veal roll, layered with a mouth-watering filling of ham, calves' liver and pistachio nuts—crowned with the first bright, crisp radishes from the garden. Our salad is a subtle blending of water-cress sprigs, ice-cold lettuce, cool cucumbers, and a fillip of chopped fresh mint (save some of the tiny, newest mint leaves to decorate the top of the bowl). As for dessert—it's a creamy complement to summer's own firm, juicy red strawberries: *coeur à la crème*, a luscious mixture of cream and cottage cheese.

If you prefer to, you can prepare your salmon mousse on the day before the party and store in the refrigerator. Remove the mold from refrigerator an hour and a half before baking.

SALMON MOUSSE

Drain and take out the skin and bones from 3 large cans salmon. Flake the salmon very well. There should be 5 or 6 cups. (Fresh salmon can be used, too, if you can get it.) To the salmon add the juice of 1½ lemons, ¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 onion, grated, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 teaspoon dried dill, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of hot pepper sauce. Now make a very thick cream sauce, using 6 tablespoons butter, 6 tablespoons flour and 1½ cups milk. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. Stir constantly until thick. Mix thoroughly with the salmon. Then fold in 3 egg yolks, beaten until light and thick. Taste for seasoning. Pour into a CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

Menu

Hot Salmon Mousse with Dill Sauce

Chilled Veal Rolls
with Ground-Ham-and-Nut Filling

Piquant Stuffed Mushrooms

Green Salad with Diced Cucumbers
and Chopped Mint.
French Dressing

Buttermilk Biscuits

Coeur à la Crème with Strawberries

Coffee

(Planned for 10–12)



STUART-FOWLER

A feast to make the most of lovely weather; a garden table set with pinks and greens, and a gathering of summer roses.



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Vegetable Variety - Seasonings, Combinations, One dish Meals from the Journal Kitchen



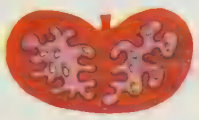
Summer's vegetable bounty in a basket.

Through summer and fall vegetable stands hold variety and color to tempt you. Of the dozens of ways to serve every vegetable, these are our pets:



BEANS *The best green beans we ever ate were succulent miniatures, picked when they were only about three inches long and no bigger around than a soda straw. But no matter what their size, if they are crisp, firm, and snap with a crackle, they'll be good in this dish.*

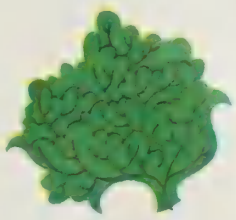
Green Beans with Sour Cream: Cook 1 pound green beans, French cut. Or if they are succulent, tiny ones, leave them whole. While they cook, sauté 1 onion, chopped, and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley in 2 tablespoons butter. Work in 1 tablespoon flour and ½ cup bean liquor. Cook a few minutes until smooth. Season with a good pinch of dried or fresh dill, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and pepper. Add drained beans and stir in 1 cup thick commercial sour cream. Makes 4 servings.



TOMATOES *Robust and red, tomatoes add a dash of color as well as flavor to more recipes than we can count, but alone or in combination with another vegetable they can take a star part in the menu.*

Tomatoes Provençale: In Southern France tomatoes are prepared in this simple but delicious way: Sauté 1 onion, chopped, until golden in 2 tablespoons olive oil; add one clove garlic, finely chopped, and stir for a minute or two. Add 6 large ripe peeled and broken-up fresh tomatoes or 2 No. 2 cans tomatoes, and allow to stew gently for about 10 or 15 minutes over low heat. Do not cook long enough to change color. They should be bright red and fresh-tasting when served. Toss in a handful of croutons sautéed in butter to take up the juice. Makes 6 servings.

Tomatoes with Curried Rice: Slice the tops off 4 large tomatoes; scoop out the insides and mash up with a fork or pastry blender. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, 6 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Heat together; blend in ⅔ cup soft bread crumbs and 2 cups cooked rice (use the precooked rice for speed). Stuff tomatoes with this mixture. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Broil 10 minutes under low heat until tomatoes are just tender. Makes 4 servings.



SPINACH *Cooked with parsley, scallions and a little rosemary, spinach or chard is elegant—plain buttered and served with lemon. For another time ——*

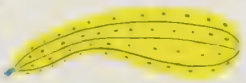
Spinach with Mushrooms: Wash 2 pounds spinach in several waters. Cook, covered, with just the water that clings to the leaves, adding ¼ teaspoon salt, until just wilted. Drain and chop fine. Add 1 tablespoon butter and ¼ cup heavy cream. Slice ½ pound mushrooms and sauté in 2 tablespoons butter until browned. Add to spinach. Season with 2 tablespoons minced onion, ¼ teaspoon marjoram and salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving, sprinkle with croutons that have been made by dicing 2 slices of stale bread and browning them evenly in 2 tablespoons butter. The croutons should be tiny and very crisp. Makes 4 servings.



CARROTS *Slim and young and artfully seasoned, these two ways will make any carrot hater ask for more:*

Westphalian Carrots: Use 2 bunches carrots for 6 to 8 people. Scrape and cut carrots in half crosswise. Then cut into very fine strips so they are almost shredded. Boil in very little water. This does not take very long because carrots have been cut so fine. At the end add ¼ cup dark brown sugar, ¼ cup butter, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and salt to taste.

Carrots and Zucchini: Cut 1 clove garlic in half and brown in 1 tablespoon salad oil. Remove the garlic from the pan and add 1 small onion, minced. Cook slowly about 10 minutes. Cut up coarsely or slice in thin round slices 2 large carrots and 4 small zucchini. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon thyme. Add 2 tablespoons water. Cover the pan and cook very gently for about 20 minutes, or until the vegetables are tender. Sprinkle the vegetables with 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese and allow to sit, covered, about 5 minutes before serving. Pour into a hot vegetable dish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley if you like. Makes 6 servings.



SQUASH *All season long there is some kind of summer squash in the markets—crookneck and zucchini in most abundance. Low-calorie vegetables, too, if that is an item you consider.*

Zucchini Madrones: Cut 6 small unpeeled zucchini squash lengthwise in fairly thin slices, about 2 inches long. Then cut the sliced squash into julienne strips. Place squash in a pan with very little water, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon minced onion and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Cook over low heat until tender, but not soft. Drain thoroughly and add ½ cup heavy cream. Season with 1 to 1½ teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon white pepper and ¼ teaspoon *orégano*. Serve very hot. Makes 6 servings.

Summer Squash and Tomatoes: Peel and slice 6 ripe tomatoes and 3 medium onions. Slice, but do not peel, 3 tender young crookneck or zucchini summer squash, and parboil in a little water for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and drain. Heat 1 clove garlic, minced, in ¼ cup salad or olive oil in a very large skillet. Add the tomatoes, onion and squash slices and simmer until the onion slices become transparent, about 5 minutes. Transfer the mixture to a 6-quart casserole. Add 1 cup bouillon, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 1 hour, or until squash is tender. Stir in ½ teaspoon each of dried dill and tarragon. Sprinkle top with ⅓ cup finely chopped parsley. Return to oven and bake ten minutes more. Makes 8 servings.

KEEP THAT GARDEN FRESHNESS

The most succulent vegetable can be ruined by overcooking. For best flavor, use as little water as possible. One inch of water in the pan or three quarters to one cup is sufficient to cook up to three pounds of vegetables. This is a general rule. Often you won't need this much. Have the salted water boiling before you add the vegetables. From there on, cook just until fork-tender but still firm and of good texture. Quick cooking keeps the color bright—the flavor fresh.



EGGPLANT *The vegetable "meat"—eggplant—is beloved in the cuisine of many countries. We think it's at its best in the Italian dish ——*

Eggplant Parmigiana: In a large skillet, sauté 2 medium onions, sliced, and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Then add 6 to 8 tomatoes, peeled and cored. Simmer slowly about 20 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons tomato paste, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon thyme and ¼ teaspoon sugar. Simmer another 10 minutes. Place in a bowl and allow to stand. Mix together ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a pinch of pepper. Meanwhile, wash but do not peel 1½ pounds eggplant. Slice thin. Beat 2 eggs slightly and season with salt and pepper. Dip the eggplant slices into and out of the egg. Sauté in hot salad oil. The oil should be at least ½ inch deep in a large skillet. Sauté the eggplant until tender and golden brown on both sides. Drain on paper toweling. Place a layer of eggplant slices in the bottom of a greased casserole. Sprinkle with part of crumb mixture. Pour some of the tomato sauce over. Repeat 2 or 3 times, ending with eggplant slices on top. Cover with thin slices of Mozzarella cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about ½ hour, until piping hot and cheese browns. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



ONIONS *Onions have a way of making the roast, the sauce and the dressing the better for their presence.*

Onions Hungarian: Use small white onions. Allow about 5 or more per person. Peel, boil about 30 in enough salted water to cover. When done, drain but keep 1 cup broth. In a small pan heat until bubbling 1 tablespoon butter, then add 1 tablespoon flour. When it bubbles up, add broth and stir until smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, and pepper and salt. Butter the hot onions, return them to this sauce and reheat. Makes 6 servings.

"Blooming ambrosial fruit of vegetable gold." *John Milton*



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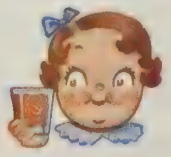
REAM OF CHICKEN GLACÉ! Sound fancy? The flavor is, but it couldn't be asier to make. Simply chill a can of Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup. Combine it with a can of cold milk, and add a dash of curry. Voilà! Soup glacé!



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- always observe traffic regulations, especially about speed
- watch other drivers and try to anticipate their actions
- drive extra-carefully when pedestrians, especially children, are about
- know distances required to stop your car completely at various speeds
- never drive when you are fatigued, ill or upset
- lower your speed as darkness approaches
- signal other motorists in ample time before stopping or turning
- keep your car in top mechanical condition

You are not a safe driver if you . . .

- fail to observe right of way
- follow too closely behind the car ahead
- weave in and out of traffic lanes
- pass on hills or curves when there is no clear view ahead
- do not adjust your speed to weather and traffic conditions
- fail to lower your headlights when a car approaches
- take chances or trust to luck in hazardous situations
- feel over-confident or believe accidents happen only to the other fellow
- speed through traffic lights on the yellow signal
- mix alcohol and driving

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THE DURABLE FIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

forgotten about it—well, I say forgotten, I'm afraid that is just a pretense. It has all made me very sad. Poor fellow."

"We're all very sad, of course, but he must make his own way back, it seems to me."

"Yes, I suppose so. Oh, there are the ladies."

Both guests swam almost as well as the Lowrys, which was to say very well indeed, and before dinner they went up to the balcony bar, looking down on the ocean in good spirits.

"Goodness is so puzzling," Rosalie said to Stephen as she prepared for bed that night. "There is Daran, living in luxurious sin on the proceeds of a lottery prize, yet I have never felt more consideration for others in anyone. I could tell that he was afraid something she said or one of her questions might hurt me. When you went to order dinner and she spoke of all her half brothers and sisters and started to ask about my family, he guided her away from it. He was so worried that that was why, when she asked me where I had learned to swim, I told them about Estonia. I thought it would make it easier for him. You didn't tell me Armas had been to Bonn."

"I know. I thought it would only make you feel worse."

"Being afraid to hope because you may be disappointed is very cowardly, I'm afraid. Beatriz was very sweet when we went to powder our noses. She said she could hardly wait to be married and that he was so good she wanted to give him a family."

The full specifications for the bridge were in the mail the next morning and Daran, Lowry and Halleck spent an hour on them before Daran went in for his interview with Cramer.

When Daran returned he made a face at Lowry and held up his hands in a gesture of bewilderment. "If you don't mind," he said, "we shall talk about it a little later. I am perhaps a little confused. I am to have dinner with him and his son at six-thirty. I shall probably leave for Caracas tomorrow night."

The day passed quietly. Hewitt kept to himself. In midafternoon Lowry fixed a meeting of Evans and his engineers and calculators, as well as John Cramer, with Daran, who gave them a general fill-in on the bridge.

When he arrived next morning, Lowry found Daran waiting. So was an envelope "From John Cramer for Mr. Lowry" which he put aside.

Daran began, "We return to Caracas tonight. I shall remain there whatever reasonable time you feel necessary for the company. But I now resign my position as your manager."

"What's happened?" Lowry asked.

"In all countries businessmen talk a good deal of nonsense and I am accustomed to such palaver. But Mr. Cramer not only talks nonsense and deception but he insults my intelligence by thinking I do not realize it."

"You mustn't resign," Lowry said.

"I have," Daran said with a smile. "I am going to do something I prefer to do. I wished to leave Venezuela. Your brother-in-law has offered me a very fine position in his bank in Paris. I accepted it by telephone this morning. It will be much better for Beatriz to be in a cultural center like Paris."

"Are you sure my brother-in-law and you didn't settle this before you left?" Lowry asked.

"No, Mr. Lowry. It was wholly conditional and if my intelligence had not been insulted last night, I should not have done it."

"What was the nature of the insult?"

"Well, first about Mr. Peale. How perceptive I had been from the start. Many compli-ments, but I said I was not perceptive. It never occurred to me to start with that anything could be wrong. I told Cramer that. He talked about the satisfaction it must give me to have had this wrongdoing exposed. I said it gave me no satisfaction, and it must have almost broken your heart as a friend, because I shed tears when Mr. Lainvee told me and I was only an admirer of Mr. Peale's culture. But of course all that was by the way. He then asked if I did not think it would be better for me to agree that my rate of commission and my bonus on the last three weeks' business be reduced."

"Not really?"

"Oh, yes. You understand that if I had been told 'Daran, you never expected to make this much money and we're not going to pay it'—well, perhaps I would have thought it over. But to be told I would be better off without it in the long run—which was how he put it—that was too much. And there was much else I did not like. Something called 'Headquarters Reports' to his son, not to you. Many small-minded things from a small-minded man. The end was very funny. Nothing would do but they must walk back to the Waldorf with me. As we came up the stairs from Park Avenue we met Beatriz just coming down to dinner. She looked absolutely charming, though in street clothes which I told her she should not have worn to the Sert Room at that hour. But she had been to a movie and not taken time to change. I said good night to them, excused myself and joined her." He laughed. "Isn't there an American joke, 'You don't resign, you're fired'? I walked up the steps to the Sert Room with my arm around her waist."

Lowry said, "Though your resignation is very depressing, I know you'll both be very happy in Paris."

"You must understand that if it makes big difficulties for you, I will hold it up."

"It doesn't, in that sense, but there are a lot of difficulties," Lowry said.

The morning cables had brought word that negotiations for the building to house a proposed assembly plant of road-making and farm machinery near Smyrna had reached the final stage. A question of law under existing treaties had been raised on duty-free passage and Lowry judged it of sufficient importance to talk to Cramer about.

He found Cramer largely indifferent to the issue, which plainly he did not fully understand, finally interrupting rather brusquely:

"I want to tell you something and I can only hope it's news to you. Your Venezuelan friend took dinner with us last night. From something he let drop, John guessed that he had a woman with him at his hotel and we went over with him, intending to make inquiries. There was no need. There she came, flagrantly dressed, half exposed, and he hurriedly left us overcome with embarrassment, I could see. Did you know this? You must have. Why was I not told?"

"Told what? I met Mr. Daran and the lady he is to marry in Paris. My wife and I had them at our house night before last. What was I to tell you?"

"Your wife and you had an immoral woman in your own house?" Cramer exclaimed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

YOUR KISSES ARE SO SINCERE

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Your kisses are so sincere,
Though those of older men
Often betoken
Desire unspoken ——
A greedy, ulterior yen.

Lord, bless that ragtime smile
From a heart that has nothing to hide!
And thank you for making
Light work of my baking.
Here's your cooky; now go play outside.

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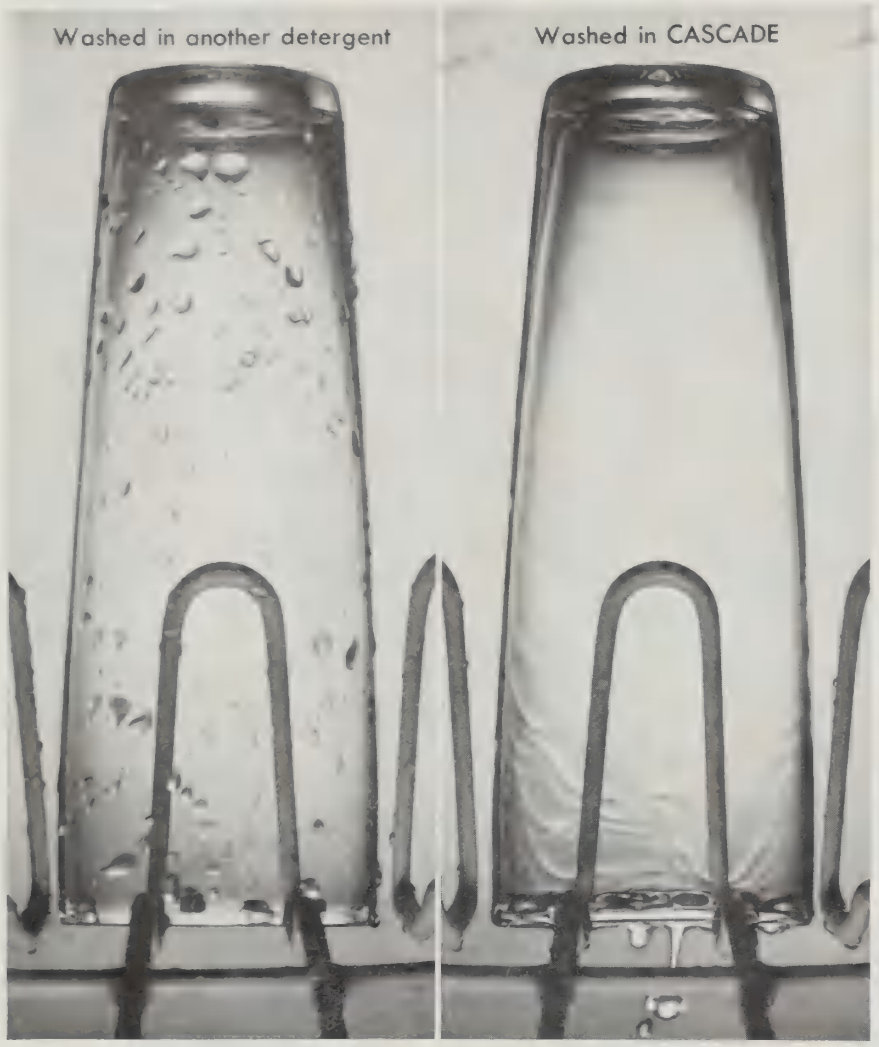


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

can't believe it." He pondered the question a moment. "Have they got separate rooms?"

"I don't know anything about it."

Cramer hesitated. "Irregular as it is, if they have separate, nonadjoining rooms I'd overlook it, I think. Can you check that or shall I have John do it?"

"I'm afraid the answer is now immaterial. Mr. Daran has just resigned."

"Mr. Lowry, I must ask myself what can possibly be back of the obvious fact that, whether it is intentional or not, you are gradually destroying the organization. Apparently, I say apparently, Peale should have gone. As to Doran, except as he may now turn vindictive and sabotage the bridge, I'm satisfied to have him go. But you regarded him highly. Tell me, when he resigned—a man you believe of value to your company—what did you do to persuade him to remain?"

"I saw that his decision was taken and there was nothing I could do."

"You mean to say you did absolutely nothing? Felt no impulse of duty toward your company? Is that what I'm to tell Mr. Delano?"

"I should think you'd tell him a man in whose morals you had no confidence had fortunately resigned."

"A man like that will have just one goal—to make trouble for us in Venezuela. I suppose you got no hint of Doran's plans?"

"Yes, I did. He's leaving Venezuela as soon as possible."

"To do what?"

"To join my brother-in-law's firm in Paris."

Cramer was speechless a full half minute. Then he shook his head and said, "This is the most flagrant —— No, I'll say no more now. I don't trust myself to speak."

"Before I go, I'd like to see what this is about," Lowry said, took the envelope from John Cramer from his pocket and opened it. The memorandum inside read:

> The president would like to know full circumstances of payment of $5000 to Mr. Dahlgren Lowry in connection with Larus. May I say you will advise him by Friday?

"Why in the world do you do things this way?" Lowry asked.

"In other words, you're saying I'm entitled to the information but you don't like the way I ask for it, is that it? Let's get this clear, friend Lowry. Is it policy or procedure that's chewing you? Or could it be that maybe your conscience hurts you because I have had to learn from outside sources what you should have told me?"

It was almost impossible to know how to put his objections. It had probably been fifty years since anyone had been able effectively to say "A gentleman doesn't do something like this." Yet that was the basic issue—that Cramer was not a gentleman but pretended to be. If he were told how Rutledge or Johnson would have acted in his place, he would say, "Well, if I've got to beat around the bush with a lot of sweet talk to get a few facts out of you ——" But the worst of it was that he may have been entitled to know as soon as Dahlgren's check was received. Because he put no value on Cramer's opinion, had he been entitled not to ask for it? Had he, in fact, not taken the easiest way and thereby been unfair to Cramer? Even now wasn't the healthy-minded thing to blow up, get mad, clear the air and be friends again? Or admit he had made a mistake and accept the passing unpleasantness that would follow?

"Understand, I'm not going to drop the matter," Cramer said.

There was enough of a threat in his tone to stiffen Lowry's resistance. He said, "Before the Larus deal was final I was assured there was no finder's fee to be paid in any form. I was apparently deceived, but the whole situation has since changed and I cannot see that our interests were in any way involved. What happened has turned out to be a highly complicated personal matter among outsiders. I feel no obligation to say anything about it."

"Have you benefited personally by this?"

"Certainly not, nor has my brother."

"Then why not tell me? Why must there be this constant pulling in different ways between us? It's not my wish or doing."

This man is such a liar, Lowry thought. *Unquestionably Beatriz was not "half exposed" last night. Unquestionably he lies to himself about his own motives.*

"I'm wondering this, friend Lowry," Cramer continued: "do you need a vacation? You've had a difficult spring getting your family together, having taken on a big new house. Now would it be wise for you to get away? I'm only thinking of you. We'll forget the Larus matter till a later day."

The man's amazing ability to pick up scraps of intelligence was less disconcerting than his ability to change his color like a chameleon.

As though nothing had happened, Cramer's face relaxed into a broad, benign smile. "You know what might be a good idea? For you and me to get a quick bite of lunch and go out to the ball game together. What do you say? It's only eleven o'clock."

Lowry picked up his papers. "Thanks. I've got to be with the lawyers on the Smyrna matter this afternoon and I want to see Daran off."

He telephoned Rosalie about the resignation and asked her to pick him up at Idlewild.

The elder Cramer took his son to lunch at the Louis XIV restaurant. It gratified him to have the corner table where he had once seen John D. Rockefeller, Jr., having a bowl of soup with one of his sons.

"I don't suppose, John, there's a man living freer of animosity than I am," Cramer told his son. "I don't want you to think I have any animosity toward Lowry."

"Oh, I know that, dad."

"Then why can't I seem to get him to go along? The trouble is, John, the fellow's got a queer streak. That wife of his isn't French at all, she's Estonian. It's as though our nice American girls weren't good enough for him. He's headstrong, he's mulish. Just now I tried to smooth things out by suggesting we go to the ball game. No, wouldn't do it. I phoned Mr. Delano about Doran joining Lowry's brother's firm. He was shocked and horrified. Lowry will never know it from me, but I saved his job for him. I don't know that I could do it again."

"Would you want to, dad? He's a pretty expensive luxury, it strikes me."

Daran, busy about packing and tickets, was unable to lunch with Lowry, but said that on the way to Idlewild he would have some advice on the bridge bid ready. He saw no reason why his assistant could not file the finished bid and performance bond, but that he would go into the matter thoroughly before leaving Caracas. Lowry, wishing to avoid the Cramers at the club, went around to the Louis XIV with Hewitt.

The Cramers saw and waved to them as they went to their table.

"I'd give a lot to know what they're talking about," Hewitt said to him, as Cramer said the same thing to his son.

"I had an exasperating talk with him this morning," Lowry said, and told Hewitt about Daran. "I thought Cramer was trying to force me to resign, and at the end he asked me to go to a ball game with him."

They were studying the desserts on the menu when the headwaiter came up to say Mr. Lowry was wanted on the telephone. He went to the booth, where Miss Marshall told him Mr. Dennison wanted to speak to him urgently. She gave him the number of Dennison's office.

"I'm just going to lunch with Bill Delano and I want your side of this story about your brother-in-law luring your Latin-American representative away from you."

"It's very simple. Cramer provoked Daran into resigning by proposing that his commissions be cut on these recent sales. Told him it would be better for him. My brother-in-law had met Daran in Paris ——"

"Through you."

"Yes, through me," Lowry said angrily, "and told him that if he wanted a job in his bank any time, he could have it. Daran has taken it."

"That's all you know about it?"

"Certainly it's all I know about it, and I don't like the implication."

"Let's not be touchy about little things. I called you to try to help."

"Well, I appreciate that, but ——"

"I must hang up because I'm late now. I'll talk to you later," Dennison said.

Lowry slammed the telephone back on the cradle and started back to his table. Hewitt, all smiles, had joined the Cramers and all three were pointing to the vacant chair awaiting him. Lowry walked over with what grace he could.

"I settled our check, Steve," Hewitt said. "They're bringing our coffee here."

"I was just saying to friend Hewitt here," Cramer said, "that I want to make a two-three-week swing around the plants and I want him to come along. You see no reason why the boys won't get along all right without us, do you?"

"The boys will get along all right," Lowry said, "because the men will look out for them."

At this witticism, Cramer threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Love your sense of humor, friend Lowry," he said. As for Hewitt, a considerable change had come over him. He gave the impression of a man who has made his peace with God.

In the office they parted with hearty we-must-do-it-ofteners, Hewitt stopping at Lowry's door for a final word.

"I think, Steve, you've been right about this from the start. We'd have made fools of ourselves by going to Delano or anybody else. D. P.'s perfectly reasonable if he's handled right."

"Well, I'm glad. Is 'D. P.' the new form of address?"

Hewitt ignored the question. "I wanted to tell you this. As you know, I've said nothing about that memo relative to seeing Jim. There's been absolutely no mention of it and it occurs to me that it wasn't intended for me in the first place. Typographical error. I think it was meant for you. You've had all the contact with Jim. I can bring it up diplomatically on the trip and I'll do so. I think I'm going to be able to get a lot of things squared away for us all."

"Good for you," Lowry said.

"John's going with us, by the way, which is a mighty nice gesture."

"I see," Lowry said. "Toward whom?"

"The executives—shows D. P. has full confidence in them. You know perfectly well how you would have felt if he had been left here."

Though the cat was away for three weeks, neither the mice nor the men in the office engaged in play. The office was an agreeable and stimulating place which men and women could leave at five with a sense of accomplishment and without anxiety for what would come up in the morning.

Though it was a little dismaying to Lowry that the mere absence of the two Cramers could make for such contentment and satisfaction in his work, he found himself happier in it than he had been at any time. Evenings and weekends in Ridingtown were perfect, after the all-but-Arabian heat of the city. For the time being Tamargo, Daran's second man, was operating successfully in Caracas, and at the end of the second week after Daran's departure the engineers and calculators came up with the final price on the bridge. It was put on Lowry's desk for signature and dispatch. Curtis himself brought in the performance bond from the surety company. All that experience and care could do had been done. Each page of the supporting calculations bore the varicolored initials of the calculating experts. The profit, though large, was in line with the risks and time involved. There was a sense of elation and confidence in the office, and Evans and Curtis, with most of the principal subordinates, came in smiling to watch him sign.

Lowry signed. He told Miss Marshall to send the telegram Mr. Cramer had requested that it was done and what the price was. If they were the successful bidder, as he felt they would be, though the credit would not be his alone, it must inevitably make matters easier with Cramer.

He felt a great relief, mixed with elation. He wished Daran were still in Caracas to share in it, and thought of the not-unpleasing self-importance with which Harold Titcomb would have put on his hat and coat and gone out past the fountain and the flowers to the Venezuelan consul next door to have the papers notarized. Most of all, he thought of the pity that Jim Peale, who had really made it possible through Larus, should not even know of it. To call and tell him at his wretched desk in the Bronx would of course be cruel, but he felt like doing it and telling him his part was not forgotten.

He reached for his telephone and asked Miss Marshall to get Excello. When she connected him he asked to speak to Mr. Peale. The operator said he was no longer with the company and no, they didn't know where to reach him. He felt a sense of alarm and of responsibility. He told Miss Marshall he would be back in about an hour, or if he was delayed he would call her.

He took a taxi through the wilting humidity to the West End Avenue address and rang the bell of the apartment where Peale had had a room. A woman answered the ring, with the door on a chain, and said Mr. Peale had moved out a week ago.

"Did anything seem to be the matter?" he asked. "I'm a friend of his."

"No, he paid up, left money for his laundry," the woman told him.

"He left no forwarding address?"



"The next time he threatens to run away from home, Mrs. Tibbs, don't pass up a marvelous opportunity."



FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

3 Bar-b-clues

to sauces that sing...with the always-ready lean beef gravy



Like the special zing outdoor grilling gives meats? Then you're sure to want the special goodness FRANCO-AMERICAN Beef Gravy gives to barbecue sauces! Just a few flourishes and its savor will bring out the particular flavor of beef, chicken, pork—any meat! So here's the one easy way to a chef's selection of sauces! Keep several cans in the kitchen cupboard, too—for pouring roasting-pan goodness over potatoes, rice and sandwiches.

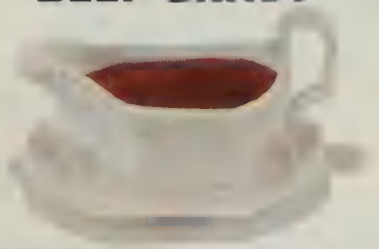
For Chicken—Dice 1 slice of bacon; grill over low heat until it's crisp. Blend in 1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy and ½ cup tomato ketchup; heat. Makes about 1¾ cups. Adds zest to outdoor appetites!

For Burgers (shown above)—Cook ¼ cup chopped onion in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine until tender. Stir in 1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy, 2 tbsp. pickle relish and 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce; heat. Makes 1½ cups.



For Frankfurters—Cook ¼ cup chopped onion in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine 'til onion is soft. Stir in 1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy and 1 tsp. prepared mustard; heat. Makes 1¼ cups. And hardly takes you from your lawn chair!

FRANCO-AMERICAN
BEEF GRAVY



Made from fine quality beef... ready to serve any time

"I was a Hollywood star,"
says **Juanita Hansen**
famous Mack Sennett beauty of silent films,





"then soft living caught up with me...

but I found Ayds and recaptured my figure!"



"I weighed 196 lbs.—now I'm 127. And to think I owe so much to Ayds candy. You see, I had lost the struggle to stay on top. I lost my figure, too. Finally, I determined to lose weight. But without Ayds help I wouldn't have done it. I guess Ayds low-calorie appetite-quieter is what helps. Ayds contains the vitamins and minerals your body needs. Before eating, I enjoyed delicious Ayds candy as directed. At mealtime, I wasn't hungry. I ate less. Fat disappeared. I'm so grateful for Ayds!"

PROVED BY DOCTORS: The Ayds Plan was proved conclusively against three other weight-reducing methods. Of the hundreds of men and women tested by doctors at a New England clinic, Ayds users lost nearly twice as many pounds as those using even the next best product—without *any* irritating side effects.

PROVED BY PUBLIC: Everywhere, Ayds users report losing up to ten pounds and more with their first box. Before reducing, see your doctor. Have him write for Medical Journal report of the famed Ayds test to Campana, Box MD, Batavia, Ill.

PROVE IT YOURSELF: You *must* lose weight with your first box, $2.98, or your money back. Get Ayds now. At drug and department stores.



Take **Ayds...**
first aid for overweight!

A Campana Product

"No. He was out late for him one night, about eleven-thirty. I had to get up to let him in. He got a call at six-thirty the next morning and he was out of here by eight."

"Do you know who it was called?"

"I was that sound asleep, I didn't even know whether it was a man or a woman. You're not a cop, are you, because, if you are, this is a respectable place, no funny business."

"No, no, I'm a friend. He wasn't upset by the call, you wouldn't say?"

"I don't think so, but you couldn't tell about him."

Lowry thanked her and left. Other than to call the lawyer whom Peale had seen several months ago, he could think of nothing to do. The lawyer said he had last seen Peale on May thirteenth and had no communication since then. The only encouraging thing was that he obviously had not left Excello with any charges against him.

There was a telegram from Cramer on Lowry's desk when he got back:

CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD LUCK. HOPE WE HAVE NOT BEEN AVARICIOUS.

He thought about Cramer. In a sense he had failed with Jim. Somehow such brotherhood as he thought existed should have forewarned him of the impending crash, and let him prevent it. In a totally different relation he must not fail with Cramer. If, as he thought to himself, he was the better man, he must make the qualities which he believed in—tolerance, good will, belief in the best in people—prevail over Cramer's devious ways and pettiness. To get along with men like Rutledge, Johnson or Caithness was no great credit.

That Friday even Ridingtown was under a pall of heat and humidity. The Hopkinses were coming to dinner and Rosalie telephoned Marcia to have her husband come in shorts and shirt.

"I'd like to go to the Equator and cool off after that train," Stephen said when Rosalie met him. "I'll kiss you after I've washed my face. We got the bridge bid off."

"You poor lamb," Rosalie said. "It's been suffocating here, so I can imagine New York. We have a very cool dinner. Cold consommé Waldorf, cold chicken and artichokes, and melon and Château d'Yquem."

"Good," he said. "I wish I could have a swim."

"The ocean was horrid, seventy-nine degrees, the pool seventy-five. I left the shower running to have it cold for you."

"You're an angel."

The Hopkinses arrived and Rosalie, coming out on the porch with the bowl of ice, found the two sunburned men sprawled in long chairs. "You look like two white hunters. I feel like somebody on safari in an Elspeth Huxley book."

"On high-class safaris," Lowry said, "the *mem-sahibs* wear jewels at dinner with their pajamas and mosquito boots. Where are your jewels? Where are your mosquito boots?"

"Is that a wounded water buffalo under those lilac bushes?" Hopkins asked.

"That's Smoky drinking out of the birdbath," Rosalie said.

"Not the birdbath, the water hole," Stephen said. "Save me the trouble of clapping my hands for another drink, please."

"Yes, *bwana*. I wish we were all on safari."

From inside the house there was a sudden thunder of feet and a tumult of voices.

"The bearers have evidently mutinied," Stephen said. At which their three children and two neighbor's burst through the door.

"Dad, can we run six times around the house and will you time us, please? Here's your watch. Can we—I mean may we? Don't say no, mum. Only six times."

"Will you please speak nicely to Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins?"

Richard, evidently not having seen the Hopkinses, controlled himself. "Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Hopkins? I'm very glad to see you. How have you been feeling?" In the midst of a courtly bow, he handed the watch to father. "Can we, dad? Good evening, How have you been feeling?"

"Thank you—not very well. Too old dently," Hopkins replied.

Lainvee curtsied to Mrs. Hopkins wit polite murmur of greeting, ending in, "And fair, no girls. Isn't that so, dad?"

The others were queueing up for bo "Just bow," Rosalie said; "don't put out th filthy hands. And you may not run at all this heat."

"Then, dad, won't Mr. Hopkins and y play batting practice with us? Please. It's early as anything. You'd like it, wouldn't y Mr. Hopkins?"

"Dears," Rosalie said firmly, "it is time Martin and Christopher to go home. It is ti for you to have baths."

"And no wet-towel fights," their father terjected. "Honor bright, now."

"Yes, dad. Mum, will you be up?"

"Yes, dear."

They trooped happily off with polite go nights.

"Have you ever thought of giving them vi mins?" Hopkins asked. "Think of wanting be timed around the house. God be merci to me, a sinner!"

Darkness brought small abatement to t damp, breathless heat of the day and a n ment's radio news announced "No relief sight from heat wave gripping the nation."

"Why don't we go for a swim in the cha nel from our dock?" Marcia asked.

"Our suits are at beach," Rosalie said.

"There are spare su in the boathouse," Mar said. "Come on. Yo sleep better."

"I'm for it," Lowry. sa Rosalie scurried upsta and came down with an c pair of trunks for Steph and an old suit of her ow Lowry went for his c as Hopkins made hims a final drink. When brought the car to the door, Marcia w waiting.

"They're following. You have to take me she said.

They drove through the winding lanes to h house, with the lights of the Hopkinses' c glaring in his mirror. The house was dark e cept for a hall light downstairs and the gard path to the boathouse dim in the moonle night. The only sound, as Hopkins led the w to the boathouse, was the slap of water again the dock and the rhythmic bumping of a ro boat against it.

"Tide's running out. Look, Lowry, why a suits at all? It's marvelous without the What do you say, Marcia?"

"I don't mind. Rosalie, are you game? It divine."

"Oh, I know, and it's terribly easy to pe suade a Balt not to wear a suit. It *is* dar Steve."

"Stephen's hesitating; he's so righteous."

"No, I'm not hesitating. I suppose we a sure no one's around." Lowry unbuttoned h shirt.

"No, no—girls first. We'll leave our cloth on the dock, Rosalie, by the ladder. You c dive. There's ten feet of water at low tide

"Is it all right, darling?" Rosalie half wh pered to Stephen.

"I heard that," Hopkins said. "There will nothing to offend the most fastidious lady the land. Just a nice bathe, as those Englis call it."

"In with you," Stephen said to Rosalie.

"Keep your distance," Marcia called fro the ladder, and dived in, with Rosalie after he

"Oh, it is marvelous. I didn't think I'd ev be cool again. What's the little bobbing ligh out there?"

"Buoy. Don't go near it. Barnacles," Ho kins replied as he dived in and, swimmin strongly, headed for mid-channel.

Stephen followed and swam to where Ros lie was. "'Like a white lily floating on the pea hags dark waters,'" he said, taking her in h arms.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

SAMUEL ULLMAN



More picnic fun because the work's all done with the STRONG aluminum foil...

new ALCOA WRAP

CHEESE-BACON WRAP-UPS

Spread sandwich buns with butter; fill with slices of cheese, strips of crisp cooked bacon. Wrap each bun in square of Alcoa Wrap, using tight double folds. Grill over low coals 10 to 12 minutes, turning frequently.

GRILLED CORN-ON-THE-COB

Brush husked corn with melted butter; salt, pepper. Wrap each ear in damp paper towel, place in Alcoa Wrap. Bring up sides, fold down onto corn in tight double fold; twist ends securely. Grill 20-25 minutes, turning frequently. Serve in opened packs.

PICNIC FRENCH FRIES

Place frozen French fries in center of double-thick square Alcoa Wrap; bring up sides; double-fold down onto French fries; fold ends up in tight double folds. If still frozen, grill over hot coals 20-25 minutes—15-20 minutes if defrosted in package. Turn several times; serve in opened packs.

Playtime? Plenty! And no time out for clean-up with convenient Alcoa® Wrap. You can grill a long list of tempting treats in Alcoa Wrap, then serve them right in their own foil containers. Keep picnic foods fresher in Alcoa Wrap, too. Next picnic, try these tasty delights. They're extra-good and easy with wonderful Alcoa Wrap.

Alcoa Wrap comes in three sizes:

STRONG
25-ft Package

MONEY-SAVING
75-ft Economy Package

HEAVY-DUTY
25-ft Freezer and Broiler Foil



FREE BOOKLET! "Summer Living with Alcoa Wrap"—including cook-out recipes and travel tips—is now in specially-marked packages of Alcoa Wrap at your favorite store.

VISITING NEW YORK THIS SUMMER? Learn how to *Live Light with Aluminum.* See the Alcoa Exhibit on Macy's 5th floor.

THE ALCOA HOUR
TELEVISION'S FINEST LIVE DRAMA

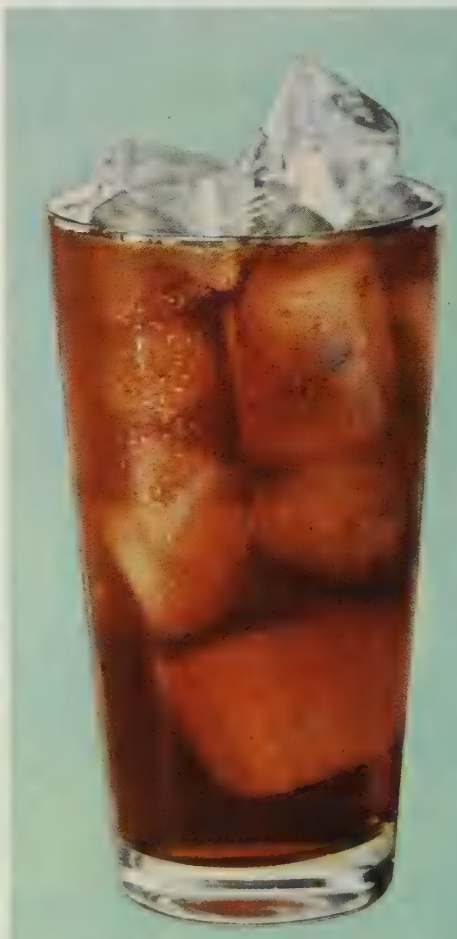
NEW ways to take an ICED "Coffee-break"



Iced Coffee Secret. Cream double-strength Iced Coffee with Carnation Evaporated Milk. Brings out richer coffee flavor – lighter in calories, too. It's the ideal mid-summer refresher with a snack, a sandwich, a tidbit.



Iced Coffee Float. Scoop some of your favorite flavor ice cream—coffee, vanilla, chocolate or other—into Iced Coffee. Just *taste* how delicious it is with a generous wedge of cake so easily made with Betty Crocker Cake Mix.



3 ways to make good Iced Coffee

1. Quick Method

Make extra-strength coffee by using ½ measuring cup (4 fluid ounces) of water for each Standard Measure (2 level tblsps.) of coffee — pour hot over ice cubes.

2. Pre-Cooled

Make coffee: 1 Standard Measure (2 level tblsps.) to each 6-oz. cup of water. Cool in covered *non-metal* container. For freshest taste, serve within three hours. Pour over ice cubes.

3. Instant

Mix *twice* the usual amount of instant coffee with a little water (hot or cold, according to brand)—add ice cubes, fill glass with water.

HINT: In refrigerator trays, freeze regular strength coffee into cubes — pour fresh coffee over them. Delicious — and no dilution!

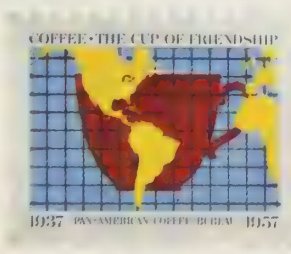
Good restaurants serve good Iced Coffee—enjoy it often!



Iced Coffee Mocha. Stir into Iced Coffee 2 tblsps. chocolate syrup and 2 tblsps. cream. Top with whipped cream if you like. A superb *complete* lunch when you serve it with a bacon sandwich made with Wilson Pan-Size Bacon — exactly sandwich size.



Iced Coffee Julep. Add a couple of drops of mint flavoring to Iced Coffee. Top festively with sprig of fresh mint. So cooling, especially with party-popular brownies, date bars and macaroons—quickly made with Betty Crocker Cookie Mixes.



Why Iced Coffee Makes Friends So Fast

Today's Iced Coffee is so versatile that there's a kind to delight *every* taste! And every kind is cooling and refreshing! You may choose to serve guests an exotic Continental variety—in your finest glassware. Or you may want the relaxing lift that only a regular Iced "Coffee-break" gives. Try America's favorite beverage, coffee, *iced*. The new and different ways to enjoy it make Iced Coffee fun for everyone!

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SEND FOR THESE COFFEE RECIPES NOW!

ONLY 10¢ for this exciting, helpful booklet, 32 colorful pages packed with information on best brewing methods, wonderful and new coffee recipes, serving suggestions and easy gourmet cooking hints. Write the Coffee Bureau for *Fun With Coffee* today!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

'Hey, none of that," Marcia called. "Ken, n't go out too far. Isn't it marvelous to feel water flow all around your arms and legs? ish Kenneth wouldn't go out so far."

'He used to be a fish," Lowry said, treading ter.

'He still is, but a rather heavy one and cer-ly a tired one tonight. Kenneth, don't be isocial. We're having fun."

'See you soon," he called back, his voice rying clearly over the water.

'I'm going to have two dives and call it ht. Rosalie?"

'No, a long float and a backstroke sprint l I'll be in."

'Believe it or not, I'm cold and I'm gulping. going in. I'll put towels by the ladder," rcia said and swam away toward the dock.

'Darling," Rosalie said, "not since we were Rhodes, do you remember?"

'Um," he said. "Every detail."

They saw Marcia go up the ladder and rry into the boathouse. "Go dive nicely," salie said and, turning on her back, started her out. They were then about twenty-five ds from the dock, pkins perhaps a hun-d.

n the long submerged onds of his jackknife e, Lowry did not hear sudden, frightened from Hopkins:

'Steve, come out! I'm in. I can't make it."

As Lowry came up I shook the water out his eyes, he heard salie answering, "I'm ning. Try to float. I tow you in."

Try, hurry," he heard pkins gasp, and then rcia ran to the edge the dock, calling, eve, untie the boat. get the oars."

Rosalie, swimming ngly, also called to g the boat. He real-d in an instant that as better to get the t in spite of the risk Rosalie of Hopkins' icking and pulling under. Marcia, pant-, ran out, dragging oars.

'It's all right," phen said. "Rosalie's ifesaver."

'Hurry, Steve, hurry. Ken, we're coming, ling," Marcia called, sliding down the slip-y incline to the boat, holding the oars.

Lowry had the painter loose and was over side, fitting the oars in the locks.

'Stay here," he said.

'No, no, I'm coming. I can row."

Over the water he heard Rosalie, "I've got n, but hurry, Steve."

'Try to get him on his back."

'I'm trying. I can't."

'Steer," Lowry ordered, "I'll row." The t boat skimmed over the quiet water.

'I can see both heads," Marcia said. "Oh, d, they're in that current, more on your t. They're being swept toward the buoy. , God, if they miss it."

'Steer for it ahead of them. We better be inst it."

e thought of the deadly embrace of a wning man around Rosalie and wanted to for her to save herself. He looked back-rd enough to see them forward on his right l made the terrible decision between them l the buoy.

'Crawl past me quick so you can tie up. going over after the next pull."

Marcia slithered past him like a snake as he pped his oars and slid over the side. The ep of the current was terrible. After the t kick he made no effort to swim against but only to keep his position.

'Don't fight," he yelled at Rosalie. "You'll ft here in a second."

'I've tied up," Marcia said.

"Take the oars. Keep broadside to us. It's all right, I've got them," he said as the two floated against him. "Can you make it?" he asked Rosalie.

She was panting hard. "Yes. He's terribly hard to hold. Have you got him?"

"Yes. Hang on to the boat till you get your breath." He turned on his back and pulled Hopkins on his back beside him.

Rosalie kept beside him, watching the boat, gasping, "You're all right. We're almost there. About ten feet."

"Go ahead," he said, turning his head to see his way. "In over the stern." Then all three of them drifted against the boat and, with one hand on the gunwale, he held Hopkins and himself. He suddenly realized he was not sure Hopkins was still alive. His mouth was open, the water splashing in, and he felt as dead as a wet flour sack. It was a marvel that Rosalie could have held even his head. Already he felt as though his own arm, holding the boat, would be pulled out of its socket.

"Try to get an arm and a leg over the stern," he said to Rosalie. "But don't try to pull yourself up until you've got your breath."

She made one effort and splashed back. Marcia leaned over the stern. "I've got my legs under the seat. When I lean over put your arm under my shoulder. Say when you're ready."

The second seemed eternity before Rosalie said "Ready," and he almost lost his own grip as the boat pounded up and down. Then it steadied and he heard her breathing above him and knew she was safe. Marcia's head was over the side and she was begging Kenneth to speak.

"Oh, Steve, he's not dead, is he?"

"No, I can feel his heart."

"We can hold his wrists until you get in."

"It won't help. We can't get him in that way. Have you got any flares?"

"No."

"Slap him hard across the face. Harder. Ken, try to help yourself. You're all right."

Hopkins made no answer.

"I better try to get us on the buoy. Pull up closer. Easy though."

"You'll be cut to pieces."

"I'm all right again," Rosalie said. "If I get in the water, can't the two of us lift him enough for Marcie to pull him in?"

"I don't think we can out of the water. I could tow him in, but I think he needs to be on his face—I'll try the buoy. It will only cut my feet. Get us around, stern in. Easy now."

Marcia took the oars and maneuvered them in, and Stephen, towing Kenneth, edged along the side. Rosalie slid in the water beside him and took some of the weight on herself.

"Wait, you can kneel on this bait box," Marcia said. There was just room for it between the supports for the bell and light.

"Rosalie, can you hold the boat? Grab that iron beam. Watch your fingers."

"Oh."

"Marcie, undo the painter and tie it around the seat. Good. All right. Let go, Rosalie. I'll slide out on the bait box face down. I think we can manage. You and Marcie hold him half a minute. Now I've got him. I'll lift him head first and dump him in."

"Wait," Rosalie said. "I've got a foothold. I'll help lift."

"All right, heave."

Hopkins' head and shoulder topped the stern an instant, Marcia tugging at his shoulders, and then he slipped back, Rosalie losing her footing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

NURSERY RHYME

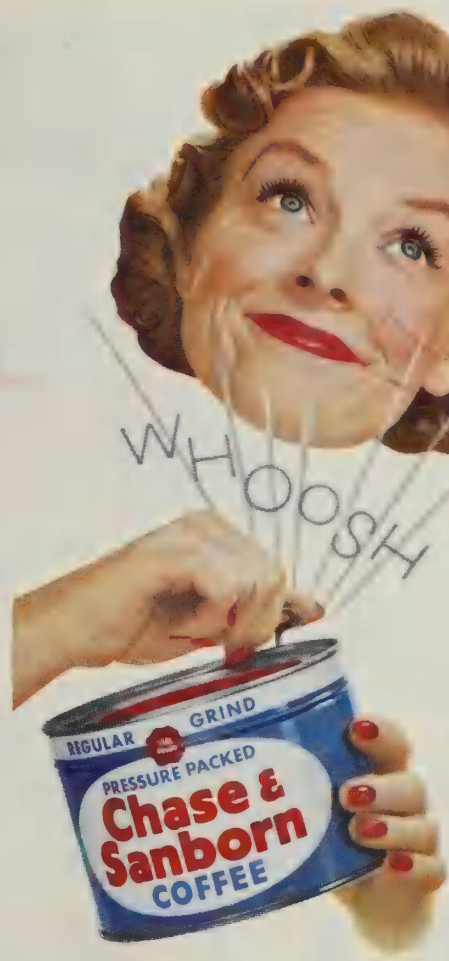
By MARY WEDEMEYER McCARTHY

Quicker than silver,
His thoughts are his deeds,
And loving and laughter
Are all that he needs.

Heedless as sunshine,
Enchanted, he knows
The ways of adventure
Wherever he goes.

But she in her stillness
Holds love in her eyes,
And her gestures of giving
Are tender and wise.

So I shall have music
The lovely day long—
My son is the singing,
My daughter, the song.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

This coffee tells you it's fresher...

...and that fresher Chase & Sanborn flavor makes really full-bodied iced coffee



Crowd the glass with ice! You'll still get full-bodied flavor if you start with Chase & Sanborn. Its fresher flavor won't be watered down by melting ice—or even cream. For Chase & Sanborn is the only leading coffee that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

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Fresher because it's pressure packed

Give yourself a FLAVOR BREAK

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THE FULL-BODIED COFFEE





So easy! 50% more jam... and fresher flavor

because you boil only 1 minute with SURE-JELL or CERTO



Recipe for perfect homemade strawberry jam. Crush *2 quarts* fully ripe berries to pulp. Mix 4½ cups prepared fruit in large saucepan with *1 box Sure-Jell*. (Or use liquid *Certo*—recipe on bottle.) Stir over high heat until mixture comes to hard boil.



Stir in 7 cups of sugar, at once. Bring to full rolling boil, then boil hard *1 minute*, stirring constantly. This short boiling time means less juice boils away. So you get up to 50% higher yield—and the flavor comes through fresher with *Sure-Jell* or *Certo!*



Remove from heat, alternately stir and skim off foam for 5 min. Ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Yield: 11 medium glasses, for mere pennies a glass! And you're *sure* of perfect results, with either powdered *Sure-Jell* or liquid *Certo!*



Sure-Jell and Certo are brands of pect . . . the fruit substance that causes jellin The amount of pectin in fruits varies— *Sure-Jell* or *Certo* takes the guesswork o of jam and jelly making. Recipes with pac age and bottle. Products of General Foods

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

'It won't do. I've got him," Lowry said, nting.

Then across the water they heard the wail a police-car siren and its searchlight from boathouse lit up the water. They could see policemen on the dock, and some other ple.

A police voice called, "Are you in trouble there?"

"Yes," Marcia called. "A man is drowning." "We've radioed the Coast Guard. They're ning."

"Get a boat from the next dock and hurry."

"O.K., hang on."

Rosalie slithered back into the boat. Ste- n saw blood running down her thighs ere the barnacles had sliced her. She lay , facing him, holding one of Hopkins' sts. Down channel he heard the horn of the ast Guard patrol boat coming toward them, l saw the police putting off from the dock.

"Get a doctor and blankets," he yelled to people on the dock.

"O.K.," they called back.

"You better lie down on your stomachs," said to the girls. "We'll get Ken in the other t."

Then it pulled up beside him. "It's Mr. pkins. Get him in your boat." Even for the police the lift was a heavy one, and for a ment Stephen felt so exhausted he was not e he could row ashore.

The officers glanced at the women without nment and one set about artificial respira- immediately.

"We'll row in," Stephen said. "Get him re as quick as possible. He's swallowed a of water."

"It's running out of him. Sure you can make " they asked. "There's another of our cars v, if you want 'em to come out for you."

"No, it's all right," he said, climbing into boat with Rosalie and Marcia. He could the lights of more cars and hear more ces around the dock. "Get your partners to o the sight-seers away, will you? We've lost suits."

"Yeah, so I see," the one who was rowing lied.

As the police left, the girls scrambled onto the stern seat, Marcia sobbing against Rosalie. Stephen thought of the nightmare dream of being naked in a crowd which would be reality at the dock, and started to row slowly after the other boat.

"Stephen, what will we do?" Rosalie asked.

"We'll manage. Are you badly cut?"

"No, it just hurts. It's only the front of my legs."

"Do you think Kenneth will live?" Marcia sobbed.

"He'll be all right. You both better turn over. We're coming into the lights."

"Call to somebody that there are big towels in the boathouse," Marcia said, "though I don't care who sees me if Kenneth is all right."

He backed on his oars twenty-five feet from the dock, and swung around to watch the four officers bring Kenneth up the ladder. Then Doctor Hovey's voice called to them that he was there. Only three figures besides the police were on the dock, but he could see a ring of spectators farther back.

"My shorts and shirt are by the ladder," Stephen said. "I better swim in and get in them and I'll bring towels to the ladder for you. Can you take the oars, darling?"

"Yes, hurry. I'm awfully cold. I hate to have you go in the water again."

"Nonsense," he said, slipped in and swam to the ladder.

A woman, crouched by it, called, "It's Mary Hovey, Mr. Lowry. Are you all right?"

"Yes. Can you hand down my shorts? They're there."

"Yes, and I have towels for the girls."

"Oh, good. Come in," he called to them. "Mrs. Hovey's here with towels."

"And brandy," she called. "Ken's coming around."

Chilled as he was, his thin shorts and shirt felt like warm parkas as he got into them, and reached up for the towels.

"Back in," he said to Rosalie. "The rope's at the stern."

She swung the boat around and he caught the painter and wound it around his arm.

"Go ahead, Marcie," Rosalie said, shipping her oars neatly.



By MUNRO LEAF

What, oh what can we do to cure these? It is a Foot-Sitter that has just about ruined that perfectly clean sofa. If you have ever seen Foot-Sitters you know that they never sit down without folding a foot underneath them, and you may also know that they never look to see how dirty or muddy their feet are before sitting. Lucky is the house that doesn't have a Foot-Sitter—or if there is one, let's hope it takes its shoes off first.

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DO THIS NOW: Mail coupon on this page and one Pream label (Economy or Regular Size) *plus:* one label from *any* instant coffee, *or* one inch of metal winding strip from *any* coffee can, *or* the front half of *any* coffee bag to PREAM, BOX #3, Clinton, Iowa.



However you "cream" your coffee—

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Extra creaminess. Pream is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. The exclusive Pream® process captures their fresh taste for your table.

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Address_____

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Limit 1 per family. Offer good in U.S. and Canada. Expires June 30, 1957.

He gave her a hand. Mrs. Hovey reached down to help her. Rosalie followed.

"You poor angel," he said, wrapping her up in the big towel the doctor's wife had brought. "You were marvelous."

"Darling," she said, "'when children are bad, they always, always get hurt.'"

Past midnight they reached their house. Doctor Hovey, uncertain as to the extent of shock, had ordered Kenneth to the hospital. Marcia had gone off in the ambulance with him. The police completed their questions and answers in their memorandum books. Doctor Hovey, after a glance at Rosalie's ugly wounds, told them to go to his office for a better look.

Lying under the bright light on his table, with Mrs. Hovey on one side and Stephen on the other, while the doctor washed off the blood, Rosalie, trying not to wince, said, "Darling, I have been immodest for the last time in my life. Hereafter I'm going to be swathed like a nun."

Doctor Hovey roared with laughter. "That's what they all say. You're all right. Nothing to do. Salt water's done it."

When they turned into their drive, the house was dark except for a table lamp, lit in the hall. They went upstairs together to the boys' room. Both were lying in the deep sleep of childhood and Rosalie carefully removed a baseball bat, a fielder's glove and some wearing apparel from each bed. Across the hall a small girl-tea-rose was sound asleep amid complete and tidy order. Shoes were together, robe over chair and clean clothes for the morrow laid out.

With a sigh of maternal love, Rosalie kissed her, and Lowry and she stole across the hall to their room. The darkness was heavy with French perfume and they lit the lamps on a scene of chaos. One evening dress was on the floor, two others on the bed, four pairs of evening slippers were scattered around the room. The glass-topped dressing table was covered with a snow of bath and face powder and the tops were off all the bottles of perfume. On the table was a sheet of paper on which, a small hand had written:

Dear Mummy: I hope you had a good time. I had fun dressing up.

Your Darling Lainvee.

P.S. I washed my face well afterwards.

P.P.S. Peter has written to daddy under your telephone.

P.P.S. Smoky was quite sick. It was too many eclairs. Too bad.

Rosalie handed the note to Lowry. He read it through. "They know they are not supposed to feed the dog," he said pompously.

"Feed the dog!" Rosalie cried. "Look at this room. Look at my dressing table. What horror has Peter written you about?"

The scrawl under the telephone was brief.

Dear Dad: A man came and wanted to take a picture of mum and you. He said he had one he got at Mr. Hopkins' dock but wanted a better one. I guess he will be back.

Smoky didn't make much of a mess. I guess eating grass is bad for him.

Your loving son,

PETER.

Lowry read it aloud.

"Stephen, who could it have been?"

"Maybe no one. Possibly a reporter."

"Oh, how could I have let us get in such a situation! I should have said no; I knew it at the time. Somehow Cramer will find it out."

At first light that morning Lowry was awakened by the wind and rain, driving in a full easterly against the bedroom windows. The wet, cold air felt wonderfully tonic as he got up to close them. Then he stole out to the children's rooms and closed their windows. How safe the house and those in it now seemed. As softly as possible he slipped back into the warm bed and Rosalie, still asleep, moved closer to him, pillowing her head on his shoulder, so that her hair tickled his chin and nose. The most beautiful and thoughtful of women, he thought with regret, never seem to realize how unendurable that can become. He endured it as long as possible and then moved very slightly away, whereupon Rosalie, moving closer again, announced in clear, grieved tones:

"Now you've wakened me. Why can't you lie still? I want to sleep."

"I can't sleep with your crowning glory tickling me. I'm going to get up. I'll get my own breakfast."

"How *can* you be so vigorous? What time is it?"

"Oh, about five."

"It's ten after five," a small voice from the open doorway said. "Can I get in your bed, mummy?" Lainvee asked.

"Go back to bed at once," Rosalie said sternly.

"Can't I even watch daddy shave?"

"Lainvee," Stephen said, "your mother's very tired. Now go back to bed, dear."

"I never get to do anything. I've been down to see Smoky. He's all right today."

When Lowry shaved and bathed and came back into the bedroom, Rosalie was sitting up sleepily, examining the cuts on her legs. She sank back on the pillows and pulled up the covers.

"Would you like me to bring you some orange juice and coffee?" he asked, hastily dressing.

"Please not, for four hours. Close the door after you and turn that telephone off." As he bent to kiss her, she saw Peter's note on the night table. "Darling, you don't suppose any one really took a picture of us, do you, or that there'll be anything in the papers?"

"There might be something. After all, you did save Kenneth's life. But certainly nothing to worry about."

He fixed a fine big breakfast, retrieved the morning paper from the rain-swept doorway, glanced quickly through it and settled himself behind the closed door of the library with the notes of Principal Errors. Later he vaguely heard the maids and then the children come down to breakfast.

It seemed to him he had never seen so clearly the direction the book was to take or realized how far organized its material already was. Synopses of several chapters flowed from his pen, full of fresh ideas and points of view.

The house was utterly quiet except for the beating rain on the windows and it was almost ten o'clock when the telephone beside him rang.

It was Kenneth Hopkins, calling from the hospital, full of apologies. He was quite recovered and going home after lunch. He would never forgive himself, etc., etc. Lowry soothed him and returned to work as the phone rang again.

The call was answered simultaneously by Richard and Rosalie and himself. A little girl wanted Lainvee to come for lunch. Lainvee took the phone from Richard.

"Oh, I can't possibly, Lindsay. I have to talk to mummy as soon as she wakes up, because she had her picture taken."

"Dear, your mummy is awake," Rosalie said from the extension.

Some minutes later, in white housecoat, looking tired but beautiful, she appeared in the library. "Nice, quiet morning," she said. Lowry shook his head sadly, and reached again for the ringing telephone.

"For you," he said, handing it to her. "Jane Alden, long distance."

He could hear both ends of the talk that followed.

"Darling, how *are* you?"

"Oh, fine."

"We're cursing our luck at being up here in Connecticut out of it all. How did you manage that enormous Kenneth?"

"Steve and Marcie and the police did most of it."

"Listen, darling, I'm dying to know, was it one of the Hopkinses' special after-dark swims?"

"What do you mean?"

"Birthday suits. You can be sure everyone will suppose so, so it's best to laugh and say yes if there are jokes about it. Only you do have to be careful about Mrs. Rossiter at the school. She absolutely refused to have those darling Van Tromp children after Sheila was on such a party there. Save all the dirt for me, dear. I'll be back Monday after lunch."

For the rest of the morning neighbors continued to call and in the brief intervals the children alternated in telephoning their familiars about the rescue.

"It's like a funeral, dear," Rosalie said, legs stretched out to the fire, "when they say 'She had so many friends.'"

"I've been thinking ——" Stephen said.

"In this tumult? You really are wonderful."

"That I wish we could fly to England and spend ten days at Oxford, really working."

"Dear, we haven't the money."

The telephone rang again. The caller said he was Joe Casey from one of the news agencies and that his partner, Rudy Ekler, had got a shot of them at the dock but he'd like to come and get another. And there were just a few points they wanted to be clear on.

"We got you clear, Mr. Lowry, the vice president of Continental Industrial Company

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

Defeat comes not so much from physical effects, as from a state of mind which makes men reduce or cease their efforts.

GEN. CHARLES P. SUMMERALL

How to Save time on stove cleaning

Never were stoves so easy to clean - but when foods spatter or spill and burn on - you need S.O.S®



Griddle: Rub briskly with S.O.S. The combination of sturdy fibers and soap wipes off greasy crust, makes griddles gleam!



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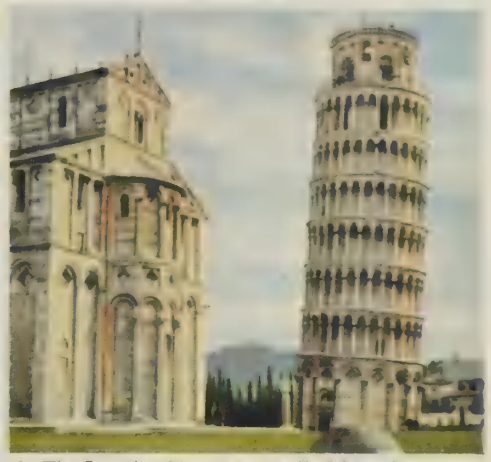
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2. Gondolas on the Grand Canal in romantic_____.



3. The Leaning Tower awes all visitors in_____.

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rips to Italy! Nearly 1000 exciting prizes!

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The five top winners in Chef's big oliday-in-Italy Contest will receive a glorious free 2-week vacation for two—plus $500 cash to spend as they please!

They'll stop at the finest hotels, dine in the grand Italian manner, enjoy the holiday of a lifetime!

Take a holiday from cooking with HEF BOY-AR-DEE Italian-style foods!



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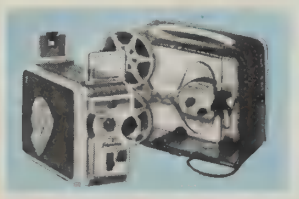
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6th prizes: 100 beautiful "Watches of Celebrities" by **Helbros** with 17 lifetime jewels, unbreakable mainspring! For men or women.



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OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Fill in the name of the city in which each of the above Italian scenes is located and complete in 25 words or less the following sentence: "I like Chef Boy-Ar-Dee..... (fill in the name of product) because..... ....." Use either an official entry blank or a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address clearly. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee label or box top or a reasonable facsimile thereof.
2. Send your entries to: Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Holiday-in-Italy Contest Box 34C, Mount Vernon 10, New York Entries must be postmarked no later than July 31, 1957 and received by August 10, 1957. Your entries must be your own work, submitted in your own name.
3. Any resident of the Continental United States or Canada may enter this contest except employees (and their immediate families) of American Home Products Corp., its affiliates and their advertising agencies.
4. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on: (a.) the correct location of the three pictures, (b.) the originality of thought, sincerity of expression, and appropriateness to the product described in the 25-word completion. Judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. All entries become the property of American Home Products Corporation, and none will be returned.
5. Winners will be notified by mail or in person approximately 30 days after the close of contest. Prizes will be awarded as listed hereon. Trips must be taken before June 30, 1958. A complete list of winners will be mailed to any contestant who encloses with his entries a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
6. This contest is subject to federal, state and local laws, ordinances and regulations, and is not open to contestants in any area where state or local laws, ordinances or regulations render participation illegal.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Mail to: **Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Holiday-in-Italy Contest Box 34C, Mount Vernon 10, New York**

Write in names of cities identified above.

1 ..... 2 ..... 3 .....

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less:

I like Chef Boy-Ar-Dee .....(name of product)

because .....

.....

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

(Enclose Chef Boy-Ar-Dee label, box top or reasonable facsimile thereof)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

that's right, and Mr. Hopkins is a lawyer. Got his firm all right."

"Well, I'm not *the* vice president and my company is Continental Industries Corporation, but we don't want a story in the papers about it."

"Somebody told us your wife who made the rescue is foreign. Do you happen to know where from?"

"Now look, Mr. Casey," Lowry told the reporter, "we don't want to make a performance just because one of our friends swam out a little far and we gave him a hand. That's not news."

"Listen, Mr. Lowry, it's news and it's my hard luck it was too late for the morning papers, but when all parties don't have a stitch on, it ought to be good tonight and tomorrow with Ekler's shot. Give us a break and we'll give you one. Think of what a heroine your wife is. The TV show, Thrill of the Week, is going to want her. Where'd you say she's from? I'm just asking you to co-operate a little."

"I appreciate it, Mr. Casey, and I know you have your job to do, but really we haven't anything to say."

"O.K., if that's the way you want it," Mr. Casey said and hung up.

"Well," Stephen said to Rosalie, "I don't know whether I was wise or not. I suppose if he's sore he'll make more of it."

"I heard the 'don't have a stitch on' part. I am so mad at myself. Do you suppose they'll print it?"

"Oh, I don't think so really. Would you mind my reading this synopsis to you?"

"No," she said. When he finished she said it was very good and asked, "When will we know about the papers?"

At three o'clock he splashed through the rain on foot to the village for an afternoon paper. The news dealer said there was nothing in about them yet, but there was a later editi If he liked, a boy would deliver it.

Rosalie was asleep again when he got b and he resumed work on Principal Erro Looking much better, she appeared for just as the newsboy brought the later editi There was brief mention of the heroic resc but no picture and no reference to clothi It did say Mrs. Lowry was a society matr and mother of three, and gave Hopki weight.

"You see," Lowry said, putting his a around her, "conscience doth make cowa of us all. Now can you take a little more act interest in Principal Errors?"

"Yes, sir," she said meekly. "But it would have been very nice, and it made me ill think about Mr. Cramer. Let's play gan with the children tonight. They've been a fully good all day."

When Lowry went down in slippers a bathrobe for the papers Sunday morning, w the rain still falling, he found, along with t Times and Herald Tribune, unordered cop of two tabloids and a local South Shore pap There, in the last three, was the story w Ekler's shot on the dock of Rosalie and M cia, wrapped scantily in towels. There wa wealth of detail, biographical and otherwi about Diving Godiva, café society's candid for the Carnegie Medal, who had first swu as a girl on her estates behind the Iron C tain in Estonia before meeting the dashi war hero, now a New York executive.

The Times and Herald Tribune gave a f prosaic lines to the story. Lowry read other accounts again, feeling ill himself. T telephone rang.

"Mr. Lowry, this is Schantz, your pap man. I sent you both the tabloids. Will y want me to set aside any more for you to se your friends before they're sold out?"

"No, thanks very much. It won't be nec sary," Lowry said. He wished there were so way he could spare Rosalie. He wished, fact, he knew just what to do. You could buy up a whole issue and you could no lon horsewhip editors.

He tore out the various pages and we upstairs. Rosalie yawned, stretched a turned back the covers in one gesture.

"Dear," he said, "here are the stories. B fore you read them, remember that everybo won't see them and, of those who do, m won't care. Between laughing or crying ov them, it's better to laugh, and ——"

"Undressed?"

"Um, yep. However, if in addition to bei undressed, you had swum ashore and aba doned Kenneth, the story would be worse

"It's all very well for you to laugh about but I should have known enough to say n You're not supposed to do such things, a when you do they get found out."

She got out of bed, quickly donned a ro and went into the bathroom, locking the do behind her. Lowry dressed and went dow stairs.

At breakfast even he felt that the childr looked at their parents with accusing qu tions in their eyes.

"I feel simply horrible," Rosalie said to h later. "I am sure the children know, probab from a friend who heard her mummy a daddy discussing it. I'll be ashamed to go the beach—outside of the fact that my legs a a sight. I've behaved as though I had no sen of decency or responsibility. I resent the at tude people have about European women, a I act as though you had found me in the Pla Pigalle. I am horrified when I think of wha would have said to the children if they'd do it."

"Dear," he said patiently, "stop worryi about it so. It's over with."

"You always say to me things are over wit when they're not."

Late in the afternoon a telegram arriv for Mrs. Stephen Lowry. It was from Chica and said:

HAVE SEEN TIMES ACCOUNT YOUR DARIN RESCUE. PLEASE ACCEPT SINCEREST CO GRATULATIONS ON THIS NOBLE DEED I WHICH MRS. CRAMER AND JOHN JOIN ME. W THANK GOD YOU ARE SAFE.

D. P. CRAMER



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ou see," Lowry said. "That's all it was, ble deed.'"

eight Monday morning Kenneth Hop- telephoned. "Steve, are we speaking?" ked.

ure."

wouldn't blame you if you weren't," said. "but do you want to drive in? I know that I can face the club car. I'm dfully sorry and ashamed to have got n the papers."

've been thinking about the club car, but nk I better face it," Lowry told him. nks, though."

m terribly, terribly sorry about it," Ken ogized.

Well, cheer up. It isn't a tragedy. We're ive."

e club car was an ordeal. The faces of ellow travelers were either hidden behind papers or they wore fixed smiles of charity ellowship, as though to say, "You're still mber of an exclusive club car." A third on kept grinning, if not leering, with the ication that Stephen could give them the details over a drink later.

most the entire office force stopped him questions or congratulations as he made ay to his office. No tabloid clippings were idence, but as he passed the president's door he saw Miss Wilkins busy with scissors on some paper. His telephone was for an hour with congratulations mixed jests of friends such as, "What was the er with you? Lose your water wings?"

osalie telephoned him toward noon to say, alized after you left that the question of e Jim is would come back to you this ning. A letter written to me yesterday in the mail. All he says is: 'Dear Rosalie: t read in the Times of your very brave res- f Kenneth Hopkins and want to send you nost heartfelt congratulations. I have been fortunate in being able to leave Excello have real assurance of getting everything ghtened out very shortly.' He doesn't give ddress. Are you relieved?"

"Yes, but what can he mean 'get everything straightened out'?" Lowry asked. "Mailed from New York?"

"Yes."

"Well, thanks, darling," he said. "Are you all right?"

"Um, managing. The South Shore Breeze called up and wanted to take pictures of the house and of me with the children. I couldn't face the beach yet. I sent the children over and was at loose ends, so I've done quite a bit on Principal Errors. I was amazed, darling, at how much you got done yesterday. You're so smart and so precious. No more now. I love you. Good-by."

Just before lunch Curtis came in and spoke nicely of the rescue. Stephen, feeling that he had been right about few people reading the tabloid story, told him of Cramer's telegram to Rosalie.

Curtis seemed unimpressed. "I thought you might care to read this," he said and handed him a letter from Cramer:

While in Lebanon yesterday I took my friend Bresnahan into my confidence as to my serious doubts about the value we were getting from Frank Parry's services as head of the engine unit. Bresnahan fully agreed with me. He believes, as I do, that if Mr. Rutledge and Mr. Johnson had not had their sympathies worked on by the fact that Parry has a domestic situation and that backward child, he would have been out long ago. True, the plant is not badly run, but that's not enough. I am sure you will agree that we don't owe Parry a thing. Bresnahan, as you know, is worth upwards of a million dollars. His quarry, his store and his fertilizer-spreader company in Lebanon are among the smallest of his companies. I think, in fact I have reason to know, all we have to do to get the fertilizer-spreading company for a buck and a dime, as the boys say, is to throw the engine company under his son-in-law who runs the spreader company. The son-in-law only draws $8000 and bonus, figured on spreader units shipped. Parry, you realize, has been upped to 10. I think we might fix young Shattelcutter's salary—his uncle is Senator Shattelcutter, of Iowa—at 12, but you may think this too high. I think this can be handled as a matter of executive action and doesn't need to go to the board, though I would, of course, tell Mr. Delano. I think all this shows how important it is for us all to get out in the field. D.P.C.

"We stayed in town yesterday because of the storm," Curtis said, taking it back, "and I found myself reading some Walter Bagehot. I copied this bit. It may interest you. 'A large corporation is exactly the place where a vain and shallow person in authority, if he be a man of gravity and method, as such men often are, may do infinite evil in no long time and before he is detected.' I suppose I must do as he asks."

"But Charley," Lowry said, "you can't let him do this. I've only met Parry, but we can't let this happen to the poor guy. He's had a terrible life."

"I know we shouldn't," Curtis said. "I suppose I'm tired or old, but I don't have the mental or maybe it's the moral energy to fight. You feel strongly about it. I was sure you would. Why don't you fight the battle?"

"I don't think I can do that," Lowry said. "The letter isn't to me. It would only annoy Cramer and probably harm Parry's chances. I should certainly think, though, that a strong refusal from you would be enough."

NEXT MONTH

Ruth Madison is a young schoolteacher—held hostage for the lives of 38 school children by two escaping bank robbers in the Arizona desert.

CAPTIVE

the new novel by the Gordons tells the story, beginning in the

July JOURNAL

"Stephen, I'm sorry for Parry, but I don't want a row with Cramer. I've got four years to go before retirement."

"Well, you're not going to spend them agreeing to things like this, are you?"

"It's difficult for you, in the prime of life, to realize how much you want peace after sixty. If you don't want to write Cramer—and I see no reason why you shouldn't say I told you about it—then see Delano or Channing. Tell them how strongly you feel."

"But Charley, you've known Parry all these years. I haven't. I know almost nothing definite about his record."

"I suppose you're right, but about two minutes ago you said, '*We* can't let this happen to him.' Now it isn't 'we' when it comes to doing something."

"It's so absolutely clear that you are the natural person to do it. You're the senior officer next to Cramer. You can say 'No' and make it stick. For the moment just write Cramer you'll discuss it when he gets back. Then tell him it's a mistake, and if he persists, tell him you won't stand for it."

"Well, Stephen, I'll tell you this. I don't think you want a showdown with Master Cramer any more than I do. As far as I'm concerned, Parry will have to look out for himself."

Lowry spent a troubled night. He reached his office at his usual hour and was told that Mr. Hewitt was trying to reach him from Chicago.

"Steve, I didn't want to call you at home last night, but I thought you ought to know. Cramer's got all that stuff about you in the tabloids from Miss Wilkins and he's really on a tear. I'm doing my best to quiet him, of course, but he's out for blood. You know the high moral line he can take—well, it was something to hear. I can't advise you what to do, but I'm frankly worried. I don't want to talk any more in case he comes in. Just watch your step. Have some story ready."

(To be Concluded)



LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

pictures in their Hungarian dress . . . Pista and Janos.

Janos. . . . Mitsi leaned closer to take another look at the honest round face. She smiled at the picture tenderly, for he had been her first love in the far-off days when he was twelve and she was ten. He was the head keeper's son. Beautiful games they had together. Wolves chased them over icy steppes, and they shot pretended bears together with wooden guns. He had made a tree house for her, where they kept house together. How clever he had been. He could turn his hand to anything, indoors or out. Full of ambition, Janos had been. They had sat on a fallen tree looking over the flat green country, holding hands, while he sketched for her the life he had planned for himself. He did not intend to remain a country boy. He meant to get on in the world. "You will see, *nagisaya*," he said solemnly, using always the courteous form of address to her. "I shall become a rich man."

A charming innocent interlude that had been, a song before sunrise that ended the day her mother called her into her room.

"Now that you are no longer a child, these games with Janos must stop, *dragan*. While you were still a child, it did not matter. Now you are becoming a young woman."

"But, mother, Janos will be so shocked, so hurt," she had said, appalled.

"Janos," said her mother calmly, "has good sense. He will not be hurt. Perhaps I should tell you that it is Janos' father who has spoken to me about it. It is no longer fitting that you should run about wild with his son as in the past. This," said her mother placidly, "is a sensible and good family. They know their place."

So it had to be. In those days one did not argue with one's parents. After that Mitsi saw Janos only from afar, when he carried in the logs, or came to take away the guns and clean them, or her father's uniforms to be brushed. And once they had met in the wood at the back of the house, and had a friendly talk together.

"You must always be my friend," she had said impulsively.

"Give me the rose you are wearing, *nagisaya*," he said, so she gave him the rose, and he stuck it in his coat. There could be no harm in that. It was a small tight half-opened flower, white, with the heart tinged with gold.

Soon after that she became engaged to Ference.

The wedding had been a splendid affair with feasting and dancing, and lit candles in the church swimming before her eyes in a mist of tears. Not that there had been anything to cry about. Ference had been a good husband.

Janos had worn Hungarian dress, and had come in and helped with the reception, and he bowed very low over her hand when she went away, and said, "God's blessing go with you wherever you are, *nagisaya*."

Where were they all now, those happy people who had danced so gaily that summer's day? Dead? Deported? She would never know. They had lost sight of one another, families broken and separated, lost to one another in the ghastly exodus over the frontier.

There had been difficult times for Mitsi and many a hateful memory. There was the small seedy man who had oiled up to her in the endless queue where she had had to wait so interminably for her work permit on a chilly London winter afternoon. Out of one corner of his mouth he had spoken to her:

"You got fifty pounds to spare?"

She looked at him aghast. How could she have fifty pounds; and even if she had had it was it likely she could spare it?

"Fifty pounds down, and I'll get you a husband. British," he said. "All ticketty-boo. Lots of them are doing it. Then you won't have to bother with all this."

It had seemed, somehow, the ultimate humiliation. Tears had streamed from her eyes as she turned her back on him. Thank goodness, she thought, remembering it, that racket had been put an end to, but the memory of it sickened her still.

She had managed to build up a sort of life for herself in the Parkinsons' home. They knew nothing about her, save that she was a displaced person who could cook. They were kind to her in a condescending fashion.

"A real treasure," Mrs. Parkinson called her to her friends, but she did not say it to Mitsi herself, for fear of giving her ideas above her station.

Mrs. Parkinson came down to the kitchen after dinner that night. It was a thing she seldom did, and Mitsi wondered uneasily if something was wrong, but it was all right.

"I thought I'd best tell you at once, Mitsi. We have a big party next month. As you know Mr. Parkinson has many foreign business connections, diplomats as well as businessmen, and they are to be in London for a conference. We feel we must entertain them."

Mitsi said dutifully, "Yes, madam," as she had been taught to do.

"There will be some of your own countrymen coming," Mrs. Parkinson said, "which will be nice for you. We shall not expect you to do it all yourself. Mr. Parkinson is arranging for a good caterer to take over, but we thought some of your special Hungarian dishes ——"

"I shall make them very beautifully for you," said Mitsi; but at the thought of some of her countrymen arriving on the scene, her heart sank. Whoever they might be, she had no wish for them to see her as she now was, and she knew too well that all the news she was likely to get from her country would be bad news. "You will not wish me to come upstairs into the dining room," she said quickly.

Mrs. Parkinson looked disappointed. "Mr. Parkinson and I had thought it would be nice if you would help serve in your Hungarian dress."

ALWAYS A HAPPY CHOICE — those delightful Dundees!

Whether you like them balloon-bright or soft as candlelight . . . striped or sprinkled with twinkle, you'll find them all in your favorite budget-bracket. And downy Dundees keep their good looks-appeal and feel-appeal with nary a care!

Dundee Towels



CROYDON, a wonderfully gay way to add drama to your shower decor! Carry striped, edged in licorice-black. Bath Towel about 59¢

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LUXURY—ensemble in white or colors, with magnificent Metlon gold metallic. Reinforced with Dacron/Nylon. Bath Towel about $1.49

JEWEL—for a breathtaking bathroom! Chalk-striped gemstones flickering with Metlon. Ensemble with fingertips. Bath Towel about $1



DUET, twin-bordered bath-beauty in colors that practically sing! Available in complete ensemble for a fresh new look! Bath Towel about $1

CLASSIC—nicest thing that ever happened to a bathroom! Puff-soft ensemble with smart dobby border. Bath Towel about $1.29

CHANTILLY—the nap of luxury! Sumptuous, angel-touch terry in decorator colors. Dobby-bordered ensemble. Bath Towel about $1.79

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ALL BATH ACCESSORIES COURTESY SHERLE WAGNER

Mitsi said, "No. Everything I will do for you, but not that."

Back in the big comfortable library with its wood fire Mrs. Parkinson said, "There's something funny about Mitsi. I know she's a treasure and all that, but it's quite obvious she has something to hide."

"Remembering that goulash of hers, I'd have her do it," said Mr. Parkinson, an easy-going man.

Waiters came from the catering department, bringing gold chairs in a green van bearing the name MacGreggor and Co., Ltd. Bringing long trestle tables and piles of white pottery, and glass and china. They also brought, on the day of the party, some quite appalling floral arrangements in pots. It was more than Mitsi could bear.

"May I please arrange them a little?" she asked, and the headwaiter said, "Do as you like, as long as you make it plain when the boss comes it was none of us touched them." So she pulled out the poor tortured roses that were crammed into china baskets of horrible design, and rearranged them so that they looked at home. *Not like displaced persons herded in a queue*, thought Mitsi, smiling to herself. And she arranged the carnations and the lilies of the valley each with its own kind, with long sprays of their own green with them, as way flowers should be. Even the headwaiter, sucking his teeth, agreed.

"Pretty, I will say," he remarked. "But what the boss will make of it is another cup of tea."

Upstairs in the library Mrs. Parkinson said to Mr. Parkinson, "I am going to ask your Hungarian friend from the embassy down to see Mitsi, since she refuses to appear. Maybe he can tell us where she comes from and something about her."

"My dear girl, he is more likely to know everything about our old cook. Let well alone. Maybe she has her own reasons for not wanting to appear."

"I feel certain she has," Mrs. Parkinson said dryly.

"Where the apple reddens, never pry. As Kipling puts it," said Mr. Parkinson. It wasn't Kipling, but he happened to be the only poet Mr. Parkinson knew.

Down in the kitchen, with no idea what was brewing for her, Mitsi made her special goulash, and she made *almas retes* and *kremes pites*, crisp and golden and inviting, piled high on Mrs. Parkinson's flowered china dishes. The buffet stood glistening and inviting, all ready. The caterer's men stubbed out their cigarettes and put on their best faces and their black coats, and a large shining automobile drove to the door. Mitsi thought it was the part of the guests, but the headwaiter said it was Mr. MacGreggor come to see everything was O.K.

"And it's O.K. about your flowers. Real pleased with them, the boss was. He asked us who did them, so we told him the cook. He's coming down presently to thank you."

Mitsi said quickly, "No. I am not at home to anyone. I am busy and cannot see them."

"What he wants to do, he'll do," said the headwaiter with obvious respect, as he went off with a tray of glasses.

Presently, by the gay scraping of violins that flowed down the service lift, Mitsi knew the party had begun. The rooms filled up with noise and chatter that drifted downstairs. Loads of dirty glasses, of empty plates came down the lift with a rattle and bounce, to be unloaded by Mitsi, who stood at the bottom waiting, enveloped in her big white apron. The daily woman, Mrs. Gruel, had been sent to come and give a hand with the washing up, but she was never one to put herself out on someone else's account. It was her right for going to the pictures so to the pictures she went, sending word along only at the last moment. Mitsi had to manage alone. Not that she minded, only it did not go as quickly as she would have liked, on account of her having only one pair of hands. There was always someone banging impatiently on the lift shaft upstairs.

When the door of the kitchen opened she thought it was the headwaiter again, and she said calmly, "Yes, yes. They are arriving now in a moment," stacking the newly polished glasses, the plates refilled with canapés into the lift. As soon as she looked at him, she realized this must be Mr. MacGreggor himself paying his promised visit, or, more likely, come to complain. He was tall, with an unmistakable air of authority about him, and in his buttonhole he wore a small white rose tinged with gold. He was so well dressed and well set up he might have been one of the guests, except that of course no guest would find his way belowstairs.

"You are all alone," he said. "Why did you not tell me? I could have sent someone to help you."

"I am used to being alone," she said. The tomcat, looking supercilious, arrived through the window with the air of one not wishing to miss anything. "But, you see, I have one friend," said Mitsi, smiling.

Mr. MacGreggor said, "You are Hungarian?"

"Yes, I am Hungarian. She gave him a look that was suddenly distrustful, for it came to her maybe he was one of Mr. Parkinson's Hungarian acquaintances come to pry.

"From Kendares?" he said, and his voice was oddly breathless.

"From Kendares," she said. "You know this place?"

The kitchen table had been between them, but now he came round it, and he knelt down beside her, not giving a fig for the knees of his expensive suit on the kitchen floor. He took her two hands in his and held them against his face.

"You do not know me?" he said. "You do not remember those days and the games we played and the wolves that chased us, *nagisaya*? And the wooden house I built for you in the trees, where we pretended we had a home together? And the rose you gave me that time—the last time —— Always, look, I wear a rose."

She looked at him then, and saw it was the same honest boyish face, only thinner, and the eyes were the same honest country eyes that had smiled into her own, long, long ago.

"Janos," she said. "My little Janos. Is it possible! But what do you do here? Are you merchant? Diplomat?"

He laughed, and when he laughed he was a boy again, the boy she had known in those other years.

"No. I am the caterer, believe it or not. I was lucky, *nagisaya*," he told her, "I learned some cooking in those days from Zusanaa. I came to England. In England, anyone who can cook can make a fortune, for always the English are hungry and always there is nothing fit to eat. So I begin, and soon I am a rich man, with a catering business that has many branches. MacGreggor and Co. Diplomacy? Phut! Anyone can become a diplomat, and struggle to make ends meet, but he who can cook has the world at his feet. And you, what are you doing here, down in this place, dressed so?"

She said, laughing, "I also am the cook."

"You are the cook? Here? It cannot go on so. You must come with me. The old world is dead, *dragan*, but we can build a new one together. Now I have a better house for you. No longer a wooden house in a tree—a good house. And I will keep off the bears. *Nagisaya*, my beautiful, my darling one, there shall be no more wolves ——"

Just when one thought the winter would never be over, the snowdrops appeared.

Mrs. Parkinson had explained the situation to the man from the Hungarian embassy in Paris before she took him downstairs and opened the kitchen door. Someone was banging impatiently on the walls of the service lift for more clean glasses, but nobody was taking any notice.

Mitsi stood in the arms of Mr. MacGreggor the caterer, the tomcat looking on with an air of smug approval. So engrossed were they with each other that neither heard the kitchen door open.

"*Nagisaya*," said Mr. MacGreggor, and he said it over and over again. "*Dragan*," he said.

"I do not think we are needed here just now," said the Hungarian gentleman, and he backed out tactfully, leaving Mrs. Parkinson no choice but to follow him.

"That's the caterer—Mr. MacGreggor," said Mrs. Parkinson, furious. "He was recommended to me as a most reliable man."

"I think that he is probably highly reliable," murmured the Hungarian gentleman.

"*Nagisaya*. What on earth does it mean, *nagisaya . . . dragan*?"

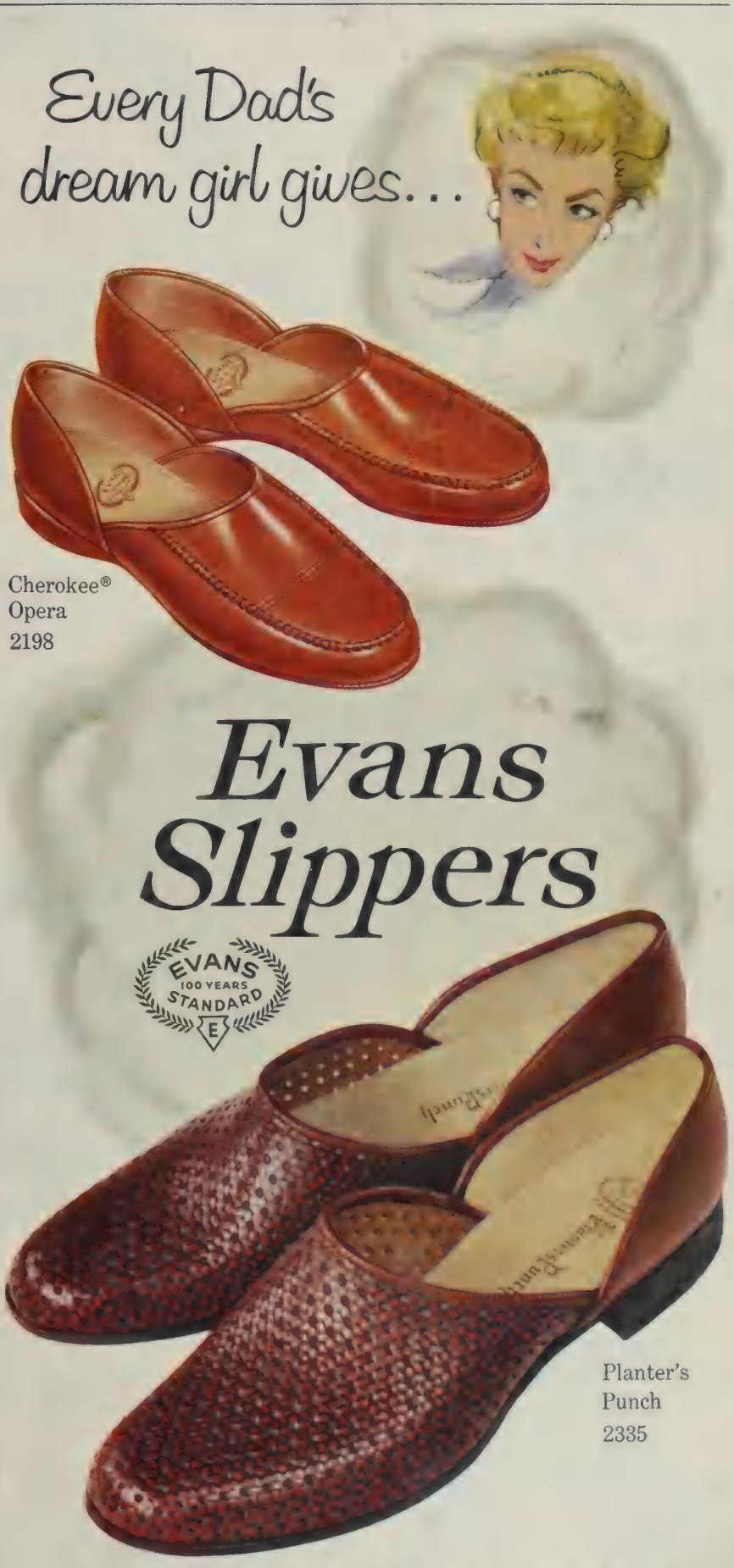
"'*Dragan*' means 'my darling.' '*Nagisaya*' is a term of respect, used only to those of big families. Important persons, with titles, of whom we have now so few left."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Parkinson testily. "The woman is my cook." END

E E E E E E E

The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement. But as every art ought to be exercised in due subordination to the public good, I cannot but suppose it as a moral question to those masters of the public ear, whether they do not sometimes play too wantonly with our passions? DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

E E E E E E E



"love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair"

Your hair remembers its loveliest lines . . . when it's

trained with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



trains as it sets pincurls . . . trains as it holds your wave

If your hair inspires no poetry, is the fault perhaps your own? Are you using a mere pincurl spray? Or are you *training* your hair with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET and its exclusive "control" ingredient? Use SPRAY NET to set silky but long-lasting pincurls. Use it as always to hold your hair in place. Gradually, excitingly your curls get the habit of curling. These lovely waves remember their place from shampoo to shampoo. Use SPRAY NET faithfully, confident that soon your hair will be trained to softest perfection—*poetic* perfection!



BOTH FORMULAS NOW IN GLAMOROUS NEW GOLDEN CONTAINERS

SUPER SOFT
trains most hair and hair styles beautifully.

REGULAR
for hair harder to manage.

69¢, Large $1.25, Giant Economy $1.89 plus tax.

How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

Having a Wonderful time

Barbara J.'s prescription for this: lots of thought beforehand . . . not a care in the world (at least fashionwise) once her bag is packed and she's on her way! All former spring and summer purchases enter into the scheme of Barbara's vacation plans—and she finds they will be just as pretty and busy away as at home. Starting from what she already has in her wardrobe, she fills the very few remaining vacancies with two lighthearted additions: a white, very white dress; a bathing suit in bright colors. They have the look of happy vacationing—blue skies, heavenly sunshine, lots of leisure and . . . a wonderful time!

By BET HART



The white dress—sleeveless to show off a pretty sun tan, a gently flared skirt and in a wonderful fabric, Arnel sharkskin, that takes happily and easily to washing. Barbara adds her turquoise scarf and pin at the waistline. A soft, deep V neckline takes prettily to beads.

Into one suitcase,

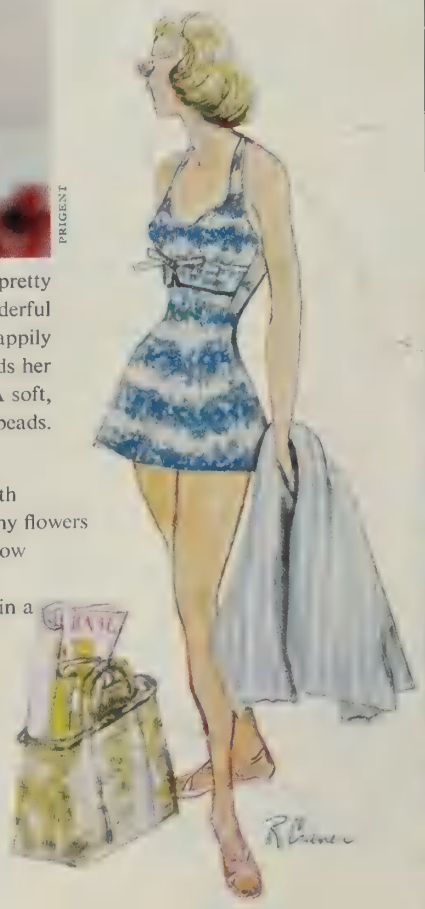
Barbara packs her polka-dot dress, white sweater, all her separates from May, white chiffon skirt, coral bolero and trimmed shirt. To add to the gaiety of all, she chooses the brightest accessories she has!

Traveling,

Barbara wears her beige skirt and blouse, over her arm carries her beige coat.

Left behind,

but not forgotten, her black dress. Newly washed, hanging neatly in the closet, it will be welcomed to wear for the next day (or days!) when she returns.



Barbara's bathing suit to wear gaily beneath sunny skies is polished cotton striped in tiny flowers of turquoise on white. A tight bodice cut low in the back and flared skirt add to an already pretty figure. Barbara also invests in a straw carryall—costs her all of $1.98.

shion $'s for Vacation

ite sharkskin dress	$10.95
tton bathing suit	10.95
raw carryall	1.98
Total	$23.88





For bridal showers and other special occasions, serve this diamond-studded dream dessert. It's one egg white beaten with ⅓ cup of mint jelly over hot water until fluffy. Fold in drained DOLE Fruit Cocktail. Chill. Garnish with additional Fruit Cocktail. Diamond-sprinkle with silver decorettes. It's a minty dream of five fruits—peaches, pears, grapes, cherries and Hawaiian pineapple. Very festive. Very easy. Very, *very* good.



DOLE Fruit Cocktail—gem of them all

Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii—San Jose, California

YOUNG HOLLYWOOD AT HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

and the free-form pool directly outside it. On the terrace that joins them Cyd often teaches Little T to dance. He compensates by teaching her how to box—"We send him to a school where he studies athletics—he has energy to burn—will probably be a sports fan like his father." Tony stretches out in the sun in a lounge chair, radio at his side, listening to a baseball broadcast.

On the sun-striped terrace, overlooking a valley below and an ocean lapping at the far horizon, no sound but family living breaks the deep silence. Often Tony flies home in three-day breaks between singing engagements 3000 miles away—New York, Florida, Nevada or London can all be on the work schedule in a busy year—just to soak up the restfulness of a family weekend. Cyd says, "We all get geared to travel in our work, just the way I imagine John Foster Dulles does. It gets to be a fact of life."

The house is ideally suited for both formal and casual living. In the living room of super-Cinerama length dozens of guests often gather for a *bon voyage* or welcome-home event. A party of six or more friends may be invited for dinner in the candelabra-lit dining room where one wall is mirrored, another windowed to look out over lights coming on in hills around. "We like a change to formality," Cyd says, "after being casual all afternoon."

Why can we remember the tiniest detail of what has happened to us, and not remember how many times we have told it to the same person?

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

On a party evening Tony will do new songs at the piano or pick up sax or clarinet for close harmony with fellow musicians. "Little T," he mentions parentally, "has perfect pitch—it pains him to hear a wrong note—he was telling me the other day he plans to write music when he grows up."

Cyd, as hostess, supervises trays of refreshments prepared in the oversize kitchen with its gala aqua-and-white striped ceiling and airy work space—"I never learned to cook—I was always too busy dancing—so I leave family meals to the housekeeper," but she enjoys putting together party fare, making cheese dips or mashing crisp bacon into avocado and seasoning it for a tasty bread spread.

Tony is the impulsive "come over tonight" kind of host, his wife a planner who'd rather work out all details in advance. "But we both like people, so we entertain both ways." Ordinarily evenings are quiet with Cyd at work on M-G-M's Silk Stockings. In rehearsal, she works at the studio from 9:15 to 5:30. When actual shooting begins, she must be in make-up and costume and before cameras by 8:30 every morning (rising time: 5:30) and often works through until 7 P.M. But there's more leeway for leisure since the studio recently cut down from a six-day to a five-day week. "I'm not sure it helps a dancer not to dance two days a week," she worries, and keeps in training by joining husband and sons in a Palm Springs weekend to fit in the tennis and golf Tony enjoys, or does ballet exercises at home on a Saturday. The house has space for everything.

"At one time we thought it would never take shape," the Martins explain. "We had such a good offer for the place we were living in that we decided to sell right then and build what we wanted." Angled on all sides to take advantage of its hilltop view, the house has movable indoor walls in the living area that slide to shade and cool the rooms when needed or open to make the most of ocean breezes at evening. From the living-dining-kitchen area the house plan moves on into a separate sleeping wing removed from any distracting noises. Everywhere, ample storage and closet space was incorporated to fit individual needs. Handiest of all from the Martins' point of view are the walk-in two-level closets where wardrobes hang in double tiers, and hangers all have slim poles attached for ease in transferring garments up or down.

"We need a lot of clothes, professionally and personally, and for more than one climate"—for Cyd's location trips, Tony's supper-club work—"and this way we can put the ones not often used on the top rod and not have to bother with storage chests."

In the big garage flanking the kitchen are the three cars "necessary out here." Tony uses one, Cyd another, and there's an extra for shopping trips by the staff who would otherwise have to hire cabs to bring in household supplies—Cyd's working day ending long after stores are closed. "Pretty soon," Cyd reflects, "Nicky will be old enough to need a car—but I still can't believe it." He goes to and from school currently with friends and their parents in a car pool. Cyd herself often chauffeurs the high-school crowd, and attends P.T.A. meetings when she can after dinner.

"Did you speak at all?" Nicky asked after her first visit to a meeting at his high school.

"No, dear," answered the gentle screen beauty whose home life is directed by three men, "I listened."

END OF THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

orange, copper and purple. I took to the woods right then and there. I wandered in a ways and stood around like an Indian in a cathedral. There was noise in church too. I could hear caws and calls and chirps and screeches and whistles, but now and then they'd all stop together and there'd be a soft sunny silence with nothing louder than the whisk of a wood mouse or the fall of a leaf. Mrs. Honeycutt, a man could lose a lifetime in a place like that, but being sort of unsentimental I only lost four or five hours."

The lovely widow was listening avidly, not wanting to miss a word.

He took a deep breath and backhanded his brow.

"Mr. McHugh," she asked, "would you like a glass of cider?"

He grinned.

When she brought out a large tumbler of cold reddish liquid he sipped it first, like wine, flourished his tongue and took a great long draught.

"Ah-h-h," he declared with a satisfied sigh. "God bless you. And, of course," he added with a wink, "God bless apples."

Her soft smile told only a little of her delight.

"Shall I continue?" he asked.

"Why, yes, Mr. McHugh," she replied. "Please do."

I don't know who you are, she thought, *or why you've stopped here or how you know my name, but I could listen to you all day long.*

"Well," he began again, "I got into Ponkapoog by late afternoon swearing at a slow road and wondering when I'd ever get to Canada. I generally put up at a rooming house, but Ponkapoog didn't have one. They had a fire station, though."

"Yes," Mrs. Honeycutt remarked. "That's the central station for Pequosset County."

"Uh-huh," McHugh replied. "Well, the man on watch there said I could wash up, clean up and sleep all night for a dollar. A good night's sleep being worth exactly one million dollars, I considered that a bit of a bargain, so I gave him a dollar of my lobster money and then I went out and spent another dollar on a clam supper that was worth a thousand.

"Around nine-thirty, ten o'clock," he continued, "I turned in on a cot by Engine Number One. In my sleep around two in the morning I dreamed I heard a noise, a big noise—a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

Have a Pepsi

the Light refreshment

It's a long way from the bustled beauties in grandmother's wedding picture to the slim, trim bridesmaids of today. Modern diet—the trend to lighter, less-filling food and drink—can certainly take credit for the difference.

Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, goes right along with this sensible trend. Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola is the modern, the *light* refreshment. Have a Pepsi.

Refresh without filling

PEPSI-COLA

Now you can enjoy the full beauty of lovely radiant hair more often with

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CONTROLLED HEAT

HAIR DRYER



Only Lady Sunbeam gives you all these advantages

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Enjoy new hair drying speed, comfort and convenience

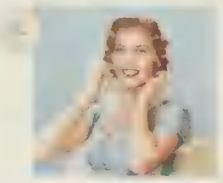
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HANDS ARE FREE
Do nails, write letters, etc.

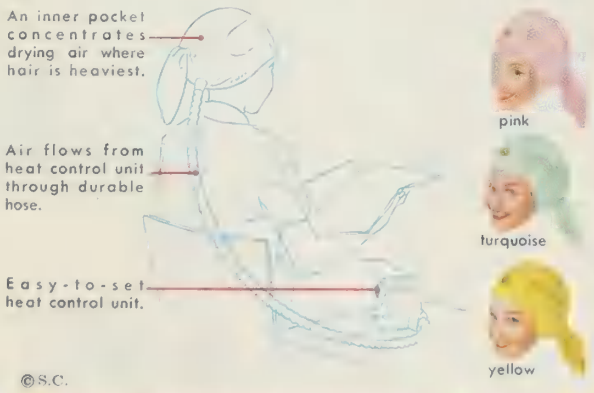


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

boom. Then I woke to a big bell banging in my ear like a Shanghai gong. From where I sat up I could see burning red outside in the harbor. I like to think I know one thing from another and I realized it was no time to see if my socks matched. I ran for the town dock, threw off the mooring line of a small boat and rowed away like a crazy man. Crazy or not, I never missed a stroke and a good thing I didn't. A pleasure cruiser was blazing bright. I took a little girl out of the water. She had a life ring around her, but she was so little she was lost in it. I got her ma too. Seen her jump and got to her in a jiffy. And her pa. He was burned bad. Leaped right out of the flames and fell across the rowboat. He nearly upset us all, besides breaking his leg. He passed out and on the way back I had to knock the woman cold to keep her from hugging at him. Burned the way he was with his leg bone broke through the skin, she would have killed him altogether with her carryin' on."

Mrs. Honeycutt, whose glance was ever soft, now had excited eyes, bright and lively as the heroic happenings she pictured.

She urged him on. "What had happened? Will they be all right?"

"Oh, yes," he assured her. "Their gasoline engine had been leaking and fuming the day before. The woman woke up that night and lit a cigarette. They were lucky. Fire's a terrible thing, in the night. The husband'll be in the hospital some time, but he'll heal fast wi his family safe."

"Because of *you*," the widow remarke somewhat worshipfully for a handsor woman with many suitors.

"What gets me," McHugh continued, lay down like a nobody for a night's sleep in nondescript little town and by morning I'm great big somebody. The town square is fi of people wanting to shake my hand. I'm o fered housing, a boat, a job and a guest a pearance at the next selectmen's assembl Seems that fellow I saved had a lot of frien and all of a sudden they were all mine. Not h wife, though; she was still kind of mad 'cau I socked her."

Mrs. Honeycutt laughed in sisterly appr ciation and was pleased to see McHugh gr understandingly.

"I was a whole week getting out of th place," he went on. "The morning I left, th firehouse watchman came up to me. 'I've ha some time gettin' hold of you,' he says, 'th way you been staying this place and that.'

"'Oh,' says I.

"'Here,' he says, and he hands me a fift cent piece.

"'What's this for?' I asked him.

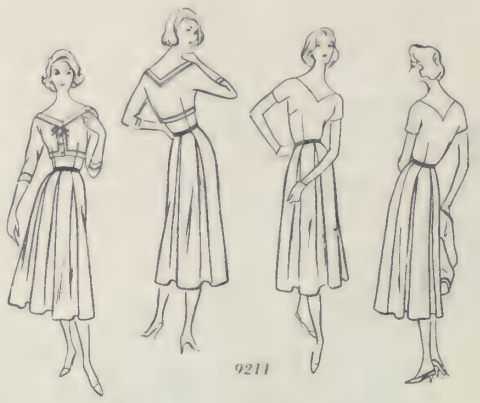
"'Heck,' he says, 'you only slept *half* th night.'"

Mrs. Honeycutt hated, hated to hear th telephone ring. Twice, twice, once.

"Excuse me, Mr. McHugh."

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 80 AND 81

Vogue Design No. 9211.	One-piece dress and bolero; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9221.	Jacket; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 50c.
Vogue Design No. S-4798.	One-piece dress and jacket; 10 to 20 (31 to 40). $1.00.
Vogue Design No. 9210.	"Very Easy to Make" skirt, overskirt and cummerbund; 24 to 30 waist measure. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 9222.	One-piece dress and jacket; 10 to 18 (31 to 38). 75c.







"Certainly, ma'am," he said, rising as he oke.

Answering the kitchen phone, Alice Honeytt heard her son calling from his home in aview.

"Ma."

"Yes, Edward."

"Ma, there's a feller here name of Tom Samls. He used to know pa and he says he'd like look at the place. Want me to send him er?"

"I don't think so, Edward. Not today."

"Look, ma, I've sold him on everything t the price. If you're going to be settled in ngor by the first snow, you don't have ich time."

"I know, Edward, but not today. It's really ry late."

There was some conversation on the other d.

"Here's Mr. Samuels, ma. *You* tell him."

"Mrs. Honeycutt?" Somewhat peremptory.

"Yes."

"Better see me, Mrs. Honeycutt. I'm in a yin' mood." Heartiness. Not heart.

"Are you *really*, Mr. Samuels?" she said htly, holding herself aloof from his cajoling eer.

"Indeed I am," he insisted. "What's more, e driven thirty miles to see your place."

"Thirty miles?" She mused. "Why, Mr. muels," she said mindfully, "that's hardly a y's walk."

And she hung up.

She stood for moments before returning to porch. She really wasn't acting sensibly at . Just because a man walked up, tipped his sy cap, spoke in sounds and colors and told r fairy tales as though she were a little girl. e reprimanded herself. *He's like the road,* thought. *He rambles on and on and doesn't anywhere.*

A gentleman, though, she admitted, and a nly one. Polite, clean-spoken, sun-brown d sturdy. Adventurous too. And how come knew her name?

She had to know. She went back out to the rch.

"Ma'am," John McHugh said, "it occurs me I've been taking up a good bit of your ne. I feel refreshed and maybe I'd better be ting on."

Her heart fell. *Oh, please don't go,* she ought.

"Why, Mr. McHugh," she said chidingly, "would you go away and leave a good story half told?"

"Well, no," he replied. "Not to a good listener. I tell you, though," he added, "it's getting very cool now and I'd feel more comfortable if you'd put that shawl around your shoulders."

She took the shawl from the chair back and dressed it round her. She already felt wonderfully warm.

"Well," McHugh continued, "here we go again on that crazy road. I set out from Ponkapoog to Quemasset about seven in the morning figuring to do the nineteen to twenty miles by noon easy. Trouble was, though, all I had had for breakfast was 'Good-by' and pretty soon the exercise and the sharp air started teething on my appetite. Anyway, I came to this salt inlet with a wood bridge over it and while I was leaning on the rail looking down at the water I saw a crab and then I saw another and then I saw a whole slew of them. Well, nobody's ever had to ring a bell to bring me to breakfast. I went down along the inlet to a sandy place, took off one shoe and one sock and set out to set the table. I've crabbed before on the Chesapeake shallows, but that was with a boat and poles and a baited clothesline. This time all I had was my appetite. I made a starving adventure out of it, though. I waded out ever so slow, ever so slow till I was up to my waist, and my one shoe soggy wet. Then I lifted out my leg with a fine footful of toes ——"

"Oh, my goodness," Mrs. Honeycutt exclaimed with a shiver. This was something her brothers used to do on dares.

"Now, now," he gentled. "Don't be alarmed. I had heard about it before from men who had been *really* hungry. The worst part was keeping my balance. Pretty soon I saw a crab fetch up and catch on, but in that cold water it wasn't any more to me than a mosquito bite. Soon as he was set I just brought my leg over like a lazy man fixing to scratch, then I scooped him up fast and flung him ashore. In ten minutes I got six big ones. *Six*"—he grinned—"mind you. With only *five* toes."

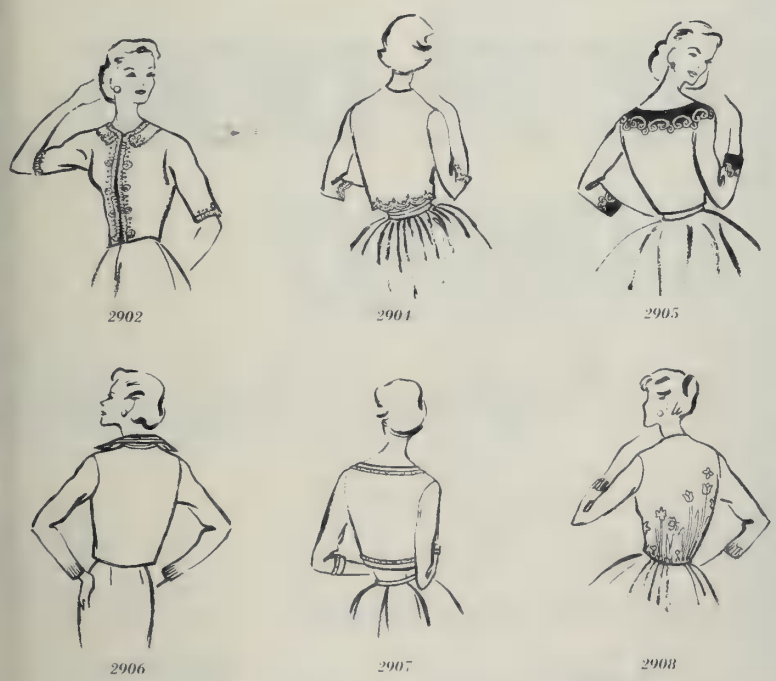
She had to laugh.

"But your foot?" she ended seriously.

"A little blue," he told her, "but not bleeding a bit. Salt's like alum. Besides, those crabs don't bite at first. They just sort of nibble."

THER VIEWS OF JOURNAL PATTERNS ON PAGES 80 AND 81

(Back views are shown only where the design continues to the back.)



2902 2904 2905

2906 2907 2908

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"M-m-m-m," she said, marveling. "I can imagine."

"Anyway," he went on, "I got a driftwood fire going, put the wet shoe and sock close as I dare, put a stick to a crab, baked it and ate it and then ate four more. I threw the last one back so's *he* could have a story to tell too. Then I lay drying out in the sun by the side of the road with a full stomach and an empty expression. I smelled the salt air, saw the blue sky, looked to the woods beyond and listened to the faraway sound of the surf. 'McHugh,' I told myself, 'on this road you'll never, never, never get to Canada.'"

He was silent. His eyes deep, his expression pensive. For almost a minute she forbore to speak.

"Mr. McHugh," she said at last, "your story reminds me. You must be hungry *now*. Won't you stay to supper?"

He awoke from his thoughts. "You're very kind, Mrs. Honeycutt. I'd be delighted."

He set his cap on the carryall and opened the screen door for her.

In the great kitchen he hung the cap on a wall rack by the woodshed door. She went to a side room and returned with a towel half as big as a bedspread.

"There's a work shower at the other end of the woodshed," she told him. "If," she added slyly, "you don't mind cold water."

He laughed and went out.

She busied herself briskly, wanting to set him a wonderful supper. From time to time she glanced at the tipsy cap, the crazy clockwork of its colors—the jaunty look, the happy spirit of it. She went and touched it, felt the stuff of it—the soft crush and then the crinkle.

It's new, she noted.

Forty minutes later McHugh sat to table wearing clean whipcord pants and a wrinkled white shirt. His curly hair, close-cropped, shone bright and black. A bead of water trickled to his cheek. She noticed it.

Before him she set broiled fish bound in bacon, two large baked potatoes, two large ears of corn and a great gob of butter. Behind his back she noted the wear of the white shirt, saw it needed ironing, needed sewing, but couldn't stand many more washings.

Much later McHugh leaned back like a baron from a banquet, lit a cigar and breathed blue smoke above his brown face.

"Mrs. Honeycutt," he remarked, "you invited me to finish my story, but after a meal like that I'm all out of words."

"Enjoy your cigar, Mr. McHugh."

Reckless automobile driving arouses the suspicion that much of the horse sense of the good old days was possessed by the horse. ANON.

He did. She was content to watch, her eyes sweet on him but gently so.

At last she spoke.

"Mr. McHugh, you have me intrigued. Won't you tell me how you knew my name and why you came here?"

"Mrs. Honeycutt," he said, "I've asked myself that question, too, but to answer it . . . well, we'll have to go back on that road again. The reason I was on the road in the first place is this: Back in Boston some time ago, I was a well-to-do man. I had a grand wife and a good son and a fine business. I owned two lumberyards. After school and on weekends my son—he was sixteen—worked in both of them. About that time I had some trouble with some men. We won't go into *that*, but one fine day one of my lumberyards burned down and two weeks later on a fine spring evening so did the other one. In the second fire, my son was suffocated. Smoke poisoning. He died right in my arms. The firelight on his face.

"His mother was disconsolate. I was out of my mind, but worse was to come. A month or so later my wife was discovered to have an extensive cancer. In the next nine months I spent twenty thousand dollars, most all I had, to reclaim her from that awful affliction. I barely had enough money left to give her a decent funeral."

His eyes were solemn and intense.

"For weeks, months, a year I raged around the streets, fought, drank and did my desperate best to ruin myself."

The widow's eyes were tearful.

"As the saying goes, Mrs. Honeycutt, I finally cracked up. I blacked out completely. I don't know where a man's mind goes when he loses it, but mine must have gone back to where it was created, because when I woke up weeks later my mind was clear. I was somewhat sane and somewhat sensible and the past was really past. I was released from a rest home into my brother's care.

"There was no staying in Boston for me, ma'am. You can't start a new life on old grounds. I borrowed a little from my brother, packed this bag, wet my finger and held it to the wind. The wind was from the north.

"I had heard a lot and read a little about uranium and such up in Canada, so I decided that was where I was going. I brought flowers to my wife and my son and I said good-by. Walking out of the suburbs, I saw this cap in a store window and I said to myself, 'If I wear a cap like that on my head I'll never have heavy thoughts again.' I was right. I've been lighthearted ever since.

"So," he said, "Boston to Bangor, Bangor to Quemasset. In Quemasset ——"

The phone rang again. Twice, twice, once. Wishing it had never been invented, she rose and went to it.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello, Louise?"

"Harvey?"

"Who else? Who else? I'm calling from the bank, Louise. I'm afraid I'll be an hour or so late. Two fleets came in this afternoon, Sanborn's up from Bangor, and it seems I've got to supervise everything."

She was silent.

"Louise! Are you listening?"

"Yes." Behind her she heard McHugh lea the table and walk toward the porch. Goo ness. He wouldn't go away, would he?

"Louise, you sound a million miles away Harvey said.

"Harvey, I'm right here. What is it yo want?" Her impatience was plain.

"I *told* you. I won't get to your house t nearly nine. Have you forgotten we were goi out tonight?"

"No, I hadn't." Yes she had.

"Around nine, then, all right?" he asked.

"No, that will be too late."

"All right, all right," he said after a paus "I'll leave in a little while."

"Harvey."

"What?"

"Be a nice boy and call me in the morning.

"Now, Louise, I've planned —— Nov Louise, be reasonable." And finally, "Louis you're acting like a little girl. What's cor over you?"

Would he *ever* hang up?

"Listen, Louise, you're a fine attracti woman, but if you expect to be ——"

She held the receiver away from her.

When she brought it to her ear again sl heard "—— business before pleasure" . . "not many men in my position" . . . "g to realize" . . . "responsibilities ——"

Ever so gently, she hung up on him.

Turning, she noticed the bright cap was r longer on the hook. *Lord*, she thought, *don let him be gone.*

Outside on the porch, twilight was lowerin McHugh rose to speak as she returned.

"I thought you might want privacy."

"It was very courteous of you," she a swered, sitting down opposite him.

"Well, anyway," he began again, "goi into Quemasset the road just about had n befuddled. I was drifting and dreaming ar caring no more for Canada than for t Congo. I put up overnight in Quemasset an lay awake wondering what to do with mysel In the morning I thought I knew.

"I went out looking for a lumberyar There wasn't any. A woodworking sho



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re wasn't any. A hardware store. No hard-
e store. There was a general store,
igh, so I went in, introduced myself to the
prietor, told him of my experience and
d him for the benefit of his. He said the
e for me was in Seaview. He said every-
g was there. The lumberyards, the boat-
ls, the businesses, the banks.
'All right,' I said. 'But, tell me, isn't
e another road to Seaview besides this
?'"

Irs. Honeycutt's smile was now as soft as
twilight around it.

IcHugh continued: "He told me there
n't; but he said that about halfway I'd
ie to the Honeycutts' place and if the
ow was home she was a good woman who
ildn't give me less than a drink of water.
other fellow spoke up then and said the
e might be sold already and another fel-
said it was awful lonely for a woman in
big house anyway, and then another
idered why her son in Seaview hadn't
n her in."

Why, he offered to many times," Mrs.
eycutt said proudly, "and so did his
ing wife, but they're newlyweds and I
ildn't dream of intruding on them."

I understand," said McHugh, "but you
picture me listening to *that* bunch. They
being a woman you'd probably be
ped out of a fair sale and then they said
place was probably running to ruination
way, without a man to tend it. Well, I'm
ng you, when I walked out of there I had
in mind as a frail old lady in a dark old
se, bereft of your husband, deserted by
r son. I pictured you wondering and wor-
g how to cope with things. You know.
roof leaking, the porch falling apart, the
l going to weed. And most of all, being
e. I saw you having to leave finally with
r whole world coming to a sad end.

"'Well,' I said to myself, 'McHugh! Get out there fast! No matter where that useless road stops, *you* keep going. That poor old lady,' I told myself. 'If you want a new life for yourself, McHugh, you can start by making a new life for *her*.'

"Well," he went on, "all the way up here I didn't miss a step. I mean to tell you I *marched*. I marched and I made plans every mile. I'd mend the fence, I'd reshingle the roof, repair the chimney, the flashing, the gutters. I'd give the whole place an honest coat of paint. White and green, I figured. I'd fix everything up and by then, if you still didn't want to stay, I'd see you got the fairest sort of sale price.

"And then," he said, "I came round that bend down there and I *saw* the place. I saw the well-kept lawn and the hollyhocks by the side of the house. I saw the high corn out back. From way off I could tell the roof was sound. A little nearer I knew the chimney didn't need work. The closer I came, the farther away my fine ideas went flying and I realized that what a man hears in a general store is likely to be very general indeed.

"I decided, though, that I'd still drop in. Just to say 'Hello.' But as I crossed over, I got the biggest surprise of all. I saw that my frail old lady was a fine handsome woman, quite as young as myself.

"Since then"—he grinned—"I guess I've been talking to keep from looking."

He rose up, reached for his carryall. He took his cap, its colors lost now, from the post of the porch rail.

"The last few miles," he declared a trifle ruefully, "I thought I had this road all walked away. Maybe by Seaview, now, I'll find out where it ends."

"Mr. McHugh," she said softly.

"Ma'am?"

The lovely Mrs. Honeycutt rose, happily surprised at what she was about to say.

HEAT WAVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

n, she moaned bleakly. Talk about man-
s! Talk about gracefulness! Yes, talk about
m—because certainly a person wouldn't
them in Laurie Bemis.

t was all very well for mom to preach
ake it easy, and people won't bite you!"
y to do—with those you didn't particu-
y want to impress.

Laurie's eyes burned. She snapped on the
io: "A record breaker, and no relief in
ht." Drearily, she stacked records on the
chine and lay on the living-room floor. She
st have dozed. Suddenly she heard the back
orbell and, sleep-dazed, dashed kitchen-
d. "I'm coming, I'm coming."

Mike Alan! *And I didn't brush down my hair,* said in her mind. *I didn't even put on my pers.* In her bare feet she felt absolutely le even though, truly, she had nice feet. hat do you want?" Talk about courtesy! n-mean ——"

He held up the empty glass. "More."

For a moment she could not move. She ned the refrigerator, and as she poured re lemonade for him she saw that it already s noon, high blazing noon.

Mike said, "Can I borrow the shade of your k yard?"

She nodded stiffly. Afterward, furious with self, she prowled from window to window. u'd think she had never seen a sandwich led from a paper bag. Now he lay on his k, his lunch unfinished. How easily he went sleep!

When the construction crew showed signs t lunch was over and Mike remained dead the world, a panicky spasm went through . She banged the back door but he only ned over, making himself more comfort-e. She squared her shoulders.

'Mike!" she yelled.

'Huh?" As if he weighed three hundred unds he got to his knees, and stayed there.

hrow a pail of water over my head," he d her.

Hardly believing what she was doing, Laurie ned the hose against his handsome black ad.

'My shoulders, too," he instructed.

"B-but ——"

This was more than she'd bargained for, as one alumnus of Mr. Mercer's class in history to another. Then her mouth dropped open as, suddenly, he reached up and stripped off his soggy T shirt.

"Give me the works."

If mom could see her now! Screwing up her face, she aimed the water over his shoulders, and he shivered and yelped but he would not let her stop.

Immediately after her own lunch she dashed across lots to the grocery for more lemons. But while she was gone the foreman must have decided it was too hot; the street had been converted to one lane with orange wooden horses.

Again Laurie lay on the living-room floor, absolutely mortified as she reviewed the fine way she should have acted—and in contrast, the way she had. "*Lemonade.*" . . . "*What do you want?*" . . . "*B-but.*" . . . *Boy, was I brilliant!*

All that night she tossed, caught up in a heart-to-heart talk with herself. *Mike's the man,* she thought wistfully, *who has never asked me for a date!*

And no wonder. But how can a girl expect to be magnetic in this kind of heat? Laurie pounded her pillow. Other girls did. She twisted and turned while gay and fascinating speeches skittered through her mind. Well, she'd remember them for tomorrow. When Mike returned, he would find a completely poised, quietly alluring ——

In the morning the pneumatic hammer blasted, and she turned on the radio long enough to hear that you must not water the lawns. "Parch," said the waterworks officials, because they could not pump enough million gallons. "Swelter," said the radio announcer.

She went to the back door for milk and there was Mike about to touch the bell.

"Hi, Heat Wave," he greeted. "Will your mother permit my lunch in her refrigerator?"

"She isn't home." Her mind reached desperately for one of those priceless gems of wit she had dredged up last night.

But—it was too hot! Too hot, hot, hot ——

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Suddenly Laurie simply didn't care a hoot about glamour. Suddenly Mike was just another person, and the weather was doing a better job than the Constitution of the U. S. in making all people equal.

Heavy-eyed, her lips already tasting of salt, she used her shirttail to wipe her face.

"Did you come without a hat again?" Sternly, her green-yellow eyes roved over his handsome head. "Honestly, you deserve a sunstroke."

"It's not my head, it's my feet." Patting a bundle of cotton stuff, he parked it on the kitchen-window ledge. "An extra T shirt and a pair of socks."

The milk bottle dripped condensation over her.

"I'll weep salty tears for your feet, I really will," she told him.

So, beaten down by the good old summertime, and having relinquished all wild dreams for charming Mike, Laurie also decided she had better give up her grandstand view from the front window. *Out of sight, out of mind,* she assured herself, dragging about the small business of tidying the house, making a morning of it.

"If you say anything about the you-know-what ——" she threatened the now-dusty Mike when he came for his lunch.

He swayed on his toes as if the porch were needle-studded. "It isn't the heat, it's the humanity."

Laurie twisted her lips into an imitation of agony. "I'll bring your lunch. Want milk, or orange juice?"

"What I'd like"—and he rubbed his hand over the five-o'clock shadow which had appeared on his chin by noon—"is for you to sprinkle me gently, as if I were a tender flower, while I eat."

Yesterday this would have struck her speechless. "This being my day for glamour and magnetism with you," she told him, daintily picking away her sticky blouse from her sticky person, "I think it would be a very alluring arrangement."

She thought of another glamorous business: finding two pails which she filled with cold water, she bade him soak his feet to chill his life stream. So there they were, Laurie and Most Likely to Succeed, he with his feet parked in pails of water while munching sardines on rye; she with her red curls knotted high, in wrinkled shorts, and a drop of perspiration on the tip of her pretty nose.

And it was nice, it was really nice. She could talk to him because she simply didn't care whether she could talk or not. She told him about Carson College and how she had lost credits transferring to Applied Arts, which was the reason for summer school. He told her about chemical engineering, and when he dozed off she sat quietly, a warmth within her that had nothing to do with the temperature.

Next morning the weather was still something you actually can't describe; you had to live it.

And so, considering it was such a dilly of a day, it was odd that Laurie could inspect her mirror for possibilities—and find some. Imagining herself to be a Titian or a Gainsborough, she studied her skin tones. She nodded approvingly, and she also decided she had good bone structure, which was certainly fine, because bone structure was the one thing which stuck out all over a person in this weather.

Yes, she had possibilities—and the instant Laurie admitted this to herself, the familiar tightening-up feeling began building inside her.

She lectured herself, she pretended to feel relaxed, but as noontime approached tension grew. Of course people act differently in extremes of heat and cold and floods and such, but does this difference ever last? Could one heat wave melt the icy habits of a lifetime?

Watching the clock, Laurie whispered with passionate fervor, "Give me the strength to take it easy."

Now it was time to take Mike the iced tea he wanted, and despite anything she could say to herself, she sloshed it on his arm as awkwardly as she had the lemonade the first day.

"I'm sorry," she said, after clearing her throat much too loudly. She thought of other girls, and envied their smooth coolness and self-possession.

When he ate, she tried to figure out what to talk about. It was all too clear to her that tension had tied her tongue in knots.

Finally she blurted, "Why'd you take such a hot job?"

Mike propped his head on his elbow. "It may be hot, but did you ever think of the power I wield with my red-flagged stick? I can make the mayor await my pleasure."

Laurie prayed and prayed. Part of h despised herself for her inept nervousness, b part of her was sick with longing for the kna of friendship with a man like Mike Alan. A other girl could have used these valuable da while Jarvis Street was being fixed to ——

"W-what?" she gasped.

"I said an air-conditioned movie. Abo seven-thirty?"

For a moment she thought she had dream the words because she wanted so badly hear them. "Why—I ——" Her mind scurri around in search of a pert, scintillating answe

"Don't you want to go? Have you anoth date?"

"N-no . . . that is ——" Laurie's ey blurred. Defeated, she wiped her throat wi her handkerchief.

Mike plucked a blade of grass and chewe on it. "What's the matter?" he asked.

She groaned hel lessly. She looked him, and she didn know how it happene but all of a sudden sh was pleading with hin "What would a girl sa who's smooth wit men—when she's suc denly asked on a da and she wants to g badly, but of course sh doesn't want to give th impression that she falling all over to go, b cause naturally sh wishes him to think she something special —— Her voice broke as h spurt of courage ebbe Fumbling with th empty glass, she fough a smothered feeling.

Mike made a soun in his throat. "Yo mean, how do you pla hard to get?"

Laurie nodded "Something like t-that. In the heat, in the breath less stillness with no lea stirring, you got the feel ing that the world woul explode—and Lauri wished it would.

Mike's voice wa loaded with amazement "But why do *you* hav to play hard to get?"

His words, spoken i that tone of voice, cause such pure joy to wel through her that there was absolutely no roon for misgivings. She didn't know how it hap pened, but it was the easiest thing in the worl to say, "I have trouble with myself, Mike real trouble. Mostly I don't know how to ac with a person like you—and ——"

"I can remember," he said slowly, "you used to be shy."

"Used to be?"

His words were music, sheer music. Th heat had forced her to be Laurie Bemis, un varnished, and evidently Laurie Bemis wa enough.

"Oh, Mike, I've got a fence around m that's—well, it's like a concrete wall with barbed wire strung around the top. It's a prison! But in this heat a gate was opened fo some air, and t-there you were ——"

She gave a short, strangled laugh. Mike's hand had closed over hers. Laurie had a queer disembodied feeling that this couldn't be happening to her.

"There I was," he said, "and here I am."

Closing her eyes, she leaned back against the tree and, oddly, it was not at all difficult to say, "Did I hear you mention a movie tonight?"

"You heard that."

She said lightly, "Well, I'll go—but only because of the air conditioning."

They looked at each other, and smiled. It was hot—much, much too hot to be clasping hands. So easy as anything, Laurie lifted the hose and dribbled cold water on the hands to keep them cool, and clasped. END

LITANY FOR A MAN-CHILD

(or 13 patrons for luck)

By ALMA ROBERTS GIORDAN

Guard him, St. Joseph,
Aid him, St. Jude;
Let not life treat him
Overly rude.

Christopher, shield him,
Peter, lend strength;
Thomas, sustain him
With faith full-length.

Maintain his body
Wholesome, St. Luke;
Help him, St. Stephen,
Bear life's rebuke.

Francis, instruct him
Gently with things
Wild and defenseless;
John, give him wings.

Song bequeath, David,
Job, patience prove;
Solomon, grant wisdom;
Abraham, love.

To keep lovely summer cottons looking like new

call upon your

Sanitone Dry Cleaner



As high-style summer cottons grow lovelier every season, it gets more difficult to keep them looking their best. It's so hard to renew their original airy crispness! Ordinary starching is out...too stiff...won't drape...unflattering to your figure. What then?

The Sanitone Cotton Clinic! It's the modern, scientific way. First, your dainty dresses are cleaned so that not a trace of dirt remains. Then, their crisp, but never boardy, finish is restored with Sanitone Style-Set®...the miracle finish that makes dainty cottons look and feel like new again. Ask your Sanitone Dry Cleaner about it.

HOW TO FIND YOUR NEAREST SANITONE DRY CLEANER

Look for "Sanitone Approved Service" under "Cleaners" in the classified pages of your telephone directory. There you will find listed the Sanitone Dry Cleaner of your town. If you cannot locate one, please write directly to us.

HEY KIDS!!



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COSTUME PLAY BAGS

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Watch for Walt Disney's technicolor movie, Cinderella, at your favorite theater

Sanitone Dry Cleaning Service

A division of Emery Industries, Inc. Carew Tower, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

The Picture of Health for June



by MAXINE DAVIS

Why does one fatten now that it's warm and one's not so hungry? Easy! Strawberries and cream. Garden peas, new potatoes in butter. Well-camouflaged calories! The season's so short that . . . ***temptation seems irresistible.*** So—KESSAMIN is a *must.* The very best aid to weight-control I've ever found. I first used the NEW KESSAMIN PLAN to reduce my winter-grown bulge, after talking with a doctor. Now I take them to avoid meal-time seconds. They combine essential nutritional vitamins, iron, and a neutral, no-calorie food additive that helps make one portion all you really want. You feel better, too!

"Anyone want to learn croquet? I'm giving up golf," glooms our club pro.

His new dentures won't stay firmly in place. That throws him off his own game and makes him irascible with learners—unfortunate, but luckily easy to overcome with ORA-FIX, a really dependable adherent for dentures.

With ORA-FIX he's again able to be patient with the most inept beginners, concentrate on his shots, and also to indulge a habit he has of munching the peanuts he always keeps in his pocket.

His druggist recommends ORA denture powder too. A half-teaspoonful of ORA in a glass of water cleans them in 20 minutes. So—no morsels of peanut, no denture breath!

After the 18th hole, a bath, a change, and a long cool drink are part of the pleasures of golf. You feel wonderful—relaxed, peaceful, almost a part of the golden June day. Except . . .

You perspire. You don't sweat as you do out on the fairway but you get damp, especially under your arms. You know perspiration is natural as summer rain. But showers are clean and sweet—and perspiration starts that way but definitely does not *stay* sweet. For bacteria grow in perspiration . . . they change it and make it—well, unfragrant!

Trying to cope more successfully with this problem I've discovered the NEW YODORA, a deodorant containing an antibiotic that simply stops those objectionable "germs."

YODORA is a light delicately-scented cream. It soothes and heals any irritated area. And it lasts. You apply it once and all day long—even up to two days—stay as truly fresh as your new linen frock.

When the committee debated building a footbath at the club swimming pool as a safeguard against athlete's foot we asked a doctor if that was a wise move.

We learned that athlete's foot comes from little plants—fungi—that lurk on many people's skin and, when given the slightest chance, may spread and cause trouble. But it's far more efficacious to take good care of the feet than try to sterilize the innumerable places where bits of the fungi might be.

So our family will use OCTOFEN LIQUID if we do get an infection. And OCTOFEN POWDER, sprinkled daily in hose and shoes, is a fine preventive. Hospital tests have clinically demonstrated the effectiveness of OCTOFEN to stop the attack or to prevent it. It's the only athlete's foot medication approved by the National Foot Health Council.



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Pure sun-gold—Tartan's specific sun-screen action lets you stay in the sun 8 times longer without burning! Use Tartan as directed for richer, really flattering tan. No other lotion gives outdoor-loving Americans a better tan than Tartan. Get it in your favorite form. **Lotion—Foam—Cream.**



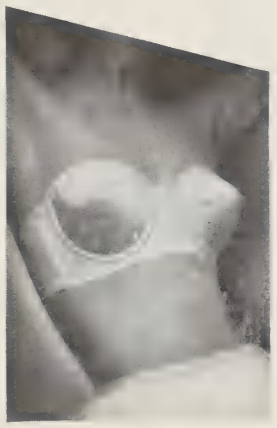
TARTAN LIP POMADE



Summer or winter—it relieves "weathered" lips—no chapping, drying, cracking; heals sore lips; does not show.

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Let Formfit define fashion for your figure...



Formfit

Whether the fashion neckline is plunging . . . completely covered . . . or beautifully bared in back, Formfit creates the flattering fashion definition. For each occasion . . . Playtime, Gaytime or Daytime . . . you'll find the just-right Formfit Bra. But see for yourself how Formfit defines fashion for your figure in terms of beauty and comfort . . . be fitted at your nicest store.



Versatile is the word for "Confidential" Convertible Bra No. 296. Wear it without or with straps—halter or off-the-shoulder. Embroidered White cotton contoured with a thin layer of foam rubber lining each cup. Sizes 32A to 38C. $5.00

Wear a Longline Bra like "Romance" No. 375 to smooth your midriff and beautify your bustline. White cotton broadcloth with wired underbust and soft "cuddle-stay" shaping in each cup. Sizes 32B to 40C. $6.95. Sizes 32D to 42D. $7.50



Life by Formfit

Choose a Strapless Bra that stays in place . . . always lifts you beautifully, thanks to the soft "cuddle-stay" cup shaping. As the elastic back band stretches, the "cuddle-stay" curves up from the bottom to the top of the cup—lifting and flattering every inch of the way. This one is "Romance" No. 382 in embroidered Nylon in 9 fashion-favored colors. Sizes 32A to 38C. $5.95

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

is she gives me what *she* thinks I should have and then expects inordinate gratitude. She reminds me of my father. My brothers and I grew up in a slum neighborhood because he wouldn't pay my mother adequate alimony, despite his prosperity. But he kept his fingers on our affairs, exercised his visitation rights, and we saw him often. The Christmas I was nine and without a winter coat he gave me an enormous doll. As soon as he left our dreary apartment I dropped the doll on purpose and it smashed to smithereens. My mother was terrified he would find out. Perhaps she was afraid he would stop her meager alimony checks.

"Over the past six years my mother-in-law has given me at least a dozen dresses; all of them were full and loosely fitting. My figure is good. Unless I'm pregnant, I always wear sheaths and tightly fitted suits. Mother B refuses to grant that her taste isn't my taste. Once when I badly needed clothes, an Easter outfit arrived. It came from a smart shop, and I was momentarily delighted. When I tried on the dress I discovered it was much too large and, because it had been bought on sale, not returnable. I was so disappointed I sat down and cried. But then I got angry. I hung the useless Easter costume in my closet, went to the store where it was bought, opened an account in Riley's name and charged a hundred-dollar dress, a twenty-five-dollar hat and a fifty-dollar alligator purse.

"I meant to keep the buying splurge a secret and juggle my household budget to cover it. But Mother B soon learned the truth—in her usual manner. She explored the unpaid bills filed in my desk, made an inventory of the contents of my closet and unearthed the new clothes. She then began advising me to curb my extravagances. To this day she complains about that purse and dress. I still adore and use them both.

"Most people think our home is charming. The place was spoiled for me on the day we signed the deed: my mother-in-law lent us half the down payment. Her assistance would have been unnecessary if we'd bought a smaller house. It's my fault we didn't. I let her persuade me that the youngsters required separate bedrooms and a full-size recreation room. I don't know why I was so foolish. Mother B never allows us to forget she has a financial interest in the house.

"Nor does she allow our friends to forget that her housewarming gift was the wall-to-wall carpeting in our living room. I had selected straw matting for a temporary floor covering, but she was horrified at the idea. So we accepted the high-priced carpet, and, in effect, lost our living room. Whenever Mother B steps in there she makes a quick inspection to make sure that *her* carpet is vacuumed, that nobody has burned a cigarette hole in it, that the ash trays are emptied, the newspapers picked up, the furniture dusted. She is represented by some purchase in every room in the house—the draperies in our room, the bedspreads in the children's rooms, the dinette set in the kitchen, and so on.

"I'm rapidly turning into a demon housekeeper, one of those awful women who chase the tiniest speck of dust, because of her. Last Tuesday I decided to sit outside in the sun with the children and let the cleaning slide. So Mother B dropped in, unannounced, and was in the living room like a shot. She telephones as often as five times a day, but never to warn me of a visit. She prefers to surprise me. Yesterday she arrived just as Riley was leaving and before I'd got the children up. Riley brushed right past her, but I was caught. She commented on his early departure and long hours, wondered why such hard work wasn't more financially rewarding, and then commiserated with me for being a neglected wife.

"Next, she checked on the condition of the children's beds. Fortunately I'd removed and folded the spreads in a way that met with her approval. But it developed that she disapproved of my daughters' pretty little nightgowns. After she put on the percolator—I prefer instant coffee, but long ago she installed the percolator—she produced shapeless outing-flannel pajamas for both girls and a horrid-looking pair for me too. My gift was delivered along with a lecture on the folly of sleeping in sheer nightgowns and risking a bad cold. She wouldn't know my lingerie was sheer if she hadn't rummaged through my dresser drawers. Pajamas happen to be a particular hate of mine, as she is well aware. Nevertheless, I felt obliged to drum up a show of gratitude.

"In the midst of my hollow thank-yous, the milkman came to collect. Mother B offered to pay his bill and I politely declined. But I was short of cash and my fountain pen and checkbook had disappeared. I blamed Johnnie for the disappearance, spoke to him sharply and he began to cry. His sisters joined in. The phone rang and it was Fred asking whether Riley had started for their office. I was rude to Fred. When I banged down the receiver the milkman was gone, and of course Mother B had paid him. Then, with a bright-eyed giggle, she produced my fountain pen and checkbook which she'd hidden underneath the blotter for the specific purpose of getting her own way and preventing me from getting my way.

"Shaking inside, I took Johnnie into the bathroom—he was still sobbing his heart out—and finally I managed to comfort him. When we came out, Mother B had dressed the girls in sun suits I hadn't meant for them to wear. She was entertaining my next-door neighbor, whom she'd invited in for coffee, by exhibiting the pajamas and dragging in the inevitable mention of the living-room carpet. Maybe it wasn't intentional, but she was conveying the impression that Riley was too impoverished to furnish our home and buy night clothes for his daughters.

"Later on when she wanted to take the children to her house for lunch I simply didn't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

AFTERNOON IN THE THIRTIES

By MARY KENNEDY

Vanished the summers when we played croquet,
Driving over the rough grass through flimsy wickets.
Incongruous, the big awkward man, red-haired,
Tall, in prime of life, full of authority,
Who gambled even on this half-childish play.

Ladies in chiffon, English tweeds, costumes from France
Shrieked in despair as he drove some painted ball
Into the farthest hedge. Flattering eyes, lips,
Admiring him, so loud, so brilliant and strong,
Beaming on all alike, encouraging romance.

His verandaed house, full of serene faces, hospitable, gay,
Welcomed arrivals in endless cars. Now vanished without echo,
Those famous names, sparkling words and confident grace,
All laughing on the green with mallet and ball,
One time or another during the careless day.

Gossamer soft and petal pink—the dream of a negligee cascading in a froth of French lace and silk chiffon. Specially designed for Scott, it matches to perfection the luxury of Soft-Weve—Scott's superb "facial quality" 2-ply bath tissue. Five exquisite Soft-Weve colors for your bath or powder room.

Probably the most noticed luxury in your home...

Soft-Weve® *by* **Scott**





To wake the sleeping beauty in your skin...use Tussy Creamy Masque. Its triple-action blackhead treatment cleans down deeper than any soap can



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TUSSY creamy masque

9 oz. jar $3 ... 4½ oz. $1.75 ... 2 oz. $1. Plus tax. On Canadian counters, too ... Her lipstick ... Tussy's Contraband

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

e the strength to argue. As soon as they e gone, I telephoned Riley's office to ask to use his lunch hour to fetch the children e for their naps. Mother B doesn't believe naps. Fred answered the phone and said y had just stepped out. I didn't believe . I was rude to Fred again. And then I was liscouraged at myself that I felt like jumpout the window. Naturally I didn't. I went work and washed a terrific pile of laundry. n I flew at the house and scrubbed and shed until I was exhausted and had a splitheadache. I tried to reach Riley on the ne again. This time I got the telephonewering service. I left a message for him to home.

Mother B didn't return the children until pertime. Without troubling to ask my mission, she took them to the beach. All e had plainly had a wonderful time with- me. But the little girls were badly sunned and Johnnie, who isn't strong, was ny and drooping with fatigue. Mercifully, her B didn't stay for supper. I held the l in the hope I would hear from Riley. re was no word from him. Eventually I fed youngsters and got them off to bed.

Half an hour later Johnnie woke up in hys- s. It was one of his nightmares—some- g about a swooping, huge-billed bird chas- him—and he screamed bloody murder for y. 'Where's my daddy? Where's my daddy?' ept crying over and over. I had no idea to locate Riley. Moreover, I was afraid neighbors would hear the uproar and start iping. I shook Johnnie and he shrieked automatically, the two girls swelled the us. By then I felt so completely sunk that ed too. I guess I howled louder than any e youngsters.

t was after ten o'clock when Riley tiptoed ss the porch. He slipped in as quietly as a glar. I was wide awake. I felt as though I'd l a million years and I had a million things ay. I hadn't seen or heard from Riley for n hours. Since early morning he had been sulting and conferring with Fred. Yet he no time to waste on me. When I began to ribe my dreadful day he pecked me absentedly on the cheek—he hasn't been really n to me for months—and then he picked e phone and dialed Fred. At once the two em plunged into a conversation about a e of property they have been discussing he last month.

couldn't stand it. I'd kept supper warmn the oven. I marched to the stove, empthe food into the garbage can, ran into bedroom and locked the door. I expected y to knock and make a fuss. He didn't. lly I unlocked the door and went into the g room. There I found Riley hunched up chair. His eyes were closed, but I didn't k he was asleep. I thought he was trying to d any sort of contact with me. He didn't e when I covered him with a blanket.

went back to the bedroom, but I couldn't . I walked the floor for hours, wondering I was such a failure as a wife, a mother a person. I've tried my level best. I'm just capable of being both a mother and a r to my children. I don't satisfy my hus-, who is far more concerned with his busi- than with me. I don't satisfy his mother. I certainly don't satisfy myself."

EY TELLS HIS SIDE:

'm afraid my wife may be heading toward vous breakdown," said Riley, a scowling, lexed and worried man of thirty-three. ce our marriage Della has completely ged personality. The first thing that at- ed me to Della was her independence. As n-age girl she moved from the Middle t to California under her own steam—her parents followed—and she earned her way in everything. I was particularly at- ed by her walk. It was proud and erect she held her head high in the air. She now s around like an old woman with the ht of the world on her shoulders.

he used to be full of fun and gaiety. She is jumpy and irritable; she wallows in ity, she cries over trifles. The other night erved me pork chops that were overdone, h I didn't mind in the slightest, but she burst into tears with the first bite. It seemed she'd been hovering over the stove trying to keep the chops moist for several hours. I told her I'd rather eat meat burned to a crisp—my stomach isn't all-important to me—and have the pleasure of a smiling wife. At that Della hopped up from the table and ran out of the house, still crying. Before I could stop her, she was in the car and gone. She spent the night with a woman friend, although I didn't learn that until much later. She didn't notify me of her whereabouts. Next morning I had to call my mother to come and look after our youngsters in order to go to work. When Della finally returned the following noon she was indignant to find my mother in charge. I'm convinced it was her intention to keep me away from my office.

"Della habitually acts before she thinks and she is hopelessly undisciplined. Yet she expects our children to be well behaved. Our girls are too young to be affected by her outbursts. But Johnnie is already a handful. Della smacks him when he's done nothing wrong and then, conscience-stricken, she hugs and kisses him. Or else she buys him a toy she has previously announced he can't have. My mother and my mother-in-law also participate in spoiling the boy. It's a wonder he isn't worse behaved than he is. When he's older I'm sure it will fall to me to straighten him out.

"In our courtship days Della was always laughing. She used to laugh at my corniest jokes. I believe I fell in love with her laughter. As a young kid, while I sat listening to my mother's endless lamentations, I decided I would never marry a girl who lacked a sense of humor.

"I can still vividly recall the evening Della sold me on her humor and her sportsmanship. She and I had a date for a fraternity dance. As a gag and, perhaps, as a sort of test, I sent her a corsage of withered, half-dead violets; the violets were in such poor shape the florist didn't charge me for them. Then I called for Della carrying a second corsage, butterfly orchids that cost me plenty. When Della opened the door, the violets were pinned on her dress—she'd picked out most of the dead blooms and substituted artificial flowers bought in the dime store—and she was laughing. I proposed to her that same night.

"It's been months now since I've heard Della laugh. I never know what mood she will be in when I get home in the evening; I can safely gamble she won't be calm and happy. More than once she has frightened me by threatening suicide. Perhaps I frighten easy, but I do know that before we met—Della was then in her teens and living with her mother back in Michigan—she swallowed an overdose of sleeping pills. She still takes sleeping pills, in spite of my objections.

"Several months ago I came home from an out-of-town business trip—I'd had car trouble and was very late—and found her sitting in the living room with my Army pistol in her lap. I was badly alarmed and I wasn't satisfied with her explanation that she'd heard noises and got up to look for a prowler. She insists she is afraid to stay alone at night, although I can't understand why she should be. Our next-door neighbors live within fifty feet of us. Della didn't used to be fearful and timid. Della used to be friendly and outgoing. It never occurred to her then to wonder whether people gossiped about her in an unkind way. It occurs to her now.

"Looking back, I believe the change in her personality, the deterioration in her nervous system, began as long ago as our honeymoon days. She was determined to start a family immediately. I would have been willing to wait awhile, but I was dissuaded. I was twenty-seven at the time and Della talked as though at that advanced age I was a candidate for the old folks' home, almost too antique to be a father. Johnnie was born the week we celebrated our first anniversary.

"Our relatives—relatives on both sides—have always figured in our marriage. Della's mother came West to attend our wedding and didn't feel she should leave during Della's pregnancy. At birth Johnnie was delicate and sickly and she then stayed on, so she said, to help nurse him. Della didn't require nursing help and, frankly, she didn't receive much. Instead the two grandmothers, her mother and my mother, commenced a debate on the proper way to rear children that has been raging off and on ever since. This discussion is frequently enlivened by comments from Della's father, who has also settled in California. I'm sure Della dislikes her father, although we see him from time to time. But it makes her furious when my mother, who isn't especially tactful, remarks that her father is well heeled and if Della watches her step our youngsters may be remembered in his will. Quite a row occurred when he was invited to our wedding. If Della's sense of humor had been operating, I think she might have found some amusement in that situation.

"In the first place, it was hardly up to my mother to make our wedding arrangements. By fast talk and fast footwork she managed to outflank Della's mother and grab control. At that point, a month before the ceremony, Della's father appeared. He is just as bossy as my mother, if not bossier. He and she fought out each and every detail of our wedding—the food, the decorations, the date, the hour—as though the two of them were the bride and groom. Della's father picked the minister and the church, my mother picked the caterer and the photographer. He chose the hotel where the reception was held, she hired the musicians. Nothing went the way Della wanted it. She became so distressed at having all the planning snatched away from her that I seriously suggested she and I run off and be married by a justice of the peace. Della refused. She suffered through the wedding in silence.

"She has been suffering ever since at my mother's hands. Not in silence, however. One of Della's big complaints in life, which I hear about daily, is my mother. I love my mother and admire her good qualities, but I'll admit she can be a trial. During my boyhood I had to learn to let her streams of advice and instructions pour in one ear and out the other, which wasn't too hard for me. In fact, as a kid I more or less took her side and patiently swallowed her interminable and highly colored recitals on the subject of my poor father's sins of omission and commission. The truth is my father can't call his soul his own, even in his business. My mother invades his office—my father is a sales manager—tells him how to handle his employees and his customers and takes full credit for his success. She doesn't think he has the brains to put on his clothes by himself; every night she lays out the suit, the shirt, the necktie he is supposed to wear the next day.

"When I went in the Army and later when I attended college on the GI Bill I discovered the joys of independence. I still listen to my mother, but only when she can catch up with me, and quite definitely I go my own way. Apparently Della can't. For some unknown reason, my mother has the Indian sign on her. She constantly and unnecessarily allows herself to be browbeaten and pushed around. My mother takes our youngsters to the beach when Della thinks they should stay at home. Della doesn't peep. Della planned a pink color scheme for their bedrooms. When my mother put in yellow bedspreads Della didn't say a word. Nor did she protest to my mother when curtains she disliked were ordered without her knowledge and hung in our bedroom. But she objected strenuously to me.

"My mother is a demon shopper and bargain hunter. Last year she suddenly made up her mind that I needed a pair of suède shoes. I told her I didn't care for fancy shoes, but she paid no attention. The day after our conversation a pair of suède shoes arrived. I sent them to the Hungarian Relief Committee and asked that a note of thanks be mailed to my mother. I suggested the same solution to Della. She keeps dresses she despises hanging in her closet, like a row of hair shirts; I've seen her shiver with distaste on catching sight of them.

"Nowadays Della sees the dark side of everything. But her two pet peeves are my mother and my job. What she doesn't realize is that if it weren't for my job I doubt I could bear the continued strain of living with her and maintaining my own balance. Not long ago in the midst of a quarrel—she did the quarreling; I kept quiet—she told me I would have to choose between my boss and her. For a moment I was hard put to hold my tongue. Naturally I wouldn't trade my wife and children for my partner. But Fred's company is preferable to Della's company as she is now. The only place I find any peace is at my work.

"When I was first married I had a state job which Della now thinks was a vast improvement on my present job. But she picked flaws in that job, too, when I held it. One advantage of my present job is that a good part of the time I'm out of telephonic range of Della's complaints. My mother can't get at me either. To a man in my spot, the long hours and the out-of-town trips are no handicap. I'm lucky in my partner. Fred has put up most of the capital in our business and he likes and is sticking with me, in spite of Della's frequent digs at him. He has let me into some long-term investments that may pay off someday in a big way. Instead of being rude to Fred, Della should give some thought to our financial future.

"Della is considerably more materialistic than she thinks she is. When I give her a present it has to be the best or she gets no charge from it. I bought her a pretty bottle of toilet water for a valentine and she was disappointed it wasn't imported perfume. Della isn't ordinarily a foolish spender. Yet every now and again, particularly if something has got on her nerves, she sends our budget into a spin by buying expensive truck we can't afford. The last time she had such a spell was a month ago and she bought a forty-dollar lamp for her dressing table. The inexpensive lamp already on the table was perfectly appropriate, but

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ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Some parents move to the country to give their children and pets more freedom . . . to cross roads at points where motorists are traveling faster than in town.

A watched child always boils.

Some parents find it impossible even to let their children turn a Lazy Susan without giving them advice or assistance.

When children are young, a mother is apt to be concerned with the appearance of food, but when children get older she's apt to be *more* concerned with the disappearance of it.

"I don't mind doing something I don't like to do," says our cleaning woman, "because then I work harder to make quitting time come faster."

Probably the happiest persons are the ones who move early into the slow lane in life's traffic and never cut out around, in an endeavor to pass the Joneses.

Adolescence: When children *seem* to grow younger and parents *do* grow older.

One of the biggest satisfactions in modern life seems to be to get caught up on all the payments so you can start some more.

Della said it made her feel cheap. Maybe she doesn't realize it, but she seems to judge most of our furnishings by their price tag.

"Della is a nice girl. Something is eating on her. I wish I knew what it was."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"Riley's belief that his wife was on the verge of a nervous crackup was well founded. In our opening interview Della disclosed the classic symptoms—exaggerated fears and anxieties, tensions, inexplicable depressions. It was obvious that her children were being harmed by her moodiness, her undisciplined behavior. It was obvious, too, she had made Riley's existence so intolerable that he had retreated from his marriage into work, as his father had done.

"Neither Riley nor Della had been blessed with a happy childhood home which they could emulate in establishing their own home. Intellectually, both wanted and expected to find love, warmth and close companionship in their marriage. Emotionally, neither was equipped to be a good and helpful companion to the other. Riley was kindhearted, but he had trained himself to close his ears to feminine problems. Della was in almost desperate need of sympathy and understanding. As soon as he understood this, he gave it in full measure.

"Della's surface complaints—the complaints that were driving Riley farther and farther away from her—were so numerous and all-inclusive that I immediately surmised she was suffering from a serious inner trouble, or 'conflict,' as we say. There appeared to be no sound reason for her chronic wretchedness, her haunting sense of failure. After all, as she informed me during one of our early interviews, she had achieved most of the objectives for which she had yearned in her girlhood. She had three children, she had a husband who was clever and ambitious even though he was away a great deal, she had an attractive home. Yet almost deliberately (or so it seemed) she was throwing away these prizes in life. Why? Answering this question, uncovering the deep inner trouble responsible for Della's gnawing dissatisfactions and ever-present feelings of inadequacy, was far and away the most difficult part of this case.

"It was comparatively simple to suggest ways of alleviating some of the day-to-day annoyances in the marriage, so many of which originated with Riley's mother. To begin with, at my urging, Della followed Riley's wise example, bundled up the dresses she disliked and never wore and sent them to her favorite charity. Next, she pruned her household of the furnishings that weren't to her taste. The draperies in the master bedroom and the children's bedspreads were replaced. The dinette set and the living-room carpet were too expensive to discard and replace, but in a tentative way Della began to feel for the first time that she was gaining a vote in decorating her own home. Riley's encouragement in the pruning project was vital. Without him, it could never have occurred.

"Even more helpful was his co-operation in fending off his mother's continuous interference by means of the daily visits and repeated telephone calls. These visits and phone calls had been almost as much of an irritant to him as to Della. For, inevitably, he was treated to a blow-by-blow account of every verbal skirmish. Riley felt, with some justice, that he had served his time as a listener and emotional prop to his mother in his boyhood. At the same time, he had the vaguely filial belief that she was entitled to company. With his marriage, he had nominated Della to keep his mother company and keep her off his neck. He ignored Della's lack of talent for the role and her marked inability to duck unwelcome plans made for her by others. Also, he failed to reflect that his mother might blame her daughter-in-law for the loss of her old companionship with him, which happened to be the case.

"Indeed, Riley's mother retaliated for his withdrawal and pointed lack of interest in her affairs by attempting to punish him and his whole family. In the first place, she endeavored to keep Riley, Della and their youngsters under obligation to her by a continued flow of gifts with the promise of more gifts to come. But she saw to it that every gift contained a barb. Always there was the implication that Riley was unable to support his wife and children properly but that his poor old mother would gladly sacrifice to supplement, cover up his financial failings and help out in any way.

"Della correctly sensed the subtle hostility in every telephone call, in every visit, in every gift; a part of her intense dislike of her mother-in-law was based on loyalty to Riley. Even so, she couldn't bring herself to refuse the gifts or to say good-by and hang up the telephone. Once Riley understood what was going on, he was quite capable of dealing with his mother because he knew and loved her, faults and all. (Incidentally, Riley's mother dearly loved her son at the same time she hated him for eluding her domination.) Riley went to see his mother, explained Della's nervous state, and flatly requested that all visits and telephone calls to his home be stopped for the time being. Not surprisingly, his mother responded with outrage, injured feelings and a practically alphabetical list of favors she had done him and Della.

"It wasn't easy for Riley to stick by his guns, but he did so. He realized that a brand-new deal for Della was a therapeutic must. Eventually he consoled his mother with flattery and prevailed on her to expend some of her boundless energy on other kin. He agreed to visit her with the grandchildren at least once a week. He took another step, which I did not suggest. He refinanced the mortgage on his home and repaid his mother's loan.

"Della was almost pathetically grateful for Riley's show of interest and his support. In many ways, the marriage improved. Della's complaints dwindled. When she ceased to dread a drop-in from her mother-in-law, she gave up the compulsive housekeeping that had kept her exhausted and in a frenzy of unnecessary busy work. She handled her children with more love and more skill. But her depressions continued. And the basic questions remained.

"Why was she so upset by Riley's mother? What was behind her almost obsessive aversion? Why was she unable to stand up for her own rights and beliefs? What was the explanation of her fears and confusions, the feelings of personal unworthiness and guilt that she frequently expressed to me? In short, what was her conflict?

"One significant clue was that Della's nervous outbursts, her seeming inability to behave reasonably, had started after her divorced parents, whom she had left to travel off to college, followed her to California. It didn't require remarkable shrewdness on my part to suspect Della had unconsciously attempted to leave behind uncomfortable memories and experiences of her childhood. Clearly her mother and her father must figure in these memories.

"From the beginning of our counseling, Della was quite open in discussing her relationship with her mother. As to her father, she was very brief. She merely said that she detested him. The reason she advanced was that he had lived in luxury and left her mother to live in poverty. This criticism of her father was valid, so far as it went. It took months of painful probing to get at the real truth of Della's experiences with her father, a truth so ugly that it was buried deep in her subconscious memory. She had suffered far more than the average child from a divorce. Her father, a sadistic show-off, had consistently mistreated his small daughter, perhaps in an effort to revenge himself upon his ex-wife. While visiting the family he was often alone with Della and often he had abused the helpless child. It would be pointless to enumerate his many cruelties. One incident, which Della had long banished from her conscious mind, will illustrate. Her father, racing at top speed along a country road, told his terrified five-year-old daughter she was about to die and then deliberately removed his hands from the steering wheel at the risk of both their lives.

"When Della reported her terror to her mother, her story was not credited. Her mother chose to regard the ugly truth of her ex-husband's brutality as childish fiction; it is possible she was motivated by worry her alimony checks would cease if she dared to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

nvestigate and protest. At any rate, Della vas forced to live out her childhood not only n constant terror of her father's next visit but vith the self-doubt that assails a youngster o one believes. Deep within her there devel- oped the conviction that it was impossible to esist a strong, determined person, regardless f the right or wrong of the situation.

"Riley's mother was a strong, stubborn, letermined person; in fact, in character and even in mannerisms, she was very much like Della's father. In a flood of revelation, Della t last understood why she had weakly al- owed Riley's mother to trample underfoot ier rights and wishes. For Della to puzzle out he reason behind the weakness of which she vas so ashamed was very difficult. The cure vas fairly simple.

"Directly she comprehended that she as- ociated her mother-in-law and her father and he psychological cause for her reacting to oth with debilitating, frightened passivity, he changed her tack. She became able to see ier mother-in-law socially again and, in moderation, accept her company. Overnight, or so it seemed, Della learned to say no. At once Mother B's dominance lost effectiveness. It is unlikely Della and her mother-in-law will ever be close, but they are conventionally friendly and she and Riley reaped an un- expected bonus. They became acquainted with his father, previously overshadowed by his voluble wife. Della's father-in-law is welcome to drop in any time. Next fall Riley is counting on an all-male camping expedition with his father; the honor guest is to be young Johnnie, who has become less rambunctious now that he sees a little more of his dad. Riley still works very hard.

"Where Della's father was concerned, she was confronted with another unpalatable reality. She had absorbed some of his false, mercenary standards. She faced the fact that she had secretly hoped for an eventual legacy for her children from his estate and also faced the fact that this sneaky hope fed her confusions and feelings of guilt. No legacy, she granted, was worth such a price. She and Riley have cut off even a casual relationship with her father. It seemed better to them.

"Riley still works abnormally long hours. Della no longer feels threatened and abandoned during his absences, since during her long course of counseling she received solid proof of his devotion and support. She has stopped her feuding and fussing with his partner. Della and Riley are now a team, working together, trusting each other and enjoying real emotional security in the love they know they share."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

BETTER LIVING FOR ELDER-AGERS—LA JOLLA, CALIF.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

White Sands, selected a room and made a down payment.

All over the state, Presbyterian ministers were making similar announcements to their congregations. Some Episcopal ministers also had been asked to tell their people about it, since White Sands was to be interdenominational. And across the country, Presbyterian Life magazine was carrying the story to other prospective residents.

Mrs. Russell, living alone in Atlantic City, New Jersey, had got into the habit of skipping a meal or two every day, instead dropped in at the corner drugstore for a cup of coffee "just for the company." On doctor's orders to find "companionship, good food and peace of mind," she decided to write to White Sands and later she packed up and drove some 3000 miles to make her new home in La Jolla.

By June of 1956 nearly half the rooms had been reserved and ten men and women not yet 65 had made down payments of $1000 each to be on a list for future vacancies.

It was a truly human tombstone which bore the inscription: "I expected this, but not just yet."

At White Sands, the residents themselves participate in making rules and policies. Recently they met as a group to decide the hours to be set aside for guest use of the pool. There are specific dining-room hours (meals are attractively prepared by a Danish chef and served by waitresses), but residents may dine whenever they choose during those hours, sit with whom they choose at white-linen-topped tables for four, and order from a varied menu. Miss Alice Owens with the perky blue hair bow tells you, "That first day we were so busy getting acquainted we spent six whole hours in the dining room."

The slender vase of chrysanthemums on each table is the work of Miss Hazel Brobst, former schoolteacher. Her decorating workshop, just off the library, is stocked with colored art paper, vases and unusual stones she is planning to use later in both the lounge and dining room. Before coming to White Sands, Miss Brobst thought long and hard about selling her eight-room house. "I hated to give up my garden—but I had met so many stubborn, unhappy old ladies living alone year after year that I decided I'd gain much more than I'd give up. As you grow older, it's just as important to make new friends as when you're young, don't you think?"

On the office walls and in the lounge hang many attractive oil paintings—several by Mrs. Genevra Osterman. One of the seascapes is the view from Mrs. Osterman's second-level room. Her room, too, is filled with her own paintings. Just before selling her home in Seattle, Mrs. Osterman announced to friends by post card the big social event of her season: a sale of her original paintings, art objects, furniture, china, glassware and linens. She has redecorated her studio room to provide a soft background. Her walls and rug now are muted brown, and sheer beige drapes from Mexico cover the sliding doors opening onto the lanai.

In the hall two prospective residents from Toledo, Ohio, are welcomed by Dr. William Crosby Ross, a former minister whose sense of humor sparks many a dinner-table conversation at White Sands. Doctor Ross conducts a Bible-study class Wednesday mornings and is on call at almost any hour to escort visitors about the building, take them to rooms several of the residents have volunteered to show, and answer questions. (Sample—from a widow: "Suppose a widow and a widower meet at White Sands, decide to get married and occupy one room. What becomes of the extra room that's been paid for?" Answer: "A refund would be made.") Today's visitors are interested in the bulletin board—swarming with notices announcing a bridge class, a colored-slide showing, book-review group, a schedule of free transportation to downtown La Jolla, a chess list (but no names on it), a place to sign up for a chartered-bus trip to the Imperial Valley. A tall, attractive woman on her way out stops to greet the visitors.

"My friends think I'm making a mistake," one of the prospective residents says. "But I'm *so* tired of living alone and eating alone."

"Oh, I know *exactly* what you mean—we all do," the resident tells her. "Actually I expected to spend all my time here sitting reading and knitting, but I haven't had time."

Sometime this year the Southern California Presbyterian Homes Corporation will open its second home—"Royal Oaks Manor," in Duarte, a ten-minute drive east of Pasadena, with somewhat more modest accommodations. Other homes with complete medical care for prospective residents in the middle-income group will probably be located in Riverside and Orange counties, metropolitan Los Angeles and Santa Barbara in the not-too-distant future. END



The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY
(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the letters that reach a beauty editor's desk, there are none so urgent as those from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Psychologists tell us pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause *permanent* damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave *permanent* scars.

Fortunately, today you can help your child with a modern, scientific pimple medication that really works. It's called CLEARASIL. In doctors' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

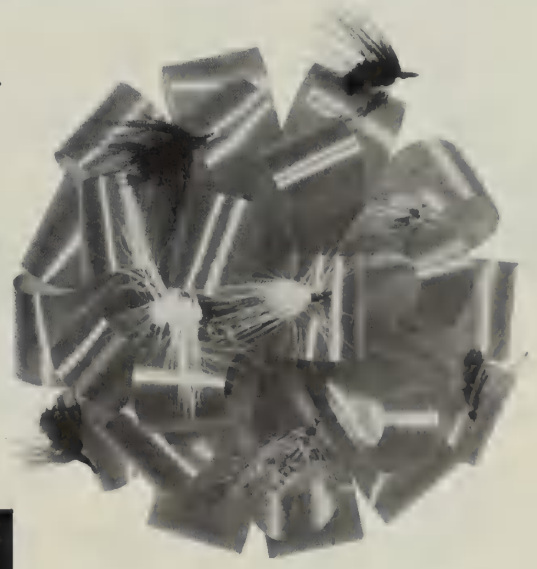
Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So *don't* use skin creams which contain oils pimples 'feed' on. Use a true oil-absorbing medication—CLEARASIL, which helps remove these oils, actually 'starves' pimples.

CLEARASIL is *skin-colored* to end embarrassment immediately. Greaseless, fast-drying, antiseptic . . . it's guaranteed to work for you, as it did in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).

Special Offer: Send 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size of CLEARASIL to Eastco, Inc., Box 260-E, New York 46, N.Y. Exp. July 31, 1957.

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Man-style "Magic Bow" for Father's Day (or your June graduate) is sure to help your gift make a hit! Tie a "Magic Bow" from the easy directions on your roll of Sasheen Brand Ribbon. Then, if he's a fisherman, tape a sunny selection of trout flies to the crisp, perky loops. If he's a golfer, attach bright tees. Be sure you use Sasheen—your favorite store has he-man colors galore!

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bringing up baby®

hints collected by
Mrs. Dan Gerber,
mother of five





foot-loose and fancy free

That's the way toddlers like to be these soft summer days. Your little busybody will love to run barefoot—enjoy the silkiness of grass; the sun-kissed warmth of sand. (Can't think of a more delightful way to strengthen little feet, either.) However, before you turn baby loose, be sure his traveling grounds are free of sharp bits of stone, glass or shells.

meal planning made easy

Summertime . . . and the eating is easy. That's because Gerber offers over 30 good-tasting Junior Foods. All are famous for appealing colors, true flavors and a tender, evenly minced texture. 7 Fruits • 6 Vegetables • 10 Soups & Dinners • 4 Meats • 3 Desserts • Junior Egg Yolks & Ham.



Introductory idea. If your baby is just starting on Junior Food, mix small amounts with the Strained Food he's been having. As he gets used to the difference, increase the amount of Junior Food.

sunning suggestions

Now that it's open season on sun-bathing, here are a few reminders for sun-minded mothers:

- *Be lavish* with lotion or oil. It protects baby's skin, speeds tanning, keeps skin soft.
- *Be time-conscious.* Start with 2 minutes a day, dividing time between tummy and back. Increase time by 2 minutes each day; Never expose baby for more than 30 minutes.
- *Shun blazing midday hours.* Beware the cloudy day. Sun burns just as hard through a haze.

dietary measure

Rapidly growing babies and active toddlers need a daily quota of proteins for growth and strength. Gerber Strained and Junior Meats help fill this need beautifully. Made from selected Armour cuts, they're carefully processed to remove most of the fat and coarse tissue. 8 Strained varieties, smoothly pureed. 4 Junior Meats for tots who can chew.



ARMOUR

travel plan

If you take to the highroads with baby this summer, you might remember these hints for happier driving. (1) The cool of the early morning or evening is the ideal driving time. (2) Gerber's Orange or Apple Juice or cool water will take care of the thirst department. (3) A few favorite toys make good distracters. (4) An extra sweater for baby is good insurance against temperature changes.



menu of the month

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*Your choice of 5 flavorful Gerber Vegetable and Meat Combinations: Vegetables & Turkey · Split Peas with Ham · Beef & Noodles with Vegetables · Chicken Noodle Dinner · Macaroni, Tomato, Beef & Bacon. The unusual, grown-up flavor combinations and tender, minced texture make them ideal transition foods between strained and family table foods.

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"WHEN I ENTERTAIN"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

chicken tarragon (roasted with a liberal sprinkling of tarragon inside, which flavors the whole chicken). With the two cold main dishes, Salade Russe, mixed cooked vegetables tossed in mayonnaise dressing; and a green salad, liberally bedecked with grated egg yolk. There is a big platter of assorted cheeses and some *pâté*, and perhaps orange halves, hollowed and filled with orange sherbet. Tiny sugary cookies would go with the sherbet.

Another pet menu for a buffet dinner party might include a delicious Casserole Espagnole—"The casserole that has everything," says Mme. Alphand. "It's made with shrimp, spiced sausage, saffron rice and chicken. Then there's another hot casserole of sliced eggs in a marvelous bacon-and-cheese sauce; cooked Lima beans and green beans marinated in French dressing, and chilled." Dessert is a creamy Tarte Bordalone—an inspired combination of golden custard, currant jelly and pears, in a baked pastry shell, sprinkled with toasted almonds.

For a smaller, seated dinner party, Mme. Alphand might serve a fluffy light-as-air fish soufflé as the first course—it could be made with lobster or shrimp—and a very special French dish, Jambon en Croute, which is easy to prepare, and spectacular to behold. (The ham is wrapped in a flaky shell of pastry before baking, which takes on the delicious flavor of the ham.) Puréed mushrooms are perfect with this, a plain green salad goes along, and the dessert is a heavenly mound of vanilla ice cream topped with spiced cherries and peaches.

Here are recipes for Mme. Alphand's favorite party menus:

CASSEROLE ESPAGNOLE

Cook until tender a 6-to-7-pound chicken in 1½ quarts water with seasonings—salt, pepper, onion, celery tops and a few sprigs of parsley. Remove from stock and take the chicken off the bones in good-sized pieces. Save 3 cups stock and skim off the fat. Brown 2 cups converted rice and 4 cloves garlic, crushed, in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Stir in 1 can tomato paste. Meanwhile, reheat the chicken broth, dissolving in it ¼ teaspoon powdered saffron. In a very large kettle mix together the saffron broth, the rice, the chicken pieces, 1½ pounds cleaned and deveined shrimp, 2 pepperoni sausages, sliced very thin, and ½ cup chopped pimiento. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt. Bring mixture to a boil, then reduce to simmer. Cook for 20 to 25 minutes until rice is tender and the liquid is absorbed. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

OEUFS ENTERALLIÉS

Hard-cook 1½ dozen eggs. Cool, peel and slice thinly. Sauté ½ pound bacon until crisp. Drain and crumble. Make 2 cups medium cream sauce, using ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup flour, 1 cup light cream and 1 cup milk. Add 1 pound grated sharp Cheddar cheese, stirring until cheese is melted. Season with 1 small clove garlic, crushed, ¼ teaspoon each of thyme, marjoram and basil. Add ¼ cup chopped parsley. Pour some of the sauce into a greased baking dish. Add a layer of egg slices, then bacon crumbles and more cheese sauce. Continue until ingredients are used up, ending with sauce. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 20 minutes until bubbly and crumbs are browned. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

TARTE BORDALONE

Bake a 10" pie shell. Cool. Spread the inside of the shell with 1 cup softened red-currant jelly. Pour over this 1 cup custard filling. Arrange quarters of cooked or canned pears, about 6 in all, in the creamy filling. Spread the top with 1 cup whipped cream and sprinkle with crisp, toasted almond slivers. Chill 3 to 4 hours in refrigerator. Serves 6.

Custard filling: Mix in the top of a double boiler 2 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon plus ¾ teaspoon cornstarch, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Slowly pour over this 1 cup scalded milk, stirring till the sugar is dissolved. Heat, stirring constantly, about 6 to 8 minutes, till custard coats a metal spoon. Remove from heat and add ½ teaspoon vanilla.

SHRIMP SOUFFLÉ

Prepare a cream sauce as follows: Melt 6 tablespoons butter. Add 6 tablespoons flour and blend over low heat 5 to 10 minutes. Slowly stir in 2 cups light cream. When it is smooth and boiling, stir in 2 cups finely chopped cooked shrimp, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped parsley and ¼ cup minced onion. When these ingredients are hot, reduce the heat and stir in 6 beaten egg yolks. Cook and stir a little longer to permit the yolks to thicken. Season with ¾ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Cool these ingredients slightly. Whip until stiff 6 egg whites. Fold the hot mixture carefully into the egg whites. Bake the soufflé in an ungreased 2-quart baking dish in a moderate oven, 325° F., until it is firm, about 1 hour. Makes 12 servings.

JAMBON EN CROUTE

Mix together 1 cup soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon each thyme and dry mustard and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Rub this well into the fat of a whole precooked ham. Bake the ham for 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350° F. Then cover with the following pastry. Return the ham to the oven and continue baking in a very hot oven, 450° F. for about 30 minutes, or until the pastry is a golden brown.

Pastry: Cut 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons butter into 3 cups flour until well blended. Add ice water just until the mixture holds together (about ⅔ cup). Chill the dough for ½ hour. Roll on a slightly floured board into a rectangle. Brush lightly with melted butter and fold over in thirds. Roll and fold the dough again and return to the refrigerator to chill for another ½ hour. When ready to cover the ham, roll the dough into a sheet large enough to hold it, wrap well and seal by moistening the edges with water. If you want, cut out fancy shapes of the pastry with a cooky cutter and decorate the outside. Secure these with a little water also.

PURÉE OF MUSHROOMS

Wipe 2 pounds mushrooms with a damp cloth, and chop them very finely, caps and stems. Place the chopped mushrooms in a saucepan, add ¼ cup butter and simmer them very slowly, uncovered, for 10 minutes, stirring them from time to time. They should be golden in color. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, a pinch of pepper, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and a squeeze of lemon juice. Add 2 cups béchamel sauce to the mushrooms, mix all together, and correct the seasoning if necessary. Serves 6.

BÉCHAMEL SAUCE

In a saucepan melt 4 tablespoons butter. Mince 1 small onion, add to the butter with ½ small garlic clove, crushed, simmering till onion is golden but not brown. Blend in 6 tablespoons flour, add 1½ cups very strong chicken broth and 1 cup heavy cream gradually, stirring till sauce is thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

SPICED-CHERRY-AND-PEACH SAUCE

For vanilla ice cream. Drain the juice from 2 cups canned, pitted Bing cherries, and add ¼ cup sugar, a small piece of stick cinnamon, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon powdered cloves, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Simmer very slowly for 10 minutes, then remove the stick of cinnamon and add 2 tablespoons cornstarch which has been mixed with 2 tablespoons cold water. Stir till thickened and the sauce comes to a boil. Then add the cherries and 2 packages thawed, frozen sliced peaches and juice. Heat all together, and serve over vanilla ice cream. END



For Father's Day

LET'S HAVE A CHICK-N-QUE

Dad dotes on barbecues. But on his big day make him the guest. Plump him down in a hammock while the chicken cooks and the Coca-Cola and Cranberry Sauce are a-cooling. (Secret: a Chick-N-Que is *easy* to do!)

Start your fire early. When it's down to glowing coals, wrap potatoes in Reynolds Wrap and snuggle into embers. Brush young chickens with Chick-N-Que Sauce and lay, skin side up, on a grill 12″ from coals. Cook slowly—1 to 1¼ hours—turning and basting frequently. To test doneness, twist a joint. When bones part willingly, call the crowd.

Now brighten each plate with two slices of chilled Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce—red and tangy—or with spoonfuls of Whole Berry Sauce. Relax—and enjoy the day.

• • •

P.S. Have an Oven-Chick-N-Que indoors—any season. Place chicken, skin side down, in shallow pan lined with Reynolds Wrap. Baste with sauce. Place in hot oven (450° F.) about 25 minutes. Reduce to 325° F. Turn, baste frequently, bake till tender.



Now in Canada, too

Chick-N-Que Sauce. For 3 broiler-fryers, mix well: ½ cup Mazola Oil, ¾ cup lemon juice or cider vinegar, ¼ cup water, 1½ tbs. salt, 3 tbs. sugar, 1¼ teaspoons Tabasco Sauce. Heat to boiling. Keep hot, well mixed.

If you prefer a highly seasoned sauce, increase amount of Tabasco and add mustard and Worcestershire sauce.

For a holiday flavor any day—serve *Ocean Spray* CRANBERRY SAUCE

THE DEVIL WITH COOKING



Deviled Ham Salad Sandwich . . . your lazy-day lunch!

Recipe for Underwood's light, yet satisfying, Deviled Ham Salad Sandwich: Spread Underwood Deviled Ham on a slice of your favorite bread . . . circle with alternate slices of cucumbers and tomatoes on a bed of lettuce leaves . . . top with a slice of cucumber . . . add a dollop of mayonnaise and serve. Quick, easy, and so delicious . . . thanks to the unique flavor of Underwood's fine ham and natural seasonings.



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When You Shop For Food

SUMMER SALAD DAYS

Glistening garden salad sparked with sour-cream dressing is the ultimate in cool, beautiful eating.

Salads take shape as appetite teasers, handsome and hearty main dishes, or double as dessert. Here is a sheaf of them, all exceptionally delicious.

Some unexpected fillips in a mixed green salad are as welcome as discovering a waterfall on a woodsy stroll. A few added attractions to remember are:

1. Tomato wedges dipped in grated Parmesan cheese.
2. Sliced, drained water chestnuts.
3. Canned or cooked frozen artichoke hearts.
4. Flaked sardines or anchovy fillets.
5. Julienne beets and crumbled blue cheese.
6. Hearts of palm with slivers of smoked tongue.
7. Croutons browned in garlic butter.
8. Avocado slices, crisp pieces of bacon and hard-cooked-egg quarters.

The dressing is the very essence of any salad creation. Shake up a quart or so of classic French dressing, using herb-flavored or wine vinegar, and store it in the refrigerator. Then, on occasion, blend into a part of it caviar, various herbs, curry powder, mustard, celery seed, snipped chives, chopped chutney, grated lemon rind, chopped water cress or pimiento. Try combinations and make your motto "A new salad every day!"

Garden Salad With Sour-Cream Dressing

Hot shrimp soup or oyster stew (the frozen variety), plus thin whole-wheat bread and butter sandwiches are pleasing partners for a pick-of-the-patch salad. And with blueberry pie and cheese—call in the new neighbors.

Garden Salad: Soften 2 envelopes and 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water for 5 minutes. Add 1 cup boiling water and ½ cup sugar and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Blend in 1¾ cups cold water, 1¼ cups cider vinegar and 2 teaspoons salt. Chill until thick. Fold into the gelatin mixture wafer-thin radish slices (about 2 bunches), 2 medium cucumbers, peeled and sliced, 1¼ cups sliced scallions—use part of the tops—and a teaspoon of dill. Mix thoroughly; pour into a 1½-quart mold. Chill until set—about 5 hours, or overnight. Unmold on a chop plate. Garnish with lettuce, water cress, tomato wedges and ripe olives. Makes 12 servings.

Sour-Cream Dressing: Mix 1½ cups commercial sour cream with ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar and 2 teaspoons vinegar.

Curried Chicken Salad in Tomato Petals

Dolled up with an exotic Indian flourish or two, chicken salad is especially good when a few deviled eggs are tucked round the platter and cream-of-asparagus soup is passed. Have assorted crackers, too, and replenish them when you come in with a fruit-and-cheese tray.

Curried Chicken Salad in Tomato Petals: Steam a 5-pound roasting chicken. Don't boil it. Cool. Remove the meat from the bones and cut into largish pieces. Add ½ cup diced celery, 1 cup diced tart, peeled apple and 2 teaspoons grated onion. Blend 2 teaspoons curry powder with 1 cup mayonnaise and ¼ cup light cream. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and a sprinkling of pepper. Then add ⅓ cup toasted slivered almonds. Mix well. Chill. Cut 6 tomatoes into sixths—almost but not quite through. Place tomatoes in lettuce cups, then fill with spoonfuls of chicken salad. Place parsley here and there.

Stuffed-Celery Salad

When coals glow in the outdoor fireplace and father puts on a steak, it's your cue to toss the upcoming salad. That is, provided tomatoes are sliced and some frozen French-fried potatoes heated. Let folks make their own sodas for dessert.

Stuffed-Celery Salad: Select 8 to 10 fairly large celery stalks. Wash and prepare them for stuffing. Mix well together ½ cup blue cheese and ¼ cup



cream cheese. Stuff the celery with the cheese and chill the stalks for about an hour or until ready to use. To make the salad, break up a quart of salad greens—whatever you like. Romaine, lettuce and endive are an ideal trio. Add ¼ cup chopped green pepper and ¼ cup pitted sliced ripe olives. Slice the stuffed celery into ½-inch pieces and add also. Season the salad with ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon and toss with a sharp French dressing. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Jellied Fruit and Cottage Cheese

Here's a fruit medley to follow New England clam chowder. Be sure ome buttered banana bread and iced tea are handy.

Jellied Fruit and Cottage Cheese: Have ready 1 cup watermelon balls, 1 up casaba melon, cantaloupe or honeydew-melon balls, and ½ cup seedless reen grapes. Soften 1 envelope plus 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin in ¼ up cold water. Let stand 5 minutes. Dissolve in ¾ cup hot water. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, ½ cup fruit juice (the juice from the melons that collects as you cut them may be enough, but add orange juice to make it up if ou need to), 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind and 3 tablespoons sugar. Chill until slightly thickened. Peel and slice 3 peaches. Mix with the rest of he fruit and fold into the gelatin. Pour into a cold 2-quart mold. Keep the nold on ice or in the refrigerator while you prepare the cheese layer. Soften envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Let stand 5 minutes. Add ¾ cup hot water and stir until dissolved. Mix in ⅓ cup lemon juice nd 5 tablespoons sugar. Press 2 cups cottage cheese through a fine sieve. Gradually add the gelatin mixture and blend thoroughly. Pour this over he fruit layer when it is partially set. Chill until firm. Unmold and surround with greens and fruit. Makes 8 servings. Though none is necessary, it nay have a sour-cream or mayonnaise dressing.

Shrimp Salad With Rémoulade Dressing

If there is anything to equal—or surpass—shrimp cocktail, it is shrimp sauced in the following way. To go along, have plenty of feathery popovers, mushroom consommé, and wind up with, say, fresh pineapple and strawberries with coconut flakes.

Shrimp Salad with Rémoulade Dressing: Chop 4 hard-cooked eggs. Add 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 4 teaspoons anchovy paste, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup mayonnaise and 8 stuffed olives, thinly sliced. Combine 1½ pounds cooked, cleaned shrimp, fresh or frozen (cut in half if they are large), with ¾ cup diced celery and enough of the dressing to coat it nicely. Serve in a lettuce-lined bowl and garnish with additional stuffed olives. Makes 4 to 5 servings. In smaller portions, it is a fine hors d'oeuvre.

Cold Zucchini-and-Lima-Bean Salad

This is a whole vegetable course in itself—excellent with your favorite ham-and-spaghetti casserole. Add some crackly, crusty rolls. And close with an easy Melba parfait of peach ice cream layered with raspberry sauce.

Cold Zucchini-and-Lima-Bean Salad: Wash well 8 small zucchinis. Slice into circles and cook until just tender in boiling salted water. Cook 1 package frozen baby Lima beans according to package directions. Drain both squash and Limas. While they are still hot, marinate them in the sharpest of garlic French dressings for 3 to 4 hours before serving. Arrange in lettuce cups with sprays of water cress. Makes 4 individual salads.

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GREEN BEANS VINAIGRETTE

1 can (1 lb.) DEL MONTE Brand Green Beans—Whole or Cut
2 tablesp. oil
2 tablesp. vinegar
1 tablesp. chopped parsley
1 tablesp. chopped pimiento
1 tablesp. DEL MONTE Sweet Pickle Relish
¾ teasp. each, salt and sugar
1 hard-cooked egg, grated

To serve cold, chill beans, drain well. Mix other ingredients; spoon on drained beans. To serve hot, heat beans, drain off liquid, add sauce to beans in pan and toss with 2 forks until hot. Serves 4. Delicious with hot or cold baked Canadian bacon or ham, or boiled tongue, etc.

SUMMER GARDEN BUFFET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

well-greased 9″-long loaf pan, or any pretty mold you take a fancy to. Pack in well. Set the loaf in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., until firm, about 50 to 55 minutes. Let it rest 10 to 15 minutes before turning out. Turn out upside down on a platter, first loosening around the edges. Garnish with the delicious stuffed mushrooms. Ten servings.

There is an old French proverb to the effect that appetite is the best sauce—you may not agree after tasting this flavorsome dill sauce.

DILL SAUCE

In the top of a double boiler, melt 3 tablespoons butter. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour until smooth. Add ½ cup strained broth from the canned or cooked salmon. Add 1 cup light cream. Stir until thick and very smooth. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Add 1 tablespoon chopped fresh dill or 1½ teaspoons dried dill. Just before serving, stir in 2 beaten egg yolks. Reheat, but be careful not to overcook, as the yolks will curdle.

These savory little stuffed mushroom caps have been called "heaven in a cup"! (If there's any of the stuffing left over, your husband will go off to work feeling like a raja if you mix it in with his scrambled eggs.)

PIQUANT STUFFED MUSHROOMS

Buy 25 mushrooms with large caps, about 3 pounds, that will be suitable for stuffing. Remove stems and cut off the tough ends. Cook the caps and the stems in 2 cans beef bouillon diluted with 2 cans water. Simmer the mushrooms until tender, about 20 to 25 minutes, depending on size of mushrooms. Drain. Chop the stems very fine. Mix in a bowl with ⅔ cup finely chopped celery, 2 finely chopped drained pickled walnuts, 4 tablespoons minced onion, 4 tablespoons finely chopped blanched almonds, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon chopped capers and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Warm the filling in ½ cup melted butter. Fill the mushroom caps. Sprinkle with fine cracker crumbs and dot with butter. Broil, not too close to the heat, until browned.

COLD VEAL STUFFED WITH HAM, LIVER AND PISTACHIO NUTS

Buy the first cut from the top of the leg of veal, weighing 3 pounds. Have your butcher leave it in one piece and pound it thin as for scallopine. Drop ½ pound calves' liver in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Then grind it, being careful to remove all gristle and membrane. Grind ¾ pound cooked ham. Mix ground ham and liver together with ½ cup finely chopped pistachio nuts. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon allspice, ¼ teaspoon thyme, 3 tablespoons minced onion and a dash of pepper. Add ½ cup melted butter and mix well. Spread the mixture over the surface of the veal and roll tightly, as you would a jelly roll. Secure with string, about every 3 inches. Dust the veal with flour, salt and pepper. Lay 5 strips salt pork or bacon over the veal and roast in an uncovered baking pan in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 2 hours, or until 180° on a meat thermometer. Chill well and remove string before slicing. Ten to twelve generous servings.

Buttermilk biscuits would be delectable under any name—just by saying the words "hot buttermilk biscuits" you can feel one melting, rich and tender, on your tongue. You should prepare the dough on the same day as the meal is to be served, but of course the actual baking should be done as close as possible to serving time.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

Sift 2 cups flour with 1 teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking soda. Cut in ¼ cup shortening until mixture is the texture of corn meal. Add ¾ cup buttermilk or sour milk to make a soft dough. (At this point, use your hands.) Turn out dough on floured board and knead lightly. Roll out to about ½″ thickness and cut out with floured biscuit cutter. Bake the biscuits on a greased baking sheet in a hot oven—about 450° F.—for 10 to 12 minutes. Split and butter while hot and get them to the table as quickly as you can. Makes 1½ dozen small biscuits.

This *coeur à la crème* may very well turn out to be your favorite way to feast on strawberries. Serve your cream-cheese heart thoroughly chilled, leave hulls on the strawberries, and make sure there's a little bowl of powdered sugar to frost them white.

COEUR À LA CRÈME

Allow 3 eight-ounce packages cream cheese to stand at room temperature until softened, along with 4 eight-ounce packages creamy cottage cheese. Press both cheeses through a fine sieve. Cut a piece of cheesecloth to fit a 2-quart mold—a heart mold, if you have one. Dip the cheesecloth in cold water, wring out the excess water, and fit cheesecloth into mold. Fill with cheese mixture, pressing gently, and fold edges of cheesecloth over top of mold. Refrigerate overnight. To serve, unmold on serving platter and remove cheese cloth. Serve with unstemmed strawberries, and a bowl of confectioners' sugar. Makes 10 to 12 generous servings.

Your guests are in the garden, everyone has been around the buffet table twice (or maybe three times!), and friends have put in clamorous requests for recipes. Everyone is relaxing with strawberries and *coeur à la crème* and hot coffee—everyone will agree contentedly that this has been a very special occasion. END



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WANTED—WOMEN TO HELP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

she needs to be lifted and turned at frequent intervals. She's an amiable, nice-mannered old lady, but gets confused and forgetful. She can't remember to push a buzzer, Marian says, just calls out loudly when she needs attention. It all adds up to round-the-clock nursing—somebody always at hand. The doctors say that will be absolutely necessary as long as she lives."

"Marian can't possibly lift her," said I. "Are there any other relatives?"

"No, absolutely none. Marian was able to get three nurses to care for the old lady while she was in the hospital—at a staggering cost. But when she had to leave, and Marian tried to arrange to care for her in her own home, there wasn't a nurse who would undertake to come for more than a few days—at *any* price."

"Does she have to have real trained nurses—R.N.'s, you know?"

"No, indeed. All she needs now is some simple mechanical attendance. Anybody with two hands and two feet and a kind heart could give it."

"Practical nurses, then?"

"They charge almost the same as the R.N.'s, and anyway, there aren't any available. This is a dreadful part of the country in which to get nurses, prosperous and populous though it is."

"What about a nursing home?"

"Same problem. None would take the old lady without special nurses, three a day. So the doctors say."

"What's the answer, then?"

"There isn't any final one. But Marian had to send the old lady to Bevington, off in Massachusetts, where they have spent their summers and have friends, and where there *are* some kindly women who, at a price, will nurse the old lady."

"So it's settled, for the moment?"

"Except that the nursing—they don't live in—costs Marian a thousand dollars a month and that's all the income she's got. She's using up her savings fast. And suppose that she herself cracks up and has to be hospitalized, as is quite likely."

"It's tragic," said I. "What's the good of keeping people alive to old age with our modern miracle drugs and treatments and then leaving them in a bleak world without care?"

"The trouble lies partly, I suppose," meditated the Skipper, "in the fact that we've never got the nursing profession properly organized. The great leaders of the past raised its standards higher and higher. And we're certainly devoutly thankful for the highly trained nurses when we're gravely ill. But they're too scarce and too expensive for ordinary middle-class people except in brief emergencies. So we've been trying the 'practical nurses,' but now they're scarce too and cost almost as much as the trained ones. Where do we go from here?"

"It's one of the grave shortages that afflict the nation," said I. "You hear complaints on every side—from hospitals, training schools, health services, suffering families with invalids young and old, difficult situations everywhere. There simply aren't enough nurses, trained or practical, enough nurses' aides except in a few hospitals, enough sturdy, kindly women, untrained but willing to lend a helping hand to the old and the crippled in time of need, at a wage the middle class can pay."

"And there won't be," concluded the Skipper, "unless some miracle produces a supply of visiting angels."

"Have you ever," asked the Skipper one winter evening, "watched a rather feeble teacher trying to handle forty husky boys and girls in an overcrowded classroom in a junior high school?"

"Happily, no," said I. "Have you?"

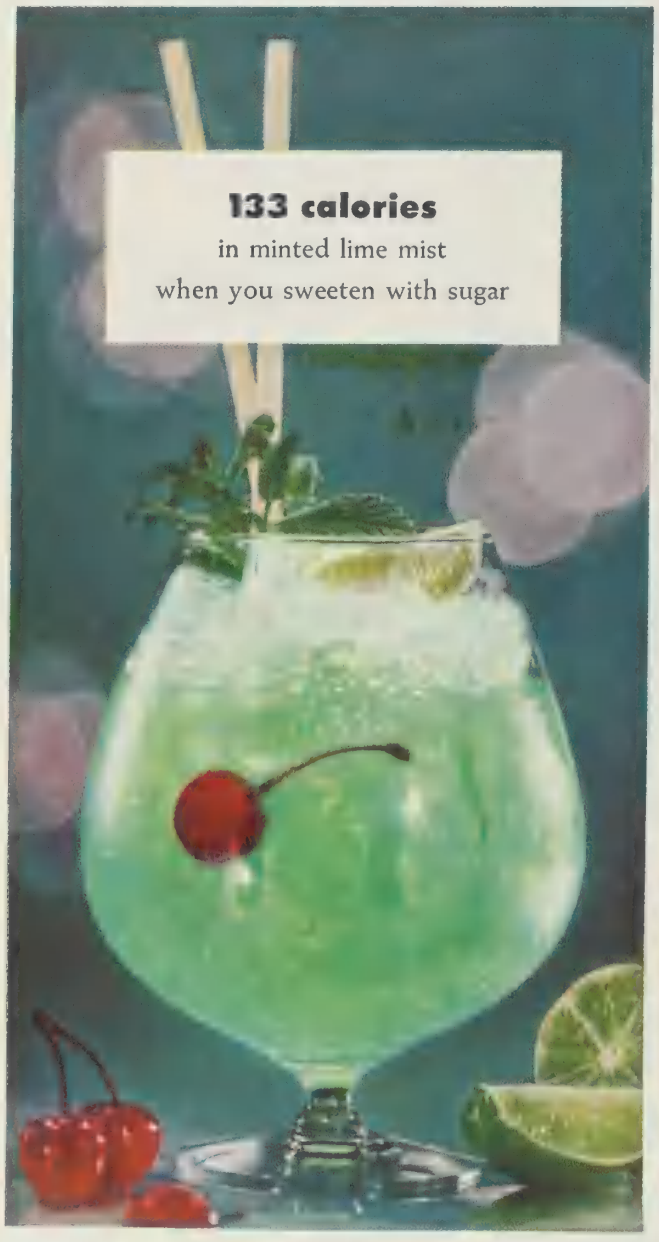
"Yes. Joan Elmont, you know, is on the board of education in her town, and took me to visit one of their schools. She's very concerned about the shortage and quality of teachers, and I don't wonder. Out in her state things are even worse than here. That poor young teacher I saw faced a class twice too big for her and she hadn't the brains or the force of personality to control them or to hold their interest. Some of the bigger boys were noisy and insolent. When she rapped and called 'Order, please,' they shouted 'Make mine beer'—copying Marlon Brando, you know. I longed to have a try at them."

"Did you get a chance to talk with her after the class?" I asked.

"Yes, and found her upset and depressed, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, I'm afraid. She's overworked, teaching one class right after another, with hundreds of papers to correct and clerical work to wade through after she escapes from the school; and a crippled, invalid sister to take care of when she gets home."

"Can't she get a practical nurse to look after her sister and give her a chance to rest?" said I.

"I asked her," answered the Skipper, "but she replied that she couldn't possibly afford a





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se. A teacher's salary, she protested, is y about the same as a nurse's nowadays."

It's all very disturbing," I mused.

More than disturbing," said the Skipper. ow are our children going to get really cated?"

God knows," I answered. "Because poor hat teacher you saw was, ten years from v there won't be half as many teachers, n as good as she, in proportion to the tly growing number of children we ought educate."

Unless," echoed the Skipper with a wry le, "some miracle produces a supply of demic angels."

Academic angels!" I protested. "Even y would be appalled by the statistics of the nbers they'll have to teach a few years n now, because of the soaring birth rate. berts have figured that if we're to have even erably educated teachers for the children of ew years from now, then *half of all the duates of all the colleges of the country will e to enter the teaching profession.* You and oth know that there's not the *faintest* nce of their doing that. There are too many er attractive fields of work, far, far more ractive to the great majority.

So," I continued, "even if Congress appriates many millions of dollars to help

To the budding personality, an orderly home is more important than church or school or society. By the time these institutions begin to exert an influence, for good or evil, the child's nature has already developed its more enduring traits, which can be modified but not eradicated. This is why women as mothers are the cultural and moral arbiters of the race, an appalling responsibility, which too many American women try to ignore without being able to forget it. Woman represents the continuity of life. It is she who is the dominant influence on her children during the impressionable early years. She determines their unconscious responses to life.

AGNES E. MEYER
Out of These Roots
Published by Little, Brown & Co.
and Atlantic Monthly Press

ild more classrooms, as the President asks, ssrooms will be of no use, without teachers them."

'Besides that," added the Skipper to inease the gloom, "of the graduates who *do* into teaching, with glorious exceptions, we ely get the top people."

'The teachers' colleges," I objected, "say t situation is improving: that they're getg a better quality of candidate now; but n so, the supply is far too meager. No, atever our efforts to make teaching a more rative and socially alluring profession, re's just no chance of our achieving even a derately good teacher for every classroom. e'll always have a few born teachers who uldn't be hired to do anything else, but ——"

But *look!*" interrupted the Skipper. "What out this idea of teaching by television that me people are pushing? You know, *put* a eat teacher in every classroom—on the teleion screen. Then, they say, one person can ch thousands and thousands. Of course at's not so."

"Not really," I agreed. "Still, there's someng in it. It could help a lot—always proded that besides the great personality on the een and the scenes and demonstrations own there, you have real teachers, more like tors, perhaps, to be in close human contact th the pupils, in small groups, to interpret them, answer questions, oversee their rk and activities—be sure that they *did* rk and *were* active, not just an absorbing onge, a passive audience. I'm perfectly sure at most children and young people need the rmth, the spark, the push they can get ly from human contact with a real, live,

present teacher. Abraham Lincoln didn't need it, but then there aren't many like him."

"That's a possible scheme," said the Skipper meditatively. "I can see it working in lots of places—helping and supplementing the regular staff. And these 'tutors,' as you called them, wouldn't have to be very mature and experienced, would they? With supervision, couldn't you manage with a lot of young assistants, keen young people, trained as apprentices?

"You remember the 'engineering aides' we trained during World War Two, because of the dangerous shortage of engineers? Well, this is a time of dangerous shortage, too, one which threatens our country with masses of ill-educated citizens, and a feeble-minded electorate.

"A good many of the 'tutors' might get fascinated by the work—because of course there's nothing more fun than teaching, if you like it—and go on to become wise and experienced teachers." Her hopeful voice died down.

"No," I lamented. "It's no good. We couldn't possibly get enough young people to want to try being apprentice teachers—not enough to make a go of it on any considerable scale—not unless some miracle changed the minds of a lot of young Americans."

We fell into silence and gazed at the dying fire. We are both teachers, the Skipper and I, and sometimes we don't like the present look of our profession. It was late. The red embers paled to gray.

I was walking along the main street of a busy, tidy small city on a crisp, sunny morning. At the post office the Stars and Stripes flew as usual, as it did on another large, official-looking building next door, which bore the sign "Women's National Service Corps." Coming and going briskly through its swinging doors were young women in a uniform

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137



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Lean beef, tender young carrots, firm white potatoes . . . all in a well seasoned beef-rich gravy! That's what the Hormel folks give you, in Dinty Moore Beef Stew. That's why it's America's favorite... Why don't you try this wonderful easy way to give your family a meat-and-vegetable main dish? (There's plenty of everything in the big 1½ lb. family-size can!)



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When you want a really *special* treat to draw admiring "ohs" from your guests . . . try this elegant new Jell-O gelatin dessert.

FIRST, prepare separately a package of Raspberry, Lime and Black Cherry Jell-O, using 1 cup hot water and ½ cup cold water for each. (Or create your own bright combination of flavors!) Pour into 3 shallow pans and chill until firm. Cut into ½-inch cubes.

NEXT, make the fluffy filling by heating ¼ cup sugar with 1 cup canned pineapple juice to boiling. Dissolve 1 package Strawberry Jell-O in the hot liquid. Add ½ cup cold water. Chill until just syrupy. Whip 2 cups cream (or non-fat dry milk, if desired) and fold it into the syrupy Jell-O. Fold in the little Jell-O jewels.

Now, line two 9-inch pie plates with ladyfingers (about 2 packages), and pour in the Jell-O mixture. Chill about 4 hours. Crown Jewel Jell-O serves 16 beautifully . . . and tastes every bit as delightful as it looks!

JELL-O BRAND GELATIN DESSERT TEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

range to me, horizon blue with collars and rm insignia of various colors—lemon yellow, ark blue, crimson, white—and smart caps ith a silver eagle on the front.

Presently I found myself inside and entering large assembly hall, where hundreds of oung women not in uniform were seated. hey rose and stood politely when an efficient nd friendly-looking older woman, in the orizon-blue uniform, appeared on the speak-rs' platform. She smiled cheerfully, and in-ited them to be seated.

"Recruits of the Women's National Service orps," she said, "I am the commandant of his fifteenth district. I welcome you to the ervice of your country, to those duties of umanity, healing and care, education and nlightenment, which have been for centuries he peculiar functions of women.

"You will all recall today the dramatic ircumstances in which our corps was born, he tragic state of the world and the grave ufferings and dangers in our own country aused by the extreme shortages of workers n these humanitarian fields. So serious was he situation that the new President of the Jnited States declared a state of emergency nd called upon the women of the nation to ally to its aid.

"The great organizations of women, the vomen of the churches, the schools, industry, ose in reply. They formed a council to speak or them and the council sent to the President hat message which has become historic:

"'*We, the women of the United States of America, claim equal right with our brothers to erve our country. As we share equal rights of itizenship, we ask to share in return equal duties. As our brothers are drafted for military service, we ask that we be drafted for services which are traditionally and naturally the peculiar duty of women—the care of human beings in adversity and bitter need, the beneficent work of nursing, and the teaching and guidance of the youth of the nation.*'

"This moving appeal from the women was granted, and so this corps of ours was born. In it you now have the proud privilege of serving.

"You will receive here some basic instruction and will be consulted and tested to determine where you should be placed in the three great divisions in which our work is classified: nursing, home helping, teaching. Then you will each be given some special preliminary training in the work of the division where you belong, before you pass on to your apprenticeship in one of these great fields of useful and satisfying service.

"May you be happy in it and do credit to our corps, and may your experience in these years of national service make you stronger and more understanding during all the rest of your life!"

I awoke reluctantly, warmed with pride.

"You've been nodding," said the Skipper.

"Yes, I slept a bit and I had a dream—that was not quite all a dream." I described it.

"Goofy!" exclaimed the Skipper. "Draft American women! I can't imagine anything less likely to happen!"

"Yes," I agreed. "It couldn't happen. Only a miracle could make it happen; and we don't go in for miracles these days. But then, *what are the women of America going to do to meet these crying needs of their people?*" END

NEXT MONTH

THE SCHOOLTEACHER AND THE BANK ROBBERS

She didn't know who they were—but there were 38 pupils in her care and when the man with the gun said, "Get in that car or I'll pick off every one of these kids," Ruth Madison obeyed. "Captive," by the Gordons, tells the story. This is the first of two installments.

PRETTY DAUGHTERS OF FAMOUS FATHERS

They're among the loveliest girls in Hollywood, though you've probably never seen them. Their fathers are a director, a dancer, a comedian, a dramatic actor and a great producer. You will see them in beautiful summer fashions every girl would love to wear: Gretchen Foster, Ava Astaire, Linda Hope, Jane Fonda, Sharon Disney.

SHOULD A BACHELOR MARRY A WOMAN WITH SIX CHILDREN?

Paul Willing was in his 40's, with no intention of marrying anyone until he met Cristine and realized he couldn't live without her. But could he live with her brood of six "strong personalities"? Lucy Cores' gay novelette, "Cristine's Children," is complete in this issue.

WHEN ROSALIND RUSSELL ENTERTAINS

she likes to serve deviled Swiss steak, which you can try in your own kitchen with her recipe from "Box-Office Dishes." Also favorites to tempt the appetite offered by such stage and screen stars as Robert Taylor, Katharine Cornell, Gladys Swarthout and Helen Traubel.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" SKIRTS

They're so easy to make that in a few hours you can have gay, inexpensive additions to your summer wardrobe that will bring many compliments. Nora O'Leary tells you how to choose fabrics and colors and what to wear with what.

HOW TO MAKE A ROSE JAR

Would you like to keep the fragrance of your summer garden year round, just as grandmother did? You can—and with much less effort—by following Marie Ross' instructions for drying the flower petals, adding mint and rose-geranium leaves and the right spices. Suggestion: why not make several for special Christmas giving?

NOTHING TO GET SO HOT ABOUT

There are dozens of new ways to keep housework from raising your temperature on the hottest days. You can prepare complete meals, even bake potatoes with no oven heat, serve sautéed shrimp and mushrooms, or spicy pineapple upside-down cake made in an electric skillet. Margaret Davidson describes the new plug-in appliances, advises about care and suggests menus and recipes in "Cool Cooking."

And in addition short stories by favorite authors, "Man in the House," Dr. Adams' page on marriage problems, Dr. Spock's advice for mothers, and many other features, all coming

IN THE JULY JOURNAL

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CHILDBIRTH WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT PAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

pools and beds of water lilies. I might come across a great pike lying basking on the surface behind tufts of reeds. Grebe dived and bobbed around the boat, playing hide and seek.

Even during my boyhood, I was tremendously impressed with the beauty of the newborn. I loved to have a fledgling on my hand. I loved to watch the butterfly come out of its cocoon, and I would sit for hours patiently waiting for its appearance so that it could dry its wings in the sun on my hand.

Sometimes I was allowed in the farm buildings when the cattle and the mares gave birth. I would see them lick their young as they lay by their side, the flashing, protective eyes glaring a warning to the human intruders: "Come one step nearer, if you dare."

Yet even when we were very small, if a pregnant woman came to our home to tea, we would all be sent upstairs to the nursery. Childbirth in those Edwardian days was never referred to openly, but was mentioned only through veiled insinuations and carefully chosen words.

Becoming a medical student was not easy for me. From my stock I did not inherit the kind of brain that takes smoothly to intellectual learning. There had been no professional ambitions in our family on mother's or father's side for years. Successful farmers and businessmen, on the other hand, flourished.

I failed to get my matriculation, which I needed in order to go up to Cambridge.

It was a terrible blow, but fortunately I was a good athlete, and a good athlete is always popular with the masters in an English school. Our classics master felt sorry for me and offered to coach me for two terms at home.

To everyone's amazement, including m own, I got through the papers, even throu part two of the examination, which enabl me later to take an honors degree at Ca bridge in my favorite subject—Natural Scienc

Very much in the medical news during m Cambridge days was John Ballantyne, Edinburgh obstetrician. In 1899 Ballanty presented a paper in which he dealt with an natal body care and hygiene. He was t pioneer in the practice of caring for the e pectant mother and unborn child during pre nancy. Resisting opposition and demandi an opportunity to prove his theories right, succeeded, in 1901, in being endowed for th purpose in the Royal Simpson Materni Hospital in Edinburgh—with a single bed!

This maternity hospital was named aft another famous Scot, Sir James Young Sim son, Professor of Midwifery at Edinburg University. He was the discoverer of chlor form anesthesia, which brought down on his head a furor of fiery discussion.

It was on moral grounds that his use chloroform was condemned, for it was allege that it "robs God of the deep earnest cries" women in labor! It is said that he persuade Queen Victoria, in 1853, to be anesthetized f the birth of Prince Leopold.

Anesthesia had come to stay, but Jol Ballantyne was still considered a bit of a jok I remember very well hearing him criticize while I was at Cambridge:

"What does he want to see a wom for before she is having her baby? Wh can he do for her then? Stuff and nonsens Ha-ha."

Was it nonsense, I wondered, when n training in midwifery at London Hospital b gan and I was profoundly shocked to see last the reality of what I had so far onl been able to imagine—women in childbirth women who often suffered excruciating an apparently unavoidable pain, for chloroform provided only a partial solution? It alleviate the woman's distress only to the poin where the use of chloroform could be safel expected not to endanger the life of the com ing child.

I felt I knew absolutely nothing about mid wifery when I was called out to the first case had to handle entirely on my own. In fact I had never seen a normal birth. I can we remember the sweat breaking out on m in waves of doubt and alarm as I pedaled furiously on my bicycle toward one of th tenement houses in Whitechapel's gloomy an poverty-ridden back streets.

I clattered up a flight of rickety stairs, an knocked on what I hoped was the door of th right room. As I gazed at the woman waitin for me on the bed, my mind was overflowin with a confusion of extracts from midwifer books.

I scrubbed up in the best way possible in m surroundings, going through in my mind th book technique of child delivery.

There were four old women in this room their canny, shrewd eyes piercing through m as they crowded round the bed, adding to m terrible discomfort. The woman on the bed was a mother who had given birth already t several children, and she could see at a glance that I was much more frightened than she was herself.

"It's all right, dearie. Don't you worry," she comforted me.

The baby, however, did not come as easily as she thought it would. I began to grow extremely agitated—trying to hide my feelings, of course.

Timidly I examined the mother's enormous tummy. I could feel nothing at all that gave me any clue to the pending state of activities. I made a further examination, terrified that I might hurt my patient, and I found that the baby was already quite low down in the birth canal. But, to my horror, as my hand encountered the soft and bulgy form of the baby, my finger went into a small hole that contracted about it.

It's a breech birth, was my horrified thought, and I broke out into the most profuse sweat. To my patient I exclaimed with all the confidence in the world:



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It takes ***ideas*** to keep kids interested in breakfast. This one deserves a try, don't you think?

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It's perfectly all right. Just try to work a
e harder."

The mother did so as another expulsive con-
tion came. Suddenly she gave a most un-
ving shout, and clapping the mask to her
e to relieve her from this distress that I
ld scarcely stand myself, I cried, in most un-
fessional language, "For God's sake, give
other shove and see what happens."

The baby emerged, its tiny face all pushed
but. I had poked my finger into its mouth!
was not a breech birth at all. But the mother
ked at her baby most tenderly and re-
rked, "I've never had one that looked like
t before!"

I was terribly pleased to get out of that
se. As I cycled back to London Hospital,
p and exhausted, I reflected on the extent
my appalling ignorance, and on what a
or creature I was to have stood by that
man's side.

Those were tough days. One day I entered
room of a very powerful and uncontrolled
gnant woman who had sent a call to the
spital. I found her striding up and down,
lly shrieking. I was strong and athletic, in
early twenties, over six feet tall, but it took
my force to stop her from throwing out
window, to the danger of whoever might
below, a large crockery basin she had
zed.

As we struggled, a quiet, small White Ma-
nity charity sister walked in. Up she came
this huge, hysterical patient and gave her
h a crack over her buttocks that this ex-
tant mother must have remembered it for
time.

"You at it again!" this tiny sister exclaimed
diminutive disgust. To my astonishment

God will do nothing without man. If God works a miracle, He does it through man. PARACELSUS

s completely uncontrolled woman became
cile immediately. She relaxed and allowed
rself to be led obediently toward the bed. I
lized that here was something else I had to
rn: the difference between real and simu-
ed pain.

Most of our patients came from the White-
apel district, and many lived under the most
ful conditions in homes that were no better
an hovels, with whole families crowding into
e room in which the walls and boards were
ested beyond any remedy except consuming
mes. The birth of children into these condi-
ns incited us to pity and rage, but to tender-
ss as well.

I learned a lot from the sisters on the ma-
nity wards in the hospital, especially from
ster Victor and Sister Marie Celeste. They
re tenderness personified in their treatment
these women, especially when they were in
stress.

A dark-haired girl, a very pretty Irish type
appearance, came into the hospital during
y early student days for her first delivery.
e was having an abnormal presentation and
e was going through a very difficult labor. I
nt into the ward where she was lying on a
d, extremely distressed, twisting her head
d clenching her hands.

"Doctor—can't you *do* something? Can't
u *do* something?" she kept pleading. I was
t even a qualified doctor. It was too early to
ve her chloroform. I was standing by her,
eling absolutely frightful because I could not
ally help her in any way, when Sister Victor
me in.

"Ah—come now, m'dear, come," she said
ntly. She pulled a stool up to the bed and sat
wn, made the pillows comfortable, and
arted stroking the girl's dark hair, and sooth-
g her. "Come now, everything is going to be
l right." Sister Victor's confident presence
as most inspiring to me and to the girl, who
gan to lie quietly, just holding Sister Victor's
nd.

Tenderness is one of the primary and most
eeded emotions in any human relationship,
nd, watching Sister Victor and Sister Marie
eleste at work, it became my firm belief that to be able to bring real tenderness, without emotional sentiment, to a patient's bedside is one of the basic needs of every doctor and nurse.

Quite often I discussed childbirth with my two favorite sisters. They were both remarkable and clever women and they taught me a lot. As I went around the wards, or cycling to outside calls, I was beginning to wonder whether pain in childbirth might have its roots in the minds of women; but neither Sister Victor nor Sister Marie Celeste would agree to this.

Milling about in my thoughts were the theories on the sympathetic nervous system I had studied at Cambridge. The sympathetic nervous system is that part of our nervous system that is beyond our control. If something upsets us emotionally our sympathetic nervous system will react whether or not we want it to. It is now accepted that relaxation will soothe many of these disturbances.

It is a fact that a great bunch of sympathetic nerves supplies the uterus with nerves which react to emotional changes.

Although Sister Victor and Sister Marie Celeste would have none of it as they sat stroking the foreheads of these women and girls, I leaned more and more toward the idea that the pains of women in childbirth might be brought about by mental and emotional attitudes.

One wet murky night I was called out from my small sparsely furnished room in London Hospital to a Whitechapel maternity case. I went on my bicycle between two and three in the morning down Whitechapel Road until I came to the usual wretched row of tenements, on this occasion by the railway arches.

I groped and stumbled my way up the staircase and opened the door of a room about ten feet square. On a bed that was supported at one end by a sugar box lay a young pregnant woman covered with sacking and an old black

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141



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On food

In food



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MUSTARD BREAD

1 small loaf of French, Vienna, or Italian Bread (about 15 inches long)
¼ cup butter
½ cup chopped green onions or sweet onions (including some of tops)
2 tablespoons French's Parsley Flakes or chopped fresh parsley
2 tablespoons French's Mustard
2 tablespoons French's Sesame Seeds or Poppy Seeds

Cream butter. Blend in onions and parsley. Split loaf the long way. Spread with butter mixture. Spread with French's Mustard. Top with French's Sesame Seeds. Cut bread diagonally in 1½ inch slices not quite through crust. Heat in a moderate (350 degrees F.) oven for about 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Hard rolls can be used instead of bread.

F R E N C H ' S M U S T A R D

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

There was a pool of rain lying on the beneath the broken window. The room t by one candle stuck in the top of a bot- the mantel.

e girl's mother, rough in appearance, but ently competent, was standing by. She ht me a jug of water and a basin and I d and dried my hands with my own soap and towel.

spite of the condition of this room I soon ne aware of a quiet kindliness and confi- in its atmosphere. It was the young first child, but she gave no sign of fear. glance went often to her mother's eyes from the looks exchanged between them birth progressed, she seemed to retain a dence I had never seen in any parturient an before.

ere was no fuss or noise. The girl did ev- ing she should have done to control her- nd to conduct her labor well.

ere was only one slight dissension. As the 's head made its appearance at the outlet birth canal and the dilatation of the pas- was at a stage where I felt there should scomfort and pain, I tried to persuade my nt to let me put the mask over her face so she could inhale some chloroform. But irl refused, saying that she had no need of help.

was the first time in my short experience chloroform had ever been refused by a an in labor. I was very curious and when about to leave some time later I asked, y would you not use the mask?"

is was the only moment when I saw her ant. She looked from me to her mother, she looked shyly into my eyes.

t didn't hurt. It wasn't meant to, was it, or?" she said.

walked down the stairway of that tene- in a bemused frame of mind. Dawn was breaking as I rode my bicycle down the dy street.

hy had this girl not felt pain? Why had thing gone so smoothly? Thinking it I remembered that during her labor I had the definite impression that the mother instructed her well beforehand, and that knowledge was a real comfort to the hter.

as it normal, or abnormal, when a woman hildbirth did not suffer pain? Every in- t in me shouted that this girl's happy de- y of her child must surely be every an's right.

hen I qualified as a doctor I was quite de- d to specialize in obstetrics. Instead, I t straight into the army. Britain was in the es of the First World War. I joined up as servist with the first hundred thousand, became an officer in the Royal Army dical Corps.

was placed in charge of the horse ambu- es, and of training men in sanitation in the l, stretcher drill and first aid.

n the night of August 6, 1915, I was sitting landing lighter that was close-packed with vily breathing men. The lighter was being ed by a small naval vessel from the island mbros toward Suvla Bay on the Gallipoli re.

e were going into action, and there was olute darkness ahead. I listened to the athing of the men around me. Some athed long and low, others breathed in rt gulps. The first shot came, a sharp uk!" that seemed on top of us. But it hit water alongside the lighter with a horrid, low thud. Someone asked in a scared tone, "hat was that?"

Another man laughed and whispered, ou'll soon know!"

was much too frightened to think of any- ng except the violence that lay immediately ead. As well as our medical kit, each A.M.C. officer carried a pistol, but it was use only in the defense of the wounded. I uld not see that any future lay ahead for me cept that I would soon be dead. My interest obstetrics had completely vanished from mind.

Yet on the island of Imbros, while we had en waiting for this embarkation, something ppened that interested me very much.

We were camped on a very barren, sandy spot, dotted with thorny shrubs, and we sometimes walked across to the other side of the island where it was pleasanter and more fertile. One day we saw a woman and a girl together. This Greek girl was obviously having a baby, and apparently with no trouble, for she was smiling and exclaiming to the woman with her.

My companions who did not have my professional experience were embarrassed, and as we did not seem to be needed we naturally did not stand and stare. It was clear that the two had been walking together when the girl had been caught out. She had not been able to get home in time to have her baby.

We all turned quickly away, but for some time that day I felt again that surge of intense curiosity. This was the second girl I had seen demonstrating my belief that childbirth should be a simple, natural performance.

For a time these incidents were to be completely wiped out by overwhelming experiences of my own. We were sitting on the beach eating our lunch a few weeks after our landing at Suvla Bay when a shell burst right over our heads and sent the whole bunch of us flying in various directions, rolling along the sand.

I picked myself up and got to my knees and roared with laughter, as everyone else did in the relief of highly strung feelings. I imagined I was unhurt, but soon my back began to pain badly. I was able only to limp about and one of my eyes felt as if it had a piece of dust prickling it constantly.

I remember getting through the night watch, but I have never recalled being taken across Valletta harbor from a hospital ship in a lighter to Malta and to the Blue Sisters' convent there.

I do remember waking up in a comfortable bed and wishing that I was dead when I realized that both my legs were paralyzed and that I could see nothing at all from my previously very clear-sighted eyes.

When I could hobble about on crutches I left Malta and after a course in a London hospital of electric baths for a fracture discovered in my spine, and various other types of treatment necessary to remove the toxins of a dysenteric infection, I was able to limp home to convalesce. My bad eye, which had been septic, also responded to treatment. My eyesight was completely restored.

Soon I was well enough to walk without sticks, and I was posted again, first to Colchester, and thence to active service abroad as a medical officer with the Fifth Dragoon Guards.

In the part of Belgium where we were sent for short rests behind the lines, those of us who had mounts used to play polo together on a scratch polo field. Late one afternoon I stopped behind after the others to knock a ball about by myself on the field.

Looking casually about as I reined in my horse for a rest, I saw a peasant woman, squatting, leaning her back against a high wall. As I observed her behavior, I realized that she was having a baby.

The Greek girl I had seen on Imbros had not been alone, but this woman was, and I was not hesitant these days about how to behave in unexpected situations. I rode my horse through the field gate, dismounted, and walked over to see if I could help.

Flemish French appeared to be her language, and I could not speak it, but I managed to indicate that I was a doctor, whereupon she laughed frankly, as if to say:

"I don't need to bother with that, thank you. I know what I'm about."

She was well into the second stage of labor, and I still had sufficient orthodoxy about my obstetric opinions to think that her exertions ought to be accompanied by some fear. She seemed, on the contrary, to be confidently determined and very pleased with herself. The baby arrived quite easily and the afterbirth followed almost at once and the woman herself severed the navel cord.

Still convinced that she ought to have some friend or a member of her family with her, I remounted my horse and galloped off to the village, about a kilometer and a half distant. Several peasant women whom I approached to tell them about this woman's predicament seemed as unconcerned as the woman herself. They smiled at me as if to say:

"Poor fellow. He does not understand what it's all about."

There was nothing for it but to gallop back in the direction from which I had come. I was amazed to meet this woman, returning to her village on foot, and carrying her baby wrapped in the shawl that had been about her head.

Such unusual incidents, always tying up with that pursuit to which I hoped one day to return, continued to cross my path.

During the Battle of Cambrai I, with my orderlies, was in a deep trench. There, behind a sheet of sacking hung down from the dugout's veiling, on the other side of which men lay groaning, cursing and dying, I worked one night and delivered a young French girl of her child.

Shells had destroyed the farmhouse in which she lived. She had struggled over shell-swept no man's land, knowing that shortly she was to have her baby, and hoping to see fluttering somewhere in one of the lurid flares that illumined the chaos of the night the red cross of an army doctor's flag.

When a solemn corporal led her to me she was so terrified that she was almost speechless. One gains a strange sense of confidence in a trench. To my surprise she was soon lying calmly on a bed of sacks found somewhere by my men, looking at me with a frank confidence, and no sign of fear.

Nothing but happiness emanated from her as she had her baby beneath the barrage around us, welcoming it with the radiance of a conscious mother's joy.

When there was a lull in battle in the early hours of the morning four of my orderlies volunteered to carry her on a stretcher to the nearest ambulance, an expression of tremendous tenderness lighting up their weary, bearded faces.

"Two of you are quite enough to carry her," I said gruffly. The two men I indicated picked up the stretcher and bore it more carefully than I have ever seen a stretcher borne, carrying away this little French girl with her baby tucked closely in her arms.

In 1919 I was demobilized. I returned to London Hospital where I was given an appointment as house physician under Sir Henry Head. This delighted me, as Sir Henry was a very great teacher on the causes of pain, on how the mind has its own strong influences on pain's origin and its effect.

Although I was nearing thirty and qualified as a doctor, I felt out of touch with learning and its disciplined routine, so I set my mind to get my Doctorate of Medicine, writing for the purpose a thesis on an aspect of bacteriology

MY HEART HAS LOVED BUT ONCE

By ELEANOR HALBROOK ZIMMERMAN

My heart has loved but once . . .
whatever voice
Calls to me on the wind of life
is yours,
Whatever face my momentary
choice,
It must need hint of you if love
endures;
The grace of life, the music, and
the deep
Wild cataracts can never wash
you down,
You are the dream that rises in
my sleep,
You are the sword, the candle,
and the crown. . . .

I have forsaken you, put you
aside,
Buried you deep beneath a
thousand hours
Of work and laughter with
intrepid pride,
Yet am pervaded by your subtle
powers
As one who wakes to find with
an old pain
The candle of the morning
blurred with rain.

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associated with puerperal fever in childbirth. A professor whose opinion I asked on the finished work which had cost me considerable effort told me quite sincerely that it was all trite nonsense, and that if I wanted to get my doctorate I should write a thesis on some other subject.

Recklessly I sent up my thesis just as it was and eventually the assessor who was to tell me my fate asked to see me personally at Cambridge.

"There was some doubt in the minds of some of the assessors about your thesis," he began to explain as I sat before him, sunk in the utmost despondency.

"Go on. I can take it. It's all right, sir," I interrupted dejectedly.

"Yes. I've read it very carefully myself," he went on, "and I think you've written an extremely important work. I want to tell you we propose to award you your M.D., and that you will be the only one to receive it at Cambridge this session."

I could not believe my ears. I could hardly thank him, and I returned to London feeling that I was walking on air.

I now realized that opinions can differ, even when expressed by the most learned of men. As a result, my growing confidence received a stimulating spur.

My enthusiasm for my work was carrying me along and I soon became senior resident accoucheur of the London Hospital—an appointment that was far from the topmost rank, but one that enabled me to begin to demonstrate and lecture in midwifery to students.

I was observing the behavior of women in labor much more closely. I noticed how tremendously their attitude changed when a doctor or a nurse in whom they had confidence came into the labor room. They immediately became calmer. It is in a woman's nature to look for protection and comfort in this time of her need. The protection of her man was usually taken from lized woman during childbirth, so she lo to her nurse and attendant for this con and protection, and benefited when they given to her.

Women wanted to know more about t selves, although other medical men woul mark to me, and some still say, "Don't t pregnant woman anything unless she you. The less they know, the better. It complicates events."

Occasionally, too, in many of the po homes I visited the husband dodged into out of the room when his wife was being e ered. I gradually got used to this. If his tionship with his wife was good, I did not him out. Often I found he was of enorm help in calming his wife. On the other ha his presence obviously disturbed and irrit her, I would not let him stay.

Not only was I closely observing the havior of women in labor. I was exami myself and watching other doctors and nu I saw at work. I began to divide doctors nurses into two distinct types—negativ positive, introvert or extrovert. Extro were able to give easily of themselves to patient, meeting with more success than introvert who, quite unconsciously, alar women especially with evidences of his o own reactions.

By being sympathetic and by calming patients, telling them a few facts about t selves, I might be helping those women in personal care to suffer less. But I had to a to myself that in my attendance on wome labor I was still nonplused over the caus pain.

Of one thing I was certain. Those wo who did not have much difficulty were n the natural course of events. In other wo some unnatural and destructive element being introduced.

As I read and studied, and watched by bedsides of women, I became more and n convinced that in those cases where l ought to have been normal and was not. difficulties that arose were based in the e tions. The destructive element that destro a woman's natural ability in this physiolo function, the only such function that c not be performed without pain, was—fear

I spent hours in studying. I read every b I could lay my hands on relevant to the ject of pain in childbirth.

Opinions were divided, but I read each c came across, making copious notes, tryin evolve a theory about pain in childbirth would connect with the structure of wom reproductive anatomy, and that would sa the minds of the professors and the mind women in childbirth.

I read that women of more primitive t did not suffer unless there were abnorm ties—women in the Sandwich Islands, Hi stan, the South Sea islands, Africa, C India and Japan. Even in my own experie was finding some women who seemed to l a closer understanding than others of t natural instincts.

But what I read of the history of childb in Western Europe convinced me that n women for centuries had been passing on f one generation to another a heritage of tense expectation of pain; during advan civilization, cultured Western woman had her primitive intuitive knowledge of gi birth.

It was generally agreed medically that woman was to have her baby without the normality of physical and mental distress, nerve-and-muscle harmony of her system n be maintained. It rarely did seem to be m tained, judging from the distress doctors nurses frequently witnessed.

I was certain that the cause of this frequ breakdown of nerve-and-muscle harmony fear, fear that affected the nervous mechan of the muscles in a woman's uterus and so peded the progress of her baby's birth.

Speaking in the broadest lay languag woman's uterus is provided with three set muscles. First there is a longitudinal group signed to expel the baby; secondly, there middle interlacing group that maintains rect circulation of the blood during the birt a child; thirdly, there is a circular group

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muscles arranged chiefly in the lower part of the uterus.

This third group of muscles is so arranged that it suggests its function is to stop the baby's being expelled from the mother's uterus until it is time for the child to arrive. This third group of muscles is also associated with changes in the tissues of the cervix—the gateway between a woman's uterus and vagina—so that this gateway is gradually opening up during the first stage of labor into a loose, spongy and dilated ring that will allow for the free passage of the child during birth down into and through the vagina, which is at the same time becoming very loose and elastic.

But unless nerve-and-muscle harmony is maintained, the muscles of the uterus cannot do their work of evacuating the child without causing the woman physical pain, especially if wrong nerve impulses cause two particular sets of muscles to become opponents at the wrong time.

The nerve impulses which make the circular muscle fibers close the outlet of the uterus are received from the sympathetic nervous system, over which we have no control. When a woman is afraid of childbirth these impulses come from the brain and resist the muscles that are trying to push the baby through the birth canal.

After several years as a practical observer in obstetrics, I had seen the result of the chemical influences of the emotion of fear on a woman in labor.

Fear created tension, tension created pain, pain created more fear, more tension, more pain, until only anesthesia could dull the awful effect of the mounting cycle, and allow the blood to circulate so that it could bring fresh supplies of oxygen to the uterine muscles and carry away the waste products from muscles that had used up oxygen.

The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind. BLAKE

It made no difference whether the woman in labor was brave or a coward, whether she wished to escape the forces that threatened her or to turn and fight. She still experienced pain. For when the emotion of fear takes possession of the mind, Nature supplies the same chemical secretions for both impulses—fight or flight—so that all the muscles and organs in the human system *not* connected with those activities can be slowed down.

The uterus is not an organ that is used in either fight or flight, so its muscles, if the mind of a woman in labor is full of fear, are gradually weakened.

Only absolute faith in life and death could completely destroy fear. Who could attain such perfection in their attitude? As I sought about in my mind for some simpler solution to the problem my thoughts kept returning to a wartime experience of my own.

Near Boulogne Wood in the winter of 1917 we had a dressing station under a sugar factory. To attend the men we had to walk under fire for a mile and a half to where they lay wounded and dying on the freezing snow, while we were all being machine-gunned.

I suffered from a feeling of terrible frustration and responsibility because circumstances gave me so little real chance of doing anything very helpful for these men. I was most frightfully jumpy and I remained tense and strung up even when I returned to my billet to rest.

However, I kept these feelings to myself, and was surprised when the Indian noncommissioned officer, my senior medical orderly, who seemed a very calm sort of person, confessed quite frankly to the same feelings of nervousness which I thought I was covering up so well.

I thought none of us ought to confess to this sort of thing, and I was ashamed he had noticed my nervousness, thinking that if it was so bad that it showed I must be a cowardly weakling.

He began to explain to me the way in which he relaxed in order to rid himself of tenseness. He got me to lie down on the sofa, to breathe deeply and rhythmically, and to try to get all my limbs to go quite loose.

Rather self-consciously I began to let myself be influenced by what I was doing. I was astonished at the rapidity with which I was able to regain my mental and physical composure, although I had only average self-control.

This method of relaxation worked so well that I continued with it. At night, if I went to bed overtired or strung up, I could send myself right off to sleep.

I was not thinking of sending women to sleep during childbirth, but the fear-tension-pain cycle interfered with the normal process of birth. Why should not women in childbirth benefit from this system of relaxation, which, correctly controlled, would allow the uterus to do its work without being impeded?

Women wanted to be able to have their babies well. I was sure of it. In some instances I had even seen them bravely bear pain without anesthesia, wanting to be conscious when their baby came, because they felt it a mother's privilege to welcome her child into the world.

The tremendous courage I had seen in so many women intensified my desire to be of help and service to them; especially now that I had seen with my own eyes at least four cases in which pain was definitely absent.

Meanwhile, in my own personal life, I was under considerable emotional stress. Having fallen in love and having married, and needing more money than I could earn at hospital, I had decided to go into private practice with an old-established practitioner at Eastbourne.

Almost immediately there began a series of frustrations and disappointments and personal griefs that set me effectively by the heels for several years, preventing me from going along with my plans to follow up my developing theories. At last I was able to establish

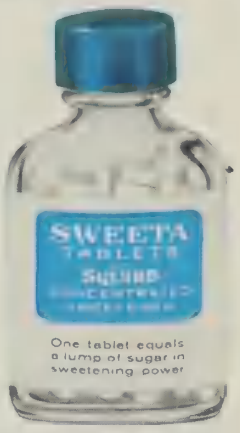
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

myself more peacefully in a practice in Woking.

I began to build up a large practice, and those women who came to me to have their babies were enthusiastic about the methods I described and which differed from orthodox obstetric practice.

Education, understanding and relaxation were the three principles with which I hoped to remove the fears which I believed were at the back of the minds of most women, causing them to suffer abnormal pain when they gave birth to a child.

Although my intention was to eliminate fear from their thoughts, I did not tell my mothers that this was my aim. Nor did I confuse their minds with an attempted scientific explanation of their mental and physical behavior during parturition. Instead, I sought to make them interested in the simple facts, which I hoped would enable them to have their babies with less difficulty.

"What do you know about childbirth?" I always asked a woman when she came to see me for the first time. I was appalled at the replies I received from girls who were having their first child. Most girls knew how conception took place. But many had no idea of how their baby would be born, or that there was a birth mechanism or a birth canal through which the baby could come.

For all my mothers I drew a simple diagram showing them how their reproductive organs worked, how the birth mechanism worked at the time of the baby's birth, so enabling the baby to be expelled.

Based on my own athletic training and knowledge of anatomy, I designed a series of exercises to loosen and mobilize the joints of a pregnant woman's spine and pelvis, and to tone up the muscles connected with the baby's birth.

This alarmed some women. They felt that how they were carrying a baby such movements would be bad; that they would lose the baby if they did not walk or sit in a certain way; or that if they took any sort of purgative they might pass the baby in a motion. Common sense usually came to their aid.

As soon as I left the London Hospital I began to deliver my mothers in the second stage of labor, on their backs, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with comfortable pillows supporting their spine and head.

This is a version of the squatting position in which most primitive and many Eastern mothers give birth, and which I had observed in the two peasant women whom I watched having their babies in Imbros and in Belgium.

An English woman doctor, Dr. Kathleen Vaughan, who spent many years in India, extolled the merits of this position in a book in which she showed that there is an increase in the actual size of the bony outlet of the pelvis when this position is used; but her suggestions had not been taken up by other obstetricians.

Girls having their first baby rarely questioned this position. But I remember one mother who had borne a previous child in the orthodox way strongly resisting the idea when I asked her to turn on her back when the second stage of her labor began.

"I had my other baby on my side." Her protest was puzzled, and a little distressed.

"I've had all mine on my back," I replied encouragingly. "Try my way, and see how you get on."

After the next expulsive contraction was over and she was breathing quietly again she declared, "Oh, it's much better. It gives me so much more strength. I think it's a bit more dignified, too—although some mightn't think so," she added.

I never found one mother who wanted to return to the side position in labor's second stage.

I believed that the processes that stimulated the progress of birth, or hindered it, went on in the woman's head, so I always took up my position on a stool by her side where I could look into her face and eyes and watch what was going on in her mind.

By all that women told me during their pregnancies and deliveries, as they communicated their thoughts, ideas and resolutions to me, I was constantly helped. They were so keen to learn how to help themselves, so pleased when we met with some small success.

Over the first twenty-five or thirty cases, each birth showed some little improvement that made me think it was better than the last. Sometimes I would achieve what I felt was a perfect birth. Then some very difficult case would fling me into a state of disappointment and doubt.

But gradually my teaching, the use of the technique and women's understanding of it matured, and became the routine of all my obstetric work. One of the things I learned very early from women was that very few of them knew how to breathe. They had difficulty in breathing through the mouth as well as through the nose. At first they saw no connection between the use of a muscle and the intake of breath which supplies the oxygen a busily working muscle requires.

I understood now why I had seen some women actually turn blue in the face, especially when strong second-stage expulsive contractions took command, and the feeble amounts of air in a woman's lungs quickly gave out.

In teaching my mothers relaxation so that they could free themselves of the tension that caused unnecessary pain, I was still using the knowledge given me years before by my Indian army friend. Some of my mothers were too busy to practice relaxation during the day. They practiced it when they were in bed, and found that it helped them to have a restful night's sleep, an additional healthy preparation for the birth of their child.

A week before a mother's baby was due I concluded her instruction by showing her an X-ray plate of the fully developed baby inside her womb. I pointed out to her how her organs were now arranged for the child's delivery. At the same time I would show her the baby's tiny hands and feet, now visible.

From that thrilling moment her baby became a reality; and so did her sense of responsibility for giving her child a perfect birth. To escape from any part of her coming experience was, at that moment, the very last thing she desired.

"Why—it's my baby!" she would exclaim, a rush of happy color flooding her face, a glow of anticipatory excitement lighting her eyes.

In these ways I hoped that I was helping each mother to look upon the approaching birth as a happy and important event, creating in her mind a state of pride and confidence.

The test of my teaching naturally lay in the procedure of the actual birth. Sometimes a girl or woman who had believed herself quite confident would suddenly be overcome with fright when the reality of her labor began, particularly a young girl having her first child.

I never allowed any woman to lie alone, a prey to the destructive forces of an uncontrolled imagination. If I could not be with her myself, from the start, I made sure that someone was with her, her husband, mother or sister, to whom I had already given a little instruction on what to expect.

As soon as I arrived at the nursing home, I talked to her quietly, reminding her of everything we had studied together. Companionship of the right sort is the most important factor when labor begins.

I remember spending eight hours straight with one little girl who was in the most awful panic. I arrived at the nursing home at ten o'clock at night to find her quite terrified. I carried her through every stage of her baby's birth, telling her when and how to breathe; how to relax and conserve her strength; when to let the uterus do its own work; when to push, proving to her that all her fears were of her own making.

She had allowed these fears to sweep everything she had learned from her mind.

When it was all over and she was tucked up in bed, and looking absolutely beautiful, and so thrilled with her baby, she gave me a contrite look of sympathy.

"I'm terribly sorry I behaved in such a silly manner. You look far more tired than I feel. Far more exhausted."

"I'm not at all surprised. I've had more reason to be exhausted, don't you think?" I asked her, with a smile.

Some of these cases took me a long time; but I never regretted the hours I spent in this way, especially when it was a first birth and the mother could be sent home happy and healthy, without any of the complexes that can destroy family happiness in married associations.

I always tried to find out as much as I could during antenatal talks about the mother herself, learning how her mind would probably work.

A tall, fair girl, with large blue eyes, a thin, sensitive mouth and slightly tapering chin came into my consulting room languidly one afternoon. She was beautifully dressed, her figure attractively revealed, and under her arm she carried a small dog.



"He said he considered women the equal of men and then he asked me to go Dutch!"

She treated me as if she had just come into her own drawing room and found me there. She was going to have a baby and had heard through a friend that I was helping women to have their babies without pain.

"I am just too horribly frightened," she declared, in the most exaggerated language. "I always have been a dreadful coward and I just can't bear pain."

I did not believe that she meant a word that she was saying. I smiled and said quietly:

"My business is to help women have their babies as nicely as they can themselves: I don't help them to avoid the experience. Haven't you the guts to help your own baby into the world?"

For a minute she looked at me with angry and outraged pride. Then her whole expression changed, breaking into a disarming look of girlish appeal, and she asked if I would tell her what I meant.

Her baby was born while she was fully conscious, and my whole heart went out to this young mother, so different and so natural now, and an amazingly beautiful picture when she took her newborn baby into her arms.

Half an hour later when she was sitting up in bed looking astonishingly happy and well, six feet four of magnificent husband marched into the room. He did not notice me at all. At first a look of disbelief crossed his face at seeing the radiant picture his wife presented, then he had only one thought and one expression—adoration. I went out.

Such deliveries, and the happiness they brought with them, elated me. There were times, nevertheless, when I had strong hidden anxieties of my own.

Sometimes my orthodox training would rise up in my mind and I would be almost overcome by the impulse to change my approach, or to intervene in order to annul my own anxious thoughts and fears.

There were ways in which I could set my own fears at rest. I kept a constant and careful check on the reactions of the fetal heart as the baby's birth progressed, and on the pulse of the mother and her respiration during contractions. Pulse rates told me a lot about pain. A woman could make all sort of trouble, yet if her skin remained cool and moist and a good color, and her pulse normal, there was little real pain.

On the other hand, if a woman was quiet, with a pallor and a staring frown, perspiring in little beads of sweat above her mouth, with a rapid pulse, I knew she was suffering intense pain. Even though she turned her head away from the mask, wanting to achieve that which she had set her heart on, I insisted on giving her tranquilizing aid from the anesthetic apparatus by her side, or through injection.

Inevitably, as I delivered more babies, remarks from the mothers went from woman to woman, person to person, some of the facts distorted by repetition and misunderstanding.

Twice I was approached by the Medical Council because anonymous persons reported me for cruelty. On each occasion, in order to quash these rumors, I asked the Medical Council to send its own people to investigate any birth I conducted which they might choose to watch. I stated that I would willingly give up any practice they felt to be wrong.

This offer was never taken up, and I felt professionally reassured by the council's attitude. But it hurt me very much to think that such blatant misunderstandings of my intentions could occur.

In my casebook files I now had twenty-six cases—all perfect, natural labors. If some women could do this, I decided, why should not all women—and doctors—be given the information?

I was drafting out my first book on natural childbirth when a woman who had come to me for the usual reason—a friend had told her about me—asked curiously:

"My doctor says you are a hypnotist. Is it true?"

I was completely taken by surprise. I assured my visitor that I was not a hypnotist. But after she left me, I began to worry. Was it possible that my ability to calm women's fears was due not to the practice of the obstetric technique I followed, but to some strange power for which there was no reasonable

explanation? I took myself off to a psychiatrist, whom I knew well enough to assume that he would not pull his punches.

"Of course, up to a certain point, we all have the best brought out of us by suggestion," he remarked after examining me. Then a gleam of humor developed into a broad grin. "But you can stop worrying about being a hypnotist. You haven't the brains to hypnotize a rat!"

Being told once more that I had no brains was the very best cure for my anxiety. I must be normal!

I was beginning to feel that I could no longer cope alone with my enormously growing general practice. The wish for an obstetric clinic where any interested medical person could see the work demonstrated had taken over my mind. My father-in-law was sympathetic toward my ideas. He said he would help finance the purchase of a suitable property.

A property was for sale in Woking at £5000, which was just what was wanted for this venture. There were two or three separate dwellings which would not be needed for our clinic, and within six weeks I had sold these for £3000. The large house remained in the name of my wife and myself, and a mortgage was arranged through her father.

In the meantime I persuaded a surgeon, a good physician and a heart specialist with senior degrees to set up practice in the clinic with me.

I was able to set up a part-time practice in Harley Street, something I had always wanted to do so that I could be near the center of medical affairs. Best of all, I could specialize absolutely in obstetrics.

By the end of the thirties, I was very much in command of the technique of natural birth. I now looked implicitly to Nature to teach me how to give back to human beings the lost knowledge of those natural processes which, rediscovered and reapplied, could lead to co plete happiness and success in birth and mot erhood.

For instance, when my mothers first sa their babies at birth, many of them instin tively moved to take the baby immediately their breast. This I encouraged, when I saw th frequency with which this impulsive, natur contact between the delighted, eager moth and her newborn child was followed by th almost immediate contraction of the mother uterus into a small hard ball. This was fo lowed by the easy expulsion of the afterbirt in nearly every instance, within twenty mi utes or less.

I encouraged rooming-in of the newbo babe with its mother. Very few health happy mothers wish to be separated fro their babies. They want to look at the chil to thrill with the miracle of this new arrival their own and their husband's life, to mak sure with their own loving eyes that the bab is all right.

The baby in turn feels the security of i mother's nearness while it is so new to strange world.

Since my early days in London Hospital had felt certain that the elimination of phys cal examinations mattered an awful lot to woman, both psychologically and physicall It helped to increase the sense of security an comfort so important to a woman's mind this time.

By about 1937 I had made such a lo series of observations of the stages of lab that I could tell almost for certain by a wo an's behavior, appearance and breathing ju what stage she had reached without making internal examination.

A woman seemed to reach her greatest ne for mental peace at the transition stage birth. The transition stage occurs when fir stage contractions that open up the birth can begin to pass into second-stage contractio that are expulsive ones, and a new nerve-an muscle harmony has to be established. At th time there can be pain also because the cerv is now fully dilated and the pressure of th baby's head may be felt as an ache in the re gion of the woman's lower back.

During the expulsion or pushing stage, noticed that the mother seemed to become a most entirely removed, mentally, from her su roundings. She would be unwilling to join in listen to any conversation, or to answer que tions, and often wished to sleep.

At first I was imbued with the old orthodo ideas that women in childbirth often becam lazy, intolerant, bad tempered, resentful, an that this was the lowest stage of their abilit Women believed this themselves and found alarming. Then I began to notice that th condition occurred in patients of every ten perament and type.

Sometimes I literally had to shout in woman's ear to make her hear what I was sa ing. Everything else about her condition wou be normal, and immediately she felt the ur to bear down to expel her baby every sign this apathy was absolutely, and sometim suddenly, dispelled.

My conclusion was that this remoteness w Nature's own anesthesia at what could be th most resistant stage of labor.

When my mothers were allowed to lie abs lutely quiet, not disturbed by any noise or in terference during this stage, they felt happ and at peace. When an expulsive effort bega they became active again.

During this period I had the exhilaratin experience of a succession of forty-nine birth within several months in which there had bee no need at all for me to think of using anes thesia, or forceps, or, indeed, to give any ac tive help at all.

Real-life cases are always more interestin when they are quoted from the greater deta of a doctor's casebook. Here are notes fro three instances of natural birth from my cas book of this time, which I have selected fo different reasons:

In the first case the mother was having h second baby. The birth of her first child ha been frighteningly slow and she was so terr fied the whole time, she confessed, that sh could not think of anything clearly, or unde

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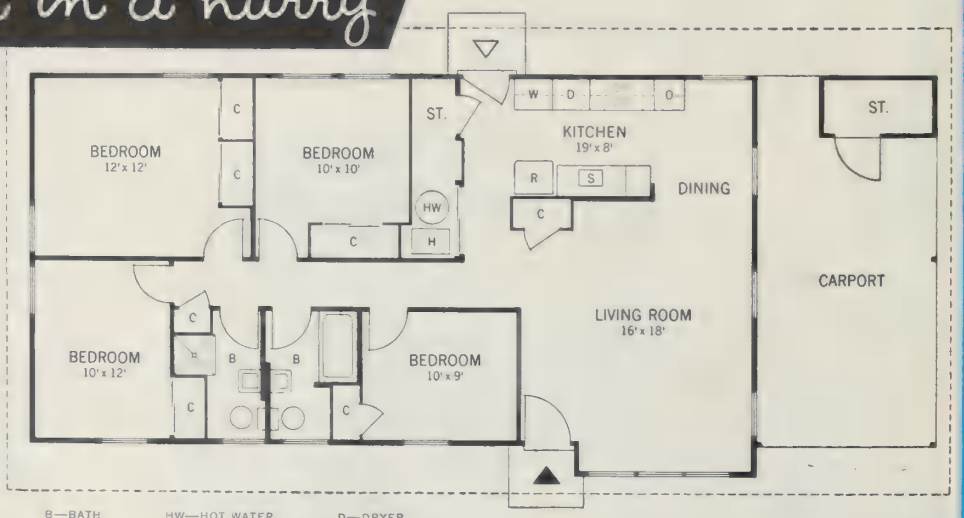
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By CAROL L. CRANE



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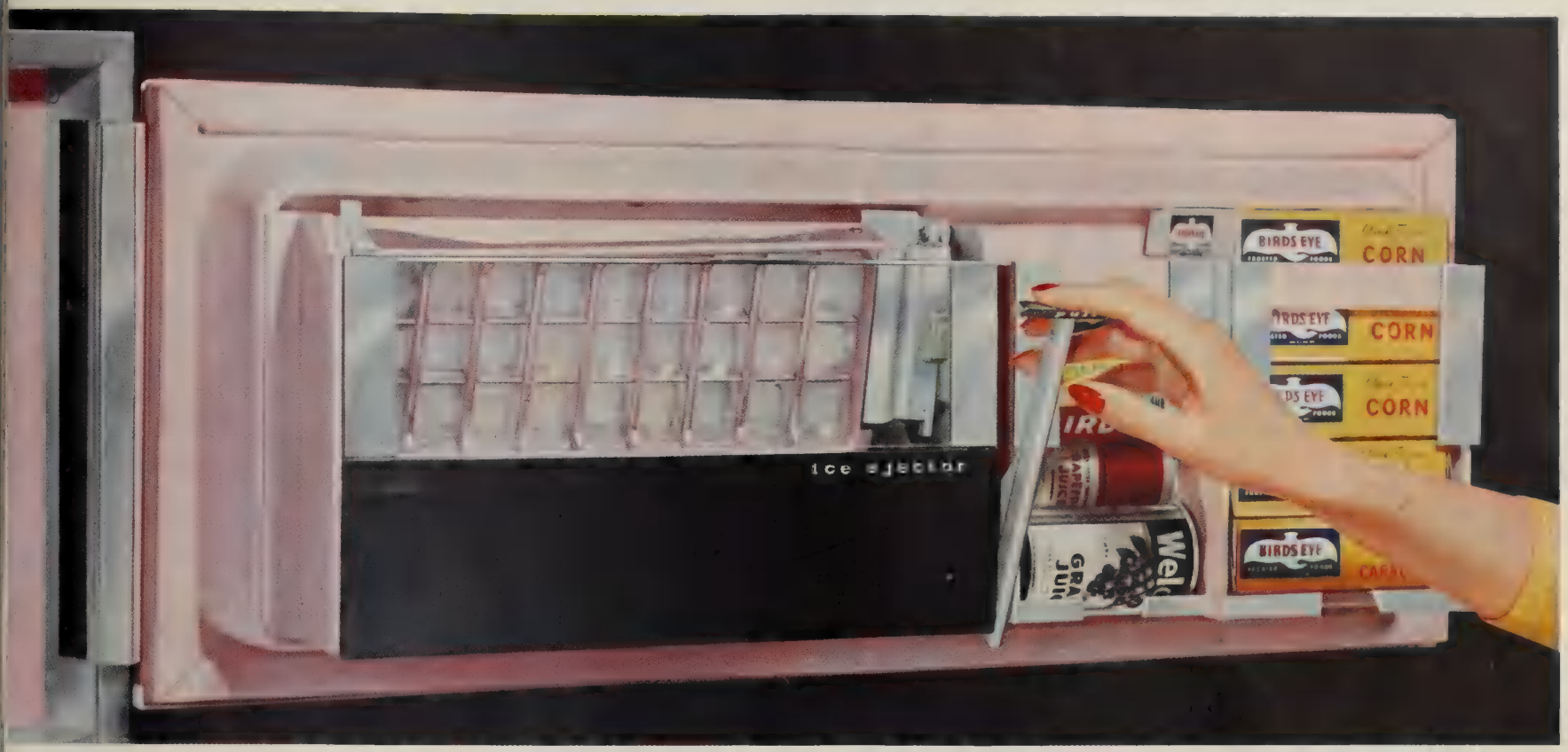
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

stand anything that was going on except that she was in awful pain, and, eventually, she simply had to seek relief in anesthesia. She told me that at the time of her baby's birth she had been unconscious and did not see the child until some time later.

This mother's second labor began with a tightening of her abdomen at nine-thirty in the evening which she recognized as the beginning of first-stage contractions. She went into the nursing home apprehensively, but we had a little practice in relaxation together, and I reminded her of all the sensations she must be prepared for and not be alarmed about.

I forgot, however, to remind her once more of the breaking of the waters, that bag of water in which the baby is enclosed for protective purposes while the mother is carrying her child in her womb, and which must be ruptured before the baby can be born.

My patient apparently had absolutely no recollection of this occurring during her first baby's birth. When the rush of water suddenly came she was very frightened, and immediately she went rigid for a few seconds, preventing the child from continuing to come. I blamed myself for this little fright she had. It was caused by my omission, for which I apologized.

She was a very small woman, but her eight-pound baby came into the world most comfortably when she had been in full labor for only five hours. When I told her the baby's head was through the birth outlet she could not believe it was true. She put her hand on my shoulder and took hold of my arm and exclaimed with excitement and disbelief:

"Impossible! It can't be my baby yet."

When the little boy finally arrived, she could not take her eyes off him.

As she held the baby tenderly to her, her uterus went down, bang, into a hard ball. The afterbirth came out into the vagina very soon afterward and she was able to push it out herself with a minimum loss of blood.

When I saw her later in the ward she was sharing with several other mothers, she was a very fit woman.

"I feel like getting up and going home," she laughingly said.

I replied that it would do her good to enjoy a few days' rest and that on no account must she think of getting up yet; although often I wondered to myself in these cases—why not?

She repeated that she had felt this birth to be an unbelievably lovely experience. I noticed marked surprise on some of the faces of her roommates!

Sometimes I came across a labor that forced its natural simplicity upon a woman who had doubted the truth, although willing to try to have her baby naturally.

At five o'clock one morning the husband of a patient, also having her second child, rang up to say he thought his wife had started labor.

"Get her to the maternity home as quickly as you can," I replied. I had attended this woman in her previous labor. She had a tremendous amount of pain and was one of the most terrified patients I ever have had.

I was not looking forward much to the arrival of her second baby, as I truly doubted if it would be possible for a woman with her highly strung temperament to have a natural birth.

I had not even time to leave the house when the telephone rang once more. It was my patient's husband again, and he said, in a very calm voice:

"You will be pleased to hear that I have a son. I would like you to come to the house as quickly as you can."

I sent for a nurse from the maternity home, and rushed round at once. I found that as my patient was preparing to leave for the maternity home she had had her baby.

When I arrived she was calm and extremely happy, though embarrassed.

It was rather amusing to see her cuddling this newborn baby to her when I arrived. She had not wiped the baby, and it was lying there in its very natural state.

At my arrival she burst into a torrent of excited remarks.

"Fancy a baby looking like this when it is first born. What a funny-looking little thing. Do you think it is all right? Isn't it too pink? Its nose looks awfully flat."

When I left about an hour or so later she said proudly:

"You know, I have always firmly believed, despite everything you have said, that my first labor was an ordinary one, because it seemed to me that it was the sort of labor most of my friends had been through. I'm quite sure none of them will believe that this is possible, any more than I did until I experienced it."

Nature had asserted itself!

Sometimes I was almost carried away by the idea that one day there might not be any need at all for obstetricians. Again Nature presented me with her own reply.

On the Christmas Morning of 1939 I had been back to bed one hour after having seen one Christmas baby into the world already, when I took a telephone message that a patient of nineteen, expecting her first baby, had gone into hospital.

This, too, turned out to be the most perfect first delivery, short and easy. The baby's head came down slowly and gently, the birth beautifully controlled, and as I told the mother that her baby's head was just appearing and that it looked a lovely baby she laughed happily and said:

"What an extraordinary feeling! I am so excited. When shall I see my baby?"

"If you will be patient for just about two more minutes, I will be able to show your baby to you," I replied. The body of the baby followed on very quickly, the birth outlet remaining absolutely intact, and here was this baby, 9 pounds 4 ounces, lying in my hands, without her arrival having caused any thought of discomfort to the mother.

I held it up to this young, laughing girl, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, she is the loveliest thing in the world. If that was having a baby I never want anything lovelier in my life."

The placenta came away in about a quarter of an hour, in rather an odd way. Then to my alarm followed a hemorrhage. I wondered if the mother had torn her cervix. Subsequent examination showed that she had not. We worked away at her and gradually the flow of blood ceased, although she was very weak through the loss. It was difficult to understand why this had occurred in a perfectly natural labor in a healthy girl of nineteen.

My thoughts went back to those women I had seen when I was a young medical officer in the First World War, having their babies in the open, on the island of Imbros and in a Belgian field. If this girl had been in their position, in spite of her lovely, easy labor, she might easily have died without adequate medical attention.

Despite the fright we had both received, we were very proud of this labor, and knowing that the girl's mother was a trained midwife, I asked what her mother thought of it.

"She doesn't believe me," the girl said. "I told her I had no pain at all and that I did not have any stitches, and how much I enjoyed it when the baby arrived; but she still believes that sister and I are pulling her leg." There it was. Some people simply could not believe!

Yet I had a very great respect for midwives. Among them I was finding some of the greatest supporters of natural birth.

For some time I had been giving lectures to branches of the Royal College of Midwives. From the beginning, the attitude of the majority was one of respect for this new teaching, and I was very keen to maintain their interest.

The intimate, friendly attitude of the midwife to a woman whom she is attending in the mother's own home came close, I felt, to the principles of a natural birth. The midwives themselves confirmed this belief.

When I was lecturing at Colchester one evening, a girl came up to me and said, "It's so nice to hear a man talking as you have. I never have to give an anesthetic. All the girls are my friends. They never make a noise. My mother and grandmother were midwives before me. I have never once called in a doctor."

This girl had been born into a knowledge of women's feelings and experiences, and so in her work she was a great success.

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ne midwife came to see me at the end of a
ure I gave at St. Alban's. She walked
ight up to me and in the most censorious
ner looked into my face.
"Well, doctor, you've done it," she de-
ed.
"What do you mean?" I asked.
"I've been a midwife here for eighteen
s. And I've been courting for as long. Yes,
young man has been after me for eighteen
s, and now he can have me—you've made
want to get married and have a baby!"
laughed with her, not really taking her
ment seriously. But this midwife did get
ried almost immediately, and she asked
to deliver her of her first child. She was
y when this child was born, and she had
most perfect birth, and with the two
her children she bore later on.

ne of the arguments used against natural
dbirth by its critics is that only highly edu-
d girls and women can understand and
ctice its principles. This is so wrong.
he intellectual woman is usually the worst
ural bearer. She fights instruction and
nts to analyze every incident. The women
o achieve natural birth best are those who
accept natural birth intuitively.
his is why so many of those who live close
Nature, peasant women, farmers' daughters
wives, are naturally better at birth. These
ural bearers are usually the very quick ones
n they have also been trained in the prin-
es of natural birth.
am not saying that all educated women are
r childbearers. A highly educated girl can
be mentally uninhibited.
t is almost impossible to judge a woman's
self from her surface manner and appear-
e, so deep do veneers of civilization de-
nd. But the elements of a woman's nature
forced to the surface when she comes face
ace with the biggest rock-bottom reality of
life—childbirth. Then the real woman
nes out.
A charming woman who had been an opera
ger came to our consulting rooms. At the
of forty-three she fell in love and married.
was terrified when she found she was preg-
nt and believed she was too old to have a
t baby. Talking to me about the contradic-
ns of her feelings, she broke down and wept:
am longing to have this baby above all
ngs in the world. What ought I to do for
best?"
examined her very carefully. I had no
iety about her ability to carry out the
essary breathing and relaxing exercises, be-
se of her training as a singer. I comforted
and told her she had no need to worry, as
was not the oldest woman I had attended
ving her first baby.
explained also that at forty-three a woman
es not have the physical strength of a girl of
enty. "In this respect you must be properly
pared," I emphasized.
The birth of this mother's child when she
s forty-four was most beautifully managed,
ause she had handled her preparation
ticulously in every respect. Her little
ughter was one of the loveliest children we
d ever seen.

ince the late twenties I had tried to get
hers to come in on their wives' experiences
childbirth.
Originally, because of the men's interest in
gger and boxing, in which I was then very
ive, I was able to get the men at fathers'
ubs and men's missions in London's East End
talk about these matters with me. Our talks
veloped into actual lectures.
The first thing that struck me was the acute
erest of fathers and their terrible and terri-
d ignorance. Some of these shy chaps hadn't
e vaguest idea of how to behave to their
ves.
I spoke to them about helping with the
by:
"When your missus is having a baby you
ve to take your place in the home and realize
at she would like you to do a bit of cooking,
look after her, to see that she gets every-
ing she wants. Take some interest in the
by."
At first there were roars of laughter, but
nen I went into the homes of these men un-
expectedly I often found a father changing the baby's nappy most lovingly, under conditions which would today be considered very insanitary.

Some of the most detached fathers are busy and highly successful businessmen who have little time to give their families. Their lack of love is a great loss. I wonder if it is made up for by the money they earn.

I attended a mother at one time in the birth of each of her three children. Her husband was one of the pillars of a big publishing firm. He had very little close association with his children, and was even rather distant from his wife. She remained happy because she was intelligent enough to make herself contented, in the circumstances.

For the birth of this mother's third child I brought the father into things. I rang him up and asked him to come and see me when he could find the time. I told him then that he must join in.

"They are your children, and you must see they are your responsibility apart from providing for them."

When this third child was about three or four months old he came into my office to see me again.

"What has happened," he said, "seems inexplicable. I have entirely different feelings toward this child, and that feeling is spreading to the other children. I have become a part of my family for the first time."

I am sure that if a father chooses to obliterate himself from family intimacies, or if he is pushed out by a prudish wife, both will pay the price. They also run the risk of the mother's compensating herself by putting too much feeling into the care of her children. There must, however, be interest and willingness on both sides in this sharing.

The most successful father-mother relationships are those in which the father has studied the principles of birth with the mother. I have never seen anything lovelier, or more likely to

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establish the emotional security of married life, than that look which is exchanged between husband and wife when each has just seen their baby born.

A father may be nervous at first at the thought of seeing his wife's delivery and his baby's birth, but nearly every father will admit that he resents the role he is usually expected to play—that isolated figure in the hospital corridor.

One of the fathers who helped attend their wives during their childbirth is shown on the color film we made of the last four deliveries of mothers I attended at Marymount. (Not one of the mothers we approached faltered in saying "Yes" when we said we would like to make this film, and would like them to be subjects.) The father is shown rubbing his wife's back at the transition stage of her labor, helping to relieve the tension ache when the cervix became fully dilated and there was pressure from the baby's head.

Saturday morning was baby morning at our clinic. Fifteen to twenty babies would be brought in to us. Mothers brought the fathers, too, everyone dressed in his best.

I carried the babies around, made fun, ragged the parents, and generally enjoyed my babies very much. They rarely cried, and this the mother always remarked.

There is now no civilized country in the world where knowledge of natural birth is not circulating, and the books in which its principles are set out are translated into many languages.

A big influence in the spread of the principles has been the recent support of the Roman Catholic Church. It has accepted the idea of natural childbirth and other physiological benefits to a mother. In October, 1956, the Pope received us at the Vatican in Rome to give his blessing to the progress of this work.

The enthusiasm for natural childbirth of Prunella Briance, a young English mother, has resulted in the foundation of The Natural Childbirth Association of Great Britain, a voluntary women's organization, which held its first meeting in January of this year.

The association hopes to organize a center where natural childbirth will be taught and which will supply a practicing diploma to those doctors, midwives and nurses qualified to attend women in this method of birth.

Do not be carried away, however, into thinking that the enthusiasm of some will bear a baby naturally for others. The preparation for natural birth must be done meticulously and consistently by every woman herself if she hopes to succeed.

Birth is natural, but natural childbirth must be a science yet because the civilized way of life has taken the power of naturalness from us. In birth, as in many other respects, it has to be relearned and rediscovered.

In seeking to free themselves of pain and disappointment in birth, women are discovering a new philosophy of love.

Many of the chronic neurotic states in women arise from the bad effects of unhappy births on sex life.

Through fear of the cost of childbirth in varying ways, men and women lose a great deal of the happiness of sex.

Through fear of pain some women cannot feel the absolute respect for, and loving responsibility toward, the new soul which they bring into the world.

This is an age of anesthesia in more than one way. In all sorts of panaceas our sick world seeks oblivion from pain, but it will find relief only when it accepts love as the first principle of life.

I believe that it is women who have the power to change the outlook for us all. Love begins in perfect motherhood and all the motherhood requires of patience, understanding and tenderness.

"When did you last kiss your baby's bottom?" I have made this little jest hundreds of times with so many mothers when I have called at their homes to see them after their baby's birth.

Always, half-ashamed blushes mingle with their smiling admission, "Why—every morning, of course."

Why should any woman, or any man, be ashamed of tenderness in the smallest way? Who can tell, indeed, if conscious tenderness entered each life at the moment of birth, when love, the follower of tenderness, might lead us? Perhaps to a happier world and a new age.

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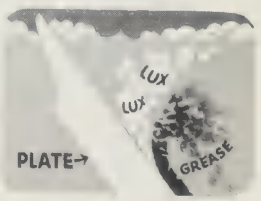
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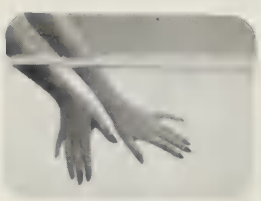
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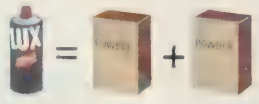


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MRS. WEST AND HER SON RAPHAEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

either his homeland or to his royal patron and was designing murals for the king's chapel at Windsor at the same time he was drawing up plans for a monument to George Washington in Philadelphia. Apparently he rode the storm well, however, since he does not appear to have been regarded as a quisling in America or a rebel in London. When he died, in 1820, he was buried with full pomp and circumstance in St. Paul's Cathedral, mourned on both sides of the Atlantic.

The story of his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Shivell, the subject of this portrait, is equally fantastic.

West met and fell in love with her when she was eighteen in Philadelphia. She promised to wait until he had made his name. At last, in London, five years later, he sent for her to join him.

Miss Shivell's brother was furious, and when the ship to take her was ready to leave he locked his sister in her room. Three friends came to the rescue with a concealed rope ladder. Elizabeth climbed out the window in the dead of night to the waiting carriage below and was smuggled aboard the ship. Nor has history forgotten the names of the three helpers who engineered the elopement: Francis Hopkinson, the poet; William White, later to become first Episcopal bishop of Pennsylvania; the third, none other than Benjamin Franklin.

HEREWARD LESTER COOKE

DETOUR IN SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

hadn't said anything, which made me feel she understood it was too hard for me if anybody said anything. "Ask Mrs. Brown to answer the phone," said Barbara, "and take the message and hang a white rag out one of her upstairs windows. We could see it."

"Check," I said. I asked Mrs. Brown and she said she would and even though she added, "You children run along and have fun," I forgave her because she was kind.

It was quite a job to get the canoe over to the creek. It's an old canoe, and heavy. We had to set it down every few yards, but we made it. I went back and got the worms and the rods and we shoved off and paddled up the creek. We sat on a mudbank and ate our sandwiches and then we sat in the canoe by the bridge—there's a hole there—and fished. I caught two eels and Barbara caught one. I thought even she would scream because they thrashed all over the canoe, but she didn't.

"Do we want 'em?" I said. Somehow I felt like not killing anything, even some old eels.

"Let's throw them back," she said. We threw them over and they slithered away. Barbara was sitting in the bow seat facing backward. She pulled in her line and said very quietly, "Rick, there's a white rag."

We made the water sing against that canoe going back. She was a good paddler and she picked up my idea of a short fast stroke and stayed right with it. I jumped out into the water and ran across the grass and the sand road and into Mrs. Brown's.

"It's good news," she said right away. "It was your mother, and your father's better. The crisis has passed. She's on her way home." She put her arms around me and kissed me and I didn't mind. I said, "Thanks a lot," and I think I meant for everything.

I ran back to where Barbara was pulling up the canoe and told her and suddenly I was crying and suddenly she was crying too. We stopped quite soon and laughed and we hauled the canoe back to the yard and it seemed to have lost a lot of weight. Without even saying we were going to, we ran down across the beach and swam out to the raft and kept diving and swimming back and diving again until we were out of breath. I saw the Prescotts' boat coming in and we swam ashore and she got her crab net and said, "So long, Rick," and I said, "So long," and that was all. The kids came home and my mother came home and it was true.

After I was in bed I could feel that whole day inside my head—the creek and the crabs and the sun and wind and sandwiches and eels and silence and Barbara panting over carrying the canoe and paddling so fast when I needed her to—and it all seemed to have led up to the good news at the end and to have been one of the best days of my life and it seemed like Barbara had made it that way.

So in the morning before I even took a look at what kind of day it was, I decided that I was going to be interested in women. I told Andy when we met after breakfast. He snorted. "Well, why not?" he said. "They have their points." He'd been interested in women ever since he got his driver's license. "You got a girl?" he said.

"Yeah," I said. He looked surprised. "Barbara Thompson," I said. His jaw fell open as I had feared it would.

"You're off beat," he said. "Barbara Thompson. For the birds. Strictly."

"Shut up," I said.

"Look, junior," he said, "I been around longer ——"

"You're only eight months older," I said, "and when I want your advice I'll ask for it."

"Don't get shook up," he said. "Want to go out in the boat?"

"No," I said. Then I said, "Well, sure." I didn't want to fight with Andy really and because I was interested in women wasn't any reason not to be interested in outboards.

So Barbara was my girl. It was still July, and there was lots of summer left and we were together almost all day almost every day. It wasn't exactly romantic. I tried holding hands once in the movies because I sort of felt I ought to, but she pulled her hand right away and it was all right with me.

Summer was riding high because my father was getting well and I had a girl and then it rode even higher because Barbara's aunt sent her a puppy. I have an aunt and she's O.K. but she never sent me a puppy. She sends me hand-painted ties. Our own dog had died in the spring of plain old age, and because of my father being sick we hadn't gotten around to getting another yet. This puppy of Barbara's was a Scotty and we named him MacDuff and he went everywhere with us. He rode in the bottom of the canoe. He rode in the bicycle basket. Puppies are so—well, *puppies*. Mac was fat and funny and smart and happy. He learned to sit up and to roll over and when we put a biscuit in front of his nose he wouldn't touch it until we said, "Lay on, MacDuff." He was so nice I liked to think about him after I was in bed—him and Barbara.

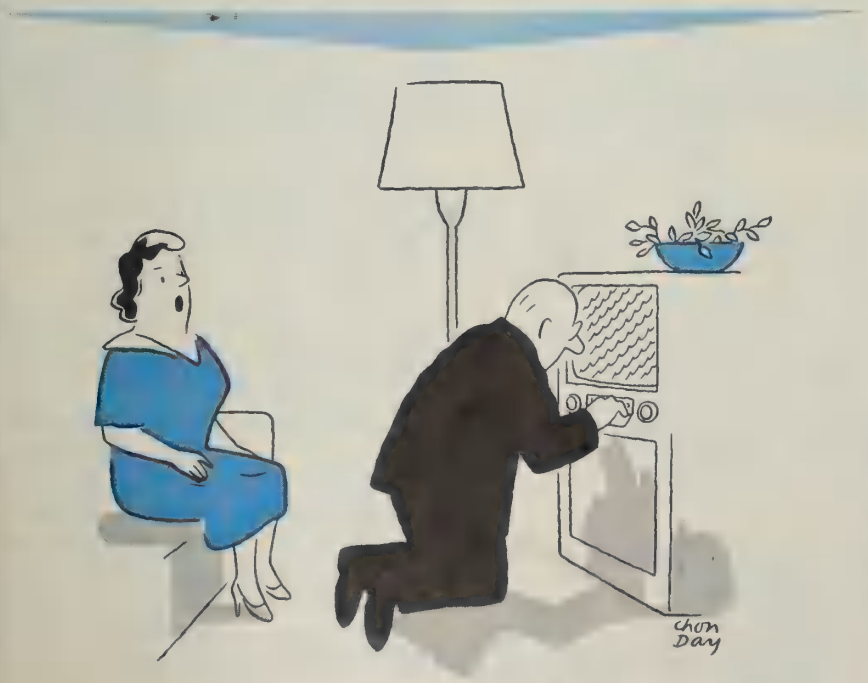
My father came home from the hospital late in August. He was a lot thinner but the same nice guy and he was really going to be O.K. He couldn't do much but sit in the sun and rest. He and I played a lot of gin rummy and then we took up Scrabble. My father liked to have Barbara play with us because she made up words that she thought really were words. My father said some of them ought to be. "Corbell" was one. She said it was some kind of flower. And "anobric" was another. She thought that meant sort of sweet. It was good to sit on the screened porch on a hot day, with my father right there, home to stay, and to see and hear him laugh at Barbara.

"I like your girl," he said one day after she'd left. "She's as anobric as a corbell."

I hadn't told him she was my girl, but of course he'd been around.

Every summer there's a special dance for teen-agers (I hate that word and will be glad when it doesn't mean me) at the tennis club on the Saturday before Labor Day. I had never been. In fact, I had always delivered a Bronx cheer at the thought. I'm not much of a dancer; and besides, to have to dress in anything else except swimming trunks or jeans seemed to me to be wasting good summertime. But that year I had a girl and that made me think twice. Finally I asked Barbara if she'd like to go, hoping she'd say no, but her whole face lit up and the braces showed from end to end and I knew I'd done the right thing and was for it.

One day a few days before the dance I was sitting on the raft alone. Barbara had gone off for the day with her mother, and Andy had gone to Barnett to buy a new casting reel which he had got the money for for his birthday. Everybody was somewhere else. The



"Kick it."



creek was full of kids and I smiled because I liked seeing them there and I liked the sun on my back and I didn't mind as much as usual that the summer was almost over because that fall I was going away to school, which was a pretty big deal when you thought about it. I was sitting there thinking about it, and I had just been sent in as a substitute and was making a seventy-yard run in the last two minutes for the winning touchdown, when a girl named Diana Pratt came along the beach and swam out, and pulled herself up beside me and said "Hi." I said "Hi," not much interested for a short space of time. She'd been around for a couple of summers. She'd gone steady the summer before with a guy named Horace French who was a louse and this summer with a much older guy named Robert Gallagher who was only there weekends. I'd never paid her any mind. She was at least a year older than me and her activities had never run with mine.

She sat close to me, and put her arms around her knees and smiled at me; she sort of smiled *through* me—I mean the smile went all over me. She said, "All alone, man?" and went on smiling and the smile went on going all through me, and I was down for the count. I couldn't see how I could have seen her around all that time without noticing that she was the most beautiful girl there was. Her skin was tanned dark and her hair was dark and close cut and curly and her eyes were light blue. Her teeth were very white. No braces. I couldn't think of anything to do except to do a jackknife off the high ladder so I did that. "Nice," she said when I was back on the raft, "very, very nice."

"What are you doing this afternoon?" I asked, surprising myself.

"What am I?" she said lazily, still smiling.

"Going to the movies with me," I said.

"That's what I'm doing," she said. She had her own car, a convertible (red), and she picked me up. I hoped everybody in town would notice us—except one person and she fortunately was away for the day.

I don't remember what the picture was. I don't believe I saw it. There wasn't any question about holding hands this time—she started it. Coming out of the theater, I wondered why the sun made me dizzy. She drove me home and just as I was getting out she said, "How about taking me to the tennis-club dance?" I said—I didn't know I was going to say it—but I said "Naturally," and she laughed and drove off.

My father was in the living room playing solitaire. He said "Diana Pratt." It wasn't a question so I didn't give it an answer. I fiddled around and snapped the radio on and off again and tried to read a magazine. My father said a long time later, "Atomic energy. The fall-out alone can reach for miles." That didn't call for an answer either and I was too busy trying to organize what was left of my thoughts to wonder what he meant.

The next morning I was very excited and at the same time unhappy, and breakfast didn't taste so good. Barbara appeared right after breakfast with Mac at her heels and said the snapper blues were running and how about it? I said lamely that I had to do some stuff around the place and she didn't seem to notice anything but just said, "Oke, I'll see you later."

I stuck to Andy that day. Diana wasn't around, but that night she stopped in her car and we went out the north road. She let me drive a ways. It was quite a car. Then we parked and she let me kiss her. "Let" isn't the word. At first something about me struck her funny, but afterward I didn't strike her funny. When I got home it was after midnight. My father was still up, reading. My mother thought he ought not do that after being sick, but he said he hadn't been to the hospital to have his independence removed. He said Barbara had been there and they had played Scrabble.

"Pelicious," he said.

"What?" I said.

"It means sort of sharp and hard, she says," he said.

I wasn't interested. I wondered if I looked different. I was. My father took off his glasses and looked at me.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, if any," he said. That was all and we went to bed.

In the morning, I knew it had to be done and had to be done quickly. Barbara and Mac strolled around as usual and I said, "Barbara, I can't take you to the dance after all. I'm sorry."

She said "Oh," and then she turned around and walked away. Mac looked at me and at her like he was asking "What gives?" Then he ran after her. I had known I'd feel like a heel. I hadn't known the size of the heel. I had to do something. Maybe if I took her fishing or we played tennis ——

"Hey!" I yelled. But she didn't even turn around, just went on walking across the empty lot, not fast, not slow, but steady. Mac ran round and round her jumping up and down, but she paid no attention to him, just walked.

I went into the house, not watching her any more, but still seeing her. I thought everybody was out, and I put a record on the phonograph and practiced dancing with a sofa pillow for a partner. Something made me look up and Goofy was sitting halfway up the stairs watching me. He made a rude noise, very loud, and I grabbed him by the belt of his pants and hauled him downstairs and shook him til his teeth rattled. He yelled with rage and butted me with his head and we knocked over two chairs and a lamp and my father and mother came in and separated us. My mother was angry, but all she said was "Why?"

"I don't know," I said. I didn't. I slammed out of the house and walked along the beach all the way around the point and back, about five miles, trying to put on top of my mind what I felt should be on top—that I was taking Diana to the dance.

It started to rain and blow in midmorning the day of the dance. Usually I like weather—and the more the better—but I felt very depressed and I put it down to a falling barometer. I read a book that said that can affect your state of mind. It had never affected mine before, at least not downward. I hung around all day sort of bored, watching the rain and the water which was beginning to kick up plenty and wondering if it would get bad enough so they'd call off the dance. I hoped they would and hoped they wouldn't, which was confusing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

What does the Gardener do in Summer?

The what, where, when, why and how of watering.

By THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT

It was never Nature's notion to have lawns, flower beds, foundation plantings, vegetable gardens and patios, or to dig plants up from one place and put them in another. These were all man's ideas, and though some of them are wonderful, Nature makes it clear that any special care they may require is really not her responsibility. She supplies the sunlight, the seasons, and other basic and similarly rather miraculous matters, with reasonable regularity. But one department in which her undependability can cause considerable inconvenience, not to say ruin, where the gardener and his garden are concerned, is when it comes to raining—or, rather, *not* raining. So without any further fretting or fuming, let us proceed to what a gardener has got to be ready to do when the ground gets dry.

Watering is the most misunderstood and mismanaged of all garden operations. It doesn't matter whether you have a thousand-dollar de luxe sprinkling system or merely several lengths of hose with a nozzle, neither will do a decent job unless you know the how, why, when of getting the right amount of moisture to the roots of your plants. Let's begin with the when. The whys will come along of their own accord.

Some ground gets bone-dry, some gets powder-dry. Don't wait for either of those types or degrees of dryness. You naturally wouldn't water when the ground was wet—that's certain; though some people have been known to. Now after wetness comes dampness. I still wouldn't water. Then comes dry dampness, and I might decide to water. Or I might decide to wait for damp dryness. Then I would definitely water. There isn't a whole lot of difference between dry dampness and damp dryness, but there is some, and you get to know it. It is when the capillary attraction of the soil is greatest, when the soil seems to suck the water right down to the deep roots. Water penetrates slowly into saturated soils, and even more slowly, if at all, into bone- or powder-dry soils.

Give me dry dampness or damp dryness, preferably the latter, especially if it has been looking like rain. But don't let looking like rain keep you from watering well before the ground reaches the bone- or powder-dry stage. A heavy rain then might easily wash your ground away.

This is an aside, but apropos. Any open ground under cultivation, like a flower bed or kitchen garden, which could conceivably wash in a rainstorm, should be made level—really level. Then your watering and the rain do only good. If you think leveling a little patch of ground is too much trouble, look at the way the ancients in arid countries terraced whole hills, whole mountains, to catch and hold every drop of water that descended.

The best time of day to water is after sundown, in the cool of the evening, when the process of evaporation has slowed down or paused entirely for the night. On a hot day a lot of your watering never gets down to the roots; there is always danger of leaf scald, and the heat of the sun on the wetted surface of the soil causes caking—though "crusting" is a better way to describe it.

Now for a few hows. First in connection with the aforesaid crusting of the soil surface. For the way you keep the surface of the soil is part and parcel of the watering process. If your garden soil has a tendency to form a crust after a wetting (and subsequent drying), one thing you can do in the cool of the morning after you watered in the cool of the evening is to come out and scratch over the surface of the soil. Another thing is to keep the surface of the soil covered with a light mulch of peat moss, which not only helps to retain the moisture in the soil below but offers a quickly absorbent surface on which to water. This mulch will gradually work its way into the soil, which is all to the good. Just put on some more.

The main thing about watering itself is to put on plenty. How much is plenty? Well, on the average lawn or garden, when the watering has soaked down all over to a good six inches, you can turn it off and go to bed. You have put on plenty. But not too much. Too much is when the soil can't absorb any more. Even then, you may merely be putting it on too fast. Put it on like a gentle rain. To test the depth, drive an unpainted soft white wood stake into the ground; leave it in for a moment, then see how much is wet.

It goes without saying that the ground in which any seeds or plants are newly sown or planted must be kept properly moist at all times: somewhere in the dampness-to-dry-dampness range; never soggy wet. A gentle spray is ideal for the newly seeded lawn; never more water than the ground can readily absorb for an inch or two down. Copious watering on the lawn too early in the season promotes weeds and crab grass. Wait until a dry spell before you bring out the heavy artillery.

The paraphernalia of watering is of such wide variety that the beginning gardener may look upon it with bewilderment. To keep things simple and easy, let me suggest enough lightweight plastic hose to lead from the faucet to the farthest plant you'll want to water, with an extra length for good measure. Then a high-quality nozzle of brass or stainless steel which can be adjusted from a fine spray to a strong long-distance stream. And finally another high-quality piece of equipment; namely, an oscillating fan-type sprinkler—one that carries a good reliable guaranty and will cover a space of at least 20′x40′. The one I like comes equipped with a roller so that it can be pulled easily from one location to another. And there you have it.

Not that there aren't plenty of other fascinating devices. For instance, there is a water spike nozzle that you stick into the ground six inches to two feet for underground watering as well as feeding. Used with caution against waterlogging or disturbing the roots, this has considerable merit, if you have the time, patience and understanding to use it properly.

There are many advocates of porous hoses and hoses with tiny spray holes in them, the latter providing what might be called the poor man's sprinkling system. And of course it is every gardener's dream to have a truly terrific sprinkling system installed, virtually invisible, which covers his lawn and garden with lovely rain at the turn of a valve. But as these can become quite a production and quite an investment, my advice is to consider first all the facts and figures.

FOR the main thing is not the equipment. The main thing is the welfare of your lawn and garden. You can't depend on Nature. You can depend only on yourself.

In September:

WHAT DOES THE GARDENER DO IN FALL?



HAT BY SALLY

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

I took a bath and got dressed before supper. They didn't wear Tuxedos to those dances, which was a good thing because I didn't own one. I put on my gray slacks and plaid sports jacket and a tie (from my aunt). It was the first time I'd worn a tie since June and the collar felt tight. My brother looked as if he was going to make a snide remark, but he wasn't speaking to me again yet. My sister said, "You look sort of nice." She sounded surprised. My father said, "Pelicious." I'd forgotten what it was supposed to mean. My mother said for me to be sure to wear my raincoat. I'd been going to wear it, anyway. It is a good-looking English-type mackintosh and when I turn the collar up I can feel like a gangster or an FBI man, whichever I feel like feeling like. There is something, though, about something that somebody suggests, especially your mother, and you don't want to do it. However, on account of my good jacket, I guessed I would have to wear the raincoat. I hoped she would suggest rubbers so I could not wear them, and she did and I didn't.

"You'd better let me drive you and Barbara over," said my mother.

"Diana's picking me up," I said.

"Why, I thought——" began my mother, but she stopped so suddenly I knew my father had looked at her in a certain way he looks.

The dance was supposed to begin at eight, which is a silly hour for a dance to begin, and to end at twelve, which is likewise. It was quarter of nine before Diana came for me. I'd bitten all my nails and my collar was mussed because I'd kept pulling at it. It was raining and blowing great guns by this time. Diana beeped her horn and I hauled on my raincoat and yelled good night to the family and ran for it.

"Rough night, man," she said. She had on a blue raincoat and hood that just matched her eyes.

There is a long curving road that follows the line of the point where we live. Our house is at one end of the curve and the tennis club is at the other end on the other side of the point. Barbara's house is right at the end of the point. It's a bad spot in stormy weather, but it's a good strong house and has stood up all right except for some lost shingles now and then or a dug-up lawn. We had to go right past it now and I stared at it, telling myself I was looking to see how the water was. The lights were on and the shades were up and I could see Barbara in the living room and I could see, much too clearly, that she was crying. Some men might enjoy knowing they had made a woman cry, but I didn't. I had time to notice, too, that the spray was hitting the porch windows and that a line of water had crept around into the back yard.

It was coming down like crazy when we got to the club, and we couldn't hear the orchestra on account of the wind. "You park it," Diana yelled. I ran around and helped her out and she dashed inside. There were a lot of cars and I had to go way back to the end of the lot to find a place. I parked and shoved the keys in my pocket and got out. I just don't remember making any decision about it, but where I walked was not toward the club but back along the road. I had to bend double against the wind and my shoes were full of water in the first five minutes.

I walked into Barbara's house without knocking. She looked up sort of hopefully and then her expression changed and she said, "What do *you* want?"

"I'm sorry, Barbara," I said. "I'm sorry." I couldn't seem to move on from there.

"Do you think I'm crying about you and the old dance, you dopey drip?" she said. She swallowed and made herself stop crying and said, "Mac's lost."

"Oh, no!"

"The back door blew open when I was upstairs and I didn't know it. I've hunted and hunted. Dad and mom are up in Hawleyville playing bridge. I telephoned—they've started back on account of the storm. I've asked all the neighbors. He isn't anywhere. He's probably drowned."

She set to work crying again and I all but joined her. Mac was my friend and he was so little and the wind and rain were making so much noise.

"Get your flashlight and put on your stuff," I said. "We'll find him."

She stopped crying and put on her sou'wester coat and hat and some rubber boots and got her father's big electric lantern and we went out the back door. Right behind the house there was a lull, but when we got to the side the wind nearly knocked us over. Barbara kept calling and I kept whistling, but the wind took the voice and the whistle away so fast we couldn't hear them ourselves. We hung on to each other and yelled together, but it was no good.

"Hang on to the porch rail," I said. "I'm going under the house." I crawled under on my stomach and flashed the light all around. The water was beginning to trickle in there from the west, but there was no puppy. We circled the house. We had to run across the front between the sheets of spray. We circled the next house, which was empty. The people who had rented it had left. I wanted to get underneath that one too. It was harder because there was latticework all around, but there were a couple of holes a little dog could have crawled through. I found a sort of gate which opened and I went under there. No puppy. I was about to go out again when I heard something. I stopped and lay still. I couldn't be sure whether it was only a different whine the wind made because of the latticework. I lay still, and I heard it again. It was a whine, and not the wind's. I swung the light again, but there was nothing under the house except some old boards and a rusty tin pail. I crawled out and got hold of Barbara again, and said, "I heard him! He's around here somewhere."

"The bathhouse!" said Barbara. "I forgot about it."

There's a bathhouse built on the back of that house with a separate door. The door was shut, but it might have blown open—and shut again. It wasn't locked. We opened it and went in there, and the door blew shut behind us. It was queer and still out of the wind. The bathhouse was empty. Just an old rag of a towel on a hook and a pair of rubber bathing shoes in the corner. We took hold of each other again and went out and the door whammed shut behind us.

"I know I heard him," I said. "Seemed like from that side of the house." I wished the wind would let up for a second, so I could listen for that small sound.

"Let's go round the house again," I said. "Slowly. Listen all the time." We went around the house slowly and listened all the time and couldn't hear anything except the waves socking against the sea wall, and the wind and the beat of the rain. We'd gone all the way round when my light picked up something in the yard and I dropped Barbara's arm and ran and lifted the heavy lid of a sunken garbage pail—and there he was! The guy who collects must of left the thing open and Mac had fallen in and the lid had come down. There was water in the bottom of the pail and would be more.

I got him out and gave him to Barbara. He was choking and wet and cold and he was trembling all over. Barbara stuck him under her sou'wester and we went back to her house and I built a fire and she dried him with a bath towel and wrapped him in a sweater and sat in front of the fire, crooning to him. Then her parents came home and that seemed to be that.

"Thanks," said Barbara. "I mean—well, gosh ——"

"I guess I better go back now and sort of . . . explain," I said. Barbara looked up from where she was sitting and smiled a funny little crooked smile with one corner of her mouth.

"Old double trouble," she said. "Have fun."

I sloshed back to the club. Naturally Diana was going to be sore, but naturally after I had explained she would be glad I had gone and been able to find the little dog. I hung my raincoat in the dressing room and emptied the water out of my shoes into the washbowl and wiped them off with a paper towel and tried to dry my hair a little with another. I'd forgotten to bring a comb, so I did the best I could with my hands and went out on the dance floor and

SEPARATION

By THOMAS CARNICELLI

The sun,
My delicate enemy,
Is far too persistent today.

Its rays
Refuse my brain
Occasion for self-reflection.

I am
As trees and lakes,
Selfless in the warm light.

I smile
To see my soul
Surrender itself skyward.

At last
The sun finds
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cut in on Diana. Instead of dancing, she walked away from me across the dance floor and out into the hall. I followed her. This, I knew, had to be.

She was white and her eyes were blazing. They weren't as pretty that way. I told my story and then waited to see her relax. She didn't.

"You think I'll dance with anyone in the state you're in?" she said. "You're disgusting. This will teach me not to go out with children." I really thought she couldn't have heard my story, or at least that she hadn't understood it.

"Barbara's puppy was lost!" I said. "We found him."

"So what?" she said. That's what she said. I looked at her and I saw—and I wondered why I hadn't seen it all along—that she was the kind of girl who would say "So what?" about a lost puppy.

"Give me my keys," she said. "You can get yourself home. The sooner the better."

"The pleasure," I said, "will be all mine." I wanted to walk away slow and dignified and sort of loose at the knees like Gary Cooper, but I'm not that tall and anyway my shoes squished.

In the morning, which was sunny and calm with no sign of the night's hoopla except some dead grass and extra driftwood, I went over to Barbara's. She was sitting on the front steps staring at the ribbon seaweed.

"How's Mac?" I said.

"He's at the vet's," she said. "He's awful sick. I can't even stay with him, because he's got to be very quiet. Doctor Brown thinks he can pull him through all right, but he's not sure. He won't promise. He should know by tonight, he says. I just got to wait."

I didn't say anything then. I knew what to do. I went home and got my net out of the garage and went back. She was still sitting there.

"Want to go crabbing in the creek?" I said. And she did. And she's my girl.

HINTS FROM A PATIENT TO HER VISITORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

and never, come flood or earthquake, fail to show up if you have promised.

It is best not to go into the sickroom while another visitor is there. People are exhausting. Wait outside until the first visitor has left. On entering you can say at once, "You look *much* better than I expected! I don't see how you do it." If the patient has had the bad sense to glance in the mirror she knows she looks as if she'd been pulled out of a rathole, so you can lay it on a bit here. Encouragement will help morale.

Before paying your visit it is well to telephone. If your sick one is too ill to speak to you, there will be no phone by the bed. If she can speak, she will enjoy the small diversion of a phone call. A patient is able to converse briefly on the phone before she is strong enough to receive friends.

Bring with you some little gift nicely wrapped up. Opening it is one of the few physical acts the bedridden can do with pleasure. Possibly you can lend something far nicer than you could afford to buy—that dressing gown you got for Christmas, perhaps. A woman will love to have a pretty spread to counteract the stark severity of the hospital room, your grandmother's cashmere shawl for her knees, a bed jacket or light wrap, a soft little pillow in a nice cover, something becoming to tie about the tousled head, a deck of cards.

Books, of course, are excellent, and the convalescent period a time when reading aloud will give pleasure. Have the daily paper or a news digest under your arm. To read a newspaper aloud is harder for some reason than to read Chaucer. The tendency is to sit there fluttering pages, to run your eye up and down columns and mutter, "There is nothing in it anyway." This is very irritating. Visitors should also suppress a strong tendency to keep their present of illustrated magazines to themselves. If they must identify people standing from left to right at the races, they can at least share this pastime with the patient.

An invalid may welcome a friend's suggestion to write thank-you notes that need only to be signed. Offer to make out checks, but if you can't do both things without asking where you find pen and ink, what paper shall you use and are there any stamps, then go away. You are not the type to be there at all.

Allow the patient to be well on the road to recovery before bringing any bothersome mail from home or the office. I was sent the household bills on my fifth postoperative day. So accustomed a task as paying them threw me into a cold sweat of anxiety and fatigue.

The sick may easily and rapidly become full-time egoists. Even as I swam up from the depths of anesthesia, I recognized the symptoms in myself and gave in to them at once with pleasure. When someone is in your room, you expect their whole attention. You begin to discover that the phrase "enjoying ill health" is not so empty after all. It is delightful to be waited on with such ardor; the concern of those dear to you, the surprise of finding yourself remembered by people you never dreamed cared anything about you mean more than you could have imagined. Your conscience pricks to think how remiss you have been over friends in like circumstance.

At our mother's knee we were taught that we must be patient with the ailing, expect them to be unreasonable and to show other aspects of illness toward which I had always taken a dim view. Only now do I understand what it is to be overcome by moods that never raised their unpleasant heads before in my vigorous life. Fits of depression or sudden fear akin to panic may overcome one like a tidal wave, weakness bring tears that cannot be controlled. There is a limit to courage.

A person unused to illness is new to the frustrations of being helpless. It is humiliating, you are ashamed to ask assistance for every need. The one who can anticipate an invalid's small wishes is truly heaven-sent. Furthermore, this helplessness makes the disabled ten times more intolerant of delay. It is enormously satisfying to have commissions, no matter how trivial, executed quickly.

A doctor friend of mine, herself recently recovered from a nearly fatal illness, insisted her own profession could do with some stern tutoring in bedside manners. Now, she said, she knew the power a warm heart had to heal, she had found that tact and understanding ranked among the miracle drugs. END

Neither God, nor man, nor we ourselves, can command our love, so far as love means only the sentiment of affection. In this sense, all the compulsions and injunctions of heaven and earth must end in futility. But if we take "love" to mean the doing of kind, generous and tender offices, there is indeed a duty to love. And if we take "love" to mean that the execution of those offices should be accompanied by tones and attitudes and gestures fitting to a lover, then in this sense, too, there is a duty to love. And we may go on to trust that according to the general course of human nature, love in its strictly emotional sense will follow as the sure result of doing these things in this way, and thus the duty we are able to command of ourselves fulfills the duty we are unable to command. It is just because we know family affection cannot be commanded or coerced that we look upon it as a priceless gift. Where it resides a sacred spirit takes dwelling and suffuses the hearth with happiness.

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Will you have ENOUGH MONEY ... when you Retire?

By ROBERT PETERSON

A retirement columnist points out that you'll need to supplement your Social Security funds if you expect to get the most out of your retirement years. He tells how a family man of forty with a $6000 yearly income can build a sound program of personal security for $10 a week now—and twice that amount after the home is paid for.

Ted Kendall is 40 years old. He makes about $6000 a year as a draftsman in a small manufacturing firm. He owns a new Chevy, likes his work, loves his wife, Betty, who's a year younger than he, and swells with pride when he talks of Jimmy, 10, and Johnny, 12.

And he wasn't putting aside a penny for his retirement years.

"Why should I?" he inquired. "I'm going to get Social Security when I retire. After all, retirement is a long way off."

Ted Kendall's attitude toward retirement is not unusual. In my ten years' experience in gerontology—the study of aging and retirement—I've made it a point to talk with a great many youngish moderns. I'm constantly amazed how many of them casually assume that retirement will take care of itself. Yet the primary rule for successful retirement is: *Make sound financial plans for the years ahead.*

According to the book Economic Needs of Older People, published in 1956 by the Twentieth Century Fund, "the aged population is distributed income-wise about as follows: 36 per cent have no personal income of their own; 38 per cent have $0–$999 a year; 11 per cent have $1000–$1999, and 15 per cent have $2000 or more." More than a third of our aged Americans have less than $1000 a year, and a similar number have nothing at all.

THE NEED TO PLAN

It requires considerable effort for young people to think ahead. But unless they make the effort and begin planning their future finances—soon—they'll have to pull in their belts when they retire. Social Security, and the savings they're likely to have by then, just won't be enough to give them the kind of retirement most people want.

Social Security, in the form of Old Age and Survivors Insurance, will be forthcoming to most working Americans when they retire. Yet it's well to remember that the highest amount an individual can draw from this source is $108.50 a month (or $162.80 for a couple both of whom are 65). This maximum amount goes only to those whose earnings have been at least $4200 annually over a period of time.

Company pension plans for employees cover considerably less than half the working population. The average company pension being paid today is only about $1000 per year.

Instead of pinning all your hopes on Social Security or company pensions, it is wise to develop financial plans of your own. In that way you'll be personally prepared to supplement any funds you may receive from other sources when you retire.

OTHER ASSETS

Of course money isn't everything. Other assets that will contribute tremendously to your happiness include your physical well-being, your ability to make friends, and your interest in stimulating leisure-time avocations.

But if you're financially secure it's much easier to put up with the difficulties, such as illness and loneliness, that not infrequently arise in old age. As someone put it, "Money won't make you happy, but it permits you to be unhappy in comfort."

To get back to Ted Kendall, it seems that our discussion of retirement finances kindled his thinking. When I saw him later he said he wanted to set up a personal plan for his family security and he wanted to sit down with me some evening and talk it over.

As Ted's circumstances (40 years old, $6000 income, wife and two children) are very similar to those of the average wage earner, it occurred to me that any plan appropriate for him would be of interest to a great many others. With this in mind let's consider some of the items we discussed.

MAKING PLANS FOR PERSONAL SECURITY

1. Buying a Home

The primary step in your plan for personal security concerns housing. Buying a home that meets your needs and can be financed for not more than 25 per cent of your income is the soundest investment a family can make. The earlier a couple start paying for a home, the sooner it will be theirs. It should be every couple's goal to arrive at retirement with a substantial home paid for down to the last doorknob. Why? Because the homeowner always has something to fall back on, since a house adequately covered by insurance is a solid financial asset. Even if a severe emergency arises and income is cut off, a home and garden will still maintain the owner. If necessary, he can rent a room or apartment or even the entire house as a means of obtaining needed funds.

Among the happiest retired people today are those who bought homes years ago. Their homes have given them comfortable housing and in many cases a remarkable return on their investment. Due to gradually rising price levels, homes that cost only a few thousand dollars to build two or three decades ago are in many cases worth several times as much today.

Fortunately, the Kendalls are well on their way to owning a home. Ten years ago they bought a $16,000 home. After making a down payment they began paying off the 20-year mortgage at the rate of $80 a month—which includes property taxes and insurance.

2. Choosing Your Objectives

The second step calls for a definition of the kind of security you

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DID YOU KNOW . . .

Most workers eligible to retire prefer to continue working rather than retire at 65 on a company pension? Why do men and women retire? According to a study, 56 per cent retire because of their employer's policy on age; 26 per cent because of poor health; 9 per cent because their jobs were discontinued or because of illness in the family; only 9 per cent because they really wanted to.

The proportion of older people in America has doubled in the past half century? One in every twelve persons is past 65. Everything points to a continuing increase, thanks to the continuing conquest of infectious disease.

At birth, males have a life expectancy of 67.4 years; females, 73.6?

Older workers rank high in the opinion of their supervisors? Eighty-one firms evaluated some 3000 older workers; 80 per cent were rated as being as productive as younger workers, 91 per cent as having either less absenteeism than average younger workers or about the same absenteeism.

"I Didn't Want to Retire..."

But for the Arthur Waleses, of Tucson, Arizona, "now life is busier than ever."

By BETTY COE SPICER

In speaking of the Waleses—tall Arthur, whose crisp voice has a singer's resonance as well as a top executive's decisiveness, and small Hazel, who gave up an absorbing career job when she married to become "the best cook and homemaker in town"—a friend says, "They're the busiest people I know, and the most interesting. They have friends from eight to eighty and share interests with all of them."

Arthur is 72; Hazel, 70. Six years ago Arthur had to give up a position which paid him $25,000 to $35,000 a year as head of the Chicago engineering firm he himself had built to success. Hazel, who already knew about giving up an engrossing career for a quiet, home-centered life, was concerned about her husband's reactions.

"Women make adjustments more quickly and easily than men," she says. "Art had never lived quietly—whatever he worked at, he *over*worked. That's what he was doing when pneumonia hit him seven years ago."

Pneumonia was followed by severe rheumatism. Unused to being ill, dynamic Arthur fretted and worried. Finally the doctor ordered, "You are going to spend the rest of the winter in some warm, dry climate."

The Waleses chose Tucson, Arizona. They had good friends who wintered there regularly and came home to talk about the sunny brightness of "The Old Pueblo's" desert setting and the always-changing vista of towering blue mountains surrounding it. "We loved it on sight," Hazel says. "We still do." Today, every window of their home frames a view of those high mountains.

By the end of the winter Arthur felt pretty well. The Waleses headed back to Chicago, Arthur brimming with work plans. Almost immediately he became ill again.

Then began a period of shuttling back and forth between Chicago and Tucson. Through this period Arthur still planned to return to the work that was such a large part of his life. But at last the day came when he had to face a hard fact.

"It was just no go." Arthur Wales says those words flatly, but behind them lie many months of hope, discouragement and eventual acceptance.

"I didn't want to retire," he says honestly. "That is, I didn't want to retire without time to get things in shape, to work out investments so we'd be assured of an adequate income to carry out our retirement plans the way we had visualized them. As it was—well, I didn't have all the time I needed."

Taking stock, Arthur and Hazel found they had investment properties and Social Security payments that would give them $300 to $400 a month. Not much more than one tenth the income they were accustomed to. They broke up their Chicago home and bought the Tucson house that was to be their home from now on.

Both did some private worrying. Arthur was afraid that such a drastic alteration in their way of living might be a hardship for Hazel. Hazel's greatest fear was that retirement might not offer enough satisfying outlets for that boundless vitality of Arthur's.

Exploring trips around Arizona and neighboring Mexico, and "doing the house, making the changes that really made it home," occupied the first, most difficult months. The spacious roofed part of the patio was glassed in—"complete with fireplace; we practically live here." The kitchen was redone to make it convenient and efficient for Hazel. A dining room became an office for Arthur. (The sunny new patio-room took over as a dining area.) There were problems of finding just the right spot for a fine mahogany breakfront and other furnishings from their old Chicago home, of fitting in cherished books, family silver and crystal—this without sacrificing any of the bright informal feel of their desert house.

Gardens were carefully planned and laid out. A desert garden—all white sand and cactus—went in front of the charming six-room washed-brick house. At the back, a white fence and a velvety green lawn made a softer background for Hazel's bright flowers, shrubs and carefully transplanted trees.

If—with the baffled concern of a newly retired executive "with nothing to execute"—Arthur was still sensitive about the fact that "now most of our friends have hundreds where we have dollars," that concern soon disappeared. As Hazel had asked calmly in the beginning, "What difference does that make to real friends? Especially in an informal place like Tucson, where nobody cares a whit about keeping up with the Joneses?"

Loving music, sports, the theater, the Waleses found they had lost none of these things by moving to a smaller city. There were concerts, plays at Tucson's Corral Theater. Arthur's fine trained voice was a valued addition to their church choir—as his knowledge of music was to young friends who were studying at the nearby University of Arizona's music department. Saturday evenings found the Waleses cheering on the university football team. "There's so much to be said for retiring to a college town," they agree.

As they became more and more part of the community, they found volunteer work playing an increasingly important part in their lives. "We both love people. We couldn't *not* do some sort of community work," says Hazel. (Even at her busiest she had always found time for church, Red Cross and women's-club work.) "We found ourselves giving the lion's share of our time to political work. Perhaps being no longer in a position to make large financial contributions led us to contribute our work instead. And we learned that there is real satisfaction in giving *yourselves*, not just money, to a crusade you believe in."

As deputy registrar—and with Hazel's help—Arthur registered more than 1000 voters in the last voter-registration period, 450 of them in the last three days. Hazel is historian of the Pima County Republican Women's Club.

Aside from acting as deputy registrar, a list of Arthur's jobs might include precinct captain, district leader, secretary of the Pima County Central Committee, member of the Executive Committee and the State Central Committee—"I might have forgotten something," CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

BILL SEARS



"If, as we do, you love music, sports, books, plays, community work—choose a college town when you retire."

"Interests keep you young." Football (University of Arizona games are night games), gardening, patio parties "informal Western style"; perhaps most satisfying of all, volunteer work. "The days aren't long enough." To vigorous, thoughtful Arthur, sixty seems a good age to retire. "But it shouldn't be compulsory. People differ too much. Some are old at forty—some never. And retirement should always be planned for as far ahead as possible."



SHELLY GROSSMAN

Fall colors the hills of home with glory, crowds even remote country lanes with wide-eyed visitors. "They tell us 'how beautiful!' To us it's just what we're used to." Philip and Nellie Dashner have the Vermonter's disdain for "fancy talk" and the Vermonter's abiding pride in being able to cope with a problem.

"I Was Laid Off at 70..."

Yankee resolve finds the answer for the Philip Dashners, of Rutland, Vermont.

By BETTY COE SPICER

"I wish I could be with you on this happy occasion," the mayor's letter said. "These days it isn't everybody who can celebrate a fiftieth wedding anniversary . . . an honor ——"

Reading of the letter finished, 72-year-old Philip Dashner, "slicked up" in a dark suit with a carnation buttonhole, smiled across the room at his wife Nellie, pink-cheeked and excited in her new blue silk dress and yellow-rose corsage.

"Dan always was nice and friendly," Philip nodded, recalling a time when he and Rutland's Mayor Dan Healy ("both a lot younger then") worked side by side.

Guests came crowding into the Dashners' small yellow-and-brown house on the outskirts of town. Its rooms were bright with flowers, candles, gifts and cards. The dining-room table groaned under a load of festive food that set off the party's center of attention—a towering white wedding cake lovingly made and decorated by the Dashners' daughter-in-law, Eileen.

In the entry, friends stopped to sign the fiftieth-anniversary guest book presided over by pretty young neighbor Joyce Fredette. Joyce hopes that her soon-to-be marriage to Jimmy Gasco, the Dashners' roomer ("but more like a son," they both say affectionately), will be as long-lived as the Dashners'. Their well-wishers moved on to greet the guests of honor. "Haven't seen so much kissing and handshaking since our wedding day!" Philip's dry tone is belied by the broad grin on his ruddy face.

On her wedding day Nellie's dress was blue, too, she recalls. "Alice blue. A matching hat with a curly white plume." The dress had a twenty-inch waistline. The hat framed a shy, pretty face and gleaming black hair that an admirer once called "the most beautiful I have ever seen."

Nellie recalls, too, how "Phil" once won a contest as their home town's handsomest man. This brings a little snort of derision from Philip, not much given to flattery or soft talk.

Born less than fifty miles from Rutland and a Vermonter all his 72 years, Philip Dashner is very much a part of his state's hardy tradition of independence. Not a tall man (he tops five feet by no more than three inches), he seldom thinks of asking help in tackling personal problems. Even the big problem that came two years ago.

After fifty years of work, twenty with the same company where he was first a lathe operator, later an inspector, 70-year-old Philip Dashner was laid off. He was given a week's notice—no severance pay. Despite union efforts, the company he worked for had no pension plan.

On the last day of that dark week, a still-bewildered Philip picked up his final pay envelope plus $78.51 accumulated vacation pay. His union presented him (and eleven other men laid off at the same time) with a billfold containing $15. Aside from a tiny nest-egg savings fund which they didn't want to touch ("It would go so fast!" Nellie worried, remembering how slowly they had built it up, saving dimes and every dollar not needed for living expenses), that was all the money the Dashners had.

Philip was realist enough to know that at 70 the chances of his getting another steady job were slim. Only a week before, a 50-year-old friend had told of being turned down on a job for which he was well qualified—"Sorry. Too old."

Philip felt no deep personal bitterness about being "retired" in this manner. It was just a fact—a hard fact. Together the Dashners looked the situation over. On the credit side, they did own their home—or would, after three more small monthly payments. Furniture and household equipment were theirs. They were not in debt. They did have that small nest egg.

The Dashners were eligible for Social Security. Even independent Philip felt honestly entitled to that—"I've paid *into* it for almost twenty years." But would $115.40 a month pay for food, clothing, fuel, water? Pay property taxes that had more than doubled (from $44 a year to $101) since they bought the house thirteen years ago? What about medical bills? They had no hospitalization insurance. Both needed new glasses.

After two years the Dashners' nest egg is untouched. The house is fully paid for. "We're warm and comfortable, we eat well, we don't owe anybody," Philip says with pardonable pride.

How did they do it?

"By spending only for necessities—food, heat, taxes, utilities and the most vital repairs on the house." Nellie's long bout with a particularly maddening ailment—shingles—piled up medical bills of more than $150 that first winter of retirement. The fact that Jimmy Gasco had moved into one of the unused upstairs bedrooms temporarily—paying $5 a week—helped stamp those bills "Paid." And each month a little money was put by toward autumn's inevitable budget staggerer—$127.50 for five tons of coal, with a sixth almost certainly needed before spring. Vermont winters are long and cold. ("Not as cold as they once were, though," Philip insists. "Used to be, snow clear buried the fences and there were times you couldn't get around even in a sleigh.") They recall a time when their winter's coal cost $39. Milk was 10 cents a quart then; coffee, 20 cents a pound.

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ERICH HARTMANN

Six rooms—six people. Three generations, three incomes "plus love, consideration and a plan" run the dream house.

With Barbara, Marjorie and Carl working, Diane in school all day, Thomas and Margaret have to themselves the hilltop home they all pitched in to build, take care of its two-acre lot, gardens and fruit trees. "Evenings we try to see that all the others have privacy too," Margaret explains. House rule: "Knock on doors!"

"We Pooled our Resources..."

The Thomas Flynns and the Carl Schefflers, of Basking Ridge, New Jersey, find "six can live better than two."

By BETTY COE SPICER

If, some evening, you should drive past a trim six-room white house on the outskirts of the pretty pre-Revolutionary War village of Basking Ridge, New Jersey, see lights streaming from every window, hear bursts of laughter, chatter and music—well, that's likely to be the house where the Flynns and the Schefflers live, three generations of them.

They pooled resources in order to build the dream house which neither family alone could afford. It took two years to build and every member of each of the families helped. For them, the investment has paid high dividends, not only in money saved but in close family companionship.

The Flynns are two—retired news dealer Thomas, 72, and his wife Margaret, 73. The Schefflers number three—Carl, Jr., 50, Marjorie (nee Flynn), 44, and Diane, 17. Until recently they were four. Their elder daughter, Barbara, was married not long ago. Even with their still-fresh memories of the wedding—Barbara lovely in bridal lace and satin, Carl stepping forward to give the bride away while mother and grandparents watched with pride and inexplicable tears, irrepressible Diane in her pale blue maid of honor's dress suddenly quiet and a little awed as the wedding party started down the aisle of the gracious old tree-shaded church—even with this great scramble of vivid memory pictures, the Scheffler-Flynn household hasn't got used to thinking of Barbara as just a visitor.

About the only thing Diane likes about it is that now she has a room all to herself.

"But we managed beautifully with all six of us at home," says slim, youthful Marjorie Scheffler, who has a cheerful easygoing philosophy. She glances around the big living room with its stone fireplace, pine-paneled walls rubbed to a soft gleam, wide picture window overlooking the rolling, tree-clad landscape. Then she turns with her ready smile. "I really do think that we get more out of a house than almost anybody!" she feels.

That isn't hard to believe if you drop in on an evening like this. In the corner near the television set Thomas and Margaret are reminiscing with an old friend from thirty-mile-distant Westfield, where they lived for many years. Carl, Barbara and her husband, Charles, are engrossed in planning a set of shelves Carl has offered to build for their new apartment. Marjorie is urging a group of friends and relatives toward the supper table set up on the wide screened porch at the far end of the living room.

In an excess of affection, Cally, a six-month-old boxer pup, keeps getting underfoot and finally has to be banished. "She's going to be as big as a young horse," Marjorie laughs, "and she thinks she's a lap dog." From his cage in the kitchen window Chippy, the canary, is trying to outsing the whistling teakettle.

Downstairs in a room that is twin to the living room, even to fireplace and paneled walls, teen-age Diane and some of her classmates from Bernardsville High are dancing, listening to—or arguing the fine points of—a new rock-and-roll tune. (A pastime that occasionally causes her more sedately brought up grandmother to bristle a little—as she does when Diane teasingly calls her "Mag" and her grandfather "Tom." But then Margaret remembers Diane dashing in excitedly to consult about a dancing dress, or the evenings Diane spends playing two-handed canasta with her because she senses that in this new, isolated home her grandmother misses old friends. It isn't hard to overlook a little noise and teasing when it is more than balanced by love and thoughtfulness.)

This downstairs living room is, Carl Scheffler feels, "the smartest thing we planned." (After many family conferences, Carl drew the plans himself, had them blueprinted, then did a major share of the house building.) "This second living room and the apartment for Marjorie's mother and father." The apartment "really makes a joint household workable for all of us," Marjorie adds. "And our agreement never to intrude on each other's privacy. When their door is closed we don't disturb mother and dad. And even when it is open we don't just barge in—we always knock. And they are wonderful about giving *us* time to ourselves."

The Flynns' one-room-and-bath apartment has pale gray walls and sunny windows. There are a studio couch, bed, two big comfortable armchairs, a drop-leaf table and a serving pantry with an electric plate for making tea or coffee. Conveniently, the apartment adjoins the pretty pink-and-white kitchen.

Mornings are the household's hectic time. Carl and Marjorie must both hurry. Marjorie works as receptionist and "girl Friday" to a busy Bernardsville doctor, "a job I love." Carl must sometimes drive thirty miles to work each day, "depending on where our current construction job is." Diane generally snatches her breakfast as she races for the school bus.

Margaret and Thomas prefer to wait out this first morning rush. They get up at eight for a more leisurely meal—"leisurely meals are one of the joys of retirement." Breakfast over, Thomas heads for the garden, gets out the pruning shears or the power mower if the big lawn needs cutting. In the winter there are maintenance chores—tending the coal furnace, repairing and painting screens—"I have no trouble keeping busy," he says.

Cally teases every day to be taken for a ramble through the nearby woods. (She isn't allowed to run free. A few months ago the family's adored collie, Penny, was killed by a car. Thomas and Margaret are now growing fond of the boisterous new puppy, but they still mourn quiet, well-mannered Penny.) CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

"Everybody can do Something..."

Proof . . . Petra Davis, of Coral Gables, Florida.

By BETTY COE SPICER and JEANNE HOLMES

"If you've got will, you can always find a way." That's more than just a copybook maxim to widowed 70-year-old Petra Davis, of Coral Gables, Florida. When she says it, there's a firm note of conviction in her soft voice and her small figure stands erect and self-reliant in its crisply becoming blue cotton dress. Her pretty face (she was once judged Miami's prettiest white-haired lady, a fact that still astonishes and amuses her—"Isn't that *silly?*" she dimples) is serene as she surveys the sunny, pastel-painted rooms of her house. Petra Davis knows what she is talking about. She knows what will can accomplish.

Her white stucco house has six spotless attractive rooms. The well-tended lawn has small palm trees, flowering shrubs and purple bougainvillaea. A tidy back-yard guest cottage is rented "to the nicest people!" There's a savings account at the bank and a small store of carefully chosen investment stocks. All these assets testify to the efficacy of Petra Davis' favorite maxim.

Not long ago her liabilities far outweighed any visible assets. "On discouraged days, it sometimes seemed there *weren't* any assets."

Her husband, tall, handsome Harry Davis, had possessed qualities of sweetness and gaiety that still shine brightly in the memories of Petra, their two sons, "H. C." and Jimmy, and their pretty daughters, Kathryn and Mary. "But Harry wasn't a businessman," Petra admits with gentle honesty. "He just didn't have the ability to make—or hang onto—money."

The Davis home, bought in 1939, was mortgaged and in poor repair when, at 60-plus, Petra took over the task of earning her own living. In the season of Florida's lashing tropical rains, the roof leaked so badly the living room was useless. The kitchen stove was crotchety, the yard bare except for weeds, the garage useless since she no longer owned a car. There were debts—and no income.

Any one of the four Davis children (they are all married and live in widely separated parts of the country) would have welcomed Petra. She didn't think that was the answer. This was her home. "I loved Florida," she will tell you, "my independence, the friends I'd made here, the Sunday-school work I'd begun when my own children were grown. I didn't want to be dependent on my children, financially or emotionally."

Petra Davis took a long clear look at her situation. It was not particularly cheering. "But I was healthy—my mother lived to ninety and never a sick day. I told myself '*Every* person has something he or she can do to make money.' I added up the things that I could do. I could sew. I'd had my own successful dressmaking shop before I married and I'd always made my own clothes. I have always loved children and I raised four wonderful ones of my own—that ought to qualify me as a baby sitter. I didn't any longer need the whole house for just me; maybe if I did some painting and prettied up the yard I could rent rooms."

At this point her speculative eye fell on the empty garage. Like the house, it is a sturdy white stucco building. Perhaps it could be converted to a guest cottage, a one-room efficiency with bath and kitchenette? Such cottages were in great demand during Florida's winter season. . . . Engrossed, Petra sketched her plans and set about carrying them out.

Through friends and her church, she made it known that she was available as a baby sitter. "The *most* available baby sitter in town! By the hour, day or week."

Children responded to the warmth of her interest and affection. Parents sighed with relief at finding someone experienced and reliable.

"Mrs. Davis can find ways to manage the most obstreperous youngster and make him like it," one parent said as she urged Petra to "come early tonight and have supper with the children, won't you?" (This sort of invitation now comes to Petra Davis so often that it has helped reduce her food budget to $20 a month.)

Because she saw many mothers of young children swamped by household tasks that somehow never got finished, Petra found a way to increase her baby-sitting income. The basic fee of 50 cents an hour (75 cents after midnight) went up to 90 cents for hours spent doing mending or ironing after her young charges were asleep. Harassed mothers greeted this innovation with joy. Baby-sitting nets Petra about $1000 a year now.

Her sewing project brought regular customers. Delighted with her skillful work ("Good dressmakers are so hard to find these days!") and admiring the spunk she was displaying in building this new life for herself, Petra's "regulars" brought her as much work as she could handle—an average $400 worth a year. They brought her gifts too. Cake, pie, special rolls or muffins. "People must think I look hungry," she says with a twinkle. "Everybody wants to feed me."

One customer always brought twice as much material as the dress she'd ordered required. She'd say offhandedly, "Petra, can't you make yourself a dress out of all this leftover material? The color is lovely for you." Somehow it always was. Result: "My clothing bills are almost nothing. About the only things I buy are shoes and an occasional hat for church."

"When people see that you're trying," Petra Davis says with understanding and gratitude, "they always help. People are wonderful."

Bit by bit her earnings paid debts and rejuvenated the shabby house. The leaky roof was repaired, rooms were painted soft cool greens, blues and aqua. Petra did most of the painting herself. "I love to paint and it saved money." A new stove was installed. Exterior walls gleamed with fresh white paint. The bare yard bloomed with grass, shrubs, flowers and vines. "I didn't *buy* a thing!" Petra says proudly, surveying the expert results of her gardening efforts. "Friends gave me slips from their gardens."

Converting the empty garage into a guest cottage was her major investment. Money had to be borrowed to pay building costs, buy kitchen appliances and furniture. "I wanted to do it right," Petra says. CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

JACK HOLMES



"Being alone didn't change my desire to keep my home, my friends and my independence."

"Without a man around the house, I suppose my repair bills run high. But it's surprising the household maintenance jobs you can learn to do yourself. Pruning trees, mowing the lawn, painting, rewiring lamps, refinishing furniture—I'm getting expert at all those. It saves me a lot of money and"—with a twinkle—"it makes me feel so competent!"



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Our Favorite Recipes

Made and remade for years at the family's request

By HAZEL WALES

Now, on a retirement income, these recipes are our meal mainstays. Here are our favorites. The quantities are for four to six, even though I cook for only two now. This one is a recipe given to me by a friend many years ago. It is very elastic—I use whatever is on hand or is cheap, but have written the recipe as I like it best.

Odd-and-End Ham Loaf. Mix together 1½ pounds ground cooked ham, ½ pound ground veal and ½ pound ground beef. The cheaper cuts of beef and veal have the best flavor. Add 1 cup soft bread crumbs, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup catchup and 2 eggs, slightly beaten. Also add 1 cup finely chopped onions, 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Season with 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Turn into a baking pan and shape into a loaf. I usually score the top slightly for decoration. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½ hours. Makes 6 servings.

Macaroni and cheese with a ruff of crushed potato chips is oh, so economical. This, too, can be a mixture of lots of things—but I prefer it this way:

Crisp Topped Baked Macaroni. Cook 8 ounces elbow macaroni according to package directions. Drain well. In the top of a double boiler make a cream sauce, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour and 2 cups milk. When smooth and thickened, add 1½ cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese and 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Stir until the cheese melts. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper and ½ clove garlic, crushed. Mix well and add cooked macaroni. Pour into a 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle a handful or so of coarsely crushed potato chips on top. Dust with paprika and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 20–30 minutes or until bubbly and hot. Makes 4–6 servings.



SEARS

I always get a helping hand from Art—even when it comes to serving.


STUART

My ham loaf and crisp topped baked macaroni, ensalada and tortillas are planned for a relaxed patio meal.

Baked beans can be prosaic and they are cheap—but with these, even the aroma while they are cooking is out of this world.

Baked Baby Lima Beans. Soak overnight 1 package dried baby Lima beans in enough water to cover. Drain, reserving the liquid. Put the beans in a heavy kettle, cover with warm water and simmer for about 1 hour. Drain, reserving this liquid also. Peel and score a small onion. Place it in the bottom of a bean pot. To the beans add a strip of bacon cut into small pieces, ¼ cup molasses, 2 tablespoons catchup, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon prepared horse-radish and a dash of cayenne pepper. Pour the beans over the onion in the pot and then bury a scored piece of salt pork on top of the beans. I usually use a piece weighing about ⅛ pound. Leave the rind exposed. Add enough of the bean water which you have saved to cover the beans. Put the lid on the bean pot and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., 5½–6 hours. Add more bean water during cooking if necessary to keep the beans from drying out. Remove the cover during the last hour to brown the salt pork. Makes 4–5 servings.

I wonder why more people don't prepare their creamed potatoes in this fashion. It's so easy.

Quick Creamed Potatoes. Peel and coarsely grate enough raw potatoes to make about 2¼ cups. In a skillet mix the potatoes with 3 tablespoons chopped onion and ½ cup milk. Cook very slowly, cutting through the potatoes repeatedly until thickened and tender. Don't let them overcook or they will become mushy. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and season with salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving, stir in 2 teaspoons chopped parsley. Makes 4 servings.

A crisp tortilla is usually served with Mexican foods. These, though not truly Mexican, may be easily made anywhere.

Tortillas. Roll packaged refrigerator biscuits into very thin circles on a floured board. Pull and stretch the dough if necessary to be sure it is very thin. Bake on a medium-hot ungreased griddle until both sides are a flecked golden brown and the bread is crisp. Make ahead. Spread with melted butter or margarine and reheat just before serving. Makes 10.

Hot peppers are a Western must. They are served on relish trays, in salads and entrees—in any part of the meal except dessert.

Ensalada. Mix together 1 clove garlic, crushed, 2 finely chopped hot pickled red or green peppers, 2 peeled, seeded and quartered tomatoes and ⅔ cup sharp garlic French dressing. Tear up 1 quart crisp salad greens. I prefer Bibb lettuce, chicory and endive (if I can get it). Just before serving, add salt and pepper to taste and toss with the dressing. Serves 4–6.

Un postre—*a sweet conclusion to any meal.*

Maple Sherbet Delight. Mix together 1 cup maple-blended syrup, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Pour into freezing trays and freeze for about 2 hours, until firm. Break into pieces and turn into a chilled bowl. Beat with a rotary or electric mixer until smooth, but not melted. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Return to the tray and freeze until firm, about 2 hours. Makes ¾ quart.

You'll like Borden's biscuits best...



from start...

The easiest-to-open package!

Exclusive with Borden's . . . No strings, no twisting, no cutting. Pull Easy-Grip Flap... new all-foil package *pops open* and out come 10 biscuits. The "pop" means they're fresh!



...to finish!

The finest texture and flavor!

Just bake Borden's Buttermilk Biscuits 10 minutes and they're ready, all golden-brown. So rich in buttermilk, they even *smell* butter-y... taste extra light and fluffy!

Try Borden's Sweetmilk Biscuits, Too!

Borden's

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's it's got to be good!"

Borden's Milk • Fine Cheeses • Ice Cream • Starlac

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice," "Queen for a Day" and "Fury" ©1957, The Borden Company

"WE POOLED OUR RESOURCES"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

Margaret hurries through dishwashing, laundry, tidying the apartment. She supervises Chippy's morning bath and coaxes him to sing. "He used to sing so long and loud people began shushing him. Now you have to coax him—or put the whistling teakettle on.

"The morning just flies. I'm so anxious to get outside to my garden." She grows roses—her favorites—from slips traded with friends and "can hardly wait to see how the new ones turn out."

The garden is a budget aid, too, providing vegetables and fruit. As soon as they chose their lot—even before they began to build the house—the Schefflers and the Flynns spent weekends planting trees. "Last year we had five bushels of apples, and peaches and plums."

The Flynns eat their main meal at noon and at night Margaret fixes a light supper in their own apartment. "Marjorie and Carl like to have their dinner at night and this arrangement gives them the house to themselves when they come home. We always share Sunday dinner, and perhaps a drive afterward, or visits with friends."

On Tuesdays, her day off, Marjorie drives her parents to Bernardsville to do their weekly shopping. (She has her own car, since Carl's work demands daily use of his.) The Schefflers shop on Friday evenings. Both families plan their week's meals in advance. Busy during the week, Carl, Marjorie and Diane all pitch in over the weekends to do household jobs like cleaning and cooking.

"Carl is a better cook than I am," says Marjorie, who admits she's "not the most expert housekeeper in the world. He makes a basic meat sauce that we use in dozens of favorite dishes—over spaghetti, in casseroles, as a hot sandwich over toasted buns."

That there are problems in sharing a house the Flynns and the Schefflers readily admit.

"You have to work things out," Marjorie says. "Remember all you agreed on. Be considerate of each other's feelings and methods."

Margaret admits that it isn't easy to condense into one room the accumulated possessions of a lifetime. "And I did miss seeing old friends for a while after we moved up here. So did Tom."

But both families feel strongly that the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages.

"We don't have to worry about mother and dad," Marjorie says. "We *know* they are all right. We know that there will be someone in the house each day when Diane comes home from school. And we think it's fine when children have grandparents at home, as well as parents, to love and learn from."

To tiny, bright-eyed Margaret—who clips favorite poems from newspapers, worries whether her new (and vastly becoming) silver-blue eyeglass frames might be "too girlish," and still describes with a pink-cheeked glow a flowered red velvet hat she wore on her honeymoon—there is one really compelling advantage.

"Tom worked hard all his life," she says simply. "When he retired our only income was Social Security. It isn't easy to live on $112.70 a month. This arrangement means a little ease for Tom in the time we have left to share."

HOW THE FLYNNS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Income: $112.70

Food	$45.00	Recreation	1.00
Clothing	6.00	Church and charities	1.50
Rent (Because the Flynns contributed approximately one third the cost of building the house, they pay no rent.)	00.00	Household cleaning supplies	1.00
		Dry cleaning, shoe repair	1.00
		Club dues	1.25
Utilities	5.00	Magazines, newspapers	1.60
Insurance	6.50	Cigarettes	7.02
Medical and dental	15.00	Misc. (Christmas and birthday gifts)	5.00
		Total	$96.87

HOW THE SCHEFFLERS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Income: Gross, $692.00; net, $584.80. Carl's income varies with the season. Total includes Marjorie's salary, $45.00 a week.

(Food (all three eat lunches out)	$125.00	Furniture and appliances	15.00
		Car expenses (for two cars)	40.00
Clothing	25.00	Car payment	34.31
Payment on mortgage, taxes	68.00	Dry cleaning	4.00
Fuel, light, water	27.00	School expense (Diane)	10.00
Telephone	4.00	Magazines, newspapers	4.00
Insurance	45.76	Savings fund	136.93
Medical and dental	10.00	Income taxes	98.00
Recreation	10.00	Union dues and assessments	10.00
Church and charities (occasional extra donations)	10.00	Payment on cemetery plot	5.00
		Misc.	10.00
		Total	$692.00



another year ...another notch?

Stop and reflect. Isn't it time for Diet Delight Foods?

Actually, the only way to halt that steady thickening around your middle is to replace pound-adding foods with those that are low in calories. And with Diet Delight Foods you do just that—without giving up the fun of eating! Your grocer has a good, delicious variety—Fruits, Juices, Vegetables, Salad Dressings. Try 'em all. They're low-calorie: packed without added salt or sugar. Fruits and Juices are sweetened with non-caloric Sucaryl® (calcium cyclamate). Many tempting recipes in **FREE** booklet. Write Richmond-Chase Company, San Jose, California, Dept. DL.



"I DIDN'T WANT TO RETIRE"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

he muses. Then his busy phone rings and he forgets about listing titles as he responds to a new project—a local business firm would like him to act as consultant occasionally.

Hazel knows that Arthur is probably overworking again. But she also knows that he wouldn't be completely happy any other way. So she shares the work and keeps the worry to herself.

Hanging up the phone, Arthur went out on the porch to release their highly vocal (and adored) pet parakeet, Pat, from his cage. People had been coming and going all day and Pat, who generally has the freedom of the house, had stayed caged. Pat had a lot to say about that.

When the phone rang again it was Hazel who answered it. Hazel had been busy packaging some bootees and a tiny sweater made for a new grandchild, "the ninth." In a moment she called to Arthur, "We are going to the football game tonight, aren't we? Or shall I say you're too busy?"

"Wouldn't miss it," Arthur grinned. "Tell them we'll be there."

HOW THE WALESES SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Present income varies from $300 to $400 a month: $125 from Social Security, balance from investment properties.

Food	$85.00	Recreation, entertainment	25.00
Clothing	12.50	Church, charities	20.00
Property taxes	41.70	Car expense	20.00
Fuel, light, water	18.00	Household cleaning supplies	4.00
Telephone	11.00	Dry cleaning, shoe repair	2.50
Insurance (house, car, life)	25.00	Club dues	2.50
Medical and dental	10.00	Magazines, newspapers	2.75
		Total	$279.95

"When there's a surplus, we use it for travel. If an emergency arises, we dip into principal."



The Koehlers' large kitchen includes a paneled dining area with a yellow wall telephone.



Mrs. Koehler especially enjoys the convenience of her green bedroom phone.



The red phone in their teen-age son's room harmonizes with its cheerful furnishings.



Mr. Koehler, owner of a restaurant supply company, often takes business calls on the ivory telephone in the den.

"Having phones handy is such a help"

says Mrs. Harold Koehler, Indianapolis, Indiana

"Seems as though I used to be running up or down stairs all the time," says Mrs. Koehler. "Now with phones where we need them most I save many steps every day.

"We depend on the telephone a lot. We all use it to visit with other members of the family who live far away, and I often shop by phone. Mr. Koehler relies on it a great deal in his business and community activities.

"I probably use the kitchen phone more than any other. Like those in the den, the master bedroom, and our son's room, it's one of the new color telephones. They look nice in any room."

Why not enjoy additional telephones in *your* home? It's the mark of modern living. The cost is small. A call to your local telephone business office will bring this convenience to your home, too.

Working together to bring people together

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"EVERYBODY CAN DO SOMETHING"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163

"Cheap things never last." Finished, the charming little white cottage rented immediately. "It has been occupied all but two weeks since, and those two weeks I needed for redecorating." The cottage adds $500 a year to Petra's income. "And renting it has given me companionship and many good friends."

Her life is far from being all work. There is her church, the First Presbyterian Church of Coral Gables; there are many invitations from friends—and their hospitality to be returned. Small dinners, usually, with bridge or canasta to follow. "My sister Olga, also a widow, lives just down the block. We often 'gallivant' to Miami [half an hour and 20 cents away by bus] for movies, concerts, and shopping trips when our favorite stores have sales. I buy everything at sales, watch for things to be marked down, plan my meals around weekly specials at the market."

Every other summer comes her reward for meticulously banking $30 every month in a special fund. Petra Davis packs up and goes to visit her four children and nine grandchildren. It's quite a trip—Colorado, Illinois, Alabama, North Carolina. It costs $800 and to Petra it is worth every cent.

"The children are happy to see me. They plan parties for me, always have so much to show and tell me." Petra stays an announced-in-advance two weeks in each place, savors every long-anticipated minute of it. One indication of the pleasure her visits bring to her children: she is never asked to baby-sit. Vacationing, mother is an honored guest.

The children come to Florida for visits too. "That's one reason I keep up my home, so they'll have a place to come. Jimmy and his family will be here this year. Two Christmases ago Kathryn and Mary came with their families. You should have seen us! Suitcases all over the house, youngsters racing around. Oh, it was wonderful, it truly was." Petra smiles in remembered happiness. "I'm so lucky in my children, in-laws and all."

Asked to give advice to women who find themselves in a situation like hers, Petra Davis' suggestions would be simple:

"If your income isn't adequate, figure out what you can do to earn money. Everybody can do *something*. Stay busy and interested. Don't 'let down'—keep yourself, your clothes, your house as pretty as possible, your meals appetizing.

"Don't be uprooted. Stay where you have friends. Friends have contributed so much to me—companionship, advice, help. I couldn't do better than to pass on the advice a friend once gave me. 'Every time you get lonesome or depressed, Petra, get out of the house. Go somewhere, see somebody, *do* something.'

"I guess I just followed that advice."

HOW MRS. DAVIS SPENDS HER MONEY EACH MONTH

Baby-sitting provides about $1000 a year, sewing $400, rental of guest cottage $500—an average monthly income of $158.

Food (many sitting jobs include meals)	$20.00
Clothing ("I make my clothes")	2.00
Taxes (including garbage collection)	6.83
Household maintenance ("Usually much lower; this year it includes painting house, major refrigerator repairs.")	28.90
Utilities (includes guest cottage)	16.50
Telephone	4.27
Medical and dental	5.66
Recreation, entertainment	6.00
Church, charities	9.00
Furniture and appliances (repair, replacement)	4.33
Transportation	1.80
Dry cleaning, shoe repair, launderette	5.50
Drugs and hair care	2.00
Vacation fund	30.00
Income tax	1.00
Savings (investment fund) "whatever is left."	
Total	$143.7[illegible]



AT LAST... Glamour IN A

20 GAL. TRASH CAN

The trash can you never need to hide! Another Loma original, this polyethelene beauty comes in lawn green, autumn red, harmony gray and lemon yellow . . . Gay colors to add a bright patio note! And the exclusive Loma lock-lid cover keeps unsightly trash safely out of view.

Built to take plenty of hard knocks, the sturdy Loma trash can won't break . . . bounces right back in shape . . . can't rust . . . can't retain odors . . . and so easy to clean! Available at better stores everywhere.

Actual capacity – 22 gallons.

ANOTHER LOMA Ware ORIGINAL

A product of LOMA Plastics Inc., Ft. Worth, Texas

WILL YOU HAVE ENOUGH MONEY WHEN YOU RETIRE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159

want in the years ahead. "Betty and I were talking about this the other night," said Ted. "We decided that when we retire we'd like to have an income of at least three hundred dollars a month, including Social Security.

"Then we'd like to have better insurance protection—all I've got now is a small term-insurance policy that expires next year. We'd also like to be more systematic about savings. We've been married thirteen years, but we've only six hundred dollars in the bank for emergencies and to take care of the boys' future education. We've told the boys that we hope they'll be able to work their way if they go to college, but we'd like to have some money available to help them out if they really need it. Finally, we'd like to have a nest egg of maybe twenty thousand dollars or so when we retire—just to make us feel prosperous and secure. But golly, how much would it cost to buy a dream like this?"

I made some rough calculations and told him he could have all these things, and possibly more, for about $10 a week now—and double this when his home is paid for.

His first reaction was to doubt that these enumerated wants could be had for as little as $10 a week now—and twice that later on. But his next reaction was to ask how he could afford to put 10 per cent of his take-home pay into this program.

"Here," said Ted as he jotted some notes on a piece of paper, "is a list that shows pretty accurately where my weekly pay check goes."

$20—mortgage, taxes, insurance
28—food
10—clothes
12—payments on car, gas, oil
12—electricity, heat, phone
10—Ted's lunches at work, carfare
10—recreation, church, misc.
$102—weekly take-home pay after income taxes and deductions

Although Ted had a pretty good idea w his money was going, he admitted they di have a written budget to guide them in ma their expendit That's where next step come

3. Budgeting I Achieve Objec

The third ste volves setting written budge help you ac what you wa the years a Without one, a ily is destined t the years pass nothing accum ing for future r and pleasures. a written budg family will l to trim and par nonessentials from their expenditures an regard their allotment for personal sec in the same essential category as their b eted items for food, clothing and shelter.

If you find your expenses are really h and, even with hawklike surveillance ove penses, you simply can't afford this iten security, the obvious solution is to find a of bringing in a little more cash. Inger families manage to do this all the time— haps renting out a room, putting mor work afternoons giving piano lessons finding pop a weekend job at the co haberdashery.

Though it may be painful at first to op under a strict budget, you'll soon find, great many others have found, that th something downright pleasant about sa money. The pleasure comes when you b

IS THERE A CLUB for older people in your community? This is one of the most easily established of all organized programs for the aged—and one of the most useful. At random we note a Silver Age Club in Arlington, Virginia; a Sunset Club in Manchester, New Hampshire; the Old Guard, White Plains, New York; literally hundreds of Golden Age and Senior Citizens clubs. Many give members opportunities for worth-while civic and humanitarian projects as well as social interests.

basking in that warm aura of satisfaction that comes from knowing you have a businesslike approach to your financial future.

The Kendalls spent several evenings setting up a strict budget and found that without jeopardizing their standard of living they could—and would—allot 10 per cent of their take-home pay for personal security—and twice this amount later. They also wisely decided to stick to this percentage arrangement so that in the event their income rises they will increase their allotment for personal security accordingly.

4. Investing Your Security Funds

The fourth step is to invest your funds in such a way as to provide you and your family with sound protection and good future returns. Investments from which you may derive a retirement income include the following:

Annuities
Bank savings
Bonds (government, municipal, industrial)
Insurance
Mortgages
Mutual funds
Real estate
Stocks (common and preferred)

There are, naturally, many opinions as to the best investment plan for a middle-income couple such as the Kendalls. Some go overboard in favor of insurance and annuities. Some cautiously suggest that you stick with bank savings or bonds. Some optimistically advocate major reliance on stocks or real estate. And a few misguided souls forswear all of these and tuck their retirement dollars into the nearest mattress for safekeeping.

Except for the last, each of these views has merit, depending on the circumstances involved. But for purposes of simplification and general applicability, it is best to say that the average small investor will probably be wise to stick with insurance, bank savings and common stocks. As diversity is an important factor in making sound investments, it is recommended that the individual apportion his investments more or less equally among these three. Here are some points for consideration:

Insurance

Though I haven't the remotest connection with the insurance industry, it's evident to me, and to just about everybody in the field of retirement counseling, that insurance is a must for any family that depends on work for an income. The breadwinner must have insurance so there will be funds to keep the family going if he should pass out of the picture. It is less important that the wife be insured because in most cases she does not contribute dollar-wise to the family income.

The big question is—how much insurance should the breadwinner carry? In my opinion, the amount should be equal to at least twice his annual salary. This should be adequate in most cases, because in the event of his death the family would receive not only the insurance but, assuming that he was fully covered under Social Security, would also receive survivors' benefits amounting to $75 per month for the unremarried widow as long as she has children under eighteen years of age, plus $62.50 per month for each child up to 18 years of age (up to a total maximum of $200 per month). The unremarried widow would also be eligible for additional benefits beginning at the age of 62.

The two most popular forms of life insurance are *straight-life* and *family-income*. The former pays the face amount of the policy in the event of the insured's death, and also carries a cash value. The latter provides greater protection in the years of greatest dependency. For instance, in a ten-year family-income policy the family would, in the event of the insured's death, receive payments each month for the balance of those ten years, and the face value at the end of that period. The policy also carries a cash value.

It would require volumes to describe the hundreds of different forms of policies and features that can be obtained to give a family this or that protection. Though each of these has merit, it's obvious that *complete* insurance protection just isn't practicable. If a man expects to be insured against all the exigencies his mind might conjure up, he'll be spending all his income and more for insurance policies.

In my opinion, the family breadwinner should carry straight-life or family-income insurance equal to at least twice his annual income. Any additional features or policies he might buy should be dictated by his special needs and by the funds available.

The Kendalls decided to put $6 a week into insurance. For this amount they are buying a $12,000 straight-life policy. If Ted lives, the policy will have a cash value of $6000 by the time he's 65. At that time he can, if he wishes, buy an annuity that will pay him and his wife about $30 a month as long as either of them lives.

What is an annuity? It's an ingenious income plan that guarantees you a fixed income no matter how long you live. The companies

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

NEXT MONTH

Steve Ambrose and Judy Dorlester met each other at the University of Wisconsin. First, it didn't take. She turned him down. He dated her roommate by mistake. They argued. So he was surprised to hear himself saying: "She's the girl I'm going to marry. . . ."

CAMPUS ROMANCE
By ABBOT MILLS

HOW AMERICA LIVES
In the July JOURNAL

People use CHI-NET® Plates

in all kinds of places

for all kinds of meals



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CHI-NET paper plates are molded to shape . . . they stay rigid even when piled high with food. And they have such a wonderful smooth, white finish you are proud to use them.

Look for CHI-NET paper plates at leading food or variety stores. Available in three popular round sizes for breakfast, lunch or snacks, compartment round dinner size and Square Meal Trays, especially popular for TV dinners. Look for the CHI-NET oval on the package.

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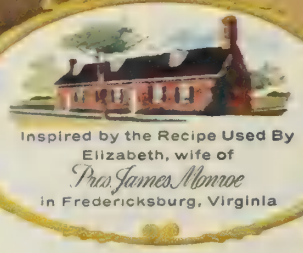
Treasured Historic Recipes

with "STAY-FRESH MAGIC"





Photographed in President Monroe's Law Office in Fredericksburg, Virginia



Only Dromedary Guarantees:

"No Other Cake Tastes So Good Yet Stays So Fresh...day after day"

The better the recipe the better the cake! No wonder New Dromedary White Cake *tastes* so good yet stays so *fresh!* It is the *only* cake mix inspired by a treasured historic recipe of Elizabeth, wife of President James Monroe—and *now* it's combined with "Stay-Fresh Magic"!

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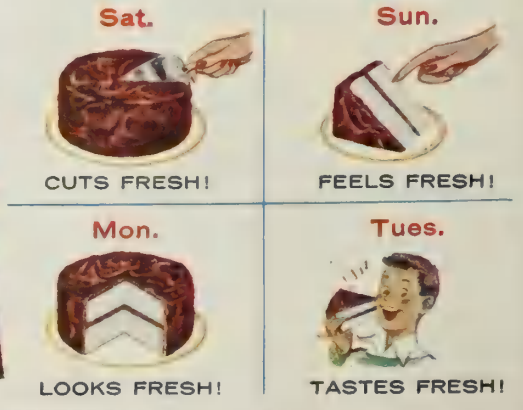
The better the directions the better the cake! You *always* get a perfect White Cake with Dromedary—directions are *so* easy to follow! And with "Stay-Fresh Magic," you can now bake *ahead of time*, serve later!

Guarantee: Women everywhere tell us Dromedary Cakes taste like, stay fresh like, the best homemade! If you don't agree, send box top to Dromedary, 110 Washington St., New York 6, N. Y., and we'll refund your money.



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"Stay-Fresh Magic" Makes A Difference!



Copr., 1957, The Dromedary Company, Division of National Biscuit Company.

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DROMEDARY received the rights to this recipe from the James Monroe Memorial Foundation, member of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 169

ıe ell annuities have accumulated mortality
:a tics over the years and from these they
ar predict how long the average person will
v t any given age.

hen you buy an annuity the company, in
ff , gambles that you will not live more than
c ain number of years beyond your present
g lf you live a little less than they estimate,
n ompany makes a profit (should you live
s than a certain number of years, your
e ficiary will get a rebate). But if you live
r er than the company estimates, *you* make
n rofit.

nnuities are an excellent investment for
n older person. They guarantee him a fixed
n definite income no matter how long he
v This is something that can't be achieved
ri savings because it's possible to exhaust
o savings—something that happens to
ny people every day in the year. Neither
a t be achieved with stock dividends, which
u uate from year to year.

s a good idea for couples buying an an-
u to get one with a joint and survivorship
e re so that the annuity will continue to be
va as long as either of them lives.

pparently annuities agree with people
vi take them out. At any rate, studies reveal
h annuitants on the average live longer
h the general population.

ngs

avings should play a role in your plan for
be onal security. They permit added diversity
n our investments, complete safety, and cash
e ves for emergencies.

uring the past depression many banks
a d and depositors lost their savings. But
h can't happen again. Savings accounts in
ıc edited banking firms are now insured by
th Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
ap o $10,000 per individual. As a result, sav-
n up to this amount are as safe as the Gov-
er nent itself.

ou should be able to get at least 3 per cent
n rest on your savings. If your present bank
or savings-and-loan association doesn't pay this much, just shop around until you find one that does.

A couple who are serious about their program of personal security should vow when they open their savings account that (1) they're going to stick to a regular deposit plan, and (2) they're going to keep their fingers out of it. One big disadvantage to a savings account is its accessibility. For this reason some people advocate buying Government bonds (which also pay 3 per cent interest). One may have the best intentions in the world, but let a minor emergency come up and there's a temptation to say, "Well, I'll borrow a little from my savings account and then pay it back next month." Such a tendency spells ruin for a savings program.

The Kendalls decided to put the remaining $4 of their weekly security stipend into savings, beginning right away. Ten years from now, when their home is paid for, they'll increase this amount to $6 a week. If they follow this plan religiously, and if they don't have to withdraw any funds for their boys' education, they'll have nearly $10,000 by the time they reach sixty-five. At that time they can buy an annuity with this lump sum that will pay them approximately $50 a month as long as either of them lives.

Common Stocks

There's a very good reason for including some common stocks in your plan for personal security. First, appropriately selected common stocks can give you a better rate of return on your money than you are likely to get from other sources. Second, the stocks stand a good chance of increasing in value as time goes by. Third, if inflation hits and prices soar, the value of your stocks and the amount of your dividends can be expected to follow suit.

Investing in common stocks used to be a headache for the small investor because he was subject to the inconvenience of accumulating the full price of a share of stock before he could buy it. This is no longer a problem. The New York Stock Exchange has now developed a pay-as-you-go plan under which small investors can buy stocks by paying as little as $40 a quarter and buying fractional parts of a share of stock until it is owned outright. Today, two out of three stock-market investors have incomes under $7500 a year.

Many people are apprehensive about buying common stocks because they remember vividly the market crash of 1929. However, the stock market today is much safer than it was then. An important stabilizer is the U. S. Securities and Exchange Commission that now maintains close scrutiny and control over market operations. Even if the market were to decline drastically, the small investor holding the stocks of reputable companies need not be unduly concerned. Though his stocks would likely decline in value for a while, the chances are they would snap back—just as happened after 1929. Many of the great corporations today successfully survived the crash of 1929 and have never missed paying a dividend in the past half century. What's more, their stocks have steadily increased in value over the years.

What stocks should you select to provide you with retirement funds? It's best to sit down and talk it over with a reliable stock-broker. With his help, and after careful study on your own, select four or five high-grade "growth" stocks representing different lines of business. Be sure in your own mind that the firms (a) have a long-standing reputation for both soundness and progressiveness, and (b) manufacture goods or provide services for which there appears to be increasing demand.

Mutual-fund companies permit you to simplify your stock-buying program. These companies own hundreds of different stocks. Thus, when you buy a share of "mutual stock" you automatically spread your investment among the stocks of a great many corporations.

The Kendalls decided that ten years from now, when their home is paid for, they are going to start buying some common stocks. For the ensuing fifteen years, or until they reach sixty-five, they plan to put $8 a week into four or five well-selected "growth" stocks and reinvest all dividends.

No competent broker will hazard a guess as to what a weekly investment of this amount might be worth at the end of fifteen years. It just isn't possible to predict what a stock will do in the future. About the only way of getting a rough idea of what your stock might be worth in the future is to check its past performance.

For instance, let's see how three reputable "growth" stocks—General Electric, General Motors and Du Pont—performed over a fifteen-year period. The record discloses that if a person had invested $8 a week in any one of these stocks beginning in 1940, and had reinvested the dividends, his nest egg in common stock after fifteen years would have been worth about $30,000.

However, to be on the conservative side, let's say that the stock the Kendalls buy over a fifteen-year period is worth $20,000 by the time they retire. They could then reinvest this "growth" stock into "income-producing" stock under the guidance of a competent broker or investment counselor and could probably get dividends of at least 5½ per cent, totaling about $1100 a year.

Is there any assurance that the U. S. economy will continue to expand and that well-selected stocks will tend to increase in value? One can merely cite various well-informed opinions. For instance, President Dwight D. Eisenhower, after consulting with top economists, has stated, "All the economic factors . . . point to a continuation of good times." Time Magazine, in a special report on the economy, has stated, "Few economists question the fact that the U. S. economy is on basically stable ground, or that the ballooning U. S. population will eventually absorb all the goods—and more—that industry can produce." And as stated in the book Save It, Invest It, and Retire, by Donald I. Rogers, financial editor of the New York Herald Tribune:

"Anyone who does not believe the stock market will go higher over the years does not really believe in the future of America."

ADDING UP YOUR ASSETS

As seen from the foregoing, the Kendalls are planning to apportion their security investment in the following manner:

	Weekly Until Home is Paid For	Weekly After Home is Paid For
Insurance	$6	$6
Savings	4	6
Common stocks		8

In exchange for their prudence in sowing these sums weekly beginning at the age of forty, the Kendalls will enjoy (a) life-insurance

THE THINGS I DON'T KNOW

By MARGARET PARTON

I have a college degree, and I value the information it represents. I know a little (in some cases a lot) about French Impressionists, Russian ballet, English literature and American folklore. I can dance, swim, play tennis, "touch typewrite," and drive any kind of automobile made. I am supposed to be educated.

BUT: When my small son had a poison-ivy rash the other day I thought it was measles, and called the doctor in a panic.

When I try to cook I have to hold a cookbook in one hand, and stir with a spoon in the other.

When the floors look scuffy, I don't know whether to hose them down or to use wax. When I was a girl my mother used to talk about something called "lemon oil"—but I didn't pay much attention, and I wasn't made to. I was too busy practicing my tennis serve, or memorizing Keats.

I don't know how to sew buttons on my husband's shirts; are you supposed to use a thimble? And *how* do you use a thimble?

The meals in our house are healthful, but more because of the fact that I happen to like fruit, vegetables, meat and milk than any knowledge of mine about nutrition. Sheer luck.

I don't know how to shop; when I have to economize after too many steak dinners, I must rely on the butcher for advice—or feed the family peanut-butter sandwiches.

More importantly, I find that I am unprepared to face the deep and elemental experiences of life: when my father died I was emotionally unable for a long time to face the fact of death. When my mother is in pain, I am baffled and helpless. When my child suffers I do not know how to handle his suffering, or my own.

Before he was born I studied natural childbirth, and the birth—prolonged as it was—was easy because at every moment I understood what was happening and I knew what to do about it. The feeling of power and of happiness came because I was prepared for that particular job.

But I was never prepared during the long years of growing, either by myself or by those who "educated" me, to assume my role as a woman in today's world.

My job as a woman is to succor and comfort and care for those I love; to remain strong and confident in life even in the face of illness and death. These things I am learning, many years later than they should have been learned. Daily I thank God for the loving and sometimes laughing tolerance of my family.

If I had a daughter, her training would be different. Tennis and Keats, yes. But more. much more.



protection of $12,000 effective at once, and (b) retirement assets something like this:

$4000—approximate annual retirement income ($162.80 monthly from Social Security; $50 monthly from annuity purchased from savings; $30 monthly from annuity purchased from cash value of life insurance; and an estimated $90 monthly from common-stock dividends).

$20,000—estimated value of nest egg consisting of common stocks.

When you add to this a home paid for in full, it is clear that the Kendalls can look forward to entering the retirement years financially prepared to make old age "the best of life for which the first was made."

The experience of the Kendalls shows how a family of moderate means can initiate a financial program of their own. Naturally, a family will be able to accumulate even greater personal security if they're in a higher-income group than the Kendalls, if they can save a higher percentage of their income, and if they get started at an earlier age.

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS

Life Expectancy

Why do many young couples neglect to plan for their later security? The reason may partially lie in their assumption that age 65 is more or less the end of the road. They may cite current life-expectancy figures indicating that men can expect to live to 67.4 years and women to 73.6 years.

This assumption, of course, is incorrectly based. Life-expectancy figures refer to the number of years a person can expect to live *beginning at birth*. If a person survives into his middle or later years, he has an expectation of living a great many years beyond these figures.

If, for instance, a person lives to be 65, he has an average remaining period of 14.4 more years, according to findings of the National Office of Vital Statistics. And if he lives those predicted years and reaches 79, they predict he'll live another 7.2 years. And if he lives those predicted years and reaches 86, they predict he'll live nearly 5 years longer.

Though it may be stretching the actuarial facts a bit, I like to refer to the later years as "at least a quarter of a lifetime." If we think of the years after 65 as representing a substantial segment of our total life, we'll be more inclined to make constructive plans for those years.

Living Costs

Some younger people discount the need for financial planning because they assume living expenses in retirement will dwindle to practically nothing. They may argue convincingly that their chicks will have left the nest, their home will be paid for, and their income taxes will be lower (Social Security is not taxable and annuities and company pensions are partially tax free).

True, over-all costs will likely be a little lower. But don't forget new entries that should appear on your retirement budget—for instance, an item of ample proportion for travel. This is a diversion which most men and women look forward to enjoying in retirement and in my opinion every retirement budget should include an item of at least $500 a year for trips and vacations.

Your medical costs will probably run higher than you're accustomed to. The annual medical bill for the average American is $65, but for people past 65 it is $102.

You'll also want to include an ample item in your budget to cover new retirement interests; *e.g.*, boats, shuffleboard courts, do-it-yourself equipment, and gardening paraphernalia. You may want to remodel your home. You may want to do more entertaining. You may want to make up for your modest contributions in the past and give bigger donations to your church and to local charities. And you may want to give periodic gifts to your children and grandchildren—something that many oldsters consider one of the more pleasurable pursuits of the later years.

> FAMED geriatrician Dr. Edward Stieglitz has wisely stated: "The pattern of later life is set in youth. If it is sensible for the child to make an effort to learn how to be an adult, then it is essential for the adult to learn how to be aged."

Working After 65

There are those who don't bother to plan for retirement because they insist they don't intend to retire. They may enjoy their work so much that the thought of retiring is much less appealing than the thought of staying on the job. Since retirement is not on their calendar they see no reason to plan for it.

Yet the blunt fact is that they may have little to say about it. Unless they are self-employed, they may encounter restrictions on their employment, since many firms are reluctant to retain employees, or hire new ones, who are past 65 years of age. Or their health may fail and they may be forced to join those (perhaps 25 per cent of all past 65) who are physically unable to perform regular work.

MULTIPLE SKILLS—FOR ADDED SECURITY

Even though your financial blueprint suggests that you're all set for the later years, it's well to bear in mind that the best-laid plans sometimes go awry.

For instance, consider the Gerhard Ehlers—a refugee couple who came to the U.S. after a ten-year nightmare in Germany. They saw their collapse of their personal security program that had included homeownership, insurance savings and investments.

"I'm coming to believe," Mr. Ehler told me, "that the most personal form of financial security is represented by your skills. Now that my wife and I are in our sixties we must start all over. But we are fortunate in having four

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marketable skills between us. I know carpentry and diamond cutting, and she knows dressmaking and typing. If we cannot find work in one trade, we have other skills with which to support ourselves."

Though the experiences of the Ehlers may seem rather remote, there are instances occurring all the time that underline the importance of having more than one skill. You may recall that for a while following World War II the market was glutted with war-trained engineers. All that was changed by the boom in construction and research that began in the late 1940's. But for a period of two or three years there were many engineers who wished they had an extra skill or two to which they could turn.

Right now we're on the brink of the electronic age. It is quite possible that many skills regarded today as basic and essential will become obsolete one of these days through the introduction of automation and integrated data-processing methods.

The need for multiple skills was impressed on me a few months ago at a job clinic held for older people who needed but could not find employment. It was clear that those in attendance at the clinic had neglected to follow a systematic plan of saving money during their productive years. In addition, they had failed to diversify their skills and now found it exceedingly difficult to find work in their particular fields.

One sad-faced man of 65 said he had been a machinist all his life and had no other trade. No jobs for old machinists, he said. A former barber of 70 said his feet were bad and he could no longer ply his trade. No jobs for old barbers with bad feet, he said. A widow of 68 said she was just a housewife. No jobs for old housewives, she lamented. A former grade-school teacher of 66 said there was simply no work for old teachers. Had she learned any other occupations? "No," she sighed, "it's an age of specialization—you've got to pick your trade and stick to it."

Though a person needs to have a specialty, this does not prevent him from learning auxiliary skills at which he could earn a living if it ever became necessary. There are many foresighted people—and some housewives among them—who have taken the initiative to learn an extra marketable skill so that if circumstances should require they're in a more advantageous position to find work.

In addition to having marketable skills it's also prudent and practical to tuck away in the back of your mind any ideas you may have on operating a business of your own. In view of the prejudice that many employers have toward older workers, the only sure-fire recourse of an older man or woman who needs work is to set up shop and go into business for himself.

HERBERT HOOVER offered some sound advice on his eighty-second birthday: "There is no joy to be had from retirement except by some kind of productive work."

SUMMARY

Early financial planning is the best preventive for the financial ills that so frequently accompany old age. You can achieve financial independence in your later years by practicing thrift and by allocating part of your income for use in old age.

This doesn't mean practicing thrift to such an extent that you sacrifice essentials today in favor of luxury tomorrow. Rather it means being foresighted enough to put aside for later use a modest per cent of the income with which you are blessed in your most productive years.

If there's a moral to this piece it's simply this: don't rely too heavily on others to provide you with the funds necessary for a comfortable old age. It's much wiser to put together a personal plan for your future security.

"I WAS LAID OFF AT 70 . . ."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161

Grocery shopping isn't easy. The weekly round trip to the big market in town costs Philip and Nellie 60 cents on the bus. "We can't walk any more—it's a couple of miles and all uphill going in." This rules out regular church attendance, too, a deep regret to them both.

Nellie admits that Philip is the canny shopper of the house. He weighs values carefully, has devised favorite economies that keep their food bill down to $8 to $10 a week. Day-old baked goods save 10 cents an item; a special 29-cent tin of lunch meat makes economical sandwiches for a light supper; instant coffee "goes farther" than the regular kind; and evaporated milk at 13 cents a can "tastes just as good as expensive coffee cream when you get used to it." Philip figures into his grocery expense the 30 cents it costs to have bulky purchases delivered.

The Dashners don't get out very often—an occasional drive with neighbors, or a family visit. But (except for church) they feel no sense of loneliness or of being cut off. In part that's due to the handsome new television set in their small lace-curtained living room. Money for the set was a gift from Philip's two younger brothers: "Why don't you buy a TV for you and Nellie? You're both here all day—it will bring the world in to you."

"And it did," says Philip. "More of the world than I had seen in all my seventy-two years."

He is fascinated by television and prides himself on being well informed about what's going on in the world. They both love dramatic programs, "especially Westerns—such interesting country! Plays hob with our sleep, though." Philip grins. "Used to go to bed at eight-thirty or nine. Now it's near midnight some nights."

Philip thinks that his sudden unannounced "retirement" has worked out pretty well, on the whole. "Feels funny at first—not working," he says simply, "but after a while you get used to it."

He has two bits of advice. For people faced with retirement, voluntary or involuntary: "Before you reach sixty-five, find out where you stand financially. Find out about pensions; talk to your Social Security office. If you know what to expect, you can work things out."

Second—with a smile at Nellie: "Get married young. Otherwise, you'll never make that fiftieth-anniversary celebration!"

HOW THE DASHNERS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Income: $115.40 a month Social Security payments.
$20.00 a month rent from roomer (temporary).

Food	$50.00
Clothing (many gifts from Philip's brothers)	2.00
Property tax	8.42
Fuel	13.00
Light, water, oil for cookstove	6.00
Insurance (life, fire insurance on house)	4.70
Medical and dental	10.00
Charities	2.00
Transportation	3.00
Cleaning supplies	2.00
Newspapers and magazines	1.00
Cigarettes	2.60
Maintenance (lawn cut, garbage collected)	4.25
Total	$108.97

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A CLIMATE OF FREEDOM

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN



The Madeira School: large spaces, freedom from city noises, simple buildings.

This June, after more than fifty years as headmistress of the Madeira School in Greenway, Virginia, Lucy Madeira Wing will retire. The school, founded in 1906, was a pioneer in liberal education for girls at a time when "finishing schools" were fashionable; it is holding fast to its educational standards today, when society is re-examining the question of how a young woman is best educated for life. Is the Madeira School, and others like it, outmoded? Is there a place in America for girls' schools which emphasize the "impractical" subjects of mathematics, history, Latin? The very existence of the Madeira School seems to provide at least a partial answer. ED.



Lucy Madeira Wing—"Education is a journey in the country of the mind."

On a sunny May morning in 1896, a young girl sat in a classroom and heard her favorite professor read the words which were to influence her whole life: "The world must someday return to the word 'duty,' and be done with the word 'reward.' There are no rewards, and plenty duties; and the sooner a man sees that and acts upon it like a Christian or a fine old barbarian, the better for himself."

The girl was Lucy Madeira; the words which so impressed her came from the Vailima Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. A senior at Vassar, with Commencement Day at hand, Lucy was seriously concerned with her own duty—to her family, her life, her world. Years later, speaking to Madeira students on her seventieth birthday, she said, "I could never forget that May morning. It was a beautiful morning, the light glistening, and on the quiet air came this message. It became the motto of many of us for our lives—to seek our duty and not to desire rewards."

Those who know Lucy Madeira Wing—the 220 girls in neat green uniforms who work and play on the secluded elm-shaded campus today; the thousands of far-flung alumnae who remember the school with nostalgia—know equally well the story of how the vague dream of an idealistic college girl crystallized into reality, how the small boarding school she opened fifty years ago (with a borrowed $6000, thirteen students and considerable optimism) has grown and flourished, while never swerving from the firm ideals on which it was founded.

What are these ideals? A student, stopped on her way down to the stables for an afternoon ride, answers lightly, "*Festina lente*. That means 'Make haste slowly'—or, 'Don't put your horse at a fence too fast, or you'll have a fall!'" A housewife, with two small children underfoot and company expected for dinner, thinks back to her own Madeira days and says, "Try to keep calm in the center of one's being. Miss Madeira was always telling us that, and believe me, sometimes it *helps!*" A college girl, facing final examinations with a good record and a strong temptation to coast through on past performance, quotes rather ruefully, "Finish in style!" and returns to her study with strengthened determination.

These, of course, are the offhand explanations—well-remembered mottoes that convey some of the flavor of the school, but not its whole philosophy. This philosophy is perhaps best expressed by three very basic ideas: a belief, first of all, in the dignity of the individual and the responsibility of the individual to the community; a conviction that each person is morally bound to give no less than his best to each and every undertaking; and a realization that man is most productive in a climate of freedom—of the intellect and of the spirit.

The climate at the Madeira School is free; it is also rigorous. A new student who announced her intention to take only subjects in which she excelled was firmly chastised: "That is a negative attitude. You should take subjects in which you do *not* do well. What is education but a pushing back of the darkness of the mind?" The passing mark at Madeira is 60 and a girl who cannot maintain that average receives no diploma, but only the face-saving "recognition of the school." No prizes or awards are given for distinguished work, for every girl is expected to do work of distinction. Yet the school is not for the brilliant student alone; girls are admitted on the basis of potential ability, and faculty members work hard to develop that potentiality. Athletics, dramatics, extracurricular activities of great variety, and an active student government are all part of the school program—but the real emphasis is placed on the academic.

"Why study Latin, the Greeks and the Romans?" Mrs. Wing, more familiarly known on campus as "Miss Madeira," admits that she is occasionally asked this question, and is always surprised at being asked. "These ancient people gave us our first record of democracy; a great deal can be learned from studying their civilizations. Mathematics seems to me the most valuable study in learning how the world is made up. History helps to explain people—their successes and failures, and how they influence one another. These studies, together with science, a modern language and *of course* English, will fit a girl for her role in life, whatever it may be."

And what of the traditionally feminine accomplishments—cooking, sewing, housekeeping? Miss Madeira believes that these skills are best learned in the home, and freely admits that one flaw in the boarding-school system is that it keeps a child too much away from home. She adds, "In my opinion, one of the three most important occupations in the world is that of the mother—the two others are teaching and healing. It is only logical that a girl, who as a mother will be responsible for the earliest development of young minds and spirits, should be as carefully educated as a professor or a physician. I feel that a thorough liberal education is really *more* important to a girl than to a boy."

The Madeira School's successful formula for this liberal education is composed of three vital elements: excellent teachers, small classes, and the inquiring minds of the students CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

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ESCAPE TO THE MOUNTAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

"*Non, non,*" a girl's voice protested at his left. "Get away, you big boy! This is for the little one!"

She was reaching far out over the rail, one hand holding to a white hat with a blue scarf around it, the other raised to throw the sou. The wind was playing with the long scarf ends, and they whipped across Tom's face. "*Pardonnez-moi,*" she said, grasping at the streaming silk. Then she was staring at him, her eyes, the color of the scarf, widening.

"Why," she said in English, "you're Tom Carruthers, aren't you!"

"Yes, I am." He removed his Panama. He couldn't place her at all, and yet she was familiar to him.

"I am—I *was* Medora Hardin," she said, and extended her white-gloved hand.

"I should have known. What are you doing in Martinique? Taking a sea voyage?" he asked her.

"No, this is my home now. I am married, to Paul Durand. His family owns Bellefontaine." Her hand went back to her sailor hat again. "But what are *you* doing here?"

He told her that he worked for Hitchcock Company.

"It's strange I didn't know about your being here," she was saying. "So few Americans come to St. Pierre. But then, until just before I left, we'd been at the plantation. Paul's parents went to stay in France, and he took over."

"And now you live here? In the town, I mean?" He was not really interested, but she was looking at him with such a pleased expression (meeting someone from Colesville in faraway Martinique) that he couldn't end the conversation abruptly.

"No, not permanently," she said. "We've just been staying at the family house on Morne d'Orange because Paul had a bad spell of fever and he thought the height there would be healthier for him." Porters were moving about them now, picking up trunks and portmanteaus and lowering them to the boats. "We will probably be going right back to Bellefontaine," she added. "I love it there."

Because he knew she would expect it of him, he asked her politely, "How is your father?"

"Poor father. He's just had a serious operation. That's why I've been in New York—he lives there now. But he was making a splendid recovery when I left," she added. "The Hardins are a strong breed."

"Yes," Tom said. "They always were."

She rested an arm on the rail, her hand still holding the sou, forgotten. "Oh," she exclaimed, "it's so *nice* to see someone from Colesville! I've never forgotten it: the sweet old house, and those beautiful, sparkling winters. I used to watch you when you played with the other boys, going down the hill on your sleds. Once you got into a snowball fight, right in front of the house, and you sent three other boys running. You were my secret hero then." She smiled up at him, a smile of amusement at the child that she had been. Small freckles sprinkled the bridge of her nose. "You almost broke my heart, Tom," she said, "when you didn't come to my birthday party, that winter before we moved away. Why didn't you?"

"Because there would be girls at the party," he invented. "At thirteen, I couldn't see any reason for girls." He remembered the day of that party very well—and why he had not gone.

Her laughter had an almost boyish ring and it was accompanied by a crinkling up of her nose, and shaking shoulders.

"It's been a pleasure," Tom began, but she had noticed the coin in her hand and held it out to him.

"Do throw this for me," she said. "If you throw it far out, one of the little boys will get it. The big ones crowd them back."

He tossed the sou for her, and then she gave him a whole handful of them. They leaned out together as he flung them one by one. But old memories echoed like the ringing of the bell buoy that warned of the dangerous shoals at the harbor entrance. He wanted nothing to do with a Hardin. For his family, "Hardin" had spelled disaster.

Suddenly something was happening down there in the water. The boys had stopped diving; they were streaking for their packing-box boats. Then above the confusion the warning call rose: "*Requin, requin!*"

"Shark!" Medora cried. "Where is it? Do you see it?"

"Not yet." The boys were tumbling into their canoes and plying their paddles.

And then Tom was aware of a swift movement close by. Someone was throwing another coin. The sun caught it: not a copper one, but gold. He cursed angrily under his breath. But surely, not even for a gold coin ——

One of the retreating boats had stopped, paddle suspended. That boat had only one occupant, small, and black as bituminous coal. The boy was standing up now, balancing, looking toward the spot where the gold piece had gone down. You could see the hesitation, the gripping fear, and you could see all the rest of it, too: the thatched hut of some poor fisherman, without even a bed in it, probably; the desperate gathering together of the sous with which to buy manioc flour, a little store of rice, a candle to burn before the Virgin.

The boy was poising to dive, crossing himself. Tom cupped his hands and shouted, "*Non, non, petit!*" But the little figure went over the side.

He went down and then he came up, gulping air. As he dived again, everyone could see it now: the dark, glistening fin cutting through the water.

Then there was a concerted movement of relief among the passengers and Tom could hear his own breath going out. For the boy had come up, he was in his canoe, and he was holding up the gold piece for which he had risked a life that couldn't have counted at most more than ten or eleven years. In seconds his craft was skimming away, into the shallows, and that black fin had turned.

When you have got a thing where you want it, it is a good thing to leave it where it is.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

"*Why* would anyone have done that?" Medora demanded. Her face was very white.

"As an experiment," Tom said. He still felt shaken, and cold with fury. "To pit hunger against fear, I imagine."

"It was horribly, savagely cruel!"

"You mustn't dwell on it," Tom said. "And now if you'll excuse me, Mme. Durand ——"

"I called *you* Tom. Though that was probably very free of me. Now I'll feel embarrassed if you don't call me Medora. Although I don't like my name, you know—because of the mine." Then, obviously recalling what the Medora mine had meant in his life (at least the part she knew about it), she gave him a stricken, oddly desperate look. "Forgive me for bringing that up. I always seem to be saying or doing the wrong thing." The clear, happy expression of her face was gone. She was like a *porteuse* wearily taking on some familiar weight. "I try, but ——"

At that moment someone called her name and she whirled around. "Paul!"

The man who came toward her, smiling, was slight and not very tall. He was fair for a Frenchman, with light brown hair and lively blue eyes, and in spite of a nose that was pronouncedly aquiline, he had a certain handsomeness. He took his wife's hands in his and bent to kiss her, and they talked rapidly together for a moment, in smooth Parisian French. Then Medora turned her head. "Come and meet my husband," she said, and Tom went over to them.

Durand shook his hand cordially. The hand he extended was bare, but on the other one there was a chamois glove. Just such a glove had been on the hand that tossed out the gold piece.

"We must invite Tom to visit us at Bellefontaine," Medora said, and she put her hand in the crook of her husband's arm with a simple, confident gesture. She looked happy again—the wife who has been warmly welcomed home.

"We won't be going there for a while; I'm afraid I'm not up to it yet." Durand motioned for a porter. "The household here is waiting to receive you, *chérie*. Gabrielle has everything shining, and flowers, flowers everywhere. You are going to feel like a little bride again," he said, and the bright intensity of his eyes, the impression he gave of finding life an amusing game and inviting everyone to play too, made him appear boyish, although, Tom judged, he must be somewhere in his early thirties.

"My husband spoils me," Medora said. "*Un moment*," she called to the porter, who was picking up the hand luggage, the expensive alligator bags. "Leave the jewel case. I will carry it."

Yes, of course there would be a jewel case. Just as there would be yearly trips to Paris, Tom thought, and gowns from Worth and Lelong, and drives through the Bois with a lace parasol, and the races at Longchamps. It was a world he had only read about, but he knew that she belonged in it. She might talk about Colesville, and she might even have seemed to him, for a brief moment at the rail, like a girl from there. But it had been an illusion. She would be as out of place in Colesville now as she had been as a child, even though, in fairness, that had not been her fault.

Amos Hitchcock sat at his desk in his black alpaca sack coat, his stiff winged collar, his whiskers and his gold-rimmed glasses. "Everything all right about the Hampton cargo?"

"Yes, sir," Tom said, sitting down as Mr. Hitchcock motioned to the chair beside the desk. "Everything was in order."

"Ah," Mr. Hitchcock said. "Mrs. Hitchcock told me to remind you that you are having supper with us next Monday night."

"Yes, sir, thank you. I am looking forward to it."

"Nell wants to go to the opera. Her mother thought you might wish to take them." Mr. Hitchcock removed his glasses and began wiping them with a clean handkerchief.

"I'd like to very much indeed, sir." Here it was again: Little Nell. It had to be admitted, though, that the Hitchcocks had a problem since he was the only eligible young man on the island; to them it was unthinkable, of course, that Nell should have anything to do with a Frenchman. This brought back into his mind the meeting on the ship. "We do business with Bellefontaine, the Durand plantation, don't we?" he asked. It wasn't a thing he would know, because his was the shipping end of the operation.

"Not very much. Their manager trades for the most part with Lassarres Brothers." Mr. Hitchcock replaced the handkerchief, meticulously folded. "Why do you ask?"

"I was introduced to Paul Durand this morning on the Hampton. He was meeting his wife, and I discovered that I knew her. She is from Colesville."

"Is that so?" Mr. Hitchcock looked interested. "I knew he had married an American girl. The family's affairs were in a bad way. They lost their sugar mill and the entire cane crop in the hurricane of 1891. Had to mortgage the next planting, which is a thing these fellows don't do easily—hurts their pride. Then with the beet sugar in Europe, and the United States taking over Porto Rico and giving the planters there a favored tariff, they were up against it, the way a good many of them still are. They might even have lost Bellefontaine. It was American money that put that place on its feet again."

"But Durand's wife didn't have any money. Her father went bankrupt."

"She inherited money, I understand. From an aunt."

In Western Pennsylvania every town seemed to have its one family who were The Family. In Colesville that family had always been the Hardins. The Carrutherses had traditionally been schoolmasters, and Tom had not been very old before he knew that schoolmasters had never ranked with bankers. Nor had he been much older before he realized that there was something wrong in his family's presen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 179



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

tionship with the Hardins, that the very ntion of the name seemed to cause a strain ween his father and mother.

There had been argument at the time that father, after a succession of failures in ious small engineering jobs, had gone to rk in the office at the Medora mine. But a opy family they had been, right up to the t. His father had done well at the mine, and d finally been made superintendent. Then Medora mine blew up.

And now Medora Hardin was living in artinique. If she remembered the occasion which she had last seen him—the only ne, actually, that they had spoken to- her—it could have no real significance for r. Not any more than it had had for him at e time.

It was the night after his father's funeral, n days after the explosion, and he and his other were alone in the house. Relatives and ighbors had wanted to stay with them, but s mother had said no, she wanted to be one. "Just with Tom."

It had started to snow, and the hard flakes attered against the windows. The snow ould be piling up in the lonely churchyard, d Tom remembered how his father had ted snow and cold, and all the time his omach was knotted with the stunned be- lderment, the sick shame. His mother kept aring straight before her, at the shining ack of the stovepipe.

"Tom," she announced, "I'm going out on errand. You can come with me. Mind you t on your gum boots."

e didn't tell him where ey were going, and he dn't ask her.

A maid in apron and cap swered the door and ex- aimed, "Why, Mrs. Car- thers, ma'am!"

"Good evening, Mary," s mother said, brushing the snow on her jacket. Please tell Mr. Hardin that I've come to see m."

In a moment the maid was back. "Will you me this way, please, Mrs. Carruthers?"

"You wait here, Tom," his mother ordered.

The maid looked at him kindly. "You can into the parlor," she said. "Best give me ur coat."

The parlor was brightly lit, the gaslights ining down on a Turkey-red carpet. Then he w Medora, in the winged chair. She was olding a book of fairy tales, and she wore a lue velvet dress with a wide lace collar. Her ir hair was cut in bangs across her forehead nd fell down over her shoulders, curling up t the ends.

"I know who you are," she said. "You're om Carruthers. Mary told me your name. Don't you want to sit down?"

"I don't mind," he said, and sat down on e edge of the silky sofa.

She closed the book, one finger keeping her lace, and put her other hand up to a garnet ecklace. "*Il fait froid, n'est-ce pas?*" she sked.

He stared at her, startled. "Huh?"

"Oh, don't you speak French? I forget ometimes that people here don't," she said.

He could hear, from behind the closed door cross the hall, the sound of his mother's oice. Once he caught the word "justice," lear and emphatic. He wished that she hadn't eft him here with this girl who was showing off.

"There's a stereoscope on the table if you'd ike to look through it," Medora said. "There re some pictures that we brought back from he Riviera last summer. Do you like the Riviera?"

He didn't know what she was talking about, but he wasn't going to tell her so. She went right on chattering. She told him that she had been in London and that she had seen Queen Victoria riding in her carriage, and that she could play The Dance of the Fairies polka. He thought he had never heard so much bosh, and he wondered what it was that his mother was telling Mr. Hardin.

"Do you know any riddles?" Medora asked. "I know one: 'I never was a fish and yet some scales have I. I boast of many strings but cannot make them tie. I own a set of keys but I never tried a lock. And I have some sturdy legs but don't know how to walk. Who am I?'"

Just then his mother came into the parlor, the long black veil swaying from her bonnet. Her face appeared pinched, as though she was cold, and her shoulders drooped. She looked paler and tireder, even, than she had at the funeral that afternoon. "We're going now, Tom," she said, and then she glanced past him. "Oh—you're Medora, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am." Medora made a bobbing curtsy. "How do you do."

"Well," his mother said gently—gently and, it seemed, sadly—"you look like a dear little girl."

Medora Hardin's face flushed a deep pink. She stood tongue-tied, twisting at a fold of her velvet dress. Somewhere a clock struck slowly, solemnly.

Katie Carruthers turned away, buttoning her glove, and Tom saw then that her hands were shaking. "Come, Tom," she said.

It was snowing harder by the time they reached home. "Come and help me lock up," his mother said, when they had taken off their wet things. They went around together, locking all the windows on the first floor, just as his father had always done, and with the taking over of that ritual he knew at last that his father was really gone forever. He stumbled into a kitchen chair (his father had always been going to fix that wobbly leg) and buried his face in his arms, on the table. He cried then as he had not been able to cry at the funeral.

His mother bent over him, smoothing his hair. "I know, I know," she whispered. Then her voice became stronger. "But listen to me, dear. We must never, never be ashamed of what he—of how he died. He was very tenderhearted, and the terrible things he witnessed were too much for him. His mind was affected, and so he didn't know what he was doing. You must believe that, dear."

But of course she knew that wasn't the whole truth—she had found the note and she had taken it up the hill with her. He had been too young then to be told the truth.

The cathedral bell rang out. Tom looked at his watch, and walked over to the window to get his hat. Glancing down, he saw a carriage and a white parasol. Nell Hitchcock had arrived to fetch her father for their noonday dinner.

He heard her slippers on the stairs as he started to leave his office. Then he hesitated, because as she reached the landing, André Khan came out of the storage section. He had a distinct impression that André had been waiting there, and he was reluctant to interrupt.

"Good morning, Miss Hitchcock." André bowed. "I was just thinking about you this minute. I was wondering if you would care to read something that I happen to have in my desk. It's a work on astronomy."

"Astronomy?" Nell sounded dubious.

"That's the study of the stars."

"I know, but isn't the book very scientific?"

"Only in parts, and you can skip those." André's voice had become eager, insistent, as though it meant something to him to have her accept that particular book. "Wouldn't you like to learn the names of the stars?"

"Well . . . yes, I would."

"Then I'll get it for you," André said hastily. Tom started on down the stairs. He felt an unreasoning anger against the girl waiting on the landing. No doubt she regarded mere civility to André Khan as great condescension on her part.

"Good morning, Tom," she said, and she began twirling her parasol. "So warm today, isn't it? One becomes quite fatigued by it."

She had a small, pretty face and it was not stupid, but only, as yet, meaningless. It might become anything—it might even, God forbid, become in time like her mother's, grim with self-righteous piety.

Tom said impulsively, "Nell, you mustn't be too friendly with André."

Her brown eyes, which had that misty look of the slightly nearsighted, regarded him with surprise. "Why, I thought *you* were *most* friendly with Mr. Khan. I flatter myself," she said, "that I am as broad-minded." Now she was the gracious lady. "I truly believe that we are all the children of God."

"I hadn't quite thought of it that way." She had missed the point entirely, and he couldn't explain it to her. Not here, not now.

"Good morning, madame," Gabrielle said. "I hope that madame has slept well," and she placed the small silver tray with the morning coffee on the table beside the bed.

"Yes, thank you." Medora picked up the thin cup, watching as Gabrielle moved to fold back the inside shutters, and the light surged in. *How strangely beautiful she is*, she thought, *with her gold-colored skin. I don't know why we are so superior about being white.* The unconscious elegance of the native costume was so completely right for the girl, with its barbaric and yet formalized splendor. Sometimes, when she herself was dressed for callers and Gabrielle came into the parlor to take a final look at its perfection, she had a sense of fading into insignificance.

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"Will there be anything else, madame?" Gabrielle stood in that polite, impenetrable stillness of hers.

"No, thank you, Gabrielle. It's very warm for this time of year, isn't it?" Medora said.

"Yes, madame." There was no expression on Gabrielle's face; she waited, remote, enigmatic, a carving in smoothly polished wood. "But soon it will be very hot, of course. The heat is hard on those who have not been born to it. M. Durand's mother, who was from France and not of Martinique, could not bear up under it. She had to go away."

"I know, but Mme. Durand was frail. Fortunately I am quite strong. You may take the tray now."

"Yes, madame." Gabrielle left the room, closing the door behind her without a whisper of sound. Although, unlike the other servants, she wore shoes, her heels never clattered on the tiles.

Now why must I see some subtle, hidden meaning in whatever she says? Medora asked herself impatiently. *Why must I feel that, for some reason I don't understand, she is my enemy? She is never anything but polite and willing, and, as Paul says, she is an excellent servant.*

They had finished their breakfast an hour or more ago, and now they sat together on the veranda in the long-seated rocking chairs. Medora leaned back, one arm up behind her head, rocking gently.

Paul and his great-uncle were discussing the banana blight now, and she watched their animated faces. There wasn't much family resemblance between them. She wondered if Uncle Robert's hair had once been as brown as Paul's, and if he had moved then with Paul's quick fluidity, had his restless zests. But his interests would never have been the same as Paul's. His talk was always of weather and crops, and cattle and horses. They were things that she liked to discuss too: the clouds that predicted rain, the training of a horse.

Often in the two years of their marriage she had thought that she must bore Paul by her inability to share his wide range of culture. Not that he ever gave any sign that she did. He was always charming to her. They never quarreled at all. Sometimes marriage seemed like a house party, with Paul the attentive host.

Paulette appeared with a glass on a tray. "The morning concoction," Paul said. "Medora thinks her figure is too thin to be fashionable, so she drinks milk between meals."

"The milk hasn't made any difference yet," she said, taking the glass.

"You need more exercise, to build up your appetite," Uncle Robert told her. "If you were at Bellefontaine you could ride every day and swim in the surf."

"Medora isn't one of these modern Amazons," Paul said, "like so many American and English girls, I'm glad to say. I am perhaps old-fashioned, but I happen to admire womanly reserve and dignity."

A kind of nausea began to seize Medora. The milk began to rise in her throat. She felt the sweat breaking out on her forehead as she gripped the arms of the rocker.

"Medora!" Paul exclaimed. "Aren't you well?"

She shook her head helplessly, not daring to try to open her mouth to answer him. The light seemed to shimmer in waves around her. She jumped up from the chair and ran toward the door; but no, she would never make it, and she turned wildly and dashed down the steps, reaching the driveway just in time.

Then she was clinging to a flower urn, horribly, convulsively sick, her head whirling, her knees threatening to give way under her. Paul had run after her, his hands were gripping her shoulders, and she could hear Uncle Robert loudly shouting for a servant. And then it was all over, Paul was holding her firmly, Paulette was there, sponging her forehead with water from the fountain, sponging the front of her dress.

"Put your arms around my neck," Paul directed. "I'm going to carry you."

"*Mais non*," she protested weakly. "You aren't strong enough."

"You're very light."

He picked her up and carried her into the house and on up the stairs and laid her gently on her bed. She kept her eyes closed, dark spots revolving against her eyelids. The milk had tasted queer, she told him.

"It's more likely that you've been eating too much heavily spiced food since you returned, and it has caught up with you," Paul said, rubbing her hands between his.

"Still, I think the doctor should be sent for," Uncle Robert's voice declared, on the periphery of her sinking, rising, sinking.

"And so do I. Can you sit up a minute, *chérie?*" Paul's arm began to lift her head. "Can you take something to settle your stomach?"

She opened her eyes, and he was holding a spoon to her lips, smiling at her encouragingly. Gabrielle was standing there with a bottle. There was a frightened look in her eyes.

Paul lowered her head to the pillow. "I'll send Philomèn for the doctor myself," he said. "Otherwise he'll take forever to saddle up."

"I'll stay here with Medora," Uncle Robert said. "The rest of you clear out." He was standing by a window, jingling coins in his pocket. The inside shutters had been closed again, to keep the blinding light out of the room. In the dim filtering of sun the deep furrows in his face were lost, and he looked younger, sterner, more forceful. Now he approached the bed. "Tell me—are you quite happy here in Martinique, little one?"

"Yes, certainly," she told him, because, surely, if ever she knew a moment of unhappiness it was her own fault. She had every reason in the world for happiness. "I've fallen in love with this island," she said. It was true, and she gathered it to her now drowsily: the soft air, the scent of flowers, the bells that had begun their ringing.

"And Paul—he is a good husband to you?"

"So good. Better than I deserve."

He lifted his snowy eyebrows. "Now why do you say such a thing as that?"

"Paul's so fine, so sensitive"—she groped for the words—"he—he's not like other men."

"*Tiens!*" He put his rough, but cool, hand on her forehead. Paul was coming up the stairs, and he lowered his voice. "Now I want you to remember this: I am your great-uncle, as well as Paul's. If ever there is anything you wish to discuss with me, as you might want to do with a father, you have only to send me a note, and I will come."

"You are so very kind."

"Nonsense. I'm a wicked, fierce old man, and everyone is afraid of me!" He scowled at her.

She was laughing when Paul came into the room, and they both looked at her approvingly. Then they went out to the upper veranda, within call, to wait until the doctor arrived.

Doctor Blanchard gave her some powders and she slept most of the day.

In the morning she felt a little weak, but not really sick at all. "Madame appears much better this morning," Gabrielle said politely, bringing in her morning coffee.

"Yes, I *am* much better." It was a lovely morning, and everything seemed simple and right.

Gabrielle began the ritual of opening the shutters. In the floodlight a dark bruise became visible on her cheek, under the left eye.

"What did you do to your face?" Medora exclaimed.

"I stumbled and fell in the courtyard this morning. There was a loose stone. But it is nothing." She picked up the vase of pink anthurium. "These flowers need freshening," she said.

"Thank you, Gabrielle." There was a fleeting expression of sullen despair in the eyes above the waxy flowers, and something trembled between them, an intimacy, a knowledge that she couldn't understand. She wanted to say, "We can be friends," but Gabrielle had lowered her eyelids and gone quickly from the room.

"*Bon jour*, M. Carruthers," Paul Durand said, rising from a chair beside the center table and holding out his hand. The room was more luxuriously furnished than were most

Martinique parlors: Aubusson rugs laid on the tiles, chairs and sofas of the Empire period with yellow damask coverings. Between two windows hung a full-length portrait of Medora.

"I see you looking at the painting of my wife," Durand said. "It was done by Chartran, just after we were married. His flesh colors, you know, are remarkably fine."

"*C'est charmant*," Tom said, and it was. What struck him most was the spirit of the portrait—a vitality about it, as though she couldn't rest decorously there in the frame, but was about to step forth from it in all her young eagerness. "She looks so alive," he said. ("*That's my last duchess painted on the wall, Looking as if she were alive.*") The coincidence of his own words had brought Browning's poem to his mind. But Durand was no murderous medieval duke; he seemed genuinely proud of his wife, gratified to have her portrait admired.

"Ah, here comes our *petit penche*. I hope you've become accustomed to the midday potion of the planter."

"Indeed I have," Tom said. A girl came through the archway carrying a tray, moving with that inexpressibly beautiful walk of the Martiniquaise, in which there was no bending at the knees. She wore the costume *du pays*, the madras dress in electric hues, a canary-yellow silk scarf knotted at her throat.

"Over here, Gabrielle," Durand directed. "Place it on this table. And then will you adjust those persiennes on the south? There's too much light coming in here."

"*Oui*, monsieur." She set the tray on the marble-topped table. She had a classically straight nose, full but not heavy lips, and the distinctly modeled cheekbones and large, dark eyes that meant Carib Indian blood.

Durand picked up the decanter and began pouring a little cane-sugar syrup into each of the two short glasses. "Don't you find the local costume enchanting?" he asked. "It seems a pity to me that some of the people are changing to European clothes, and wearing hats. Hats don't suit them."

Tom said nothing at all. This discussion, with the girl still in the room, embarrassed him, although he agreed with Durand. The Martinique turban, with its two high points and the filigreed golden pins that quivered and caught the light, had a touch of Oriental splendor.

"The earrings and those masses of beads which they wear are sometimes of solid gold," Durand continued, "and the whole worth several thousand francs, as you perhaps know. To have gold means a great deal. They often buy their necklaces a bead at a time." The girl was returning to the center of the room, and he addressed her without moving his head. "Are your beads real gold, Gabrielle?"

"No, monsieur. I could not afford the gold," she answered him, her eyes concealed by the lowered black lashes. "Have I brought enough of the lime, monsieur?"

"Yes, this will be plenty. Gabrielle is a *sang-mêlée*—only one thirty-second African," Durand said, as she left the room. "There's East Indian blood in her, as well as the obvious Carib and preponderant white. It seems to produce a particularly refined type, although there always remains a touch of the savage."

Tom felt self-conscious and clumsy. Under all Durand's politeness there seemed to run a little undertone of habitual mockery that had begun to antagonize him. It was a relief to hear quick footsteps descending the stairs and crossing the tiles of the hall. He rose from the stiff gilded chair.

"Do forgive me for being late." Medora hurried toward him, her voice slightly breathless, her hand extended, with a bright welcoming smile. In her shepherdesslike white dress, she created the effect of a picture. But it was not quite like the one on the wall.

"As you see, we haven't exactly waited for you," Tom said as he took her hand, and then he noticed with surprise that it wasn't at all as the artist had painted it. It was small and rather square, and it made him think of his mother's hands, darning by lamplight, transplanting seedlings. It was an unexpected hand for a Hardin to have, and he wondered whose idea it had been, to falsify those hands in the portrait.

"It's odd," Durand remarked, "that you two should meet here in Martinique, when you were friends in that town with the name I can never remember."

"Colesville," Medora said, the bright smile back again. "But we weren't really friends. There was a great gulf between our ages then; and besides, Mr. Carruthers saw no reason for girls."

"And have you discovered the reason now, monsieur?" Durand asked, lifting an eyebrow drolly.

"The reason for them, but not always the reason in them," Tom said.

"Ah, but does one ever know a woman? Or, for that matter, does she always know herself?" He drained his glass and set it down. A servant appeared in the archway and announced lunch.

The conversation went on, urbane, superficial, all through the soup, the fish fritters, the lobsters, the roast chicken and heart-of-palm salad and the coconut ice. The waitress moved about with the wine bottles. The crowns of the palms in the distant ravine curvetted daintily. It was all delightful and charming, but not for a moment could Tom feel a part of it. There was something not quite right. The sun was slanting lower, bringing a sharper light into the room. He realized that what bothered him was the face of Medora Durand; she didn't look like the portrait in the parlor. That eager, confident look was no longer there.

"Have you noticed that water color to the right of the buffet?" Durand asked. "It's a Fortuny. I picked it up at an exhibition in Rome. Look how the light falls on it now, Medora. Didn't I tell you that would be exactly the right place for it?"

In the fraction of a second Tom saw Durand swiftly exchanging his champagne glass for his wife's.

"The sunlight seems to change the colors." Medora was still studying the water color. "I've always loved seascapes."

Durand watched, faintly smiling.

The servant approached the table again with the champagne, the bottle wrapped in its white napkin. She poised it above Medora's empty glass.

"I think you'd better not have any more, my dear," Durand said with a little admonitory smile, a shake of his head.

She looked at her glass, astonished, and then a slow, red flush crept up her neck, rose to her temples and the tendrils of hair. "But I—I'd scarcely touched it."

"One gets to talking and doesn't notice how it goes." Her husband was still smiling, gently, kindly, indulgently. "But one really has to be careful in this climate. Alcohol has an increased effect here. Haven't you observed that, M. Carruthers?"

HANDLE WITH CARE

By L. V. FRANCIS

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"When the weather's very hot—yes," Tom said carefully. If Durand's purpose had been to embarrass his wife, he had succeeded. Her face was still flushed, and she wasn't touching the fruit on her plate. It was probable that there had been a quarrel and this was Durand's way, small and spiteful, of punishing her.

And yet he had a conviction that this little scene represented something far more subtle. It gave him a strong feeling of uneasiness, and suddenly he was reminded of a walk he had taken through the Jardin des Plantes with Sylvestre, and how the boy had stopped abruptly, drawing in his breath, nostrils flaring, minutes before the long, red-brown shape of the fer-de-lance went gliding across the path ahead of them from its hiding place in the rotting undergrowth.

He didn't know French law, but could it be that if a woman left her husband without good reason, or was judged incapable of handling her own affairs, the husband then had control of her money?

Medora had recovered her poise, but when once, briefly, she lifted her eyes, there was an expression in them that seemed . . . "haunted" was the word that came to mind.

The servant who had admitted Tom appeared. The plantation manager had come to see M. Durand, she said. "You will have to excuse me, then," Durand said, and rose. "Medora, you must show M. Carruthers the gardens."

She walked ahead of him, holding up her skirt, speaking dutifully, like a child bidden to entertain a visitor. Medora, it was obvious, had nothing to do with the garden. Her husband would supervise it, and the gardener, kneeling now in the bed to the far left, would care for it. She would never dig in the warm earth, worry over a touch of blight, help to tie a graft. Nor, Tom thought, would she ever go into the kitchen to make some specialty of her own, to taste and season. It was not that she wouldn't care to do these things, but in this house everything would be taken care of. Everything was perfect, and all that would be expected of her would be merely to be perfect too.

He couldn't resist asking her, "What do you do with yourself all day?"

She turned in the path, regarding him in some surprise.

"Why," she said, "there are often guests here for luncheon. And sometimes I go to Fonds-Coré to swim with Paul's Cousin Hortense, the one who attended the convent in France with me. She's married and living in the suburb now. There are the band concerts, and there's Mass on Sunday. . . . And I have my piano. I don't play well, but I practice nearly every day."

"I've *got* it now!" he said, and snapped his fingers. "It's a piano, that's what it is. I can't tell you the sleepless nights I've spent puzzling over it all these years."

She straightened up, staring at him, as if he had gone mad in the heat of the sun.

"The riddle," he explained. "It has scales and yet it isn't a fish. It has strings it can't tie. It owns a set of keys ——"

"Oh. *Oh!*" She had remembered, and she began to laugh, with that intriguing mannerism of hers, crinkling up her nose and shaking her head. The way she had laughed on the Hampton.

"You were such a little prig," he said. He couldn't help finding her amusing now.

"Oh, no!" She was still laughing helplessly. "I wasn't! I was a lovely, intelligent child. Everyone said so. *You* were the prig. Nasty, superior boy!" She gathered up her skirts with a quick, impulsive gesture, and now she looked almost exactly like the girl in the painting.

To the west, over the sea, the sky was darkening, but to the north it was still light, except for the circle of white cloud that almost always hung about the peak of the volcano.

"The mountain seems very close today," Medora said, following the direction of his gaze. "It's nearer at some times than at others, almost as though it moves." She brushed back a flying wisp of hair. "I'm getting to know it so well, in all its moods. It has such a *presence*. I'm always aware of it, I can feel it at my back."

"The people of St. Pierre call it their watchdog," Tom said. "They don't seem to be afraid of it, even ——"

"Even though it's showing signs of activity? The servants talk about it all the time, the sulphur, the shocks that have been felt on the northern slopes. They don't seem to be afraid either."

"And are you afraid?" She had moved closer to him, and he was aware of the rose perfume of her hair.

"Not of the mountain," she said. "But I keep wondering how I would behave in the face of a disaster. I've never been called upon for courage." She picked a yellow blossom from the allamanda vine. "I don't know what to expect of myself."

"I don't imagine anyone knows that before a test comes."

"But that's just it. You can think you know yourself, when actually you're only following guideposts set carefully before you. Then you take a new road." She was tearing the petals from the flower, one by one. "In the unfamiliar landscape you can become . . . unfamiliar to yourself."

When they rounded the house the carriage was waiting. Paul Durand had come out to say good-by, to apologize for having been called away. "You must come again," he said cordially. "Medora doesn't have much opportunity to speak English."

"Yes, do come," she said, with her practiced hostess smile. "Now that you've found the way. You see, I can still sound very American."

As the carriage drove off, Tom looked back. The two of them still stood on the steps, and Durand had his arm about his wife's shoulders.

"Did they feed you well at the house of M. Durand?" Coraline asked.

"Well enough, for people who don't have a good cook." Tom gave the expected answer. He hadn't told her that he was going to the Durands', but he had become accustomed to the fact that she knew everything he did, sooner or later.

"At least it appears that you have not been poisoned," she observed.

The remark startled him. He sat up in the hammock. "Why should I have been poisoned?"

She grimaced. "Did you see Gabrielle, who calls herself their housekeeper?"

"Yes, I saw her," Tom said. "She's striking-looking."

Coraline put her free hand on her angular hip. "Why is it that she now wears the madras, when she was raised under the hat?"

Coraline's questions were usually those to which she knew the answer, and it was his part to reply like an end man: "Why does she now wear the madras?"

But this time Coraline shook her head. "Ah, who knows? Who knows anything about that girl? She was taken into the house of old Mme. Durand as a little one. She was always at madame's side, to thread her needles or carry her flower basket. The nuns taught her to read and write. She wore white dresses, and when she went to Mass she wore a *hat*. Yet now that madame has gone to live in France she dresses like a girl of the people."

"Perhaps she prefers not to try to live in a white people's world," Tom suggested.

"In whose world does she live, then?" Coraline demanded. "She keeps herself apart. But I have heard a strange thing. It appears that a couple of days ago she was observed slipping out of the house of a *quimboiseur*."

"A charm maker?"

Coraline nodded. "One can buy a powder to put in the drink of someone whose love you wish to win. And there is another to drop into the glass of a rival so that she comes to hate the man you want for yourself." Coraline rubbed her finger thoughtfully along her nose. "But who is her lover? No one knows. Not one of our men of St. Pierre, I think. She didn't even appear here to dance at the carnival."

"I was dressed as a devil at the carnival," Sylvestre said dreamily. "I had horns and a tail."

"And so you have now," Coraline retorted, and went on into the kitchen.

H H H H H

A man who can be a hero to his wife's relations may face the rest of the world fearlessly.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

H H H H H

He didn't know how he had let this sickness get hold of him. How he, André Khan, could have lost all that he had worked so hard to attain: his singleness of purpose, the cool detachment with which he had accepted his position here—or, rather, his lack of one.

He could wait, as he was doing now, at the top of the street, just to see Nell Hitchcock as she returned from the opera and went into the house, while at the same time another part of him looked on his behavior with contempt. Yet the feverish dreaming went on. In Paris, as a distinguished scientist, he could have standing, and a mixed marriage would be socially acceptable.

Two weeks ago he had happened to walk up this street, just because he often walked at night, and he had seen her step out onto the

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ony. Her hair was down about her shoul-
and silvered by the moonlight, and some
, loose thing she wore was whipped
inst her body by the wind, so that he could
the outline of her young breasts. She was
the figurehead of a ship, a ship not yet
ched. He had stood there trembling.

le was afraid of this emotion. He was
rly all Indian in his spiritual make-up, and
ians did not handle emotion well. They
e weakened by it, broken by it, sometimes
ddened by it.

nd yet, every other night or so he walked
way and stood in the shadows, where he
ld see the balcony. She might come out
in to look at the stars, and then there
uld be that special tie between them, be-
se now she would be seeing the stars with
eyes: his friends, Jupiter and Venus and
Southern Cross. He had given her his
ok.

She wouldn't know what this gift had been.
wouldn't guess that it was different from
other book, that it was The Book, that it
d changed the whole course of his life.

At Sainte Anne, the De la Grandville plan-
ion, two hundred Indian coolies had lived,
a long double row of thatched huts below
sugar mill. He had been born there, Aziz
Khan. His father, a Mussulman, had
n the family coachman. His mother he
rcely remembered. She was Chinese, daugh-
of the Chinese cook. She had run away one
y, to St. Pierre, they said, with a mulatto
dener.

He had been enormously proud of his fa-
r and the splendid way in which he drove.
s father liked to make the horses go like
wind, his eyes flashing, the whip curling.
en one wet day when his father had been re-
ning alone from Basse-Pointe the horses
d been frightened by something, perhaps a
-de-lance crossing the road. The carriage
d gone over, tumbling into a deep ravine.

He had been eight when it happened, and he
d run and hidden in the woods, like a small
imal, wild with his grief. The old headman,
Hindu, had found him and taken him by the
nd to the house of the French overseer.
ne overseer's wife wanted a boy to keep the
es scrubbed and to fetch and carry for her.
ne was a kind woman, and she taught him to
eak French and even to read and write it.
ne only reading matter at the overseer's
ouse had been French magazines, and in
me he had been able to struggle earnestly
rough descriptions of the gowns worn at
ongchamp.

The Book came to him by accident. There
as an overflow of guests at the big house, and
ne of them had stayed at the overseer's and
ft the book there. Madame had told him he
uld have it. He couldn't read very much of
but it excited him more than anything he
d ever known in his life; more, even than
iving with his father. The stars in the heav-
ns had names, and he, Aziz, knew them, and
o one else in all the huts! He would steal out
night to a rise above the mill, finding the
ars on the charts and shaken by his wonder-
ul knowledge.

He would take his book from the box that
ontained his only possessions—the book, and
dagger with an embossed silver handle that
ad belonged to his father—and sit with it.
He had no way of learning the meaning of all
ne words that he didn't know, but he held the
olume like a talisman.

He was sitting there the day that the boy
ame wandering down from the plantation
ouse. "What have you got there?" the boy
emanded, a brown-haired boy, older than he.

"My book," he said proudly.

"Let me see it." The boy snatched his book
nd ran.

He didn't run after him. In the red mist of
is fury, he darted into the room behind him,
nd when he came out he had his father's dag-
er in his hand.

He dashed up past the sugar mill and along
he hibiscus hedge that marked off the lawn of
he plantation house. The boy was strolling
cross the green grass, leafing the pages of the
ook, and perhaps he would not have heard
is pursuer at all if a bird hadn't fluttered up.

Turning, the boy saw the nearly naked
figure—and the dagger. For a moment he stood his ground. "You crazy coolie!" he said. "Go back, do you hear?"

Aziz leaped the hedge, the dagger uplifted. All the fierce blood of the Mussulman was surging in him; he meant to kill that boy. Then a hand clamped down on his shoulder and another jerked and twisted his wrist. The dagger dropped and lay gleaming at his feet, as he struggled, panting and clawing, to get free.

"He's crazy, Uncle Robert," the French boy said. "All I did was to take a book from him. I was only teasing him. I would have taken it back to him."

"You were 'only teasing.' There's a streak of cruelty in you, Paul Durand, and don't think I'm not aware of it!" It was the voice of the master; it was M. de la Grandville himself. Aziz ceased struggling. He knew it was hopeless, and he wondered, with fatalistic calm, what would happen to him. Would he be staked out for ants to eat?

"Hand him his book," M. de la Grandville ordered, "and you, boy, you're coming with me."

The master propelled him across the terrace, opened a door, and they were in the long room, like a gallery, that extended across the entire rear of the house. It was dim and cool in there. The master spoke to someone: "Get Aïa." Aïa was the present coachman.

Bare feet departed softly, and at the same time the strong hand on Aziz's shoulder ceased to grip him. The room was very still while they waited.

"What is your book?" the master demanded abruptly.

"It is about the stars."

"And can you read it?"

"Yes," he said. And then all his despair burst out of him. "But only the little words. Only the very *little* words!"

"A-ah," M. de la Grandville breathed.

Aïa entered and made a low salaam.

"Tell me, Aïa," the old man said, "who is this boy?"



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The boy was the son of the dead coachman, Aïa explained, and he was most intelligent. He could read and write French, even, and he had never been any trouble to anyone. Well, not much trouble.

"I see. His father was a fine man. You may go now, Aïa." The master began fanning himself with his hat as the coachman bowed and left. "Never take after anyone like that again," he said sternly. "You are not a savage. Now—tell me. Do you wish to grow up to be a coachman, like your father?"

"No," Aziz said. "I wish to learn things. In books."

The old man regarded him fixedly for a moment. "It might be better if you wished only to be happy," he said at last. "There's no telling what the world outside the plantation might do to you. It's a risk. You see, you are not white, not in the Martinique sense, and so it could go hard with you, because you will be denied pride of birth. You must learn to find pride in yourself, and to belong to yourself. Do you understand me?"

"*Oui*, monsieur." He didn't understand very well at all. But the words remained with him.

"Good. Go along now." M. de la Grandville walked out to the terrace with him. Then Aziz saw the shine of the dagger on the grass and hesitated. "Pick it up," the old man said. "I'm going to trust you with it."

Two weeks later Aïa took him over the mountain to St. Pierre and left him with an Indian couple. They were to be paid to take care of him, Aïa explained, while he went to school at the *lycée;* and he had better stop being a heathen, so that he could give thanks to Allah, who would expect it. Robert de la Grandville had never expected thanks. It had been a thing he did because it was in him to do it, and that was the end of it.

All that seemed a long time ago. Even his name was different—he was André Khan because that made him sound less alien at the office. Of his two boyhood mementos he had now given away the book, but he still had the dagger, on the desk in his room, as a paperweight.

Tom dismissed the carriage as soon as he had seen the ladies Hitchcock safely inside their door. It was a fine night, and he preferred to walk back to his house. He stopped on the absurd little sidewalk and rolled and lit a cigarette. Then he saw a figure move up there in the shadows on the other side of the street.

"Good evening, Tom," André Khan said.

"Good evening, André." The news Sylvestre had given him was true, then. André did watch the Hitchcock house. He flipped the match into the running water of the gutter as André approached. "Taking a walk?"

"Yes, I often walk at night. I sleep better for it." André's face was still in shadow. "You've been calling on the Hitchcocks?"

"I took Mrs. Hitchcock and Miss Nell to the opera." André had seen him bring them home, but the pretense that he had just now happened along must be kept up, it seemed.

"Aïda, wasn't it?"André crossed the narrow street. He was bareheaded, carrying his coat over his arm. Even in his badly cut, locally tailored suits he always had grace and bearing. Put him in an Indian costume and in the proper setting, Tom thought, and Nell Hitchcock would be as nothing beside him.

"Yes, it was Aïda," he said. "The voices were poor, I thought. Wouldn't you like a drink before going to bed? We might go to the Café Rouge."

"It ought to be lively at the Café Rouge," André said. "They have a special orchestra tonight, from Fort-de-France."

It was intermission time as they took a table, and the dancers stood talking out on the floor or sat at long tables ranged against the walls, under the balcony. A waitress came up and they ordered a carafe of wine.

"It was better before there were the electric lights," André said. "The kerosene ones made it more picturesque."

"Everything has always been better. My father said that once." Tom poured the wine into their glasses. "He said, 'Never be disappointed in the present, son, because someday it will be the past, and then it will almost certainly be better.'"

"Your father was a philosopher," André grinned, his white teeth flashing. He took up his glass. "I'm sorry you didn't enjoy the opera. And didn't Miss Hitchcock like it either?" he asked elaborately.

"I don't think so." André wanted him to talk about Nell, he wanted to hear what she had said, how she had looked. But he wasn't going to oblige. He would like to say, "André, it's no use. Nothing but trouble lies that way. You've got to get over this."

André was smoking one of his thin cigars, rolling it in his long fingers. "You seem very keyed up tonight, somehow, *mon ami*."

"It's the kind of night. There's something electric in the atmosphere. Didn't you notice that while you were standing there across from the Hitchcocks'?" It was just as well, after all, to have it out in the open.

André knocked the ash from his cigar. "Don't laugh at me, please," he said with dignity.

"You know I wouldn't laugh at you. But I can't understand it. One can't help feeling sorry for her sometimes, but she's affected and ——"

"I know she seems so to you." André studied the end of the cigar. "She is gauche, and she isn't at ease with you. She's aware that her family hopes you will marry her, and that's a bad position for a girl to be in. But with me—she is different. She isn't like that at all," he said proudly. "She is natural and simple when she talks to me."

(*Because you don't count. Because it's as if she talked to a pet dog, or that parakeet that flew around their house until a cat got it. Her not trying to impress you is a form of insult!*)

"I'm not entirely a fool, however," André was saying. "I recognize the fact that there is a gulf. Still ——"

The music started up just then.

The Café Rouge was closing, the members of the orchestra putting away their instruments. They followed the tide moving out into the street.

"Pelée is very clear tonight," André observed. "I didn't tell you that I made an excursion up there Sunday with Lucas. We went as far as L'Étang Sec. It's no longer 'the dry lake,' though. It's partly filled with water that boils against its sides, and there are four new fumaroles near it."

"What does Lucas say?" There wasn't a cloud near the mountain now. Medora had said that meant bad weather tomorrow.

"Lucas is the best scientist in the country, but he is not a volcanologist. And even those who call themselves volcanologists wouldn't *know* what the volcano is going to do. Something happened to me up there on Sunday, Tom. It was like your Saint Paul on the road to Damascus. You will forgive me if I seem blasphemous." André made a deprecating gesture. "I thought, '*This* is the science I want to pursue! If only I could learn to read you, you murdering mountain.' I looked down on the cane fields, and the Sunday peace of the town, and I hated it—the volcano. It has no right to have such power over us. We all go about our decent, little lives, and someday that thing up there will choose which of us shall live and which shall die. I tell you, I felt Death breathing up there!"

But Death was always sniffing about, Tom thought, choosing one here, one there. It was only when Death grew careless, striking down thousands in a disaster, somewhere, that its naked horror was revealed; that you saw Death as the one great enemy, always to be feared, always to be fought—that you saw the betrayal of life to Death as the one great betrayal.

"Now you will say I'm being Oriental and mystic," André said with his half-apologetic smile. "But no, you won't. You're always very tolerant."

"We are all the children of God," Tom quoted Nell solemnly. "I try to have respect for even the lowliest."

"You are a noble sahib." André made a mocking salaam. "Good night, O Lord of the Stars and the Moon."

Medora had lit the lamp beside her bed because she couldn't sleep. She had tried to read, but her mind wouldn't concentrate. It was the opera, she told herself, that had left her in this exhilarated state. And she was buoyed up, too, by the thought of returning to the plantation. She hoped that Tom Carruthers could go with them, and it had been nice of Paul to invite him. Tom would like Bellefontaine. He seemed to have a great capacity for enjoying himself, but perhaps that was an American trait. It was strange that though she hadn't lived in America since early childhood she had remained so American, and that because of this when she was with Tom she had a feeling of home-coming.

A sound like distant thunder arrested her. A storm must be coming up—and yet the night had been so clear. She slipped out of bed and went to the window, and there was no sign of storm.

The wind blew against her filmy night robe and she shivered. Then there was a light tap and her door opened. "Did you hear it?" Paul asked.

"Yes. It was the volcano, wasn't it?"

"It must have been. Don't be alarmed. Old Pelée has rumbled before." He walked slowly toward her, yawning. "He's just snoring in his sleep. I doubt that the old fellow has murder in his heart."

"I'm not frightened," Medora said, yet now, all at once she was; she was seized by a profound, unreasoning terror. It was something in that last phrase he had used.

"We would probably be wiser to remain in St. Pierre, where the hills are between us and the mountain." He knotted the cord of his bathrobe. "I have a fancy, though, to go to Bellefontaine just now. I don't think we need change our plans."

"No, I don't think we should." She was trying to keep her teeth from chattering.

"You must get into bed. You'll take a chill." He put his arm about her, drawing her to him. She felt no response to his touch. She let him lead her back to the bed. He drew up her coverlet, bent and kissed her. "Good night; and don't be troubled about the volcano."

She heard him go into his room and close the door, and then she got out of bed once more. She went to the side window again. She couldn't see the distant mass of the volcano. The clump of bamboo at the corner of the house grated and rattled.

She was afraid—she had always been afraid.

Tom was wakened by the ringing of the plantation bell, calling the workers to the cane fields and the sugar mill.

They had arrived at Bellefontaine last night in darkness, a caravan of carriages, one in which he had ridden with the Durands, another containing Hortense Jubilier and her husband, and a third bringing the girl Gabrielle and two other maids from the St. Pierre house. On the last stretch of the road there had been the turbulent Atlantic on the one side, and long stretches of banana plantings on the other. Then they had turned into a palm-bordered drive, with the house, a gray stone pile built on the lines of a French château, huge and forbidding in the drowning moonlight.

But the interior was oddly attractive. Two family parlors, an enormous dining room, a "gallery" that must be sixty feet long; plantation rocking chairs, marble-topped center tables, and smaller tables against the walls, holding bowls of flowers. "Come, let me show you everything," Medora had cried eagerly, running before him through the rooms with their rows of overhead kerosene lamps, pushing back the folding shutters that served as doors and permitted the breeze to flow all through the house.

"I always feel so at *home* here," Medora said.

He had been right; she wasn't at home in that house in St. Pierre.

The clangor of the bell ended. Tom put on his robe and slippers and descended to the first floor. Behind the house stretched a broad lawn, and beyond that, as the land rose steadily toward the distant mountain, there were the plantation buildings: stable, barn, sugar mill, huts of the workers—like a small village. The mountain was hidden in mist. For two days now steam had issued from it, a white column rising to the sky and dispersing lazily. It had come into view and out again, all the way during the drive here. "That's a good sign," Louis Jubilier had observed wisely, when they stopped for a picnic lunch. "Like a teakettle, you know. Getting rid of the pressure that might otherwise be building up inside."

To the right of the house a formal garden rose in a series of three terraces, with stone retaining walls. From the top of the highest one a path led to the bathing house, tin roofed, partly open at the sides, with a pool large enough to swim in. The clear, cold mountain water ran constantly down into it, and then out, through underground pipes. Tom splashed around vigorously, and then he climbed out and rubbed himself dry. The sun, which rose earlier on this coast, was bursting from the clouds. It ought to be a fine day.

As he descended along the path, Durand appeared on the lowest terrace, waved to him, and waited.

"We're the early risers," Durand greeted him as he came closer. "I'll wait for you here if you would like a little walk before breakfast."

"I'd like nothing better," Tom said. "I won't take long."

The dew was still heavy on the grass as they started their walk. As far as one could see the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186



"I don't know whether Rose looks happiest when the grandchildren come over, or when they go home."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184

green fields extended, rising and falling with the hilly terrain. In the field that lay nearest the house the cutters swung their flashing machetes and an oxcart waited for the loading of the stalks.

A huge black fellow with a crushed-in nose was standing beside the oxen. He removed his broken palm-fiber hat with a flourish as they approached.

"This is our sorcerer," Durand said. "No well-equipped plantation seems to be complete without one. This fellow's quite remarkable, though. Would you like to see a demonstration?"

Tom said that he would, having no idea what the demonstration might be, and Durand spoke to the man in a rapid patois that he couldn't follow.

"*Oui, patron*," the black answered, and then he turned and walked away, to where the field ended in a thicket partly filled with large boulders.

In a moment he was visible again, striding toward them. A long, red-brown body thrashed furiously about his loins. It was the deadly fer-de-lance. He held the snake just below its head, and now you could see the darting of its wicked tongue. The cane cutters had drawn a little nearer, their faces fearful but fascinated. No one made a sound. The oxen shook their horns.

The man muttered something—it might have been a spell—and with his left hand he detached the snake's coils from his body. Then, with a violent motion, he threw it to the ground.

Durand didn't move, and Tom, too, stood his ground. The Negro lifted his ox goad and began moving, in a ritualistic dance, around the snake. He made cabalistic motions with his free hand and touched the snake with the prod. It struck furiously at once, but futilely. Before it could coil again, the sorcerer darted in, and with an incredible quickness and dexterity seized it once more just below the ug flat head.

Tom glanced at Durand. He stood tensel his eyes fixed on the snake, a half-smile on h lips, his narrow nostrils drawn in. He was er joying this savage spectacle.

I'm not even at the beginning of estimatir this man, Tom thought, and he realized tha until now he had, half contemptuously, pu Medora's husband down as the overcivilize dilettante. Even incidents in which Duran had seemed to persecute his wife had appeare to him, after consideration, as merely the cal culated spitefulness of an immature, basicall weak character. Now he saw that Durand wa not that, but a man who was cool and con trolled, and that expression on his face wa one of appreciative amusement at the com plete helplessness of the fer-de-lance unde the skilled maneuverings of the black.

Behind them, the cane cutters were calling to the sorcerer to kill the snake, but the mar gave them a disdainful look and marched back to the thicket. He unrolled the coils care lessly from his arm and threw the flailing body in among the rocks, where it vanished in stantly.

"He should have killed it," Tom said. speaking for the first time since the show had begun.

Durand shrugged. "What is one fer-de-lance more or less?"

"At least it can't be said that you don't entertain a guest." He was angry now, because all along there had been the chance that the snake would elude the Negro and strike one of them, and he had been forced into the position of standing close, like a schoolboy accepting a dare.

Durand slapped him lightly on the shoulder. "There was never any danger, I assure you, *mon brave*. And now if you will excuse me, I must find the overseer, to have a word with him."

As Tom passed the gallery he glanced in, since the shutter doors were folded back. Medora was arranging some roses in a glass vase, resting her hands for a moment on the back of a chair and setting it to rocking. In the long, dim room it was a shadow play. The chair kept on rocking, like an old man nodding to himself. He could see the curve of her mouth, the slender neck, the small, delightful nose, and he began to scent her perfume, a wistful essence of her, stealing out, reaching to him.

Noiselessly, he backed away from the door, ascended the stairs to his room and stood by the window. The long green-and-white leaves of the lianas hung motionless from the ceiba tree that was just beyond the first terrace. Every feature of the landscape stood out with a peculiar sharpness. It was like a world just discovered, each individual flower clamoring for attention, every blade of grass on the smooth lawn asserting its own individuality. Everything looked different, because now he knew that he was in love with Medora Durand.

"Those musicians of yours are magnificent," Hortense Jubilier said at lunch. "Paul, we should have a dance!"

Durand gave her a cousinly smile. "I've already thought of it. Philomèn has been sent off with invitations."

At eight o'clock the cane workers came. Already some of the neighboring planters had arrived, their carriages beginning to line the drive, the women in their light summer evening gowns. They came as whole families, from grandparents to boys and girls still in their teens. All the guests assembled on the porch formed by the overhang of the second story.

The musicians grouped together on the terrace and began to play a polka, and the dancing started. The older guests sat in the ranks of chairs, fanning in time to the music.

Tom danced first with Mme. Jubilier. "Medora is beautiful tonight, is she not?" she said, and she gave him a teasing, speculative look.

He must learn to be always on guard.

Out on the wide-spreading lawn the plantation people had begun to dance, too, their own version of the polka. The polka was followed by waltzes. He didn't ask Medora to



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he didn't go near her. Would this, too, ceable? He saw ahead of him all the f weighing his every action, his every

s De la Grandville who brought Me- him, holding her by the hand, as Tom a dance, beginning to feel the growing at didn't seem to bother those who orn to it. "Here, young man," De la ille said as Tom got to his feet (too ? not eagerly enough?). "I call on you this waltz for me." He shook his head. *u!* I must be getting old."

but you're warm, Tom, you don't have e," Medora said. "Let's go outside and he plantation people for a while."

ouldn't tell her that it wasn't wise for go off alone together, because the de- ake her in his arms had become almost rable. He couldn't burden her with the dge of his love for her any more than, sake of seeking compassion, he would some incurable disorder. On the other he couldn't stop seeing her. He had beyond the possibility of that surcease, e he had already extended friendship to id if he ignored her now she wouldn't tand and she would be hurt.

followed her, threading through the s, to the stone porch. The moon was ow, silhouetting the palms. The musi- rinned at them, their black faces shin- h sweat, their heads and shoulders ac- a faster rhythm. "It's cooler out here," id, and he put out his arms to her.

danced the length of the porch, swept e galloping beat. "Oh, I do love to " Medora said, throwing back her head e up at him.

was happy because she was with *him*, tightened his hold on her and then ed it again. She didn't know that this y she was happy, and she believed that uld be completely herself because she fe with him. It was the myth of their ille relationship, her self-cherished that gave her the freedom to this hap- she didn't have to question.

The drummer threw up his sticks with a final flourish. The music stopped. "We may as well go in," Tom said.

"But it's so nice out here!"

And then he saw Durand in the doorway.

"So here's where you've run to," Durand said, with that "let's all play" manner. "I don't blame you. It's hot inside. There's iced champagne in the dining room, however. Shall we all drown ourselves in champagne?"

Gabrielle came in with more bottles on a silver tray. "Where's Raschid?" Durand asked as she reached them.

"He's with the foal." Her low voice was apologetic. "I told him you wished him to help in here, but he said the foal was sick."

"My foal!" Medora set down her glass.

"Now, *chérie*, Raschid is very good with horses. He's more of a veterinary than a coachman," Durand soothed her. "If it's anything serious we can send for ——"

"I'll go out to see!"

"Not by yourself. You need someone with a lantern, to look out for snakes. I'll send one of the servants —— Ah, M. Carruthers, would *you* go with her? The servants are so busy."

Tom said that he would be glad to go, and a man was sent for a lantern. This would be all right: a dozen people had heard the conversation, heard Durand's suggestion. But—too eager? Or not eager enough? He was reminded of André Khan, carefully considering his attitudes in an alien world.

They scarcely needed the lantern as they went up the grassy slope. The moon had shaken off the few clouds; it bleached the buildings and traced the path before them.

"Tom," Medora said. She stopped walking and lifted her head. "*Tom!* The crickets!"

"I don't hear them." Then he knew that was what she meant. They were far enough away from the house so that the strains of the orchestra had become muted. They should be hearing the great wood crickets and the tree frogs, the questing calls of the night birds. But there was nothing. No sound from the hedges, the trees, the fields. Only a vast silence in the moonlight.

"What does it mean?" She turned to him, her hand at her throat. "I've never known it to be like this before!"

"It must be something in the atmosphere. A storm brewing on the other side of the mountain."

"Yes, that must be it." She resumed walking. She wasn't a country girl; she didn't know that the crickets would be chirping more loudly before a storm. Tom looked up at the looming hulk of the mountain and saw nothing unusual about it. And yet ——

Then the stillness was broken. The cattle started bellowing, and from the stable, just ahead of them now, came the terrified whinnying of the horses. Medora caught her breath

E E E E E E E

What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you. CHAMFORT

E E E E E E E

and clutched his arm. "What is it? Oh, Tom, *what is it?*"

"I don't know. I think we ought to go back to the house."

"Let's look in on the foal first." Medora darted ahead of him into the stable.

The saddle horses were still whinnying, their eyes rolling. The foal stood close to its mother, looking surprised, too young to understand fear. "Raschid must have run off," Medora said. "The foal looks all right to me. I think Raschid just made an excuse not to work in the house. He thinks it's beneath him." She rubbed the small sorrel's face, and then wiped her hand on her handkerchief. "Let's go back now."

"You're shivering," Tom said.

"I'm shivering because I'm scared out of my wits, that's why!"

"And who wouldn't be?"

Her eyes weren't cornflower blue now; they were the blue of the bay on a dark night. She was trying to smile. He set down the lantern. He pulled her to him and kissed her, full on the mouth. All his careful thinking was gone to nothing. As he took his lips away, he heard the quick, almost sobbing, intake of her breath. And then she had thrown herself against him, her mouth was pressed to his. Even as he felt the fierce singing of triumph in his blood, she broke away from him and stumbled to the door.

He grabbed up the lantern and followed her. He paused to close the stable door. As he did so there came again that rumble as of thunder, but this time he knew that it would not be thunder, and he turned to face the mountain. Black against the sky, blotting out the stars, a thick column of smoke rose, and across it ripped flashes of light, like the summer lightning on a rainless night.

At the house, by the time Tom reached it, panic had struck, carrying the plantation workers down the driveway in a purposeless, maddened flight from the direction of the volcano. It became a terrible, dangerous spectacle of pushing, screaming figures and rearing carriage horses. And over it all that impossible serenity of white moonlight.

Tom seized the shoulder of the nearest fleeing black, shouting at him to stop. He saw De la Grandville helping a crying woman to her feet, and he heard Durand calling to workers by name.

But the mountain was quiet now, and with the suddenness of a raging forest fire reaching a river the contagion of fear had run its full course. The mob broke into shaken, bewildered individuals. Several of them had been hurt, and a sort of dispensary had been set up on the porch, with the doctor in charge and Medora at his side, swabbing and bandaging. The front of the blue dress was spotted with blood.

The guests were hurrying to their carriages, calling to their coachmen. They were going home to make sure that everything was all right at their own plantations, to reassure their children. They said good night hastily to Tom as they passed him.



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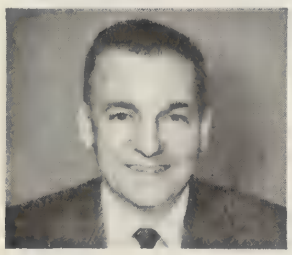
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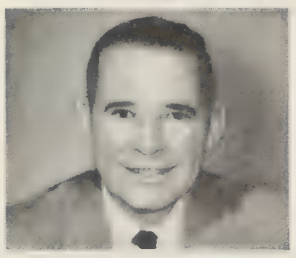
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The night was still empty of any normal sounds; only the casuarinas moaning endlessly in the wind from the sea. In the light cast by a lantern held above her, he could see Medora's blowing hair as she bent over one of the last of the injured.

He must manage to see Medora alone, as quickly as possible. He must convince her that he had kissed her because he loved her, and that what she had felt, up there in the stable, was love too. He felt convinced that there was very little time remaining for any of them. Medora and he must get away, and in the strangeness of this night it seemed possible and even easy. He could see her meeting him at the stable, lifting the light while he saddled two horses, and then they would be on their way. Grande Anse, Trinité, Fort-de-France, a ship. . . . Beyond that he did not have to think.

In the plantation parlor, only Tom and the Jubiliers were left now, and De la Grandville, rocking himself by the window and looking pleased, like an old warrior who had been called back into battle. Durand was filling champagne glasses. "We were fortunate to have you with us tonight, monsieur," he said gracefully. "It looked quite bad there for a while. One sees that you are a man of resource."

He had actually done very little, Tom said, and again he had that feeling of clumsiness with Durand. He lifted his glass with an automatic "*À votre santé.*" (To your health, *mon ami*, and I have every intention of running away with your wife.)

"We shall leave for Fonds Coré at the first hour of the morning," Jubilier said, "though I tell Hortense there is no reason to be alarmed about the children."

"And we shall go back to St. Pierre," Durand said. "It will be much safer there than here, where lava could run down the collines."

Heels clicked on the tiles and already Tom knew that particular rhythm. Medora had changed into a peignoir of dotted Swiss with a row of pink bows. She looked white and exhausted. "I've ordered coffee," she said. "I thought we might all like coffee now."

"You were a brave little girl tonight," De la Grandville rumbled. "A proper planter's wife."

"No one need tell me that I am a fortunate man," Durand said.

"Oh, please!" It was like a soft cry of anguish. Her hands gripped the back of a chair, the big square diamond on her left hand catching the light. "You—you embarrass me."

Durand's eyes were on her face. "We are all friends here, and family. Why shouldn't everyone know that I am a man very much in love with his wife?" His voice had a lazy, sleek sound to it.

"If I may have more champagne," Tom said hastily, getting up.

"And I will have more, too," Jubilier said. "This is like a hurricane. The best way to get through it is with plenty of wine under one's belt."

"The best way is by a visit to the priest," his wife said. She went on earnestly that she believed in original sin, and that she had often felt, within herself ——

"A desire to hold back a sou from the collection box?" her husband asked, and the men all laughed.

"But seriously," Durand said, "I not only believe in original sin, but in degrees of it. Just as there are people born with the seeds of a disease that will one day kill them, there are others who are born with the seed of self-destruction, something beyond their own understanding and control. Sometimes the victim is a woman gently born, who doesn't even recognize, until they're called warningly to her attention, all the small signs of that inherent recklessness and wantonness: the too-hot blood, the tendency to flaunt her charms. Small things at first, but inevitably she begins falling into the arms of any man who comes along."

(*He knows, damn him! She hasn't the face for deception.*) Tom dared not look at Medora now. Any glance, even any word of his, might be revealing.

"If the husband loved her, and he came to realize this about her, he would pity her," Durand said, and he looked musingly, sadly, at the winking bubbles in his glass. "He would pity her—and he would try to guard her fr herself."

"Ah, the coffee!" Hortense exclaimed. really do want a cup of coffee."

The servant set the tray with the thin c and the silver coffee service on the cen table and departed. "Will you pour, plea Hortense?" Medora asked in a thin voice feel . . . slightly faint."

"It's the reaction," Hortense said, ris from her chair. "The coffee will do you goo

It was all right to let his eyes rest on Med now, because everyone was looking at h with sympathy. She sat with her har clenched together in her lap, and she seem shrunken into the chair, as if age had stru her suddenly, making her small and fr huddled for warmth into a shawl.

He could understand how a man mi commit murder and feel no more compu tion than he would if he had scotched a fer- lance. And now he remembered the expr sion on Durand's face that morning when black had thrown the snake.

Tom found Gabrielle in his room, turni down his bed. She apologized for its havi been forgotten until then; but there had be so much disturbance. He was very tired a his head had begun to ache. His mind was a tomatically sorting out certain incidents of day, among which, instinct told him, a s nificant one had been overlooked.

Twice Durand had sent him off alone w Medora; the second time after their dance the porch, the champagne in the din room . . . out in the moonlight to the dist stable: a piece of cynically contrived st management. Durand had expected, h *wanted* him to kiss Medora.

As Gabrielle turned to leave, Tom put hi self between her and the door, closing it hind him. "Why did you lie about the s foal?" he demanded.

She took a startled step backward. "I do understand, monsieur."

"M. Durand told you to tell that lie. Y were hovering near him all evening, waiti for your cue. Monsieur was planning to se me to the stable, alone with madame."

"I don't understand," she repeated with patient, puzzled air. "But surely"—she lo ered her eyes—"madame would have fou her own excuse to be alone with you, mo sieur. It would not be the first time ——"

He gripped her by the shoulder. "What is trying to do to her?" He shook the girl sa agely. "Tell me the truth."

Her large Carib eyes, with their hint of centuries-old despair, looked at him in prin tive terror. "Get her away. Quickly, quickly she panted.

"I must see her privately tomorrow. C you help me?"

"No, monsieur." She started for the doo "I will not help you. *He* would know."

Refugees streamed down the road on Mor d'Orange. Even before the dawn, Medora h heard them: the creaking of carts, the bleati of goats. It was like the flooding Roxellan carrying down to the city the trunks of u rooted trees. For the most part the refuge went on foot, the men leading cows or oxe carrying trunks or boxes, and the women ba ancing on their heads trays piled with chin and kitchenware. The children cuddled chick ens or tugged at the ropes that dragged th goats or squealing pigs.

Medora couldn't remain in the salon in i impersonal perfection. She went out onto th veranda and then around the side of the hous The gardener wasn't working today, becaus it would be of no use. The rosebushes, coate with the blue-gray ash, were dead or dying.

From where she stood she could see th narrow gateway that was the entrance to th court from the road. It swung open and a bo appeared and stood hesitantly just inside. H didn't look like one of the refugees, for h wore a clean white shirt, and trousers in goo condition. Just then Gabrielle came out c the cookhouse, saw the boy, and hurried to ward him. There seemed to be an argumen between them, for the boy kept shaking hi head as he talked, while Gabrielle crowde him back to the gateway. Then he thrust a envelope at her and went off.

abrielle came back across the court, the elope flat on her hand. Her skirt was ed up around her hips, to escape the ashes. e boy of M. Carruthers," she said, ought this letter for you, madame. The was very insistent that it should be given ou privately," she said with a deliberate ertinence.

Then give it to me," Medora said coldly; could feel the color rushing to her face.

Gabrielle handed it over. "Madame need e no fear that I will mention the letter to nsieur," she said.

I don't know what you're talking about." her knees were suddenly weak.

The girl put her hands on her hips. "I'm not nd."

o now she had come to the ultimate, the hinkable shame. The servants always knew rything that happened, they said, and her n servants knew about that scene in the ole with Tom. One of them must have ked in on them, stolen away unseen; and w they talked about it, giggling among mselves. And this girl, who had always dis- d and resented her, no longer felt any need a mask of respect.

"Go," she said, the envelope shaking in her nd. "Go at once!"

Gabrielle didn't stir. "I was never fooled by ur innocent air, madame," she said scorn- ly. "And I think monsieur is no longer de- ved about you. One sees it in his face. He rs the day when you will openly disgrace n."

"I shall report this to monsieur. You will be missed immediately."

"No, I don't think you will report it." The rk eyes mocked and triumphed. "I have d you I can be quiet out this billet-doux. But rhaps madame might are me some of her lace ndkerchiefs."

This can't be happening me.

A great roar came from e direction of the cloud- vered mountain. The ices on the road rose to outs, through which she eard one phrase repeated: "The sea! The sea!"

She stumbled across the dying grass to the alustrade. The sea was retreating from the hore, and the people, black specks from that stance, rushed up from the Mouillage. Then e water hurled itself upon the land and upon e line of warehouses of the Place Bertin.

The warehouses! "Tom," she cried, and fear as an animal tearing at her throat. "Oh, no, h, Tom!"

She was beating her hands on the balus- ade. Before her eyes, those buildings were oing to totter and fall, collapsing like the nd castles that children built.

But the buildings stood, though she could e the water covering all the long *place*, and ooding up the bases of the steep streets of the ld section, while the mountain crackled. hen the tidal wave had reached its limit; it as drawing back.

Her thin peignoir clung clammily to her ack as she turned away from the parapet. he refugees, suspended for a while between reat of sea and of hills, were moving again.

She put her hand in her pocket, groping for handkerchief, and found the letter she had hrust there. She opened it and read it, almost alm again now, and then she tore it into pieces nd threw them over the balustrade.

Flames shot above the volcano for the first ime. They were clearly visible when Tom vent out for midmorning breakfast, passing hrough the ruined first floor of the ware- ouse, where workmen were clearing out the lebris and the clinging mud.

The water-front café was crowded, and he at down at a table already occupied by the captain of an Italian bark, a fat man with a leeply furrowed face.

"I've just come from the shippers'," the captain said. "I told them that if this were Naples and that mountain were Vesuvius and it ooked like that, I wouldn't remain. I informed hem that I intend to get under way and clear he harbor. You're an American and ought to e sensible. Why do you stay in this place?"

"For personal reasons," Tom said. There had been no message yet from Medora. If the day passed without one, he was going to make some excuse to go up to the house on Morne d'Orange that night.

"I'm making a stop at Dominica," the captain said. "If you want to leave with me, I can drop you there."

"You're very kind, but I can't leave just yet."

From the window of his office, nearly an hour later, Tom saw the bark move out of the roadstead, a lost opportunity that fate had thrown in his way, with a careless gesture.

Standing on the bridge that led to the house, Gabrielle saw the orange-red licking of flame rise and die down. In her fear, she crossed herself, although it was a long time since she had really believed in the teachings of the church.

The smoke reminded her of the caldrons of tar burning in the streets to purify the air, during the pestilence that had carried off her mother. They had lived then in a house in the Mouillage rented by the white merchant who was her father. The fever had killed him, too, reaching into his fine house on the Morne Rouge road, and he had made no provision for her. The sale of the furniture and trinkets had brought very little, and she had been left, a child of eleven, dependent on the neighbors. It was one of them, a cook for the Durands, who had brought her to this house on the *morne*.

Paul Durand had been sixteen then, a student at the academy. She had polished his shoes, run after him with forgotten books, darned his socks. "The little Gabrielle worships Paul," Mme. Durand had said, but that had never been true.

Even as a child, she had known him; and he had known *her*. He had known, for example, that she would readily lie for him when he was in trouble, but that she would have to be paid. She had kept in a box the brass rings with glass stones and other trophies of their connivance.

When he had returned from the Sorbonne he had seduced her—but she had not been his innocent victim. There had always been something between them that was even stronger than passion: the comfort of no pretense. A *belonging* together.

She had accepted the fact that he could never marry her, and that someday he must take a wife, and a rich one. But that had suited her very well, because she had plans. She wasn't going to be held cheaply, as her mother had been. When Paul had money, she would have a house of her own, down in the city; a servant, a horse and carriage. Yet when the new wife had come, the dream had had to be postponed. The girl had preferred to live at the plantation, and there the money had been poured out. "Have patience," Paul said, when he came to St. Pierre and stayed overnight at the house, which was always kept ready for him. "I have to be careful. She's not a fool about where the money goes. Wait. I will manage in time."

She looked down on the tile roofs of the city. A small house with a garden and a fountain. Not rented, but her own—and Paul all to herself, lazily watching her from a hammock, as she moved about the garden in the native dress that she was wise enough to wear because she knew very well what it was that held him to her. Oh, no, she would not suffer her mother's fate!

The flame had vanished from the mountain, but a cold fear remained with her as she lifted her eyes to the black canopy of cloud. Such terror as she had felt that night at the plantation when she had blurted out to the American that he must get Paul's wife away. She clenched her hands together. *I must not be afraid and foolish again. I must not be afraid.*

When Tom arrived at the house on Morne d'Orange, he thought at first that the Durands were giving a party. The salon was filled with people, and servants were passing after-dinner coffee and liqueurs.

In a moment Durand appeared, a brandy sniffer in his hand. "M. Carruthers!" he exclaimed. "How kind of you to make this unexpected visit. You must meet our guests. They're all relatives and friends who have come to stay with us until the danger from the volcano is over. I'm sorry Medora isn't here to welcome you, but she should join us presently." She had eaten supper in her room, as she wasn't feeling well, he said, but she intended to come down for coffee.

They made the round of the salon, and then Durand left him on a sofa with the Jubiliers. They seemed like old, close friends, after their experience at the plantation.

"I thought that you might already have left St. Pierre," Hortense Jubilier said. "We heard that M. Hitchcock is closing his warehouse."

"Yes, he is. It's practically empty, with nothing coming in since the ships have started avoiding the port."

"Poor St. Pierre," Jubilier said. "We're treated as if we have the plague. Of course we can't expect strangers to know our mountain as we do." It was the remark heard everywhere; the volcano might have been a naughty child whose vagaries the family understood.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

M M M M

No man in the world has more courage than the man who can stop after he has eaten one peanut.

CHANNING POLLOCK

M M M M

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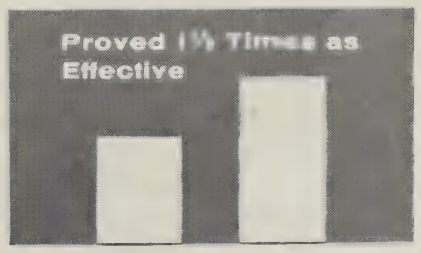
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189

"The tidal wave flooded the first floor of our house," Hortense told him. "The work there'll be, cleaning up!" She sounded just like Opraline.

People didn't come together to share fear, but reassurance. That mood was in the clinking of glasses, the outbursts of laughter.

"I talked to an Italian skipper this morning," Tom said, "who stated that if Vesuvius looked as Pelée does, he wouldn't stay in Naples. He left with half a cargo." They looked at him as though he had committed an indelicacy. "I think he was right. I'm getting out, too—soon."

"It is different for foreigners." An elderly man from Ajoupa-Bouillon, high up on the mountain, had joined them. "They have nothing at stake here, they have no responsibility. But the French whites of St. Pierre can't start an exodus."

"It's a matter of prestige," Jubilier explained earnestly. "The political situation in Martinique is already precarious. If the whites were the first to run away from here, you can be sure that political capital would be made of it. We have to show strength and courage."

"If you all die here," Tom pointed out, "the white leadership of the country would be lost forever, since most of the whites live in St. Pierre."

"That's the chance one must take," Jubilier said. "Here comes Medora."

She was wearing a white lace dress, and emerald earrings circled by diamonds. The beautiful dress was uncluttered by trimming, and the way she wore it made every other woman in the room look undistinguished.

She had seen him; their eyes had met. She made her way to him circuitously, stopping to talk to other guests. He could feel her approaching him reluctantly, making each pause painfully.

"How nice to see you again, Tom." That long line of governesses and tutors was behind her now, carrying her through this remeeting with gracious dignity. There might have been no moment in the dark stable, with the horses whinnying. It had been ridiculous to imagine that he might find an opportunity of talking to her alone.

"Surely you have observed them, M. Carruthers," Jubilier said.

"I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I didn't understand ——"

"The three American naval vessels that came to port this afternoon. I wonder why they're here."

"They're cruising in the Caribbean. I understand they're leaving early tomorrow."

Medora said, "I'm sorry I missed seeing them."

"You could probably see them now," Durand said. He had quietly joined the group and was standing at the end of the sofa. "There's some moonlight." He lifted the glass that was still in his hand, drawing in his nostrils to inhale the fragrance of the old brandy. "M. Carruthers would be glad, I'm sure, to point them out to you, *ma petite Americaine*."

Tom felt a strong impulsion to refuse, to stay where he was, but of course he wouldn't do that, and this Durand knew.

Pelée was hidden in clouds, but the sky above the roadstead was clear. Yet there was still that ominous silence, that absence of the night birds. Tomorrow there should be a new moon, but the dead night seemed to hold no promise of the moon's return.

Neither of them spoke until they had nearly reached the parapet. Then Medora said, "You shouldn't have written me."

"I had to see you, somehow. I had to tell you ——"

"I don't want to talk about *us!*"

"All right. Then we'll talk about you. You've got to leave here. It's insane to ——"

"But I can't desert my husband when there's danger. As long as he stays here ——"

"Durand doesn't love you. He's trying to break you to pieces, in order to get rid of you. He ——"

"How can you say such a thing! You can see for yourself how ——" She drew in her breath. "Where are the ships?"

"There," Tom pointed. "The three big white ones. I love you," he said. "And because I love you, I'm not quitting St. Pierre until you've come to me to help you to leave, or until I hear that you've gone. I'm giving you the responsibility for my life as well as your own."

"No, Tom! Oh, *no!*" She flung out her hands, as if she braced herself against the heavy air of the night.

"There's someone on the veranda," he cautioned her. Their voices would carry in that unnatural stillness. "We must go back to the house now. No, I don't know why the ships are cruising," he said loudly. "It may have something to do with Teddy Roosevelt's Big Stick policy."

"Please, Tom," she whispered frantically, taking stumbling steps beside him, then falling behind. When he stopped to wait for her she was like a wraith in the filmy dress, a lost wraith wandering through the ashes-and-moonlight landscape. Wherever she turned, he thought, she met with cruelty. Even his love had become cruelty for her, and he wanted to take her hand in his, that small, square hand that couldn't grasp or hold the things it was meant to have.

As Tom crossed the Place Bertin, the music from the Café Rouge was borne like a burden on the tired air. There was very little light from the new and untried moon, and he saw all the buildings, eaten away by shadows, as only remnants of structures: a wall standing here, a partially supported archway there. It was like seeing a beloved face, in a certain light, and becoming suddenly, forebodingly aware of the skeletal structure, the death's-head under the flesh.

He had left Sylvestre on guard at the house, with instructions to come running for him if Medora should send a message, but by now he had very little hope, and he had a new concern, because André had disappeared. It was possible that he might turn up at the Café Rouge.

When the waitress brought Tom his drink, the glass jigged on the tin tray, tapping out her fear. She had a listening air, but she wasn't listening to the music. At three o'clock that afternoon a series of deafening detonations had come from the mountain.

He was a fool to remain in St. Pierre. He must go; he must forget Medora. But in the blue smoke from the lamps she stumbled after him, wraithlike in white lace, and he struck his clenched hand on the table. The untouched drink before him sloshed out of the glass, and some of the liquid ran down the side of the table, like his own blood running out: drip, drip, drip, in time with the drumbeat.

He raised his head and saw André coming toward him. André wasn't wearing the white duck suit; he was dressed like a native, in shirt and creaseless trousers, and they were dirty and stained.

"Ah, Tom, *mon vieux!*" He leaned across the table to shake hands. He smelled of rum, and the pupils of his eyes were dilated. "*Mon gaillard!*"

It has happened, Tom thought. *Nell Hitchcock*. And he had seen her drive away at noon from the warehouse, with her father, and felt relief because she was departing for Morne Rouge almost immediately; because André was safe.

"Now you want to know where I have been." André had given the order to the waitress, and he put his elbows on the table. "Well, I went part way up the mountain this afternoon. I wanted to have a look at it. I saw all around me the gray twilight, ashes on the ground, and little birds lying there dead." He closed his eyes, intoning softly, like a chant. "And I heard, I heard the abandoned cattle bellowing, the wind rattling the dried cane, and then, above me, the mountain roaring, like a caged lion. And I felt." He swayed a little in his chair. "I felt how the volcano, fifty years ago, was seeking new vents to take the place of those that have been blocked up through the centuries, and now it's seeking them again—but this time with a greater, stored-up force."

Here, Tom thought, a sense of excitement running along his spine, *is a born scientist!* Because always, in the great discoveries, there had been that sure intuition, that flash of feeling. "Then you think there will be an explosion?"

"No. I do not *think*," André said with his too-bright, derisive smile.

"If you really believe," Tom said, "that the volcano ——"

"—— the volcano," André said. "I have a droll story to tell you, for your entertainment." André's hands cupped his glass convulsively. "I tried to propose to Miss Hitchcock. Don't you find this amusing—that I could have been such a clown, such a fool?"

THE GARDEN

By WILFRID THORLEY

(Rendered from an anonymous French song of the fifteenth century)

My love hath hid herself from me
Within her littel garden-close.
The mallow and the rosemarye
Growe there besyde the brier-rose.
(O Love, be kind ere summer goes!)

Fayre is that garden to the sight,
All flowers there doe sweetly showe;
A man might gladden day and night
Therein and never wysh to goe.
(Alas! that I should love her soe!)

Ah, me! no sweeter voice there is
For singyng than the nightingale's
At eve or when the morning pales:
When he is weary he doth cease.
(Thy lover onlye hath no peace!)

I saw her gather, hand in dew,
A violet from out the grass,
The loveliest that ever grewe,
The sweetest one that ever was.
(And she ungatherèd, alas!)

I see her there, and white she showes
As milk and soft as lambèkyn,
Nor not soe white when I looke in,
But red as anye littel rose.
(O Love, be kind ere summer goes!)

"Not *very* amusing," Tom said. "I'm acquiring some experience of being a fool myself."

André showed no curiosity. He continued to scourge his own flesh. "The scene would have delighted you. Very high drama! I was cast as the vassal who lifts his eyes to a queen." André couldn't be done with it. "I offered her love, and she couldn't even leave me with my dignity. She reduced the whole thing to a cheap travesty of a love scene." He shoved his glass aside. "In all the words of her trumpery novels!"

"They were the only words she had," Tom said, and again he felt a compassion for her. "She doesn't yet know how to deal with honest emotion."

"I should have realized that you would defend her," André said. The waitress set the glasses on the table, and André drank half of his at one gulp.

"I wasn't defending her, I was only trying to explain her." Tom took a sip of his own drink. It was the raw rum of the poorer classes and it burned his throat.

"After all, the 'whites' must stick together," André said, his tongue blurring the words.

"You aren't going to quarrel with me," Tom said. "I'm your friend."

"And my betrayer," André said furiously. "If I had never made 'white' friends, if I hadn't been led into the fallacy of considering myself almost one of you, I would never have let myself be debased as I have been." He was more than a little drunk now. "In time, I'm going to hate even the memory of you. Your religion teaches you that there is redemption by love. There's redemption by hate too. Good, clean hate. It's an emancipating emotion. Now I'm free to hate all of you."

"Very well," Tom said, "but let's get out of here."

As they stepped outside, they heard the steady growling of the mountain. The night was only shades of blackness, but they could see a lurid blue light playing about the peak of the volcano, and in that light smoke belched.

"Good night," André said shortly.

Tom started to hold out his hand, but this was not the gesture to make now. "Good night," he said.

"Still, I owe you something," André said, "and it is better to wipe it out." He had to put his hand against the building wall to steady himself. "I'm leaving for Sainte Lucie in my stepfather's boat, sometime before dawn. There will be a place for you. Go home and pack a small valise, and then come to my house."

"Thank you. I'll come." If he couldn't save Medora, he would save himself.

The last of their guests had straggled off to bed. Medora opened the door and went out to the veranda. She saw a glimmer of brightness on the other side of the cookhouse: a lantern light going along close to the wall, and then turning at the narrow rear gate, to be lost among all the other lights. One of the servants was running away. This would make the third to go, and she couldn't blame them, but still it left the house short one more pair of hands.

I should try to sleep, she told herself. How could one get through another day without at least a few hours of sleep tonight? But how could one sleep under the threat of death? If it were only *her* death ——

Death tonight in the sulphuric odor of the warm wind, in the strange blue light that cast its glow against the sky. Somewhere down there in the menaced streets of the town Tom might still wait. Wait with hope, and if he had hope it was because she had given it to him. Surely what actually mattered to her was that the life of Tom Carruthers should go on; that it shouldn't be thrown away. If she could find the right, the convincing argument, she might at least be able to send Tom on into the world of the living.

That servant had slipped away so easily—probably no one in the house but herself had noticed. *You can keep close to the shadow of the house as you go, and once you've reached the other side of the cookhouse anyone looking out a window here would take you for another servant running away. You can go down there and be back before dawn. If someone sees you returning, you can say you were only walking about because you couldn't sleep.*

She ran down the stairs, on tiptoes, as though something clutched at the hem of her gown. She closed the heavy door softly behind her, and then her shoes were slipping on the dew-wet coating of ashes on the lawn.

She was on the road at last, but it was like being in a dream, moving in the direction opposite to that the procession was taking. She tried to keep close to the low retaining wall on the cliff side, as it was outlined for her by the lanterns and the spreading blue light. She stopped and untied her silk sash. Then she pulled up her dress and bound the sash around her hips, as the *porteuses* bound up their dresses to leave their long legs free. Now she could walk more easily, she could swing into a stride. The wind blew at her back, and she felt a rising excitement, a thrill of freedom.

As she made the final turn into the town, lightning speared across the sky, and rain

came down, like the dumping of water from the big clay jars into the gutters. She was wet through, her skirt lashing against her knees, when she reached the first paved street. Tom lived quite near the theater, and it shouldn't be hard to find her way, with the brilliant lightning to help her. She kept to the sidewalks, guiding herself by touch on the walls, between the flashes.

Once it occurred to her to wonder why she was no longer afraid.

The fierce rain had found openings in the shutters, forming little pools on the floor, and, as Tom packed, the rumblings of the volcano and the thunderings of the storm alternated, as though they had an agreement between them.

He had sent Sylvestre off to bed as soon as he returned home. Now he had finished sorting out the things he would take with him, working in his sleeping pantaloons because, with the shutters closed, it was stifling in his bedroom. From time to time he had to stop to towel his face and chest.

He would write notes for Coraline and Sylvestre. The boy could have his remaining clothes, and Coraline the various articles he had bought to add to the furnishings of his house. There was his watch which Sylvestre had always admired; he could have that too. Going away in this fashion was like dying—the personal possessions left to be sadly divided. He wished that he could take the two of them with him, but they weren't like pet animals, to be picked up and carried along. They had their families, their own ties.

Only he had no ties to this island. He would leave nothing behind—merely the very core of his heart.

The deafening noise had increased, the shutters rattled. Surely everyone must realize by now that some form of climax was near. *If I wait one more day*, he thought. *After such a night as this, she may change her mind.* He was like someone turning back into a burning building.

The volcano was making a new sound now, a nearer-seeming sound, like a pounding at his door. Then he knew that it *was* a knocking, at the street door.

The wind rushed in, with a sweep of rain. The lightning made an illuminated square of the doorway, and Medora stood framed in it. He saw her eyes wide and hesitant, the eyebrows like a grave question, before the light left her. "Oh, I hoped, I prayed you would be gone," she gasped.

"I was waiting for you." He wanted to shout with his exultation, and it didn't matter whether it was fear or love that had brought her. She was here.

She crossed his threshold, he slammed the door, and tried to take her in his arms, but she slipped away from him.

"You're soaking wet," he said.

"Of course." Her voice became almost saucy; it rang with a kind of secret triumph. "It's raining, you know."

"The first thing, then, is to get you dry." He took hold of her hand, pulling her along with him.

"Where are you taking me?"

"To my bedroom, where you can take off your wet things."

"You were packing," she said at once, seeing the valise on the floor.

"Yes, but I wasn't going. I was going to give you one more day." He took his folded dressing gown from the bed. "You can put this on," he said. "There are towels in the washstand."

"My clothes will never dry out," she said in a worried voice.

"I'll run out to the cookhouse with them and start a fire in the stove. Call to me when you're ready. Hurry." There was still time for them to get to André Khan, and André's stepfather must be persuaded to take both of them, but if that wasn't possible, at least he could give her his own place.

He heard her calling to him, and he took the narrow steps two at a time. She was sitting on his bed, his dressing gown falling in folds around her, her clothes piled on the chair. She had taken the pins out of her wet hair, and it hung about her shoulders.

"You look like a drowned mouse," he said.

"I know. And I'm lost in this." She smoothed at the dressing gown. "You're so *big*," and she gave him a faint, self-conscious smile. Then the smile went, and she asked anxiously, "Isn't this storm *ever* going to stop?"

"It's a bad one, all right."

He had never felt such love for her as he did now, seeing her huddled on his bed, her hair lank and dark with wetness, her face drawn and almost ugly with fatigue. He wished he could take her away like this—without even a shred of her own belongings.

"Please take the clothes," she said. "I must be back before dawn, before the servants start stirring about."

He couldn't believe that he had heard her correctly. "But you aren't going back! You can't go back!"

"You didn't think I'd left Paul? That I was going to run away with you?" She tucked her bare feet up under her. "Oh, Tom!"

"What else was I to think?" he demanded harshly. "Why did you come, then?"

"To beg you to leave." And then she told him, in words that sounded rehearsed, how if he died here, she would be responsible, and he must not put that guilt on her soul. She already bore enough guilt ——

"You're talking nonsense. In the first p
you don't love your husband. You we
overly sheltered girl, fascinated and
pressed by him. You've given him qualiti
delicacy and nobility that he doesn't poss
The light shimmered on the small poo
water under the windows. They winked
evil eyes. "Don't you know that your *goo*
has become a temptation to your husbar
weapon for him? He wants to get rid of
to get control of your money."

"Oh, *Tom!*" she said sadly. There w
louder cannonading from the mountain,
she shivered. "Please go, please leave!
were packing, you must have arranged a



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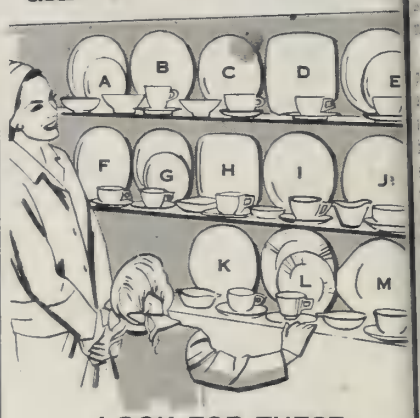
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to go." She got up from the bed. "I'm going to put on my clothes just as they are. I must get back. Listen to the mountain now! I think it means to destroy us all, any minute."

"Then stay with me. Stay here." At once he recognized that he wasn't going to be able to persuade her, that nothing he could say was going to make any difference to her. She didn't even answer him. She stood in her bare feet regarding him hopelessly—hopeless in the fetters that had been forged for her.

Her return to Morne d'Orange could be prevented in only one way, now.

He moved between her and the chair with its pile of wet clothes. "I love you," he said. "I love you more than life; and more than honor. It's because I love you ——" He was asking her forgiveness, but she couldn't know that.

He put his hands on her shoulders, and he pulled her to him and pressed his mouth hard against hers, forcing her back at the same time, toward the bed. She tried to turn her head, but his mouth pursued hers. She attempted to struggle free, but he was pitilessly stronger than she. The back of her knees struck the bed, and she lost her balance. Her hand clutched his arm and then tightened, and he felt her resistance ebbing, he felt the tide of her desire. It was the way the water had ebbed from the Place Bertin, and then rushed in, blotting out all the familiar landscape.

André and his stepfather would have departed long since, but there were other ways of leaving the town, and he would find one of them. Last night when Medora had turned her face to the wall and cried, and then, with a shuddering sigh, fallen into the swift sleep of emotional exhaustion, he had sworn, lying in the storm-beleaguered darkness, that she would find him adequate to the charge he had assumed. For he had taken on not only the responsibility for the problem of where she was to go now, how she was to leave the island, but the greater responsibility of her justification to herself.

Love, he thought, looking down at her sleeping figure. Surely all that was needed was simply to love each other enough.

As soon as Tom descended the side street to the Place Bertin, he saw the Topaze, of the Compagnie Girard, getting up steam, although it was at least an hour before its usual time of departure.

"There are no tickets," the policeman said. "The ship is overloaded already."

The wide doors to the livery stable were open and an old Negro sat on the sidewalk. "No carriages, no horses." he called.

At any minute now, up there in the house on Morne d'Orange, a servant would knock and receive no answer, and then, frightened, she would run to find the master. And Durand would fling open the door, to an empty room, to a lamp still burning, perhaps.

He would reason at once where she would have gone. Durand might even be on his way now, to find her alone in the house, in the dressing gown, defenseless.

Tom began to run.

Coraline and Sylvestre were in the cookhouse. They chorused their musical good morning as he appeared in the doorway. "I have pressed madame's clothes," Coraline said matter-of-factly. The white dress was neatly spread on the back of the chair. Paper had been stuffed in the stained shoes to help them dry.

"Thank you. I will take them up to her." Coraline could have carried the clothes to Medora herself, but she had too much delicacy. He noticed that she had said "madame." She knew well enough who had come to him in the storm.

"You will go away, now, *mussieu?*" She was making fresh coffee, the fragrance filling the tiny room, with its strings of dried peppers, the row of burnished copper pans.

"Yes. But I must have a horse and carriage," Tom said. "I have tried ——"

"There are none to rent. I could have told you that."

"Not to rent, no," Sylvestre agreed. "One of my cousins is coachman for a *béké* who has no intention of leaving St. Pierre. My cousin sleeps in the coach house, but he sleeps very soundly. I think he would not hear," he said solemnly, "if someone broke the lock and took away the horse and carriage. His master would be very angry, but my cousin is a good coachman, and if the carriage was returned he would not lose his position."

"The carriage will be sent back," Tom said. When you were running away with another man's wife, stealing horses could seem a small thing.

Tom began to pick up Medora's clothes. Coraline took a clay jar from the shelf and started out of the cookhouse, to get water from the fountain. "Name of God!" she cried. The clay jar smashed on the tiles.

"What is it? What's the matter?" But as he reached her side she could only point, with a shaking finger, to the sky. Huge, dirty-white thunderheads of steam billowed to the north, the wind driving them toward the sea. Higher and higher they piled on one another, darkening with every second. On the other side of the garden wall a dog began to howl. A woman's voice screamed.

He ran across the courtyard and up the stairs, rapped once on his bedroom door and then pushed it open. Medora was awake, sitting on the bed wrapped in his robe, her face in shadow. "My darling," he said, "we're getting out of here at once. I've arranged for a carriage." He put the clothes down on the bed beside her. "The volcano has never looked as bad as it does now."

"What is life's heaviest burden?" asked a youth of a sad and lonely old man. "To have nothing to carry," he answered.

E. SCOTT O'CONNER

She lifted her head. "You really think I will run away with you, don't you?"

He could only stare at her, not believing, not understanding. The dog next door howled on a rising note of frenzy.

"You made up your mind last night to 'save' me, didn't you? Even if it meant destroying me." She got up from the bed, drawing the robe more closely about her, her face set and wan in the filtered light. "You thought that if I stayed here I'd never go back to Paul, because I wouldn't have the courage to face him, after—after ——"

"I thought that you loved me. As I love you."

"Do you think love is a weapon, to be used to get your way?" she asked harshly. "Please go, so that I can dress. I'll try to slip into the house by way of the *pontique*. I'll confess to Paul what happened, and pray that, in time, he'll be able to forgive me."

"You can't get into the house unseen. Everyone will be outside, watching the volcano. They'll see you return, in that dress, and know you've spent the night down in the city. How will the Durand pride take that?" He wasn't going to put into her mind the thought that her husband might be on his way to look for her, to take her away with him.

"You always have an answer for everything! If I don't go back now, how could Paul keep the fact that I've disappeared a secret?"

"You can leave that to him. He could say that you became so terrified in the night that he sent you away. He may very well leave soon himself, with the volcano looking as it does." There seemed no reality in this scene. Not with that shared, rumpled bed behind her.

"No, he won't go. He's convinced that St. Pierre is a safe place."

"We can't stand here arguing," he said desperately. A confusion of voices from the street penetrated to that rear room. The air was growing strangely heavy. "When the carriage comes, you're going with me. I swear to you that I'll take you even if I have to do it by force; if I carry you to it fighting and screaming. It isn't a question now of whether you will eventually go back to your husband or not. I'm simply not leaving you here, in this danger of death."

She turned to the window, toward the court, where the darkness was clamping down like a lid over a well. "And you think that life, just being alive, is all that should matter now?" she said in her new, furious voice. "How easily you take responsibility! Last night and now—playing God with me, with my life. You're quite sure that you can make everything 'turn right' in the end, aren't you? It just comes down to a matter of keeping me alive." She lifted her shoulders. "Very well, I will go with you. But only because I seem to have no choice. Not because I'm afraid to stay."

Perhaps he had been wrong in taking the gamble of choosing the Morne Rouge route, Tom thought, as he urged on the horses. God alone knew what the volcano might be building up to—and how soon it might reach some fearful climax. Still, this way, he wasn't worried about pursuit. It would seem logical to take flight in the direction away from the mountain, not by going up to it.

He turned to Medora. "I wish you would come up beside me."

"I prefer to stay here." She sat with her hands clasped together in her lap, her eyes refusing to meet his.

She had been forced to take this attitude toward him, he thought now, with pity. Otherwise, she would have to admit to herself



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that it was love that had drawn her down the road to his house last night, and love that had kept her there. His optimism began to return, because, after all, there was still time for them. He hadn't lost her yet.

Under the cloud pall, the road seemed caught in a storm-hued dream in which nothing stirred, no birds rose from the hedges, no small animal ran out of a thicket. The only sound was the muted rhythm of their horses' hoofs, and a squeak of leather.

Now something was changing. Not in the scene, not in the slight, hot wind that fretted in the tree ferns. Something in the very air itself, running along his nerve ends, and he was seized by a shaking sense of urgency as he took the whip and lashed at the horses.

Medora sensed it too. "Tom!" she cried. "*Tom, what is it?*"

"I don't know."

A hundred, a thousand cannons roared. He jerked his head around. A great mushroom-shaped cloud shot from the southwestern face of the volcano, a cloud rushing furiously down on St. Pierre.

The horses screamed and ran and he sawed frantically on the reins, while a giant vacuum sucked at them. He saw the boulder just before the light wheels struck it. He dropped the reins and shouted, "Jump! Jump!" as the carriage toppled over. Then there was an engulfing blackness.

Consciousness returned, but the world was in total darkness. Somewhere in what seemed a vast distance, Medora was moaning his name out of the depth of terror.

He crawled and groped for her in the night of blackness. He thought, *This is the end. We didn't escape, after all.* Small stones rattled against the carriage, struck at him through the tangle of thicket. "Medora?"

"Yes." It was only a disembodied whisper.

"I love you," he said, as though it was the only prayer he knew, the only final justification of his life that he could offer. "I love you."

She didn't answer and he couldn't find her. He waited then for death, but the enemy had gone on, had left them behind. Suddenly the darkness was lifting a little and he could see the outline of the carriage. The horses had kicked free and disappeared. He got up and called to Medora again, and she materialized out of the murky light, near the other end of the carriage, tottering drunkenly. He ran to her and grabbed her arm and she looked up at him with glazed eyes, her face utterly devoid of color. It was the waxen face she might wear when she was old, and the years had taken the bloom, and a fire could no longer warm her.

"The mountain exploded on St. Pierre," she said in a flat, toneless voice.

"Yes." He tightened his hold on her arm. "We've got to go on. That may not have been the end of it."

The air vibrated with a series of crackling reports. Against the smoky sky flared a long, yellow light, an evil sunset in the early morning. From south to north, St. Pierre was going up in flames. The fusillade had come from its rum factories, exploding.

Medora began to run down the road. "Come back!" Tom shouted, but she ran on, and he skirted the fallen carriage and started after her. Medora had stopped running, she stood rigid at the curve. "We must go on," he said to her again, as he reached her.

Then he saw why she had stopped.

He saw the twisted, blasted and uprooted trees, the stripped and seared foliage. The landscape of a nightmare. "God in heaven," he said, his voice thin in the heavy, the dead silence. "We only just missed it."

She looked around her with that still-dazed expression. "This was only the perimeter. No one could be alive down there. And with the fire ——"

"Some may have escaped," Tom said.

"Only if they had run away. Like us. Morne d'Orange would have been in a direct line. . . . If only I could believe that Paul died without knowing ——"

"He would have thought that you were sleeping late. He wouldn't have discovered yet that you had gone." It was like the first box of roses offered in courtship, the first pair of gloves—this first, compassionate lie.

He stretched out his hand. "It's stopped raining. We can start on. Mrs. Hitchcock and her daughter are at Morne Rouge. We can stay with them until we find a way of getting to Fort-de-France." He looked at her anxiously: the white, pinched face, the enormous eyes, the thinness emphasized by the wet, clinging dress. He loved her so, and it seemed to him that somehow he should have managed things better. "It's a long way. Do you think you can make it?"

"Yes, I can make it." Her eyes went around again. "All dead," she said. "The people who were praying in the church, the nuns, the children. Hortense, who was so *good*. . . . And I am here—alive."

"You wouldn't be if we'd started only a few minutes later. We just barely escaped it, by a miracle."

"A *miracle?*" Her voice was edged with hysteria. "So that's it. A miracle! Let's have some truth now! When the steam clouds shot up, of course Paul would have wondered why I didn't waken, why I didn't appear. He would have gone to my room and he would have realized that I had gone to you. He knew very well why you came to the house night before last." Her knuckles were as white as bleached bones. "He died knowing he had a faithless wife. And because I *was* faithless, I am here, I was spared. That's your miracle! Why couldn't you have let me die?" Her small, strong hands pounded in agony. "How can I ever expiate this? How can I accept a life to which I have no decent right?"

The sweat was cold on his forehead. "Stop it! Stop this self-torture!"

"The torture hasn't even begun. I will have to look into the eyes of people who have lost everyone they loved. And they'll ask, 'How did *you* escape the catastrophe?' And what am I to answer? 'By running away with my lover!'"

At Morne Rouge, that second night after the eruption, they had gone to bed as soon as night fell, because the oil for the lamps was gone, and because they would make an early-morning start for the south of the island, for Fort-de-France.

All day the news had drifted up from below, like smoke from the still-smoldering city: "No survivors. No survivors." The death cloud had reached down the coast as far as Carbet, where it had been turned back by a strong counterwind, and there some had escaped. But in St. Pierre there were only the dead, lying in their houses, or piled up in confusion in what had once been streets. That furnace-hot mass of pulverized, gas-charged lava, engulfing the city like an avalanche, had killed them all, in seconds. Soldiers had already begun to burn the bodies, while over the whole north end of the island the steam of the volcano still canopied the sky.

Even in high Morne Rouge it was hot that night, and Tom turned, sleepless, on the thin mattress. Tomorrow they would all go to Fort-de-France, and then what was to become of Medora? A return to her father in America and a lifetime of self-immolation; a passing out of his own life forever? He said aloud, "I've got to think of something." He hadn't been able to manage a word alone with her since they had arrived at the Hitchcock house.

Somewhere a door opened and closed softly and he heard light footsteps in the hall. Someone was going down the stairs—a step had creaked. Nell, no doubt, remembering shutters she had forgotten to lock. Mrs. Hitchcock had been certain that, with the town in such a state of disruption, somebody would try to murder them in their beds.

If only he could take Medora to his mother. But of course there was no chance at all that she would go there; or that she would go anywhere with him, because he was now the symbol of her guilt.

His mother must believe him to be dead. The news of the catastrophe would be on its way by cable all around the world.

Whoever had gone down the stairs had not returned, and now he felt alarm. He got out of bed, lit his stub of candle, drew on his dressing gown and went into the hall. The door of Medora's room was not quite closed.

He threw it wide, saw the open wardrobe, saw that her shoes and borrowed dress were not there. He knew at once where she had gone. But she could not possibly make it, exhausted by shock, as they all were. She would fall somewhere by the roadside.

Returning to his room, he dressed quickly. He carried his shoes in his hand until he reached the front door, because he didn't want to waken Mrs. Hitchcock and Nell. It shouldn't take him long to catch up with Medora, to bring her back.

From time to time the volcano rumbled, as it had been doing since the explosion, with a deep, angry growl. He began calling Medora's name at intervals, fearful of passing her in the darkness. Already looters were descending on St. Pierre, robbing the dead. Medora hadn't once removed her diamond earrings, Durand's last gift to her. She could be killed for those earrings.

Out at sea a big American freighter still burned, and down in the city the lights of the pyres flamed and lantern lights flickered among the ruined houses. But the Morne d'Orange road was deserted as Tom climbed upward.

Now, by the uncertain starlight, he could see a crumbled wall ahead of him, and beyond a shapeless mound where the Durand house had been. Something was moving near the front of that heap of rubble: a wavering shadow, a barely seen fluttering of scarf ends. He opened his mouth to call, and then he saw another movement, another shadow, a black, half-crouched following shadow, only a few feet behind the first one.

He dared not shout to warn her, for the stooping shadow carried a club. He made a rush across the silent carpeting of volcanic ash, jumping the man from behind, knocking at the right arm as he did so. The club flew wide. Then they were down together on the ashes. He felt the hard sinews of the half-naked body twisting like ropes as he tried to keep his slippery hold, throwing his weight forward to press the face to suffocation in the dust, and calling at the same time to Medora to run, to run down the road.

The powerful cane cutter's back beneath him arched as he called to her again. Then it was he who was on the bottom, a knee thrust hard into his groin, hands at his throat. He tore at the hands convulsively.

And then suddenly the body above him was inert, a dead weight, the great hands fallen away from his throat. He drew air into his lungs in tearing gulps, struggled from beneath the motionless looter, and got to his feet.

Medora was standing there with a large stone in her two hands. "Have I—did I kill him?"

She looked so absurd, in the sashed dress, with her diamond earrings (those damned earrings) and with the stone still uplifted, that Tom wanted, crazily, to laugh. He said, "I doubt it," knelt and turned the man over, and felt his pulse. "He's alive," he said, "although he'll probably be unconscious for a while. But we must get out of here. It's dangerous to be alone."

"I came to look for Paul." She didn't ask him how he had discovered her absence, or how he had got there.

"I'll look. You go and sit somewhere—on the parapet."

She dropped the stone, and it sank without sound into the still-warm ashes. "All right," she said.

He took a cursory look around the ruins, aided now by a faint-shining moon. There were no bodies. They must be buried under that mass of stone and burned beams, unless one of the burial parties had already taken them away. He started as something black flapped above his head, and then dropped down on the wall, like a plummet. The vultures had returned to St. Pierre.

Medora was leaning against the corner of the smashed parapet. Tom told her, "They must all have been inside when the blast struck."

She made no comment. She was looking down at the city, which was partially illuminated by the glare from the funeral pyres. The long parallel lines of half-standing walls stretched away into black oblivion. One tower of the cathedral thrust upward, gaunt and skeletal. Above it all the crater of the volcano glowed bright red through its smoke.

"The silence," Medora said. "The terrible silence."

He might so easily have been looking for *her* tonight, back there among the stones, or he might have come, just now, too late, to find her murdered for her earrings. He was struck by a sense of the dreadful fragility of the human body: the too crushable bones, the flesh that a blast could shrivel. He had an impulse to reach out and touch her, not in desire, but to feel the warmth of her coursing blood. "Come, let's go," he said. "We'll try to find someone with a cart who's going back to Morne Rouge."

"I'm not returning to Morne Rouge. I'm going to Bellefontaine."

"To *Bellefontaine!*"

Did she, too, have some lingering doubt of her husband's death and hope to find him at the plantation? But she said that the one thing she could do for Paul now was to look after Bellefontaine, because he had loved it.

"But you can't stay there alone." From underneath that wreckage—if he was there—Durand could still reach her, Tom thought bitterly, where *he* could not.

"I'll have Uncle Robert." She brushed the damp hair back from her forehead. "He'll come over from Sainte Anne to be with me at night."

"You're out of your mind. Bellefontaine is too close to Pelée. And look at it. Look at it tonight!"

"Don't think you're going to stop me from going." She turned on him with her fists clenched at her sides. "Haven't you done

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196



"Of course he only wears it in our own home."

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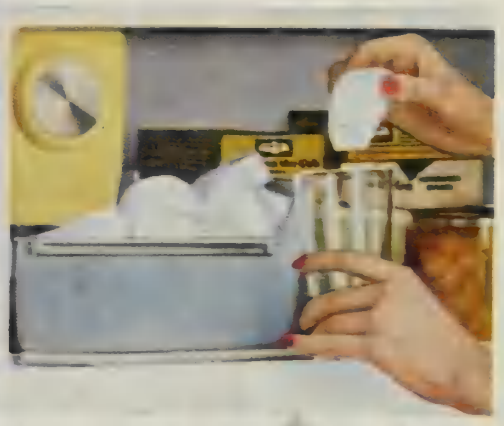
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194

enough to me? But for you, I'd be at peace," and she made an impassioned gesture toward the remains of the house. "At peace!"

There were just the two of them, Tom and De la Grandville, in the family parlor, drinking second cups of coffee in the Sunday-morning quiet. Bellefontaine had received only a light coating of ashes from the eruption, but still it was like being under siege here. The enemy had leveled the port city—would it withdraw now, or was it gathering strength for a new assault?

You couldn't step outside without seeing the ugly yellowish vapor that hid the mountain, and from time to time, when the wind was still, you heard the crystals of the great chandelier in the gallery jangle suddenly and harshly together, announcing a subterranean shock from the volcano.

"We may have a little trouble here this morning," De la Grandville said, dumping more sugar into his cup.

"What kind of trouble?"

De la Grandville seemed calm enough, but one hand played constantly with his watch chain. What had he actually thought last night, Tom wondered, when he and Medora had arrived at Sainte Anne together?

"Oh, it may turn out to be nothing at all." De la Grandville shrugged. "Ah, here comes Medora." He got to his feet. "And Depoil, too, poor fellow."

Medora said good morning, looking only at De la Grandville, and crossed the room to kiss the old man's cheek. She apologized for sleeping late, and De la Grandville said that she had needed the sleep and patted her shoulder.

Tom shook Depoil's hand as they exchanged good mornings. But it would never be a good morning, a bright and promising morning, for Depoil again. He was a lawyer from St. Pierre who had come over to Grande Anse four days ago to take care of some business. His narrow, scholar's face was tallow-colored and his hands kept trembling.

"Sit down here," De la Grandville said to Medora. "I was just telling M. Carruthers that we may have difficulty. Since your manager took off, no arrangements have been made for funds with which to pay the men this morning. I brought over half of what I had at Sainte Anne, but it won't be nearly enough. And yesterday I heard disquieting rumors." He shook his head. "You've got a trouble-maker here, my dear. He's been trying to stir things up."

"Naud," Medora said. "It could only be Naud. I used to tell Paul he should let him go. He has too much power over the people."

"Well, whoever he is," De la Grandville said, "he's been telling the cane cutters that

All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing.

EDMUND BURKE

the Durands have been ruined in the loss of the St. Pierre banks and will never be able to pay them; that they should leave at once, and not go on working for nothing."

"But we can tell them we have funds in Fort-de-France," Medora said.

"It's a matter of convincing them." De la Grandville stroked his mustache. "I'll talk to them," he told her. "I'll promise them that someone will go to the capital at once, to get their money."

"I can do that," Tom said. Medora didn't even glance at him.

"I think you should let the men go," Depoil said. He had walked over to the window and then turned away as though he couldn't bear the daylight on his face. "And I think you should all leave this part of the island too. This was what I said to my wife, when I tried to get her to come to Basse-Pointe with me. Bringing the children, too, of course. She just kept insisting that she wasn't afraid."

"Yes, I know, *mon vieux*," De la Grandville said gently.

"She was in the *galerie* when I left. The parrot was on his perch behind her, picking at seeds. Da-Féfé was watching the baby as it crawled about on the matting. She had been my wife's *da*, you know." He kept opening and closing his hands with a sucking sound. "The boy was playing with his toy grenadiers. My wife was embroidering some bit of stuff ——"

"This does no good, my poor friend."

"No, it doesn't, does it? The boy would have made his first Communion today, and we had invited all our friends." Depoil sank down into a chair. "At night when I close my eyes, they are there, just as I left them. The boy doesn't even look up at me from his grenadiers. The music box is playing 'Les Cloches de Corneville,' and my wife goes on rocking and smiling, smiling at nothing." He struck his forehead with his fist. "Can you understand how, for a moment, one can almost hate the dead for their immunity?"

"Ah, yes." De la Grandville sighed.

"I think I hear the men coming," Tom said. "I hear voices anyway."

"I sent word for them to come to the house for their money." De la Grandville got up briskly. "I had a reason. I brought these with me. My dueling pistols. A table has been set up on the porch," he explained, "and I will sit there, doling out a little money to each of the men. You, M. Carruthers, and you, Etienne, will be in the *galerie*, watching through the shutters, which will be partly closed. This," he said with a little smile, "is probably only dramatics on my part. Still, one can never tell what may happen with people living in a state of fear. The first ones may try to seize their full pay. In that case, a shot or so fired over their heads should be sufficient."

"*Bien entendu*." Depoil nodded.

Tom took the pistol as De la Grandville extended the handle to him, balancing it awkwardly. He hadn't touched a gun since that day long ago when his own rifle had put an end to his father's life. He had never wanted to hold a gun again.

The men appeared around the corner of the house. They were dressed for Mass, wearing white shirts, ties, hats. They carried their polished shoes in their hands; they wouldn't put them on until they reached the town. They came silently, too silently.

Then De la Grandville stood up at the table. They all knew, he said, that because of the disaster all communications were disrupted. For this reason, money with which to pay them had not been brought this week. He had enough, however, to give each one an amount that would tide his family over with rice and codfish until more money arrived.

"Arrives from where?" a voice shouted at him. "It always came from St. Pierre. The banks of St. Pierre have been destroyed."

"Naud!" Medora whispered. She had drawn nearer to the window, and Tom shook his head at her and motioned her back.

"There's money in Fort-de-France," De la Grandville said imperturbably.

The man was shouldering forward, the others making way for him. "We're not fools. We're not going to stay here, breaking our backs in the fields on empty promises."

The man Naud had stopped, and Tom remembered a snake coiling and a black figure watching it, poised for that split instant in which he could move. This was the same man. This was Durand's pet sorcerer.

Naud said, "We have every right to collect what's due us, and there are things of value in the house, my friends."

Tom heard a click as Depoil, beside him, cocked his pistol. A shot over the heads of the crowd would have no more effect than a buzzing mosquito; you could feel mob spirit moving among them.

"I warn you." Now De la Grandville's face was slowly purpling. "I warn you to stay right where you are. *Medora!* Go back inside!"

Tom hadn't seen her leave the *galerie*, but there she was now, walking across the porch. Tom cocked his own pistol, and he felt the sweat breaking out on his forehead. Did she



think that *she* could talk sense into those men? Could she never recognize a real danger when she saw it?

Halfway across the porch, she stopped, facing the cane workers. "M. de la Grandville has told you the truth," she said. "There'll be money here in a day or two from Fort-de-France. But you don't have to believe him. I have here a pair of diamond earrings and a diamond ring. It's all the jewelry I have, because the rest was lost, but it's worth many thousands of francs. It will be a security to you until the money arrives. You'll appoint someone to keep it. Then if no money comes, you'll have it. You won't have lost anything by staying at Bellefontaine and going on with your work." She moved on now, slipping into the chair, and the earrings and the ring were on the table beside the francs.

"I'll take the jewels," Naud said. "I speak for these people."

"You don't speak for me." It was a middle-aged man as big and strongly built as the sorcerer, springing up to the porch beside him. "We won't take your pretty jewelry, madame. We won't touch those things that our dead M. Paul gave you. If you will divide the money on the table among us, we'll take it. I'll take mine first, if you please. I don't wish to be late, joining the women for Mass." He added with a shrewd touch, "My wife has the devil's own temper."

Someone laughed. And then a strange, concurrent sigh came from the men, a sigh of relief, because the mood had been turned; because they had been saved from doing something disgraceful.

Medora counted out francs and handed them, smiling, to her champion. Then the others started filing by, each with a polite "*Méci, madame.*" Glints of sunlight caught in her hair and in the diamonds, lying untouched on the table.

Tom put down his pistol. He knew, as well as though she had told him, that, waiting in the *galerie*, she had remembered the story of her grandfather and the run on the bank, when the old man had sat inside the entrance with the packets of his own money before him on a table, turning back the depositors with that particular Hardin aura of money and pride.

"That's a girl of courage," Depoil remarked.

"Oh, yes," Tom said. "She's a Hardin. You wouldn't know about the Hardins, but she remembered just now that she *is* one, and so she knew exactly what to do."

Depoil lifted his eyebrows quizzically. "You know, of course, that you're speaking in riddles," he said.

"I apologize," Tom said. "But I don't know why I didn't get some glimmering of the truth before. It's been the Hardin pride with her, all along, ever since the eruption." He was working up a rage, and there was a certain pleasure in it, probably because he was tired: tired of the emotions of pain and pity and inadequacy. Could you grow tired at last of any emotion—even of passionately returned love and of grief?

"Mme. Durand prefers unhappiness," Tom said. "It would hurt her pride to be let off too easily. And *that's* because she's a Hardin." He could see her getting up from the table now, the last of the men going off, counting his money. She was running the thin wires of the earrings into the tiny holes pierced through her ear lobes. "But you don't know about the Hardins. It's a long story."

"I know about some things when I see them," Depoil said. "And other things I can deduce." He turned his cigarette between his yellow-stained fingers. "She suffers and you're involved in her suffering, but you can do nothing to help her, and because of that you begin to feel a resentment, a kind of hate, even, growing out of your helplessness. Well, here they are!"

De la Grandville had his arm about Medora's waist. "*Ma foi,*" he said, beaming at them, "but that was touch and go for a moment. I have a brave grandniece here. You saw everything, of course."

"I salute you, madame." Depoil kissed her hand.

"And so do I," Tom said. "The Hardins of Colesville, Pennsylvania, would have been very, very proud of you."

Medora gave him a brief, guarded look, but said nothing.

"We were having an interesting discussion, M. Depoil and I," he said. "The subject was pride. Pride, and how guilt is so often just a matter of pride. We say to God, 'You must understand that my sin is much greater than that of an ordinary person, because I am who I am. If You let me off easily, You're not showing proper respect.'"

"We'll not start a theological discussion, my Protestant friend," De la Grandville said amiably, and he opened his watchcase to check the time. "The carriage should be here to take us to Mass."

"Why shouldn't I leave immediately for Fort-de-France?" Tom said. "Then I could be there when the bank opens tomorrow."

"It's an excellent idea," De la Grandville said. "I'll send someone at once for the other carriage and a driver."

When Tom came down, Medora was waiting near the front door. She handed the draft to him silently. The amount surprised him. "That's a lot of cash to carry."

"It may have to last us for quite a while."

"There are always your diamonds."

"Why is it you want to cheapen my effort to prevent trouble out there?" she said furiously. "I'm not stupid. I understood all that sarcasm in the *galerie*. I was right." She pressed back against the doorjamb, the flush of her anger lying along her cheekbones. "Something *did* happen between your family and mine. You've hated the Hardins all your life!"

"Not all of them."

"Why any of them? What did they do to you?"

Now was the time to tell her.

"Answer me! You've talked of love, love, love all the time. Love, in coming between my husband and me. Love, in forcing me into the position of running away from St. Pierre with you. I think the word you should have used is *hate*."

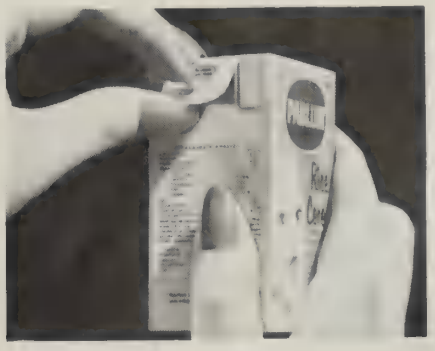
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He thought, almost impersonally, *She's changing, she's toughening under the pressure of the things that have happened to her. She couldn't have made a violent scene a few weeks ago.*

"You sneered in there at the Hardins' pride." She didn't lower her voice. "Isn't it the truth that you've wanted all along to humble one of us? To destroy one of us in any way you could?"

"That's a foul thing to say!" he almost shouted. He was as angry as she now. "I fell in love with you," he told her, "but it was certainly the last thing in the world I wanted to do. When I met you on the Hampton I had only one thought, and that was to keep out of your way."

"Because I was a Hardin! What *is* this old story we're playing out in Martinique?"

"It's one in which the Carrutherses are marked to be the scapegoats. Still, we seem to go on running your errands for you." He picked up his valise. "There's a fine irony in this. The perfect climax would be for me to be killed on the road—for a sackful of Hardin money."

Out in the harbor the sails of a French cruiser drooped under a sweltering tropical sun as Tom crossed the *savane* to the open kiosk opposite the Grand Hotel de l'Univers. It was nearly noon. His driver had flatly refused to make such a late start for Bellefontaine and had gone off to search for friends among the back-country refugees.

The kiosk was crowded. Tom rolled a cigarette, absent-mindedly, spilling tobacco. . . . And then he saw André Khan coming toward the kiosk, walking barefoot across the parched grass, and he lifted his hand to attract his attention.

André stopped still, and then his face broke into a grin. It was like the old André, the André before that last night together at the Café Rouge.

"So Pelée didn't get you," André said. "I was furious when you didn't show up, but all the same I seem to be glad you got away. How did you manage it?"

He had gone, Tom explained, to accompany Mme. Durand to Bellefontaine. She was there now, with M. de la Grandville, and he had come to Fort-de-France to take care of some business for them. He thought it all sounded convincing and reasonable.

"I hope your business isn't taking you back up there," André said. "Everyone expects a new outbreak from the volcano. Fortunately for me."

"Why fortunately for you?" The André of the grin had gone now, like a chimera sucked into the pulsating heat.

"Because people want to leave the country, and I'm taking them off—at my price—in my stepfather's boat." He put out an arresting hand as Tom reached for francs to pay the waiter. "No, I'll pay. I have plenty of cash. You must let me make a vulgar display of it." He shoved money at the waiter. He put his elbows on the table. "Queer to think of old Amos as dead."

"He waited for the mail," Tom said. He didn't like that "old Amos," the cheap familiarity that smacked of the self-conscious half-caste. "Mrs. Hitchcock and Nell were at Morne Rouge. I'm afraid they may still be there." The uneasiness stirred in him again. He would go straight from Bellefontaine to Morne Rouge.

"If you see them, tell them that if they want to go to Sainte Lucie, I'll give them a special rate." André swatted at a fly on the table. "After all, I owe something to Miss Hitchcock. When I'm a rich man, perhaps I'll raise a monument to her."

Tom said, "I like this new role even less than the old one."

"The old one?"

"When you were trying too hard to be the correct, earnest clerk."

"Ah, but don't most people play a role?" André said lightly. "They try to be consistent to the idea others hold of them. This makes it easy for everyone. People don't like their friends to be complicated." The cathedral bell jangled sweetly out of tune, and he checked his watch—a handsome gold one. "This," he said, "represents a family's passage to Sainte Lucie. An heirloom."

"I can see you're very proud of yourself," Tom said. He felt as though he had been drawn into some degrading scene. The night when André had talked with passion about the study of volcanoes might never have been. He began drinking his beer hastily. He was tired of this André.

"The trouble with you," André said, "is that you remain an idealist. I should think you would find it difficult now. A great catastrophe is supposed to bring people together in the compassion of humanity, isn't it? Have you listened to the talk that goes on in Fort-de-France? The mulattoes are saying that some of the planters went down to St. Pierre following the eruption and broke open the strongboxes of the banks that held records of their debts. The whites say that the mulattoes who are in charge of relief supplies will give food only to people of color. Stay in Fort-de-France and keep your idealism."

"I'm not staying. I have to go back to Bellefontaine."

"Ah, yes—Bellefontaine. M. Durand is presumed to be dead?"

"I don't think there can be any doubt of it," Tom said. "If he had escaped he would have gone to look after Bellefontaine. If he was injured and couldn't go, he would have got a message through—to De la Grandville, at least. He'd be concerned about Bellefontaine, if for no other reason than the money tied up there."

"How logical." André gave him a look of studied insolence. "And so now you think you may do well for yourself. Mme. Durand has always been rich, but now she is that desirable object, a rich widow, *hein?*"

"I could throw this drink in your face," Tom said, and it seemed to him that a hope came into André's eyes: a plea for an overt act that would provoke a physical struggle and release momentarily some of the inner rage that consumed him. "But it would be a stupid

the toasted dog food!


Ken-L BISKIT
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hing to do," Tom finished, and got up from he table.

"Very stupid." André stood up too. "I think hat if you did, I would kill you," and André's nand touched a dagger that was thrust rakishly nto his belt. "What a fool you are! What a sheep staked for the tiger," he burst out in a meaningless tirade. "Always the blind, unsuspecting fool! You sicken me. All of you sicken me."

"You must have loved her very much," Tom said. "I'm sorry, because I was your friend. I'd still like to be."

André's hand closed on the dagger hilt. "Spare me your insulting pity," he said, and walked away. Then he turned abruptly around and came back to the kiosk. "Give me a pencil and a piece of paper," he panted. Tom handed him an envelope and a stub of pencil, and André scrawled something. "There," he said, and this time he nearly ran from the kiosk.

Tom looked at the back of the envelope: a street address, *numéro* 7, *rue des Cinq Soeurs*.

The little Martinique blackbirds had stopped their calling, and now the tree frogs had taken over; they were like musicians that worked in shifts. Far out at sea the light of a ship moved: a brief, bright glow, and then a vanishing beyond the horizon. Medora sighed and turned toward the house.

"Madame!" It was a faint, high-pitched call behind her.

She saw the figure moving out of the shadows of the banana-leaf hedge, the high points of a madras. "Who is it? What are you doing there?" she demanded.

"*Je suis Gabrielle.*"

"Gabrielle!"

The girl came slowly, limping. Medora couldn't see her face until she was almost beside her. It was worn and ravaged with fatigue, and the large Carib eyes were dulled like those of a sick animal. Her feet were bare and her dress was dirty and torn. Gabrielle had escaped; and if Gabrielle, why not others from the house on Morne d'Orange? She seized the girl's arm. "How did you get away? Did any one else, did monsieur ——"

"I ran away the night before."

The servant who had slipped out from behind the cookhouse, Medora remembered, just before she herself had taken to the road. "Come on into the house," she said gently. "How did you get here?"

"I walked. For a while I stayed with some people in a hut near Morne Rouge, but then there was no more food. So I started for Bellefontaine. I had no other place to go," she said in a toneless voice. "I thought there might be a chance that monsieur—that you —— But you asked about monsieur. So he didn't escape with you."

"No," Medora said. "How long since you've eaten?"

"I don't know, madame."

Medora lit a lamp and opened the food safe. She found some meat from dinner, fruit and a basket of eggs. Gabrielle had sunk into a chair, making no effort to help her, her head drooping until the purple madras points were almost parallel with the floor. The scene between them at Morne d'Orange, Medora thought, putting water on for coffee, seemed long ago and unimportant. Too much had happened since then, too much had been felt, and this girl was close to collapse.

"But he wasn't one to be caught, not in any way, that one!" Gabrielle said suddenly.

"Who?" Medora asked.

Gabrielle didn't answer, falling back into her dazed and trancelike state. *It's right that she should stay here*, Medora thought, breaking two eggs into a copper pan. *She belongs to Bellefontaine.*

Seven, Street of the Five Sisters. But this couldn't be the right place—not this handsome suburban house on the shaded square. It couldn't possibly be André's headquarters in Fort-de-France, and yet he must have some connection with it, and he must see André as soon as his boat came in again. No passenger ship was immediately due in Fort-de-France, but if he and Medora could go with André to Sainte Lucie, they would have a better chance of picking up a steamer there, and he hoped to persuade her of this. He crossed the street.

A maid answered his knock, greeting him in correct French. His question seemed ridiculous, even as he framed it: "Do you know of a M. André Khan?"

"*Non*, monsieur, there is no one by that name here." She had the self-schooled, impassive face of Gabrielle, in the house on Morne d'Orange. And this place had the atmosphere of that house: the clean mosaic tiles of the vestibule, the thick-leaved green plant in a niche on the stairway.

The rear doors of the vestibule led into a brick-paved court, and Tom could see a hammock, and a man lying in it. "You told me that there was no one here, but I can see somebody in the court."

"But that is M. Durand," the maid said. "You didn't ask for M. Durand."

Durand woke from sleep, rubbed his eyes, and smiled—the quick, boyish smile.

"*Diable!*" he said softly.

"This monsieur pushed past me!" the maid said indignantly. "I would have told him you were asleep, monsieur."

"It's all right, Marie. He's a friend." Durand indicated a chair. "Do sit down." His smile widened. "And so you have found me. Ah, well, Fort-de-France is a small place, and things do get out."

"You escaped, after all," Tom said, but he knew that he felt no surprise. "What are you up to?" he demanded. "Why haven't you sent word to Bellefontaine?"

"I wish you'd sit down." Durand threw back the sheet that covered him, and Tom saw then that his left arm was in a sling, and in the strong sunlight blue shadows showed up under the bright, restless eyes. "Yes, I escaped—thanks to you. I came after you, you know. The horse reared and threw me when the eruption came." Durand produced a handkerchief with a whiff of cologne. "And while I wasn't burned, I inhaled carbon monoxide on the edge of the explosion and it's left me very weak."

"That's over a week ago," Tom said. "You could have sent ——" But Durand interrupted him. How was he to know that Medora was at Bellefontaine, as he now assumed that she was? He hadn't even been certain until now that she was alive.

"You seem to forget that she had run away with you," he said. "When I first came here, to this house of friends, I could only feel like a man betrayed. I thought I hated her—both of you—and I thought I didn't care what had happened to her."

It all sounded so plausible. And yet, in this pleasant court, with the green parakeets fluttering in their cage, Tom had a sense of a trap laid and waiting. "And now you care?" he asked.

"Suffering is a great teacher." The banal expression didn't fit well on his lips; he wasn't given to such phrases. "Lying here, I've had time to think."

Lying here, Tom thought, waiting for her. Reasoning that if she lived she would have gone to Bellefontaine, but that eventually she would come down to Fort-de-France, to return to her father. Lying here, giving her time to scourge herself, through days and nights of believing him dead. Durand had never had any intention of letting her go.

"And have you thought," he said, "of the fact that she may love me and that she should be given a chance at happiness?" He recognized the feebleness of his remark; heard the ring of his own uncertainty.

Durand moved in the hammock. "This heat!" he exclaimed. "We've never had anything like it in May. You can almost feel it building up to . . . something." He rolled his handkerchief between his hands. "Monsieur, you must know that you have no hope," he went on. "Because I can give Medora something that you can't give her, something that will mean a great deal more to her than love. I can give her forgiveness."

Tom got up suddenly, knocking over the frail chair.

"Now I'll be frank with you." The too-charming, immature smile returned, a smile that might have accompanied a confession of stealing apples. "I was tired of Medora. Shall we say that I was interested elsewhere? That person must be dead, but even if she weren't it would make no difference, because I want Medora. I didn't love her to begin with, but I must have fallen in love with her without knowing it. And then when she ran away with

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you ——" The amusement, the quick excitement in his eyes, was genuine. "I never dreamed she'd have the spirit!"

"And if she ran away, what makes you think she'll come back to you?"

"I told you. I know Medora. And so, it's plain, do you. If it's any consolation at all to you," Durand said. "I'm going to make her happy."

But he could never make anyone happy, not for long, and even in his hatred Tom felt a strange stirring of pity. There had never been anything solid and substantial in the world for Durand, and there never would be. Somehow he had absorbed from the tropical nature of this island its cruelty, its changeability, its carelessness of humanity.

He said, "I shall stop this."

"You may try to." Durand reached for a silver bell on the table beside him. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going inside. This accursed heat!"

In his hut near Prêcheur, to which he had returned with fearful bravery, a small black fisherman named Théophile was breakfasting at daybreak on bread and coffee when the two deafening detonations of the second eruption shook the earth. He ran out of his house to see, but he saw nothing; either then or ever again.

The cloud of destruction rushed down on St. Pierre, savagely wrenching apart the walls that still stood, slamming down the remaining tower of the cathedral. Then, as if knowing that it would never, in spite of its great power, achieve the reputation of the first eruption, because no prey had been left for it in the city, it thinned and spread itself out in thwarted fury.

Over Morne Rouge it extended a canopy of blackness shot through with lightninglike flashes, hurling boulders. It dumped tons of ruinous cinders over the sugar estates on the Atlantic side, sent the rivers there boiling over their banks, and then, greatly spent, but still carrying behind it a sound like thund swept down over the twin peaks of Carbe rising sun turning its spirals to scarlet as advanced over Fort-de-France, twenty kilometers south of its beginnings. The dropped the last of its ashes and a scatt rain of little stones. Its noise died away, then the great, concerted cry of the city be heard.

And in Fort-de-France and all over M nique, as though it had left a hurricane behind it, people were set in motion—in te in courage, in responsibility, in ruthless g and in agonized love.

Tom felt nearly asleep on his feet, or, ra as though he already slept and all that happened since his return to Bellefontaine been part of a phantasy of sleep in which ple widely separated in actuality are bro together in a mad extravaganza: Med opening the front door as he lifted his han knock; Gabrielle of Morne d'Orange in kitchen; then Nell joining them. He had sumed that Gabrielle had died, along with others in that hilltop house, but this was country of the "revenants," of ghosts an those who returned. . . . The shadow of D Durand was suddenly long across the floo

In the morning he would convince D Grandville that they must leave the pla tion. The old man could offer no valid a ment now. They would find Mrs. Hitchcoc Grande Anse, and then they would go or Trinité. There were boats at Trinité, an they offered enough they could get transpo tion to Dominica. They didn't have to re to Fort-de-France, because American pas ger freighters stopped at Dominica.

It seemed to him that nothing could th this plan. It was only a final detail in a lar a predestined design.

"Tom," Medora said at his door, "I n talk to you. Please. We may not be able talk privately tomorrow."

"I'll be with you as soon as I can dress."

"I'm going down to the parlor."

Medora was sitting in one of the rock chairs. Her face was colorless. She was tw ing her diamond ring, pathetically loose n on her finger, and as soon as he entered room she said, "Tom, I saw your father af the mine explosion. It must have been t night. I heard him talking with my fathe

It was so unexpected that he received a ph ical jolt. "Why didn't you tell me this before

"I didn't remember it clearly until tonigh

"What did you hear? How did you happ to recall it tonight?"

She told him; she told him the story o dream that had not been a dream, and wh he listened Colesville came into that parlor Martinique; Colesville had caught up w them at last, as it had always been bound to

"You understand the significance of t scene, don't you?" Medora's expression w that of a child expecting to be punished something she had not done. "Tell me."

"Some other time," he said.

"No, now. Why would any other time better?"

She was right, no other time would be b ter, and he couldn't avoid giving her the tru she had asked for, even though he must h her.

It was her turn to prompt: "What was t accusation your father was making?"

"There was a breach of the law involved. any owner shall employ a fire boss who do not have the required certificate of competen and an accident shall occur by which a min is killed or injured, he or his heirs shall ha right of action against such owner and sha recover full value of damages sustained.'"

"And someone broke that law?" She didn ask, "Did my father break it?"

"Your father was in financial trouble. H couldn't raise any more money without sellin the mine. Certain safety devices should ha been installed to meet the state regulatio and he couldn't afford them. An ignora miner who didn't know the regulations an had no certificate was made fire boss. Th mine inspector ——" He couldn't go on. H had crushed his unlighted cigarette and h threw it in the ash tray, in a furious revo against this old burden that had been laid o



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RESIDUE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The salt with which I have taken love
In recent and wiser years
Is only the saline remnant of
My floods of earlier tears.

him, on both of them. "You don't want to know!" he nearly shouted at her. "It all happened so long ago. There isn't any point in dredging it up."

"What about the mine inspector?"

"He was bribed," Tom said wearily. "He was a political hack who never made a thorough inspection, and your father asked mine, as the superintendent, to bribe him to pass a fire boss without a certificate."

Her body jerked as though a lethal volt had been shot into it, and the chair rocked back, creaking. "How do you know that? What *proof* have you?"

"It was all in the letter my father wrote before he killed himself. My mother had it with her the night she went to see your father. She told him he had to make full restitution to the families of the dead miners at once, or the letter would be made public."

She covered her face with her hands and he went to her then, kneeling beside the chair, trying to pull her head onto his shoulder.

"I'm sorry, darling. You mustn't take it this way." He repeated, "It happened so long ago," but it was long ago for only him. For her the deed had just been done, the dead, accusing bodies had been uncovered. He had thrown back the blankets that hid them.

She shuddered. "Then everything about him was a lie. The way he let me believe in his grand gesture and worship him. All those pompous sermons on truth and goodness and the Hardin code of honor that I must live up to!"

"He was trying to convince himself that he had merely made a business error—that he couldn't actually have done wrong. Can't you see that because of his own guilt he gave you too great a consciousness of sin? His secret was corroding him, and he made it corrode you too."

She wasn't listening. "And so that's why your father killed himself."

"Yes. You see, he had come up from the mine just before the explosion, presumably because of the payroll. Actually he was to meet the mine inspector and pay him the rest of his bribe. That's why he escaped, and he couldn't face living with that kind of escape. So he ruined my mother's life and marked me as the son of a suicide."

She gave him a quick glance, and then lowered her head and began twisting the ring again. A whole world of insects had invaded the room, buzzing about their heads, dashing themselves against the lamp and the walls. Like the volcano, Tom thought, the mine explosion had been building through the years to this second one, and there was no assessing the new damage. Once he had believed that knowing the truth would be a good thing for her, but "truth or consequences" was a risky game for adults. What could he say to her now? He wanted to give her love and he always gave her suffering. Whatever he did, in respect to her, he only broke and smashed; he felt a kind of mounting hysteria of futility.

Medora got up. She turned down the wick of the lamp, which had started to smoke. "I understand something now," she said in a drained, dull voice. "When my father was still under the effect of ether after his operation, he kept saying, 'I would have done it anyway.' Your mother should have given him a little time; she should have given him a chance to make a decision."

"I know that. But she's a person of strong character and she takes things into her own hands. I suppose she felt that she couldn't trust ——"

"Trust. That's it, isn't it?" She looked at him steadily above the soot-rimmed lamp chimney. "I think I've been aware of this in you all the time: that you're a great exponent of life, but you don't trust it and you don't trust other people. Your trust is only in yourself. You're the kind of man who can't let people go their own blundering way and find their own solutions. Yes, I think that's why I've been intuitively afraid of you."

She turned her back on him and went over to close the shutters she had thrown open. He watched her slight figure, but all the time he was seeing himself, just a short time ago, up in his bedroom busily making plans for everybody. He had said to her that the great gift was the gift of life, and yet he had seen for himself, these last days, how the demands of life accepted as normal and sensible could be, even must be, sometimes transcended.

Medora returned to the table and lighted her candle, and he was struck again by the realization of how different her hands were from those painted in her portrait. At Morne d'Orange he had been touched by the emptiness of her hands, and now they were emptier still because he had taken away from her the faith she had had in her father. He had been about to take more: to deprive her, by his clever maneuvering and by the weight of his will and his love, of the power of making a free decision. If she chose unreasonably and "threw herself away," he hadn't the right to say that this must prove wrong for her.

"Why weren't your hands in your portrait your own?"

His question must have seemed outrageously irrelevant to her. She gave him an amazed look. "The artist said my hands didn't belong with the rest of me, and Paul agreed with him. I don't have good hands."

"They're the best thing about you." And now he was going to push off. He couldn't delay any longer, and he was wrenched by an anguish of separation. He started to put out his hand, just to touch her hair, but this was a weakening gesture, and, instead, he closed his hand into a fist. "My dear," he said in a hoarse voice, like the voice of a stranger, "Paul is alive; I saw him in Fort-de-France. He'll take you back if you want him to. But I love you," he said. "You know how I love you."

She grabbed at the rim of the table, her head dropping forward, and he seized her under the arms, put her in a chair, and started for the dining room to get her some brandy. He was breathing as if he had climbed a *morne*, the roots clutching at his feet, the branches battering him.

Nell was in the doorway, rubbing her eyes with one hand, and with the other holding together a blue wrapper. "There's a *most* queer light in the sky, to the north. It looks like a fire."

Medora opened her eyes. "*The cane fields!* They're on fire!" she exclaimed. "Get Uncle Robert, Tom. Quick!"

But when he went into the hall, De la Grandville was coming down the stairs, stuffing his shirt into his trousers. "They're not Bellefontaine fields," he said. "They're the Lorrain fields, and there's a wide stone gulch between."

They opened a pair of shutters at the end of the *galerie*, and they could see the wide flare of orange light against a cold blue sky. "Looters?" Tom said.

"Most likely. Yesterday a band of them attacked a plantation near Basse-Pointe. They came in by sea. They demanded money, and when they didn't get it, they set the fields on fire. The people at the plantation weren't prepared for them, but if we're to be next tonight, we will be!" De la Grandville was calmly buttoning his shirt. "We'll have a few shots at them, anyway."

The lighted clock tower at Grande Anse appeared in a rocket burst of yellow. André held the course of the sloop far out to sea because of the mile-long breakers between Pointe Bourgant and Pointe Châteaugué, unfurling in claps of thunder.

"I'll never forget that scene at the dock as we cast off," old Hector remarked beside him. "All those people down on their knees praying to be taken away. You could have asked the moon for a passage today and got it." He said in an artful voice, "You have given up a great deal for the sake of one foolish white man."

"I had an obligation."

"That's the trouble with life, isn't it? Just when one thinks oneself a completely free man, up pops some obligation."

"This was a great one."

But it was not one that M. de la Grandville would have expected him to fulfill in this particular way. The old planter had given him only an obligation to himself, which was the most exacting one of all, and which had proved impossible of fulfillment.

The mast of the sloop dipped and swayed as the long, narrow hull raced on.

"Look there!" Hector cried in André's ear. "To the north."

Then André saw it: the running flash of burning fields. The boat seemed to stand still, on the crest of a wave.

"Crows—pillagers," Hector said. "They'll be everywhere tonight. The eruption will have driven the gendarmes from their posts."

"If M. de la Grandville has seen that fire, he'll be ready for them," André said. He



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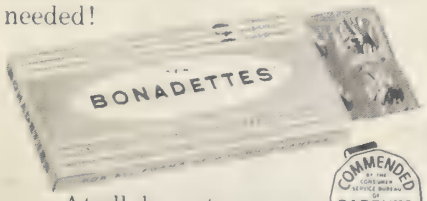
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would be ready, one old man against a band. He wished that he had brought a pistol, but then a swim through the surf with it would make it useless. He had nothing but his father's dagger.

No lights marked out the house at Bellefontaine, but André knew when they were opposite to it, by a high rock formation that jutted into the sea. They anchored to seaward of the breakers and he prepared to swim ashore. "If I'm not back by tomorrow noon," he said to Hector, "return to Fort-de-France. Circumstances could keep me here."

"May the good God watch over you," Hector said.

"And over you, *mon vieux*."

The Atlantic water was colder than that of the Caribbean, and his body felt the sharp shock of it as he dived beneath the surface and came up again. He made for a spit of sand, and when he reached it, he stretched out, panting, because it had been a hard swim, even for him. Beyond the pale band of the highway a chasm in the trees and the thicket indicated the driveway. He crossed the road, empty of refugees here, and then he hesitated. If that fierce old man had noticed the fire, he might well be lying in wait, armed, behind the shutters of a window. He might shoot at the sight of a nearly naked figure.

It would be better to make an approach under cover, and then call to announce himself when he was near enough to be clearly heard. On both sides of the driveway stands of banana reached within a few feet of the ponds and the flower beds. André pushed into the planting on his right, and an almost total darkness enclosed him. He managed to part his canopy sufficiently to be able to look up, and he could make out the oblong of the house.

He was about to start on when he became aware of a rustling in the leaves more pronounced than that they made in the stirring of the wind. An animal? No, someone else was moving stealthily, not far from him, taking this same cover in approaching the house. He drew the dagger from his belt.

It became a menacing game. He would go on, and then stop, and in the fraction of a second that other would halt too. The other knew now that there were two of them in the dark banana jungle.

The planting came to an end abruptly, and André found himself on the open lawn. There seemed to be no movement now, and when he looked cautiously around he saw only his own attenuated shadow. He was lifting his head to call, when something heavy struck the side of his head. His knees buckled and he felt himself falling, but he twisted and struck out wildly with his dagger. A man screamed. The cry fell back into the silence; a thud on the ground was like a period.

Then he was down on all fours, fighting for his hold on consciousness. He was nearly blinded by the force of the blow, but he began creeping forward. His hand touched cloth and moved along a sleeve. It was a coat he felt, a linen coat. This was no cane worker turned robber, and somewhere within him a great premonitory fear gathered.

He dragged his trembling, searching hand downward until he discovered a pocket and his fingers closed over a box of matches. He squatted and struck one of the matches and before the wind snatched away the flame he had looked at the face of Paul Durand.

"God," he said. "Oh, God."

(It was no longer night. It was blazing day at Sainte Anne, and he tracked murderously after a boy who had stolen his book—his book ——)

He sought once more for the inert arm and found a wrist, as slender as a woman's. The pulse throbbed faintly.

He scrambled up and began shouting. He shouted for help, and he repeated his name. Then he could no longer stand, and he crouched down, like an animal beside its prey.

A light came on in the house, breaking through louvered shutters. But no one came, and he felt abandoned for eternity with his crime. The sound of casuarina trees was like the shocked, the shuddering accusation of a thousand voices. "Not I," he answered them. "*It was not I.* It was only my hand."

The front door opened and two figures appeared, one of them swinging a lantern. "André? *André?* Where are you?" This was Tom Carruthers, who was in Fort-de-France—no, in Morne Rouge.

But time and space had run together, and he called back, "Here. Here." *Here I am. Here I was intended to be.* His lips began to taste bitterly of salt.

Tom and M. de la Grandville got down on either side of Paul Durand, verifying his babbled assurance that Durand still lived. His voice went on endlessly, trying to explain, trying to tell them. On and on until M. de la Grandville broke in sharply, "Don't touch that dagger, M. Carruthers! See that the coachman is dispatched for the doctor—and the priest."

Tom sprinted into the darkness. "It may not be serious," M. de la Grandville said. "He may merely have fainted from the shock." He set the lantern on the ground. "I should have kept that dagger, Aziz," he said, but not unkindly.

"You weren't meant to, monsieur."

Slow footfalls descended the stairs, followed by lighter ones. The priest and his acolyte must be coming down. What had Durand confessed before receiving absolution? Tom wondered. You had to have a consciousness of sin in order to confess it. In the searching sunlight of that Fort-de-France courtyard, he had been struck by the youthfulness of Durand's face. Faces were open fields, meant to be furrowed by love and pity, implanted with conflicts. These Durand had never known.

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LADY DUFF-GORDON

"Ah, here comes poor Mme. Durand," the doctor said. "I told you to try to rest, madame." He shook his finger at her.

"But Paul may ask for me." Medora went over to the coffeepot. She held her head in an unconscious attitude of listening. "I just wanted a little coffee."

"Here," Tom said, "let me do that."

He took the coffeepot from her and filled her cup. She thanked him with a vague politeness; she was not in this room with them at all. He felt that she had already relegated him to the past, and whether this was with regret or pain he could not know. Loneliness, the faithful companion of the future, took its place beside him.

"Gabrielle is proving such a help," Medora remarked as she sat down.

He had never noticed before how high the arch of her foot was; he didn't need any further detail to recall. He heard her add that Gabrielle seemed quite beside herself with apprehension. She said that the servants all loved her husband.

The martyr's crown was already being prepared for Durand. He would "make a good death," as the people here said. His courage had never been anything to question.

Medora asked about André then, and was told that he slept. She said that Paul had told her he had found out that she was at Bellefontaine, and he had come here. His hired driver, when they had reached the area of the burning cane fields, had refused to go any farther and Paul had come the rest of the way on foot. Then, like André, he had considered the possibility of an ambush at a window. So he, too, had taken to the banana planting for cover and had, of course, taken André for a stray robber. He had struck him with his gun butt.

"Paul was worried about me, you see," Medora explained. "He didn't know what might have happened to Uncle Robert and he was afraid that I wouldn't be safe up here."

"M. Durand shouldn't be trying to speak," the doctor said, "even though he feels no pain, as a result of the morphine."

"We talked before you arrived." Medora had not yet touched her coffee. "There were things we needed to have a talk about."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

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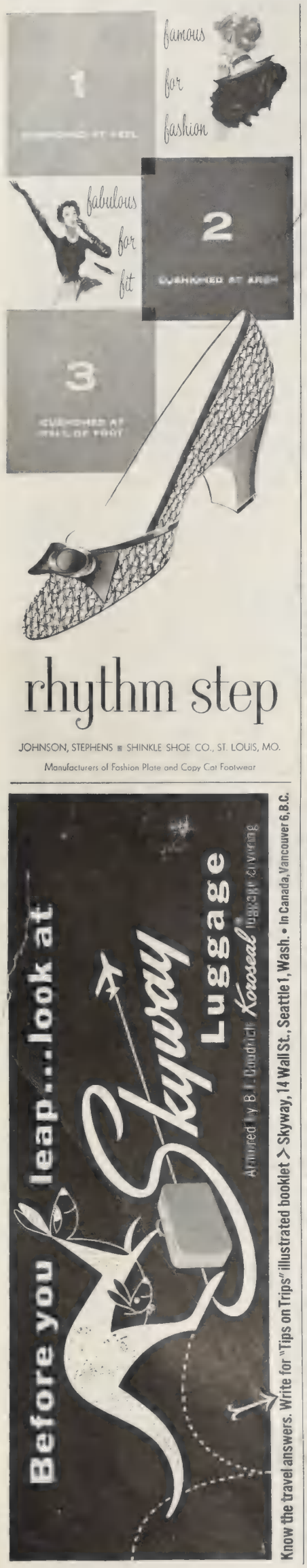


6 MONTHS IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS • 3 WINTER MONTHS NEAR MIAMI

BECAUSE a good many schools and colleges will be filled to capacity for the fall term it would be wise to start your investigations as soon as possible.

Bulletins describing the schools listed on this page will be sent to you on request. The heads of the schools will be glad to arrange appointments for you to visit their schools, meet members of the staff, and discuss the particular needs of your girl or boy. In writing to the schools mention the age and present grade of the prospective student.

Private camps and summer schools begin their seasons early in July. If you are interested in finding a camp for your boy or girl, refer to the listings in the School and Camp sections of the March and April issues of the Journal, or write for reprints of these pages.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 202

That "talk" had been exactly as he had envisaged it, Tom was sure. Durand had nobly granted her a complete absolution—binding her with that memory for the rest of her life, whether he lived or died. She had never, in the past, been able to see through her husband's clever plausibility because she had not been equipped with a healthy skepticism. Now it was too late.

The end of the day brought a sunset more lurid than any ever seen on this Atlantic coast. Tom walked to the door and opened it without knocking. Only Gabrielle was with Durand now, sitting in a low chair, and she got up with a movement of protest as he entered. The lamp from the parlor, the only one kept filled with the diminishing supply of oil, had been brought here and placed on a table near the foot of the bed.

"Monsieur must not be disturbed," Gabrielle said, but Tom went on past her.

It was Durand who spoke first. "The ubiquitous M. Carruthers."

"Please, monsieur!" Gabrielle said.

"Let him talk. M. Carruthers likes to talk." The words came in groups of two and three, divided by heavy gasps.

"Let Medora go."

"I don't know what you mean," Durand told him. "I've pardoned her everything. How—let her go?"

"Tell her the truth. Tell her you don't love her and that you married her because you needed her money."

"But I *do* love her."

Tom heard the stir of Gabrielle's skirts behind him. "You don't know anything about love. You only know egotism. You want to keep a hold on Medora even after you're dead."

"Well, a man likes some monument." It was shocking to hear amused cynicism in those fading accents. "Can't you see that you want to deprive Medora? In marriage there's always jealousy, misunderstanding and disappointment. A dead husband is never unsatisfactory."

"Tom!" The door slammed. "What are you doing in here?" Medora demanded. "I think you'd better go."

Medora's hands were squeezed tightly together, and he detected tears in her eyes. He must seem monstrous to her, Tom thought, coming in here to vent his frustration on a dying man. He started for the door, bumped blindly against the table, and grabbed at the lamp as it started to rock.

"Monsieur, wait," Gabrielle said. The command in her voice turned him around in surprise. It occurred to him then that she must have understood every word that had passed, for they had spoken in French, and she knew French, as well as the patois. "Madame—there is something you both must know."

Gabrielle was now at the head of the bed. The lamp glow heightened that strange golden cast of her skin.

"*Tais-toi!*" Durand said to her harshly.

She gave him a hesitating, almost fearful, look, and then she lifted her shoulders. "Madame, your husband has never loved you. We planned together to drive you back to your father, but in such a way that your money would remain in his—your husband's—hands."

The words were simply said, but they erupted in that room like a convulsion of the volcano. Durand swore with a startling force. Medora gasped and backed against the window. The persiennes rattled. "You're saying that you were his mistress—in my house! It can't be true."

"It's true, madame," Gabrielle said. "I tell you because of the kindness with which you took me in when I came here, although I'd given you good reason for turning me away."

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but He has not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

ANSELM

Tom remembered the stir of Gabrielle's skirts as Durand had claimed that he loved his wife. This admission was probably not so uncomplicated.

"I grew impatient with his subtlety," the girl went on. "I bought a charm from a *guimboiseur*—I was that foolish. I put the powder in your milk and it made you ill. That frightened him. Do you remember asking me about the bruise on my face, the next morning?"

"Yes, I remember. She *is* telling the truth, isn't she, Paul?" She spoke with a touching patience.

"Certainly it's true." Durand sounded bored. He must know that nothing he said to the contrary could carry any weight. Medora was credulous, but not stupid.

"I don't pretend that he ever loved me," Gabrielle said, "but we understood each other. We were always alike. Please go now. *Don't ask him any more questions.*" She threw her arm out, across the bed. It was a definitely protective gesture. Only she could punish him, it said—she had that right.

Medora didn't move. She stood braced against the window embrasure and the room filled with an audible breathing: her own, rapid and shallow; Durand's labored struggle for air; and the broken inhalations of Gabrielle. But it seemed to Tom that he didn't breathe at all.

"Madame"—Gabrielle raised her head—"can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? Yes, I can. I *do!*"

"She's going to forgive everybody now," Durand said, "unworthy as they are. Then we'll be treated to her revelation that there must be a God, who forgives like that, without requiring a lot of self-abasement. I can see it all coming, but I'm tired. *Allez.* All of you." His head turned on the pillow and his white face came fully into the light. "*Toi,*" he said to Gabrielle, "you may stay, if you wish."

The second-floor passageway was almost completely dark. "We ought to have brought a candle," Tom said. He couldn't make any but the most ordinary remark.

But Medora said in a tight, angry voice, "I won't have it that way. I'm stronger than he is. I've been deceived, I've been used, I've been lied to by my father and my husband. But still I've found the beginning of faith. You've treated me like a child, most of the time, yet I've lived through volcanic eruptions and such emotional impacts as few women ever face, and I'm on my feet."

It was just where he had wanted to see her and he started to tell her that, but she whispered, "Oh, Tom!" and put her hand on his arm. "Last night when you told me, voluntarily, that Paul was alive and that he would take me back, I loved you more than I ever had before. But I thought that Paul was between us. I thought he always would be, living or dead, until just now."

"This is the first time you've ever said that you love me."

"Haven't I told you in other ways, in spite of myself?"

"I could never be sure for long. Even now, I'm almost afraid to touch you," he said, and it was true. "I've wandered so much in the desert that it's hard to believe this isn't another mirage. I'd nearly resigned myself to loving you without touching you, without even seeing you again."

"Me too. This morning in the parlor I thought, 'He'll leave nothing tangible behind. If only he'd forget a handkerchief. I could keep it in a pocket and feel it between my fingers. I don't have a photograph of him—and how relentlessly memory fades!'"

"I know. I thought your laugh, as I first heard it, would probably be the last thing to go."

"Darling, this is like a farewell scene. How sad and silly we are!"

Her eyes were bright with tears and laughter. Out of all the faces in the world one face became the face of love. Those Hardin eyebrows had become a part of the topography of his heart. END

A CLIMATE OF FREEDOM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

themselves. (A fourth element might be counted in: the restful atmosphere of the school, with its simple old brick buildings, its orderly walks, its absence of noise and clutter and confusion.) This combination of elements produces the "climate of freedom" so stimulating to the growth of intellectual powers, the maturing of judgment, the acquiring of a sense of proportion. Many students, coming from conservative and well-to-do families, find themselves momentarily disconcerted by the new ideas they encounter—and explore—in the classroom. One girl says, "This school shook up my thinking! I grew up in a Republican family, everyone I *knew* was Republican, I never thought about it much. At Madeira I found myself asking questions. It's no good to take sides on any issue unless you know *why* you're for or against." Another says, "My English teacher told me I was glossing over unfinished thinking with decorative writing—relying too much on a facile style." Still another discovered—and slowly conquered—an unrecognized prejudice, through daily association with one of the foreign students. In seeming contradiction to the widespread idea that liberal-arts schools tend to shelter students from life, many of the Madeira girls are first awakened to the world's poverty, harshness and need for reform while comfortably seated in their well-appointed classrooms. This fact (possibly due to Miss Madeira's insistence that her students be taught the grave realities of life, and her refusal to sanction any kind of snobbery) is borne out by the large numbers of alumnae to be found in volunteer community work.

Nothing could please Miss Madeira more than the knowledge that her firm belief in the value of community work has infected her students.

"Democracy," she says, "depends on the little groups: the Granges, the town meetings, the small organizations spontaneously formed for the good of the larger groups. I am glad that Madeira girls are taking part in strengthening this democracy."

Although she has taught in private schools all her life, Miss Madeira still maintains that public schools are the foundation stones of American education. "But public schools, ideally, should be modeled after private schools. They should have more teachers, smaller classes, a more leisurely pace. That seems impossible now, I know. But as Emerson so notably puts it, 'We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cockcrowing and the morning star.' I have lived through the period of the coming of the telephone, the development of the telegraph, the horseless carriage, the radio; I saw a flight of Orville Wright's airplane. I have seen people begin to move into better ways of living, and I believe that civilization has only just begun.

"We don't know much yet about education," she says frankly, leaning across the narrow, book-cluttered desk. Behind her, the office windows command a fine view of green campus sloping down to meet the Potomac; there is a faint continuous sound of rushing water, blending with the laughter and voices of students on their way to class. "We are slowly beginning to learn. Sometimes I wonder if we are not in danger of going haywire about education, making a fad of it, sending our children to college because it is the 'thing to do.' One great change I have noticed over the years is the students' consuming desire for higher education. Today, *everyone* wants to go on to college. But that's all right." She settles back in her chair, a calm, white-haired woman smiling with the undimmed optimism of fifty well-spent years. "Whatever the *reason* for seeking education, the *results* are invariably good. Studying creates habits of discipline that last a lifetime, and education opens up the mind—and the heart." END

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